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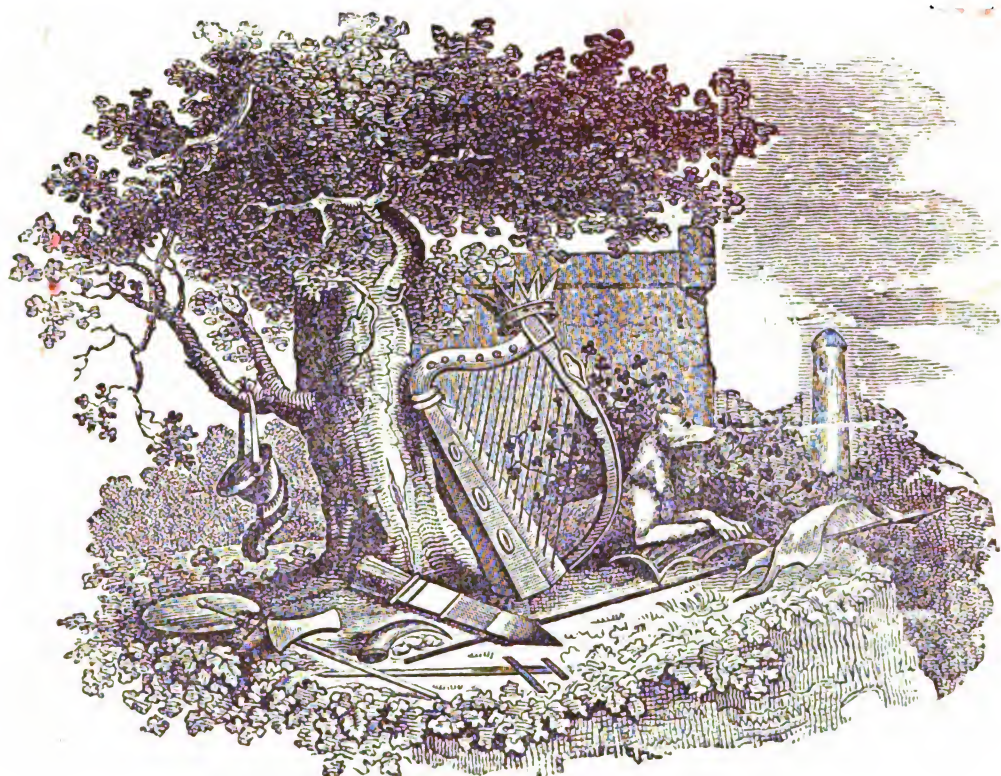


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Dublin



THE
DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

1833—4

CONDUCTED BY PHILIP DIXON HARDY, M. R. I. A.

AUTHOR OF "THE NORTHERN TOURIST," "PICTURE OF DUBLIN," &c. &c. &c.



The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.

PENNY JOURNAL OFFICE, 3, CECILIA-STREET, DUBLIN.

LONDON: RICHARD GROOMBRIDGE, 6, PANYER-ALLEY, PATERNOSTER-RROW; WILLMER AND SMITH, LIVERPOOL;
AMBERY, MANCHESTER; DRAKE, BIRMINGHAM; N. BOWACK, EDINBURGH; W. R. M'PHUN, GLASGOW; JACKSON,
NEW YORK; WARDLE AND DOBSON, PHILADELPHIA; GRAY AND BOWEN, BOSTON; AND G. G. BENNIS, PARIS.

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PREFACE.

HAVING now brought to a close the Second Volume of our little publication, we feel called upon to express our grateful acknowledgments to its numerous readers. As, however, they must through the year have perceived, that there is no one thing which we have less practised than *apologies* or *professions*, they will, we are assured, excuse our attempting either at the present moment. Of this we feel satisfied, that we have fully redeemed any pledge we tendered when entering on the arduous undertaking, of catering for the literary taste of a more numerous class of readers than was ever before attached to any periodical printed in Ireland.

At the time we took up the JOURNAL, there can be no question but that it had failed in the hands of two of the cleverest men in their line at present in Ireland—one, a writer of acknowledged abilities; the other, the first draughtsman and antiquarian in the country. That the JOURNAL has succeeded in our hands we at once readily admit is not owing to any superiority of talent in the management, but to our following out a plan which we had frequently suggested to those by whom the First Volume was conducted, namely, giving a greater variety of matter, more suited to the general class of readers, who might naturally be supposed to be the principal supporters of a publication of the kind.

We have now the satisfaction of stating that the Journal has, during the year, made such progress in public opinion, as to render its future publication a matter of certainty, and we feel assured it will be gratifying to our Irish readers to know that the sale of the JOURNAL is daily increasing, not only throughout this country, but even more so in England and Scotland.

We are well aware of the various objections which are made to our mode of management, but we feel that no individual can be so good a judge of what will suit the public taste, as the man who is daily watching the barometer of public opinion; and while one may think that we insert too many things connected with the antiquities of our country, others are at the same time of a directly contrary opinion—while some may imagine that the articles are not sufficiently scientific or useful, others, meantime, find fault with them as being too much above the comprehension of the great body of the people who purchase the JOURNAL. We, remembering the fable of “the man and his ass,” have endeavoured to keep the “even tenor of our way,” being anxious as far as practicable to mix the *utile et dulce*; and if we may judge by our success, we have still reason to think that the plan we are pursuing is the one best calculated for such a publication as the JOURNAL, in such a country as the one we live in. This much we can vouch for, that while our endeavours have been to instruct and amuse, we have never knowingly, in a single instance pandered to the evil passions of our nature, or inserted a line which could raise a blush on the cheek of modesty, or be calculated to injure the morals or affect the happiness of a single individual. We are well aware there was a track we could have pursued, in which we might have at once gained an ephemeral notoriety; but having pledged ourselves never to be personal, or to allow political or party motives to sway our conduct, nothing could tempt us to swerve from our engagement. So far we have succeeded; and without any promises or professions, we may now observe, it is our intention to pursue the same line of conduct, with this simple difference, that, having obtained the assistance of

PREFACE.

several kind friends, who devote much of their time to studies, the results of which are calculated to amuse and instruct, we hope to be able to give still greater variety than we have done, both in our Illustrations and the Articles with which they shall be accompanied. Of this the first Number of our Third Volume shall furnish ample demonstration.

We have now only to offer our best acknowledgments to our numerous contributors, and to none more heartily than to our kind friends Sir William Betham and T. L. Cooke, Esq. to whose valuable assistance we have been much indebted, in antiquarian and other researches, which we found it necessary to make in relation to several of the ancient buildings of which we have given sketches.

That the JOURNAL is eminently calculated to effect a great public benefit, and that not of a fleeting but a permanent character, has been very generally admitted ; there can be no doubt, however, that its beneficial influence will be but little felt at the present time as compared with its extent hereafter, by exciting a national and harmonious feeling in a country in which there is, as yet, so much of discord and party, and by extending a taste for literature among a people to whom it has been but little known, except as connected with political and polemical discussions. At the same time we make no claim for the JOURNAL, on the mere ground of its being an Irish publication ; we only ask the countenance and support of the public so long as it shall prove itself really deserving of public patronage.

Dublin, June, 1834.

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A GUIDE
TO
THE GIANTS' CAUSEWAY,
BEING A
Supplement
TO THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE
DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.



GLENARM CASTLE.

Having in a recent number of our Journal, when describing the beauties of the county of Wicklow, the Dar-
gle, the Waterfall, the Devil's Glen, the Meeting of the
Waters, &c., promised in some future Journal to conduct
the reader along the Antrim coast—lest any purchaser
of the present volume might suppose we had failed in re-

deeming our pledge, we determined on giving, in a Sup-
plementary Number, with the Title and Index to the Vo-
lume, a brief though faithful Guide to the Giants' Cause-
way, illustrated from accurate sketches, by Nichol, of se-
veral of the most striking views to be met with in the
route from Belfast to that stupendous and extraordinary

work of nature. That nothing can exceed in grandeur and boldness the scenery which occasionally bursts on the view of the traveller along the entire of this line, has been generally admitted by all who have travelled it. The road is hilly in the extreme, but it presents one continued scene of fine, bold, picturesque, maritime landscape; the rocks in some places rising into precipitous cliffs, jetting headlands, noble promontories, and again, sloping down into beautiful bays and quiet harbours; the prospect to the right being one continued sea-view, with the Scottish coast, the Isle of Arran, and other lesser islands, in the distance;—that to the left pleasingly diversified with hill and valley—here a spot well cultivated, and occupied with comfortable cottages—and this again, succeeded by a barren mountain, with scarcely a cabin, even of the most miserable description, to show that it is inhabited by beings of the human kind—the entire line divided into nearly equal distances, which lie close along the coast, and which may be thus laid down—about ten miles from Belfast is the ancient town of Carrickfergus; beyond this, about eleven miles, the town of Larne; twelve three quarters farther on, Glenarm; twelve three quarters more, Cushendall; fifteen and a quarter, Ballycastle; and thence to the Causeway, twelve three quarter miles; in all seventy-five miles (English measure) from Belfast. Of the inhabitants along the coast it may be sufficient to say, that although in general very superstitious, they are a well conducted, harmless people, rather well informed, intelligent, and obliging to strangers.

GLENARM CASTLE

As the entire line of coast from the town of Belfast to the plane of the Causeway, does not present a more picturesque object than the Castle of Glenarm with its surrounding scenery, we have chosen it as the frontispiece for our volume. In approaching the little town or village, which gives its title to the castle, the road will be found very hilly, and difficult of access; but the summit once gained, the inland scene immediately changes to one of a most interesting kind—the beautiful little village of Glenarm, containing nearly two hundred neat, whitened cottages, appears, romantically situated by the shore, in a deep ravine or sequestered glen, being closed in on either side by lofty hills, and washed by the silver waters of a mountain stream; on the opposite bank of which, in a commanding situation, stands the ancient castle, which for many years was the residence of the Antrim family. In another direction, a finely wooded glen is observed, leading to the little Deer Park, a place of singular construction, and well deserving the attention of the curious traveller. It is bounded at one side by the sea, whose waters have hollowed it into caves and archways—and at the other by a natural wall of solid basalt, rising two hundred feet high, which is as perpendicular and regular as the fortifications of a city, and presents a more impassable barrier than could possibly be raised by the hands of man. From this point there is an exceedingly fine prospect of the coast and surrounding country.—The castle is a stately, ancient pile, still bearing in its appearance something of the character of a baronial castle of the fifteenth century. The approach to it is by a lofty barbican, standing on the northern extremity of the bridge. Passing through this, a long terrace, overhanging the river, and confined on the opposite side by a lofty, embattled curtain-wall, leads through an avenue of ancient lime-trees, to the principal front of the building; the appearance of which, from this approach, is very impressive. Lofty towers, terminated with cupolas and vanes, occupy the angles of the building; the parapets are crowned with gables, decorated with carved pinnacles, and exhibiting various heraldic ornaments.—The demesne is well wooded, and rather extensive. In the cemetery connected with the church are the ruins of an ancient monastery of Franciscan friars; but they are not of such a description as to afford matter for investigation to any traveller.

FROM GLENARM TO CUSHENDALL.

From Glenarm to Cushendall, a distance of thirteen miles, is a most interesting drive. Quitting the former

village, there is a fine view of the shore and coast, as far as Garron Point, distant about five miles. Passing Straidcayle, a small fishing village but a short way from Glenarm, the widely-extended valley of Glencyle presents itself—and not far from this the village of Cairnlough.

Although the land along the entire line from Glenarm to Cushendall, is poor and (with a few exceptions) badly cultivated, yet the poorer classes do not appear to be suffering under that extreme wretchedness which is visible in some more fertile districts of the country.

From Cairnlough to Drumnasole, and thence to Garron Point, nothing can exceed the romantic beauty and variety of the scenery. On the one side of an elevated hill, in the midst of a beautiful and extensive plantation, the mansion-house of Alexander Turnley, Esq., attracts the notice of the traveller; a short distance from this, a neat, and rather fanciful school-house, erected by that gentleman, makes its appearance; and a little way further on, the ruins of a small ancient chapel: while on the opposite side of the road is seen the lodge of Knapan, romantically situated amid a grove of trees; and again, but a short distance from this, and in the immediate vicinity of Garron Point, on an acute, prominent headland, elevated nearly three hundred feet above the sea-shore, on which it stands, is the rock of Dunmaul, on the summit of which are the remains of an ancient fort, having various entrenchments. This may be easily gained from the land side, and from it there is a grand and extensive prospect.*

From this point also the traveller will perceive that the scenery so peculiar to the Causeway coast begins more fully to develop itself. The various strata of which the entire line of coast is composed, may now readily be traced, even by the most inexperienced in such matters.

As our limits will not permit us to give a regular or minute description of many things well worthy of observation, in travelling from this to the Causeway, we would merely observe, in a general way, that along the entire coast, of the sublime and stupendous, the wonderful and the grand, the tourist will find no deficiency; and while there can be no question that the plane of the Causeway itself presents one of the most curious and extraordinary objects that can possibly be conceived, the varied view which meets the eye, while passing along the coast, would by many be considered as possessing much more to interest and attract admiration, than even in the structure of the pillared pavement itself. The traveller must now, however, push forward along the coast, passing through the hamlet of Waterfoot, the villages of Cushendall, Cushendun, and the small town of Ballycastle.

FROM CUSHENDALL TO BALLYCASTLE—TURNLEY'S ROAD—CLOUGH-I-STOOKAN.

After passing Garron Point, the tourist had formerly to proceed by a road, called the Foaran Path, which from the extreme rapidity of the descent, was nearly impassable by carriages. This has some time since been remedied by Francis Turnley, Esq., to whose patriotism and liberality the traveller is indebted for an excellent road, cut at great expense and with much labour, out of the side of the mountain, along the edge of the coast—here and there immense masses of limestone being left in detached and threatening attitudes, which present an appearance quite in keeping with the general character of the entire scene. A little to the right, on the shore, an extraordinary figure is seen, called *Clough-i-Stookan*,† also formed of a huge limestone rock, and at one period supposed to be the most northern point of Ireland.

FAIRHEAD AND CARRIC-A-REDE.

To the stupendous Promontory of Benmore, or Fairhead, as it is more generally called, which lies between three and four miles from Ballycastle, and which is the most majestic headland to be seen along the entire line,

* "Oral history states, that 'in olden time' all the rents of Ireland were paid at this place, and that the last Danish invaders embarked from here."

† See Engraving.

the traveller must next direct his attention ; and as many persons, in their anxiety to reach the Causeway, are induced to pay but little attention to this part of the coast, it may be well here to mention, that the basaltic area of the Causeway shore may be considered as extending from Ballycastle to Solomon's Porch at Magilligan—that portion of it denominated, *par excellence*, the Causeway, lying between Portrush and the western point of Bengore-head ; and whilst it must be admitted that there is much of beauty and sublimity in the various ports and promontories in that division of the coast, as well as in the pillared pavement of the Causeway itself, still we incline to think, that although not frequently visited, nor much known to strangers, the precipitous facade from Ballycastle to Ballintoy, will be considered by many to be fully as beautiful, as stupendous, and as well deserving of attention as any other portion of this remarkable place. Here we have to observe, that three of the most magnificent and extraordinary objects in this range of scenery—Fairhead, Carric-a-rede, and Bengore, can only be seen to advantage from the water. The tourist may, indeed, get side-long glimpses of them from various points of land along the edge of the cliffs ; but to see them all in their beauty and sublimity, in all their grandeur and variety, they must be viewed from the water, and at a little distance. For this purpose, boats may be readily procured at Ballycastle. From this point, also, the island of Rathlin, about eight miles distant, and directly opposite, may be visited.

The promontory of Fairhead rises perpendicularly to the height of 631 feet above the level of the sea. On approaching its summit the tourist will perceive two small lakes, Lough Dhu and Lough na Cranagh—and, near to its highest point, a curious cave, said to have been a Pict's house. The view from this headland is of a most enchanting description—to the west, the whole line of finely variegated limestone and basaltic coast, as far as Bengore Head ; the beautiful promontory of Kenbane or Whitehead majestically presenting its snow-white front to the foaming ocean—the swinging-bridge and bay of Carric-a-rede—beyond this, Sheep Island—and directly in front, the island of Raghery ; and to the east, the Scottish coast, &c. as already described.

The promontory of Fairhead is formed of a number of basaltic colossal pillars, many of them of a much larger size than any to be seen at the Causeway—in some instances exceeding two hundred feet in length, and five in breadth, one of them forming a quadrangular prism, thirty-three feet by thirty-six on the sides, and of the gigantic altitude we have just mentioned. It is said to be the largest basaltic pillar yet discovered upon the face of our globe—exceeding in diameter the pedestal that supports the statue of Peter the Great, at Petersburg, and considerably surpassing in length the shaft of Pompey's Pillar, at Alexandria. At the foot of this magnificent colonnade is seen an immense mass of rock, similarly formed, like a wide waste of natural ruins, which are by some supposed to have been, in the course of successive ages, tumbled down from their original foundation, by storms, or some more violent operation of nature—these massive bodies have sometimes withstood the shock of their fall, and often lie in groups and clumps of pillars, resembling many of the varieties of artificial ruins, and forming a very novel and striking landscape—the deep waters of the sea rolling at their base with a full and heavy swell.

THE GREY MAN'S PATH.

The guide will now conduct the traveller to a deep and awful chasm, called "The Grey Man's Path," which divides this extraordinary headland into two parts, and presents a passage by which he may descend to the foot of the promontory, and take a nearer view of the astonishing and magnificent spectacle we have just described. The chasm at the entrance to the pathway is narrow, and presents a kind of natural door-way, in consequence of a massive pillar having fallen across it, and which is supported in a frightful manner, at a considerable elevation, by the rocks on either side. As the tourist descends, he will perceive that the chasm widens gradually, and the scene be-

comes much more interesting—a beautiful arrangement of pillars in various degrees of elevation is now apparent ; the solid walls of rude and threatening columns increasing in height, regularity, and magnificence, until, at the foot of the precipice, they attain to a perpendicular elevation of 220 feet—the mighty mass upon which the promontory itself is based, and which is peculiarly characterised by savage wildness, being rendered the more imposing from the violence with which the ocean rages around it.

FORMATION OF BASALT, &c., &c.

With respect to the formation of the basalts along the Causeway coast, as well as of basalts in general, various and opposing opinions have been entertained by some of the most scientific men ; one party maintaining they were formed by the action of water, and another as strenuously contending that they owe their origin to fire, and are simply the formations of boiling lava, which at a remote period had issued from the crater of some volcano, now extinct.

It would appear, however, from various experiments made, and from the most authentic evidence, that they are indebted alike to fire and water for their formation—as, in every instance where columnar trap has been moulded into forms of beauty or regularity, such as the basalts of the Causeway have assumed, it has been either situated contiguous to the ocean, or completely insulated by it.—In the immediate neighbourhood of this coast, there is an interesting and beautiful variety of fossils :—Some fine crystals have been found in Knocklead ; and the shore presents specimens of chalcedony, zeolites, belemnites, and dendrites, on which representations of several marine plants are portrayed with wonderful precision of figure, and some fine pebbles, tinged with various hues, which will take a high polish. Masses of mica are found in the interior—as are also detached portions of gneiss and granite. Stalactites are found in the rocks near Kenbane ; and tufa is discovered along the borders of several rills that trickle through beds of limestone.

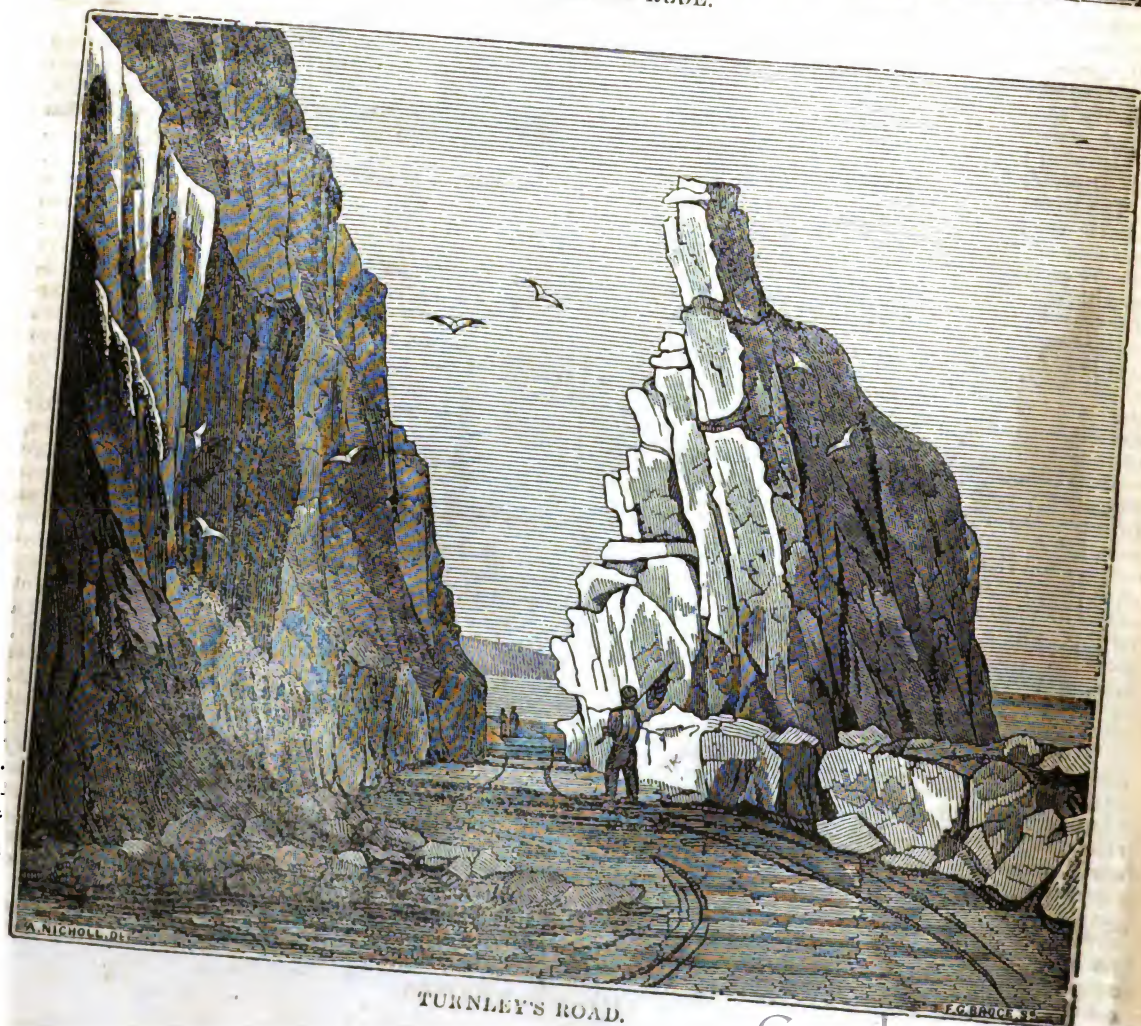
Should the tourist determine on viewing the coast from the water, as far as Ballintoy or Bengore, the carriages or other travelling vehicles may be sent on to Bushmills, as there is nothing particularly worthy of observation along the line of road from Ballycastle to that place.—Procuring a boat at the latter place, it will be necessary, as the tide runs with great rapidity from Fairhead outside Sheep Island to Bengore, to take advantage of the flood-tide, and to keep close along the coast, in the direction of Kenbane or Whitehead, a beautiful promontory three miles and a half from Ballycastle, very lofty, composed of limestone as white as snow, and forming a narrow peninsula which runs a considerable way into the sea at right angles. Passing this point, the precipice rises to a great height, and a scene of much beauty meets the eye—the curious promontory and swinging-bridge of Carric-a-rede terminating a facade a mile in length, the greater part of which rises 360 feet above the level of the sea, the entire beautifully diversified in its formation—the pure white limestone being mixed, in regular strata, with reddish ochre and brownish basalt, and in its termination finely shaded by the dark and heavy rocks by which the immediate vicinity of Carric-a-rede is so strikingly distinguished.

Several natural caves are observed hollowed out of the rocks along this line of coast. At the foot of a precipice 280 feet high, and which, overhanging its base, forms a magnificent concave, a cavern presents itself, that may readily be entered by a boat, if the water be smooth. It is thirty-six feet in height, and about seventeen feet wide at the entrance—the sides, which are not perpendicular, but inclining inwards, being composed of neatly formed pillars, their heads being, as it were artificially, fastened into the rocks above them—and it will be seen that the roof and bottom of the cave are of a construction somewhat similar to the plane of the Causeway—the same variety of formation, nicety of fitting, and distinctness of articulation, being displayed, and the entire awakening a mingled sensation of pleasure and amazement in the beholder.

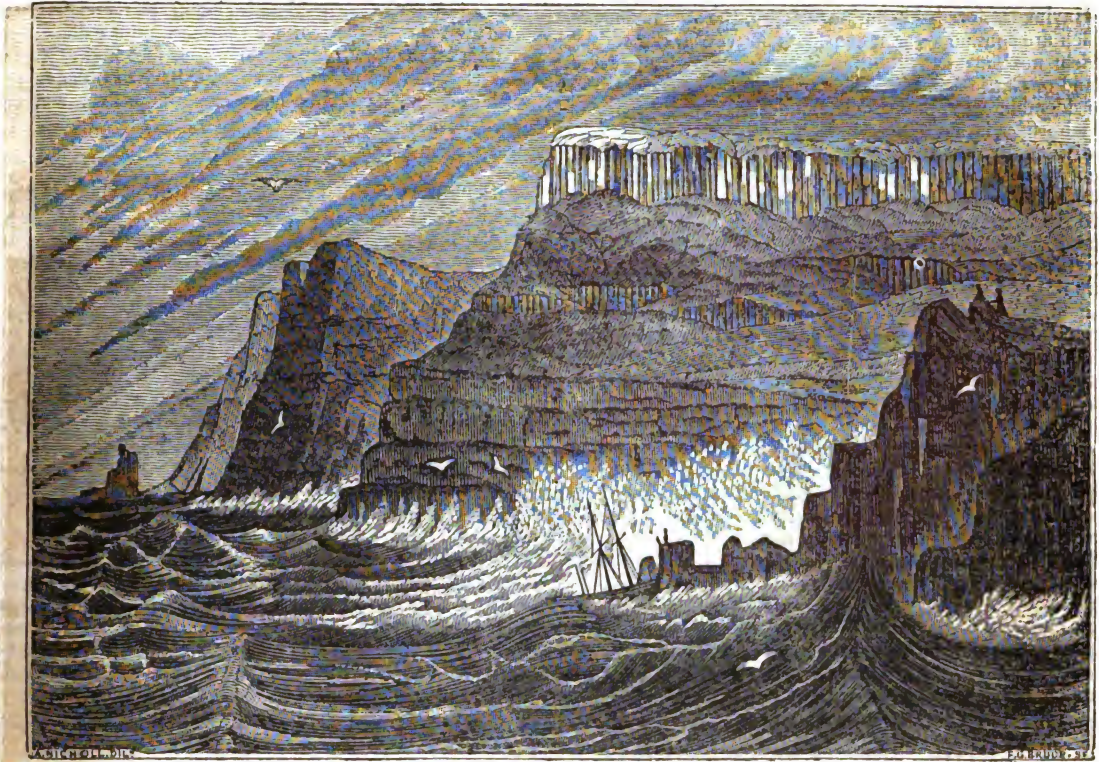
A GUIDE TO THE GIANTS' CAUSEWAY.



CARRIC-A-REDE.



TURNLEY'S ROAD.



PLEASKIN, NEAR THE GIANTS' CAUSEWAY, COUNTY OF ANTRIM.



CLOGHEN STOOKEN.

SWINGING-BRIDGE OF CARRIC-A-REDE.

Having explored this curious cavern, the dimensions of which are continued for a considerable way in, the object which next attracts attention is the swinging-bridge and island of Carric-a-rede.* The head-land, which projects a considerable way into the sea, and on the extremity of which there is a small cottage, built for a fishing station, is divided by a tremendous rent or chasm, supposed to have been caused by some extraordinary convulsion of nature. The chasm is sixty feet wide, the rock on either side rising about eighty feet above the level of the water. Across this mighty rent a bridge of ropes has been thrown, for the convenience of the fishermen who reside on the island during the summer months. The construction of this bridge is very simple:—Two strong ropes or cables are stretched from one chasm to another, in a parallel line, and made fast to rings fixed permanently in the rock; across these, planks, twelve inches wide, are laid and secured; a slight rope, elevated convenient to the hand, runs parallel with the footway; and thus a bridge is formed, over which men, women, and boys, many of them carrying heavy burdens, are seen walking or running, apparently with as little concern as they would evince in advancing the same distance on *terra firma*. It is awful in the extreme to witness from a boat on the water, persons passing and repassing at this giddy height—and a feeling of anxiety, closely allied to pain, is invariably experienced by those who contemplate the apparently imminent danger to which poor people are exposed, while thus lightly treading the dangerous and narrow footway which conducts them across the gulph that yawns beneath their feet.

Passing under the bridge, right through the chasm, in which the water will be found much smoother, and the tide less rapid, than at the outer side of the island, the tourist may proceed along the coast, through the strait which separates Sheep Island from the main land, as far as Dunseverick—or, if the weather will permit, proceeding to Bengore-head, of which there is a sublime view from the water, and from which point there is a splendid panoramic prospect of the entire line of coast on the western side of this great head-land, including Dunluce Castle and the several promontories and capes of which the Causeway is composed.

THE ISLAND OF RATHLIN OR RAGHERY.

The island of Rathlin or Raghery, lies about seven miles and a half from the shore, is rather more than six miles in length, and one in breadth, measuring two thousand plantation acres, and containing about eleven hundred inhabitants, who are almost all occupied in agricultural pursuits, and the making of kelp from the sea weed found on the rocks of which the island is composed. The people are simple, laborious, and honest, and possess a degree of affection for the island, that may very much surprise a stranger. In conversation, they always talk of Ireland as a foreign kingdom, and really have scarcely any intercourse with it, except in the way of their little trade. Small as this spot is, one can nevertheless trace two different characters among its inhabitants. The Kenrauer, or western end, is craggy and mountainous, the land in the valleys is rich and well cultivated, but the coast destitute of harbours. A single native is here known to fix his rope to a stake driven into the summit of a precipice, and from thence, alone, and unassisted, to swing down the face of a rock in quest of the nests of sea-fowl. From hence, activity, bodily strength, and self dependence, are eminent among the Kenrauer men.—Want of intercourse with strangers has preserved many peculiarities, and their native Irish still continues to be the universal language. The Ushet end, on the contrary, is barren in its soil, but more open, and well supplied with little harbours; hence, its inhabitants are become fishermen, and are accustomed to make short voyages and to barter. Intercourse with strangers has rubbed off many of their peculiarities, and the English tongue is well understood, and generally spoken by them. Near Ushet is a lake of fresh water, upwards of a mile in circumference—one hundred and forty four feet above the level of the sea.

There is also another lake in the opposite end of the island, called Cligan, two hundred and thirty-eight feet above the level of the sea. The highest hill is called *Kern Truan*, it is four hundred and forty four feet high. Near Ushet is Doon Point, remarkable for its resemblance to the Causeway; its pillars have commonly five, six, or seven sides.

CAVE OF PORTCOON.

Although to those who may have kept close to the shore by Dunseverick Castle, there would be rather a saving of time in at once proceeding to view the magnificent scenery from the summit of the cliffs, and afterwards descending to the Causeway from the Rock-heads, by the Stookans, we would rather advise that the course usually pursued should be taken—that the cave of Portcoon be visited, the great mole of the Causeway next examined, and then ascending the mountain steep by a path which winds around Port Noffer, the numerous capes and promontories which form the back ground of the Causeway, may be leisurely examined from the edge of the cliffs.

Following the guide, with cautious steps, round a projecting point of rock, the cave of Portcoon will now be entered by the land side. It is a cavern of very considerable dimensions, hollowed out of the solid rock, and assuming in its shape something of the form of a pointed arch. Into this the sea rushes, even in the calmest weather, with a bold and boisterous swell; but when the sea is agitated by a storm, the tremendous roaring of the waters, as they break into the entrance, is terrific in the extreme. The sides and roof are formed, or at least coated, with a number of stones of various shapes and sizes, partly rounded off, as if by the action of the waves, and embedded in a kind of basaltic paste or cement. The echo produced by the beating of the billows, as they enter the cavern, is very great, while the reverberations succeeding the report of a pistol, generally fired off by the guide, are of a very extraordinary description, much resembling the rolling of several peals of thunder near at hand. When the day is fine, the scene presented here is peculiarly grand and interesting; the irregular basaltic side-walls, with the dark shading of the deeper recesses of the cavern, upon which the foam-crested wave spends its last dying murmurings, forming a fine contrast to the freshness and brilliancy observable outside.

THE CAUSEWAY.

Having regained the Rock-heads, at a little distance to the right, the guide will point out the path which conducts to the Causeway, and which was cut at very considerable expense by the Earl of Bristol, Bishop of Derry. From the little hills, popularly denominated the Stookans, the first view of the Causeway is obtained; and a more sublime, imposing, and beautiful scene could not by any possibility be imagined by the most enthusiastic mind, than that which bursts on the sight—an immense and magnificent bay, indented by a number of capes and headlands, which rise around from a height of three hundred and fifty to four hundred feet above the level of the sea, presenting at all points a variety of the most magnificent and interesting views—as if nature and art had united their energies to form one truly grand and splendid picture. Here a beautiful colonnade of the most perfectly formed massive pillars, finely relieved by the dark basaltic cliff into which they appear inserted, or as standing out in bold and prominent relief; this again succeeded by numerous distinct groups and ranges in the columnar form, assuming a variety of shapes and sizes; in another direction the dark sides of the mighty cliff rising up like the walls of some vast edifice, here and there broken down; while, at their base, appears the ponderous wreck of numerous rocks and columns, flung from their original position, and lying in wild disorder—the entire scene forcing upon the beholder the idea that he is contemplating the remains of some mighty fabric, hurled into desolation by a tremendous earthquake, or some other equally terrible convulsion of nature. But it is not the immensity or the grandeur of the scene which will alone fix the attention here; the eye now turns to an object equally interesting, and even more

* See Engraving.

curious than any which has yet been surveyed. From the base of this stupendous facade, a mole or quay, some hundred feet wide, of exquisitely shaped pillars, is observed to project, gradually diminishing from a height of two hundred feet, until, at a distance of six hundred feet, it is lost in the sea. This platform or mole may be described as forming one immense inclined plane, divided into three compartments by two of those great whindykes to which we have before alluded, as sloping gradually down from the base of the headland, and running into the sea between Port-na-Gange and Port Noffer, to an extent which has never yet been ascertained. The divisions are distinguished by the names of the Grand Causeway, the Middle Causeway, and the Little Causeway; the first mentioned extending six hundred feet at low water, while the last does not exceed four hundred feet—the entire composed of a number of pillars of different shapes, and varying from fifteen to twenty-six inches in diameter, sunk in the earth or the surrounding rock, and standing nearly perpendicular—those nearest the cliff having a slight inclination to the west, while those closer to the sea take a contrary direction; their perfectly denuded heads presenting a beautiful polygonal pavement, somewhat resembling a honey-comb or wasp's nest, over which the traveller treads with security; for although each is in itself a perfect pillar, they are all so completely fitted together, and so nicely joined, that the water which falls upon them will not penetrate between them. They are irregular prisms, and display the greatest variety of figure, being septagonal, pentagonal, and hexagonal; a few having eight sides, and some others four; three have been discovered with nine sides, while only one has yet been found with but three. Scarcely any one of them will be found to be equilateral, to have sides and angles of the same dimensions, or to correspond exactly in form or size with one another; while, at the same time, the sum of all the angles of any one of them will be found to be equal to four right angles—the sides of one corresponding exactly to those of the others which lie next to it, although otherwise differing completely in size and form.

In the entire Causeway it is computed there are from thirty to forty thousand pillars—the tallest measuring about thirty-three feet. On the eastern side a pillar will be pointed out with thirty-eight joints, and it is said that two others have been broken off.

The guide will now direct the attention of the traveller to matters of minor curiosity;—the Giant's Well, a tiny spring of pure fresh water, forcing its way up between the joints of two of the columns—his Chair, Bag-pipes, and various other little *et ceteras* belonging to the renowned hero of the Causeway. Turning from these to still more magnificent objects, the eye will naturally rest upon the Giant's Theatre and the Giant's Organ, the latter a beautiful colonnade of pillars, one hundred and twenty feet long—so called from the resemblance it bears to the pipes of an organ. Opposite to these is the Giant's Loom; while a little further to the east, several isolated columns are seen standing apart from the rest, which are popularly called the Chimney-tops, from the likeness they bear at a distance to the chimneys of a castle. The extraordinary stratified construction of the cliffs all around will, no doubt, also fix the attention of every curious observer.

The tourist having examined every object of interest which can be viewed from the foot of the great cliff or promontory, the guide will next point to a steep and narrow path that leads up the nearly perpendicular acclivity which forms the back-ground of Port Noffer.

ANECDOTES OF PERSONS FALLING FROM THE CLIFFS.

The guides relate several interesting stories of individuals, who fell from the heights in this neighbourhood.—From the Aird Snout, a man named J. Kane tumbled down while engaged in searching for fossil-coal, during a severe winter—and, strange to say, was taken up alive, although seriously injured by the fall. Another man, named Adam Morning, when descending a giddy path that leads to the foot of Port-na-Spania, with his wife's breakfast, who was at the time employed in making kelp, missed his footing, and tumbling headlong, was dashed to atoms ere he reached the bottom. The poor woman wit-

nessed the misfortune from a distance; but supposing, from the kind of coat he wore, that it had been one of the sheep that had been grazing on the headland, she went to examine it, when she found instead, the mangled corpse of her husband. Another story is told of a poor girl, who, being betrothed to one she loved, in order to furnish herself and her intended husband with some of the little comforts of life, procured employment on the shore, in the manufacture alluded to, with some other persons in the neighbourhood. Port-na-Spania, as will be observed, is completely surrounded by a tremendous precipice, from three to four hundred feet high, and is only accessible by a narrow pathway, by far the most difficult and dangerous of any of those nearly perpendicular ascents to be met with along the entire coast.—Up this frightful footway was this poor girl, in common with all who were engaged in the same manufacture, obliged to climb, heavily laden with a burden of the kelp; and having gained the steepest point of the peak, was just about to place her foot on the summit, when, in consequence of the load on her shoulders shifting a little to one side, she lost her balance, fell backwards, and ere she reached the bottom, was a lifeless and a mangled corpse. To behold women and children toiling up this dreadful ascent, bearing heavy loads, either on their heads or fastened from their necks and shoulders, is really painful, even to the least sensitive, unaccustomed to the sight—and yet the natives themselves appear to think nothing whatever of it.

An anecdote is also related of a man who was in the habit of seating himself on the edge of a cliff which overhung its base, at Poortmoor, to enjoy the beauty of the widely extended scene. One fine summer morning, however, having gained the height, and taken his accustomed seat, while indulging in the thoughts and feelings which we may suppose the scene and situation likely to inspire, "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream,"—the rock upon which he was perched gave way, and, in the twinkling of an eye, bore him on "its rapid wing" to the foot of a precipice, where it sunk several feet into the earth—safely depositing its ambitious best rider on the shore, at a distance of fully four hundred feet from the towering eminence off which he had made his involuntary aerial descent.

PLEASKIN.

Towards the head-land of Bengore, the tourist may now proceed, following the windings of the cliffs, and examining in succession the various capes and bays into which the great promontory is broken. While the appearance of this entire line, from Port Noffer to Bengore-head, must be admitted to be grand in the extreme, the promontory of Pleaskin will be found more particularly deserving of minute attention. It is a continuation of the headland of Bengore; and is beyond doubt the prettiest thing in nature, in the way of a promontory. It appears as though it had been painted for effect, in various shades of green, vermillion rock, red ochre, grey lichens, &c.—its general form so beautiful—its storied pillars, tier over tier, so architecturally graceful—its curious and varied stratifications supporting the columnar ranges—here the dark brown amorphous basalt—there the red ochre, and below that again the slender but distinct lines of wood-coal—all the edges of its different stratifications tastefully varied by the hand of vegetable nature, with grasses and ferns, and rock-plants;—in the various strata of which it is composed, sublimity and beauty having been blended together in the most extraordinary manner.

BENGORE HEAD.

Bengore, or the Goat's Promontory, which rises three hundred and thirty feet above the water, is the extreme headland; but there is nothing in the scenery by which it is surrounded particularly worthy of observation, with the exception of a curious stratum of fossil-coal, which is found lying between two ranges of basaltic pillars—and the exceedingly fine view which meets the eye from its summit in the direction of Fairhead, Rathlin, &c.

DUNLUCE CASTLE.

Having viewed every thing worthy of notice in the immediate direction of the Causeway, the traveller may

proceed towards Dunluce Castle, on his route to Coleraine. The Castle, which our readers will find described in a former number of our Journal, is one of the finest ruins to be met with in Ireland, and possesses very considerable interest, as having been connected with several important events in the history of the country.



THE GREY MAN'S PATH.

From our limited space the directions and descriptions we have given of this interesting line of coast have necessarily been very concise; we would, therefore, refer the traveller who may wish for further information, to "The Northern Tourist," published by Messrs. Curry, and Co. and from which (although the copyright is now altogether their own,) they have kindly permitted us to make such extracts as suited our purpose. "The Guide to the Causeway," which they have just published, we would particularly recom-

mend to the notice of persons travelling in the north of Ireland, as affording a correct picture of that extraordinary work of nature. Having now conducted the reader along the most interesting portions of the Antrim coast, pointing out in our way whatever we considered might interest or amuse, we take our leave, in the hope of again meeting him in the course of the ensuing year, in some other interesting portions of our country heretofore undescribed.

THE
DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 53 Vol. II.

J. S. FOLDS, 5, BACHELOR'S WALK.

JULY 6, 1833.



Rare Variety of Monkey, lately in the possession of her Grace, the Duchess of Leinster.

RARE VARIETY OF MONKEY.

We have been favoured with permission to make a drawing of a very beautiful and singular little animal of the monkey race, which lately died in this country, having been for many months previous in the possession of her Grace the Duchess of Leinster; our illustration accordingly presents a portrait of it, more than half the size of the original, and we shall endeavour to give a faithful description of its appearance and habits.

It was one of that variety of the monkey tribe distinguished from the rest chiefly by the absence of the usual callosities on the hinder parts, which, being constantly in contact with the ground or a branch of a tree when the animal is in a sitting posture, are consequently devoid of hair. In common with a more numerous class, it is provided with a prehensile tail, which greatly aids it in climbing, and indeed possesses such muscular power that

the little creature is sometimes seen to depend the weight of its whole body from its tail alone.

We are inclined to think that this particular monkey has never yet been noticed or delineated by any naturalist; certainly by none whose works have fallen into our hands.

Its body and limbs were slender and delicately formed; and, when seen immediately under the bright rays of the sun, presented a very beautiful appearance; they sparkled with a kind of greyish golden tinge, the tips of the hairs being brilliant and shining, while their stems, or roots, though nearly of the same hue, were opaque. The whole external surface of the animal was of uniform colour, varying only in shade; the breast, sides, fore-arms and thighs, were paler than the rest of the body; while the paws and part of the hinder legs deepened to an orange colour. The paleness of its face was in strong contrast with a very black muzzle. In profile, its features bore considerable re-

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semblance to those of the lioness. A considerable part of its face was naked of hair; and about the nose and round the eyes of human flesh colour, or nearly so. Its eyes were very dark, almost black. The tail was exceedingly long, bushy, and black towards the tip; and it was usually carried round the neck of the animal in the manner represented in our woodcut.

When dead, and stretched out at full length, this animal measured nearly three feet from the point of its nose to the extremity of its tail, which was seventeen inches in length. It wanted the pouches which most monkeys have attached to their jaws, for securing their food which they do not choose to swallow.

Its death is attributed to its having pined away at the loss of the society of a little bantam hen to which it had attached itself.

THE MORAL EFFECTS OF MACHINERY ON THE POPULATION.

Our readers may perhaps recollect, that in some previous numbers of the first volume there were given two or three papers on the subject of introducing manufactures into this country. At the close of the last paper a question was started, of which, though the discussion was not promised, yet it was left open, in the expectation that it would shortly be taken up by an able correspondent. That question was—taking for granted that Ireland possessed every facility in natural resources—what would be the moral effect of a general introduction of manufactures and machinery into this kingdom?

The question is confessedly a difficult one. Nor would the writer, without a much larger share of knowledge and experience than he possesses, presume to give an opinion on a subject which touches vitally a nation's welfare; and on which the opinions of grave and wise men are at variance. But a few observations might have the effect of exciting thought and reflection on a very important topic—and perhaps induce people to inquire into the matter. With that view they are offered.

The great argument of political economists is, that mere manual labour degrades man as a moral being, and that the more mere physical exertion is disengaged, the more scope is given for the play of his moral and mental energies. But the truth and universality of this proposition we totally deny. Labour, physical labour, aye, severe physical labour, was intended by the merciful Creator as a disguised blessing, to correct the mischiefs which would otherwise ensue, if the minds of men, tainted with moral evil, were at perfect leisure to pursue their own desires. The argument is only good to a certain extent. And we repeat what we have before asserted, that no man has a right, a moral right, to introduce new mechanical powers into any department of labour without a clear case of necessity made out, or a positive good to be obtained.

That manufactures have been a source of great and sudden wealth to Britain is not to be denied. But what avails it, say some, that a few capitalists have acquired enormous riches, while the many have been reduced to poverty. They compare the condition of the operative manufacturers to the serfs under the feudal system, or the slaves in the present day, because, though enjoying, with every British subject, perfect liberty, yet it is only a nominal liberty, inasmuch as those who are dependent on others for daily subsistence, and crowded together in large manufactories, where their constitutions are enfeebled by an unwholesome atmosphere, and their helplessness aggravated by the acquirement of artificial wants, they are almost entirely at the beck of their employers. Then the vice and misery which is the fearful accompaniment of the introduction of manufactures—the demoralization which ensues, where masses of men and women and children are assembled together in spinning factories, in which it may be affirmed, from the experience of England, that a process of physical and moral deterioration is continually going forward, where a daring and avowed infidelity walks hand in hand with a low-toned morality, where wasteful extravagance and thoughtless folly alternates with distress and poverty, and every thing really manly and vir-

tuous is lost. This gloomy picture is contrasted with the comparatively healthful and innocent state of an agricultural community, in which, though there is not the excitement of bold speculation and sudden wealth; though cities are not crowded with inhabitants, nor ports filled with vessels: there are, at least, no sudden and fitful reverses, no general and wide-spreading distress, no accumulated bankruptcies, and, above all, there is that virtuous simplicity of mind and hardihood of body which no wealth can purchase, and for the want of which no commercial grandeur or glory can compensate.

But others object, that moral debasement is not at all a necessary consequence of the general introduction of manufactures and machinery into a country, though, as in the great manufacturing towns of England, it has been a sad accompaniment. They argue, that the evils which have thus resulted are to be attributed to the sudden and rapid establishment and extension of manufactories in the sister country, by which both sexes of every age were drawn together without classification, and without those preventatives and checks which were necessary to counteract the moral virus so extremely likely to be generated in the body corporate by the assembling and crowding together of promiscuous multitudes in buildings whose atmospheres are unnecessarily always at a high temperature, and unfit for healthy human life. They affirm that it is perfectly possible, and extremely probable, to carry on manufactures on the most extended scale, and with all the aid of improved machinery, without any injury to either the minds or bodies of those engaged; that in short, a country may become a great and powerful and commercial nation, towering far above a mere agricultural community, and be in fact a great storehouse to which other kingdoms will resort, without being necessarily subjected to the deterioration of the national character.

Whatever view of the question may be taken, it is obvious, as was stated in a former paper, that Britain cannot retrace her steps as a manufacturing country. The operative is now struggling with the gigantic power of machinery, which is daily and hourly disengaging manual labour, and sending it adrift. Much immediate misery has resulted, and is resulting, because it takes a considerable time before new fields of labour can be opened up, and the industrious artisans supplied with new means of subsistence. Yet nothing but the total disorganization of society can prevent the progress of machinery. And Ireland, placed alongside of such a country as Britain, will ever be crushed and kept under until she join in the race; until by means of machinery her manufactures can compete with those of England; until by means of machinery her natural resources are developed, the country, as it were, opened up, facilities obtained, and employment given to the half idle population of the kingdom. The plain truth is, machinery must be introduced, and is gradually introducing, into every department of labour in this country; and it is useless to oppose it. All that we dread is, that the thing will be OVERDONE; that greedy avarice or speculative pride will dash with a bold hand into new projects, and in order to force a market resort to stimulants which will end in decay and bankruptcy. For instance, the printing business of Dublin has greatly improved latterly, and a reading population is rising in town and country. But if a spirit of competition suddenly seize booksellers and printers, and all the common printing presses be supplanted by more rapidly producing machines, the market will be speedily overstocked, and manual labour be ousted before a balance can be obtained. We would laugh at the idea of seeing printing presses established in Kamschatka, might be apt to think that the people should first be taught to read.

Let machinery be tried in great manufacturing establishments—let railroads be laid down—experiment begun, Wicklow granite and Donegal marble quarried and exported, machinery applied where manual labour is mocked and baffled—and the face of Ireland will be changed.

Whatever may be thought of Robert Owen's Utopian schemes, he it was who first tried the experiment of rendering the operatives of a cotton factory

and intelligent and happy, instead of sickly and depraved and miserable. His establishment at New Lanark, situated within a mile of the Falls of Clyde, in Scotland, for a considerable time attracted a great influx of visitors, who came to admire, not so much the exquisitely-beautiful scenery around the Falls, as the Philanthropist's Cotton Mills. Here Owen triumphantly exhibited what might be done by a system of moral training and discipline, by which the young were judiciously educated, and accustomed to activity, industry, and subordination, and the old accustomed for their own sakes to regularity and control. Owen spoiled this experiment by overdoing it. He became ambitious of being a regenerator of the world; thought to uproot what he termed OLD SOCIETY, and plant a better system of things in its stead; and after wandering from Scotland to Ireland, from Ireland to America, and back again to England, in the pursuit of his ameliorating schemes, his character and habitudes have settled down into those of an indefatigable old woman, clinging with persevering pertinacity to his hopeless projects and his forlorn hopes. The writer remembers visiting the establishment at New Lanark, and another which was founded, as its inmates proudly averred, on a more noble and broader principle than Owen's! This was called Orbiston, and situated within twelve miles of the great manufacturing city of Glasgow, held out strong inducements to the weary and worn-out denizens of OLD SOCIETY to come and take up their abode. Here, indeed, was a Babel! for as some foolish rich people had laid out many thousand pounds in the purchase and laying out of ground, and the erection of a huge barrack-like building, and as all who joined this co-operative company were to throw in the produce of their labour into a common store, from which all were to be supported, the speculative, the restless, the worthless, the stupid, and the lazy all flocked thither, to join in the brotherhood of charity, and prove to the world what could be effected by a simultaneous combination of human beings on different principles from what hitherto had actuated them. But, alas, human nature proved too strong for new SOCIETY. The old leaven was still working in them—the industrious who laboured hard to contribute to the general stock proved the minority. And as the affairs were managed by a committee, chosen from the body, innumerable were the meetings and interminable the speechifications; and while the elderly men, aye, and the elderly women, were in high debate, the youngsters were scampering over the grounds, superintending or suggesting improvements, rehearsing the characters intended to be brought out in the evening in their mimic theatre, (which, by the way, was nicely fitted up for them,) or else breaking hedges and bird-nesting, to the great annoyance of the neighbouring farmers, who thought that the chips of new society bore a strong resemblance to the old block. When the writer visited Orbiston, great expectations were entertained by the sanguine regenerators of society that the experiment would be successful: but the manner in which it was conducted never permitted it to be developed, and though it is said that forty thousand pounds were laid out on the project, it was totally crushed in about two or three years from its establishment.

It is not intended to enter into any debate on the co-operative system, which has been tried with various success, especially in America, but never with any permanent result, which, taking man as he is, need not be greatly wondered at. But we are strongly inclined to be of the opinion, that machinery and manufactures might be introduced into Ireland, not only without injury to the morals of the people, but with immense benefit. For why are we to suppose that capitalists, supposing that they will be induced to invest their money in this country, must be so reckless both of a people's welfare and their own interests, as to proceed upon the system which has produced so much vice and misery in England, instead of adopting some modified plan, such as Owen's, when at New Lanark, by which the health and happiness of the operatives may be secured? We recommend no chimerical schemes, no Orbiston speculations: but we do say that private adventurers, acting on the strictest commercial principle, might give employment, increase the means of wealth, and add to the comfort, physical and

mental, of all under their charge, by the establishment of factories of every kind, and the introduction of machinery. Who would compare the moral character of a rural population, scantily fed, wretchedly housed, and but half employed, with the inhabitants of cheerful villages, who are industriously employed, and the produce of whose labour enables them to maintain themselves in comparative comfort? Take England and Ireland—the one with its manufactures, its vice caused by these manufactures, its fluctuations of trade, its commercial re-actions—the other with its rural population steeped in poverty, its wretched state of agriculture, its paltry trade, its numberless paupers—and who will say that an agricultural community is better adapted for keeping up the standard of comfort, of happiness, of MORALS, than a manufacturing one? But we must not dogmatise.

These rambling observations may be concluded by an additional one, that he who would oppose the converting of Ireland into a great manufacturing country, (supposing it perfectly practicable,) on the plea that it will deteriorate the morals of the people, obstructs the entrance of a substantial good because its shadow accompanies it. F.

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS IN 1750.

The progressive increase of the prices of many of the luxuries of life, in Ireland, from the year 1750, up to this period, must afford a very interesting subject of contemplation; but to the lovers of good wine, the following advertisement from a Dublin newspaper of the above year, must prove how very reasonably our predecessors might enjoy their national propensity, which we are thankful to say, even were the prices as low as formerly, would not in the present day be so ruinously indulged in. In fact, both claret and whiskey were too cheap—and, we are satisfied, were the greatest means of retarding the advancement of civilization, and of morals.

CHRISTOPHER QUIN,

At the sign of the Brazen Head, in Bridge-street, being determined to continue the Wine trade, as usual, has fitted out said house with neat accommodations, and commodious cellars for said business, and being lately arrived from Bourdeaux, has imported a parcel of choice Clarets of different growths, the vintage of 1747 and 1748, which he sells by wholesale and retail, at the following reasonable rates, viz:—Neat Claret of the 1st growth of Obrejone, at £18 per hogshead, [£16 12s. 3d.] and 18s. per dozen. Neat Margoux and Medoc Claret, at 16s. per dozen. Graves Claret, at 14s. per dozen. Neat Red and White Port, at 15s. per dozen. Mountain, Sherry, and Lisbon, at 14s. per dozen. Neat Pruniac Whitewine, at 13s. per dozen. Plain Whitewine, and St. Martin's Renish, at 12s. per dozen. Frontigniac, at 15s. per dozen. Genuine old Canary, at 20s. per dozen; with good encouragement to those who buy the hogshead. [The above all in Irish currency.]

1750.

This is to give notice to the Public, that the Battle which was to be fought in Dublin, at the Back-sword, between Mr. James Dalzel of England, and Mr. Edward Sill of Ireland, is, at the request of several noblemen and gentlemen, to be decided at the Cockpit at Kilcullen Bridge, the day that Black and all Black runs at the Curragh, for 50 guineas and the whole house: and whoever gives the most bleeding wounds, in nine bouts, shall, by approbation, have all the money. The doors to be opened at 9 o'Clock in the forenoon, and fight between 11 and 12. Front seats, 5s. 5d.

SPA, TRALEE:—1750.

Tralee.—Whereas it is expected by the Corporation and inhabitants of Tralee, that many gentlemen and others, intending to drink the Spa Waters contiguous thereto, will frequently resort to said town for the accommodation of diet and lodgings; and in order that such persons may be fully satisfied that no exorbitant or unreasonable charges shall be made on account thereof; we the undersigned inhabitants of said town, do hereby agree to, and promise

to abide by the following regulations ; that is to say, the best lodgings in said town, that is, one room furnished with bedding, and other necessary conveniences, and also fire and candle-light, at half-a-guinea a week ; and so in proportion downwards, as to all other lodgings, and all other articles, as the chief Magistrate for the time being of said Corporation shall adjudge and appoint. And as to diet :—for dinner and supper, 8s. British a-week : for dinner only, 6s. British, a-week.—N. B. Assizes times are excepted.

John M'Donough,	Dennis Leavy,
John Fitzmaurice,	John Haly,
G. Connell,	Daniel Tuomy.

ASSIZE OF BREAD.

By order of the Lord Mayor :—June 29, 1750.

Penny Loaf, (<i>Wheaten</i>)	11oz. 6dr.
Fourpenny, do. do.	2lb. 14oz. 7dr.
Sixpenny, do. do.	4lb. 6oz. 3dr.
Twelvepenny, do. do.	8lb. 12oz. 6dr.
Penny Loaf, (<i>Household</i>)	15oz. 2dr.
Fourpenny, do. do.	3lb. 13oz. 0dr.
Sixpenny, do. do.	5lb. 11oz. 6dr.
Twelvepenny, do. do.	11lb. 4oz. 7dr.

Middle price of Wheat per quarter, £1 19s. 6d.

There was a famous Spa in Francis-street in those days, which perhaps I may send you some account of at some other opportunity. It may be presumed the spa is still in existence. * * P.



ON THE COMMON SEALS AND DEVICES OF THE VARIOUS MUNICIPAL BODIES OF IRELAND.

NO. II.

Dublin ranks the second city in the British Empire, and deservedly obtains that pre-eminence, not only from the circumstance of its being the metropolis of Ireland, but also from its magnitude, the magnificence of its edifices, the beauty of its situation, the wealth and prosperity of its commerce, but also from the amenity, and high moral tone and honourable character of its inhabitants.

Prior to the arrival of the English, or a short time before that event, Dublin could not boast of this distinction ; it was first merely known as the settlement and stronghold of a nest of Danish pirates, a very thorn in the side of unhappy Ireland ; but on its conquest by the English, Henry II., a wise and politic prince, during his short sojourn in Ireland in 1172, seeing the advantages it possessed from its central situation and its proximity to England, made it the seat of his temporary court, and granting it to the City of Bristol, conferred on its inhabitants all the rights and immunities, enjoyed by the freemen of that ancient city then the second in his dominions ; under these advantages it was immediately colonized by a number of hardy adventurers ; and although the infant colony had many and almost insuperable difficulties to encounter, and were cut off to the number of 200 in an ambuscade, shortly after their first settlement, yet the indomitable spirit of English enterprise prevailed, and, in despite of every obstacle, they, in time, surmounted them all, and gradually laid the foundation on which their descendants raised this city to its present pre-eminence.

This grant of the city is the first charter of Dublin on

record ; it is given by the name of DIVELIN. "*Hominus de Bristol*," to the people of Bristol, "to be by them held well and peacefully, freely and quietly, entirely, fully and honourably." It is given at Dublin, and bears no date, but as Henry kept his Christmas here in A. D. 1172, we may refer it to that period. His son, John, Earl of Morton, and Lord of Ireland, afterwards King John, confirmed this grant to the same persons, and in the same terms, with the addition of all the liberties and free customs, to which they had before been entitled throughout his father's dominions ; he also more fully detailed and set forth the limits of their franchises and extent of their jurisdiction, which, as it may be interesting to our readers, we give, translated from the original charter, as it is preserved in the Black Book of the Archbishops of Dublin, called Allen's Register, being collected by Archbishop Allen, in the reign of Henry VIII.

"The Charter of John, Lord of Ireland, concerning the bounds and franchises of the City of Dublin and of the Liberties granted thereto."

"John, Lord of Ireland, Earl of Morton, to all his subjects and friends, French, English, Irish, and Welsh, present and to come greeting, Know ye that I have given and granted, and by this my charter confirmed, to my citizens of Dublin, as well those who inhabit without the walls as those dwelling within, as far as the boundary of the town, that they may have their limits, as they were perambulated by the oaths of the honest men of the city itself, in pursuance of a precept sent to them by King Henry, my father, namely on the east and south sides of Dublin, by the pasture grounds which lead as far as the ports of Saint Kevin's Church, and so along the roads as far as Kilmerekaragan, and from thence as they are divided from the lands of Donenobrook, as far as the Doder, and

from the Doder to the sea, namely to Clarade, close to the sea, and from Clarade to Ramynelan; and on the west side of Dublin, from Saint Patricks Church, through the valley, as far Farnan Cleneginethe, and from thence as they are divided from the lands of Kilmaynham, and beyond the water of Kilmaynham, near Avenliffy, as far as the ford of Kilmaston, and beyond the water of Avenliffy, towards the north by Cnocknogannoe, and from thence as far as the Barns of the Holy Trinity, and from those Barns to the Gallows, and so as the division runs between Clonlic and Crynan, as far as Tolecan, and afterwards to the Church of Saint Mary, of Ostmanby; these things we have also granted to them that their tenures and lands be secure, who have any granted to them by our charter—from thence, without the walls, as far as the before-mentioned limits—that the city may not dispose of those lands as of other lands, but that they observe the common customs of the city as other citizens do," &c. &c.

It will readily be perceived this form is very general, and drawn up with the simplicity of these early times; and by it, it would be very difficult now to trace the bounds; but they are at present well defined, and are perambulated by the Lord Mayor and his attendants, with much state, every third year, a ceremony which must be familiar to most of the citizens. But to return.

From Bristol, Dublin derives her form of government, her liberties, privileges, and customs; the different guilds or corporations are modelled on those of Bristol; some of the streets and churches are similarly named; and the devices on the common seals of Dublin, used in the 12th and 13th centuries, (see the head of this article,) are assumed or adapted from the arms of that city (namely, a castle and ship), a sketch of which is also given to illustrate our position.



In process of time, the citizens proving themselves stalwart and trusty, true and faithful friends and supporters of the English power, were rewarded by their sovereigns with various charters of their grace and favour, granting them many and singular advantages, rights and immunities; these were all recited, consolidated, and confirmed by the GREAT CHARTER OF LIBERTIES, given by Edward IV., in the second year of his reign; containing, among others, the following remarkable clause, which, with the preamble, runs thus:—

"KNOW YE—that We, mindful of the acceptable and laudable services, which our beloved the Mayor and Citizens of Dublin, in Ireland, and their ancestors, have manifoldly rendered to Us and to Our progenitors, and to Us daily, and especially for the preservation and defence of the aforesaid City and the parts adjacent, against the assaults of the *Irish* who strive to invade our lands and those of our liege men therein, and to oppress and plunder our People, cease not, at immense expense and labour, to render, exposing their persons and their properties to divers perils—And willing, on that account, to manifest to them Our Gracious Favour—Have Granted, for

Us and our Heirs, and by this our Charter, Have Confirmed, to the said Mayor and Citizens, that they, and their Heirs and Successors for ever, Be Free from *Murage, Pavage, Pontage, Passage, Kayage*, and from all other such like customs of all *Merchandises* and of all their goods, of what kind soever, throughout Our Kingdom, Our Land of Ireland, and Our Dominion, Wherefore We Will and Firmly Ordain, for Us and Our Heirs, that the said Mayor and Citizens, their Heirs and Successors, Have and Hold *all* and *singular* the before mentioned Liberties as aforesaid for ever. Witness," &c. &c.

These favours and advantages very naturally caused the citizens to regard themselves more as English subjects, than mere Bristolian adventurers; and about the middle of the 15th century, we find that they had discarded the badge of their humble origin, and assuming the badge of a Royal city, took for their cognizance the Royal Lions of England. This is evident from the Public Seal used in 1459, a copy of which is here given; thus adding ano-



ther proof to the many already on record of the vanity of human nature, and of our forgetfulness of ourselves when raised a little in the scale of society by adventitious or fortunate circumstances.

How long this device continued to be the Sigillum of Dublin, does not appear; probably until the time of the first James, who re-modelled and re-chartered almost all the corporations of Ireland. The Arms now borne are—azure, three castles, argent, flames issuing from their summits proper—as represented on the title-page of the first volume; this device must be in honour of the activity and valour displayed on all occasions by the citizens for the honour of England, particularly in beating up the quarters and destroying the fortifications of the so called *Irish enemies*. Fire was the agent of destruction generally used, and consequently the burning castles were chosen as the most appropriate emblems. The earliest public example of this bearing extant, (or at least that I have been able to find,) is on the pedestal of the statue in Col-

* *Murage*, is a toll for every loaded horse or carriage going in, or out, or though any walled town, arising from any grant or prescription for walling the same. It was originally a personal labour, imposed upon the inhabitants and neighbours, but afterwards reduced to a pecuniary tax, called *Murage*.

Pavage—A toll in the same manner, imposed for making and repairing pavements and highways.

Pontage—A custom imposed for the building and repairing of bridges, which were formerly built and supported by the crown.

Passage—For a pass or leave to cross or transport men, goods, &c. over seas or rivers.

Kayage—A toll payable for loading or unloading goods at a kay, (*quay*,) wharf, or crane.

These were most extraordinary privileges in those days, particularly *Pontage*, which was one of the three public expenses—*Expedition, Pontage, and Forfeiture of Castles*, from which, according to Seldon, no man was exempt, not even bishops, abbots, or monks; but from all these, and such like tolls and customs, the citizens or freemen of Dublin are exempt throughout the King's dominions, as well of England as of Ireland.—*Vide Lucas's Translation of the Great Charter of the Liberties of the City of Dublin. 1749.*

lege-green, erected in A.D. 1701, on which it is represented without crest, supporters, or motto, plainly surrounded by a cornucopie; but among the embellishments of the Translation of the Great Charter, by Dr. Lucas, before alluded to, the escutcheon is set out surmounted by a coronet or cap of dignity, supported by a goose and a cock, and having on a scroll the motto, "Vigilance and Valour." At present the chief magistrates of the city, in their official proclamations, retain the cap of dignity, but have dismissed the goose and cock, together with the motto: perhaps they are aware that the geese and cocks' combs are sufficiently numerous personally, and a proper sense of modesty prevents the assumption of the motto in this degenerate generation.

R. ARMSTRONG.

Our ingenious correspondent, as well as Harris and the other authorities on whom he relies, appear to be in error in supposing the seal last given to belong to the City, and to represent its arms. It is evidently the seal of the Provosts of the City, and must be of an antiquity anterior to the year 1266, when the names of these officers were changed to *Bailiffs*, who were, in their turn, changed to Sheriffs, in 1549, in the second year of King Edward VI. The inscription is, "*Sigillum Prepositure Dublinie*," and the three lions of the Royal Arms of England, no doubt were intended to denote that the Provosts were the *King's officers* in the corporation, who collected and accounted for the fee farm rent and other royal revenues. Though, therefore, it has been sometimes considered to be the *Arms of the City*, it is obviously a mistake.

B.

The following letter from King Charles the First, evinces how highly that sovereign estimated the services of the citizens of Dublin. It is the last article entered in the "*Domesday Book of Dyvelin City*."

"CHARLES R.

"Trusty and well beloved we greet you well. We have been so abundantly satisfied by our right trusty and entirely beloved cousin and counsellor, James, Marquess of Ormond, our Lieutenant General of that our Kingdom, of your constancy and zeal to our service, not only by your giving your support, far beyond your estate and abilities, towards the relief of our army there, without which it could not have subsisted, but likewise for the engaging yourselves for the raising of money towards the transportation of that part of our army which was sent hither to our aid. As we cannot but take special notice of your said good affections to us, especially when we see such pregnant testimonies thereof in these times of defection, when so great numbers of our subjects in our several kingdoms have cast off their duty and national allegiance. And therefore we do assure you on the word of a king, that we will in due time remember these your services for your honour and advantage, which we will and require you to make known to our good people of that our city; and that we do very much commiserate the many great and heavy burthens, which for the advantage of our service they do daily bear, which, (as we are informed,) hath of late occasioned a total decay of trade, which is the very life of a city, and consequently the consumption of all their riches, whereof we are exceedingly sensible, and will upon all occasions be ready to relieve them the best way we may. Given at our Court at Oxford, the 23d February, 1643. "By His Majesty's Command,

"EDWARD NICHOLAS."

ANCIENT IRISH POETRY.

SIR,—The 25th Number of your valuable Journal contains a short, but interesting account of Inchmore Castle, on the Nore, the residence of Oliver Grace, the heir of the ancient baronial house of Courtstown, who died in the life-time of his father, in the year 1637. In Mr. Hardiman's beautiful collection of Irish Poems, (Vol. II.) there are some elegiac stanzas on his death, which, from the rare beauty of their poetry, harmony of their numbers, and the freedom of their structure from those alliterations and other minute restrictions which have cramped the metre of many of the other valuable compositions of our Irish Bards, seem to me well worthy of a place in your Journal, if you think it not sufficient to refer your readers to Mr. Hardiman's work. I send you a literal translation which I have attempted, and in which I have most strictly

adhered to the original, which, however, it will be necessary to understand in order fully to appreciate the beauties of the poem. Your readers will perceive that the translation which I have sent you does not differ materially from Doctor Drummond's accurate metrical version.

I should observe that Mr. Hardiman places the death of Oliver Grace in the year 1604; but this is a mistake, as will be evident by referring to the interesting "*Memoirs of the Grace Family*," there being no person of that family whom the elegy could possibly suit, except Oliver Grace, of Inchmore, called *File*, or the poet, to whom it is applicable in every particular. He is stated, in the *Memoirs*, to be the son of Robert Grace, Baron of Courtstown, by his wife Elleanor daughter of David Condon, Lord of Condon's country, in the county of Cork, by Elleanor, daughter of Richard, Lord Poer, of Curraghmore: but by a reference to the will of Sir Richard Shee, dated 24th December, 1608 (a copy of which is in my possession)—whose daughter, Letitia Shee, was married to John Grace, of Courtstown, father of the said Robert Grace, and grandfather of Oliver, of Inchmore—it appears that Robert Grace's wife was the daughter of Patrick Condon. The following are the extracts from the will referring to this subject.

"Item, where-upon the agreement of marriage of Mr. Patricke Condon, of my grandchilde, Robert Grace, to his daughter, Mrs. Ellen Condon, the said Patricke delivered unto me £100 sterling current money of England, in bullion, to be given in preferment to my daughter, is daughter Margaret Grace that is with me, I will that my wyfe and executors, with the advice of some of my feoffees and brethren, shall provyde a fytt husbunde for her, and that myne executors of my soules portion, shall deliver unto her and her husband, in marriage goods, one hundred pounds sterling current moneye of England, in Bullion; and if God shall dispose of the said Margaret before marriage, then my will is, that my executors shall pay the same £100 to her brethren, Richard and Edmund Grace, in regard that they are poor orphans, haveinge nothinge leaft unto them for their mayntenance by their father and mother; and if they should die before they receive the said moneye, then I will that the said moneye be paid unto their elder brother Robert Grace. Item, when Mr. Patricke Condon is bounde by bonde to me that Edmond Purcell of Ballyfoille, shall marry my grandchild, Catherine Grace, or in lieu thereof to pay unto her £300 sterling, current moneye in England, for the preferment of the said Catherine Grace to a husband, I earnestly beseech my sonne and heire, and the rest of my executors, upon my blessinge, if neede be, by suyte of law, upon the refusal of the said Purcell, to compell the said Patricke Condon, upon his bonde, to pay the sayde moneye to the use aforesaid; and yf she should happen to die before preferment, the said £300, to be to her brother, Mr. Robert Grace, in regard that he most lovinglie and kindlie bestowed his own mariadge for the benefytt of her and her sister by myne advice and intreatie. Item, I leave to my father Lettisse Shee's daughter, Margaret Grace, a flock of sheep, in number foure skore. Item, I leave to my saide daughter, is son and heir, Robert Grace, one of my double gillt bowels of plate with his cover, wherein I commonlie drinke aqua vite and clarett wyne, as a token of remembrance of my love."

The will of Sir Richard Shee has been lost by the Pre-rogative Office, where it was proved in 1608, or it could not have escaped the accurate researches of the author of "*Memoirs of the Grace Family*." W. W.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF OLIVER GRACE.

BY JOHN FITZWALTER WALSH.

1. A gloomy mist is in each mountain, a mist that appeared not before; there is a sullen silence in noontide; the deep voice of sorrow alone is heard.
2. The sound of death is in the wind: alas! to us 'tis the approach of sorrow! The raven with hoarse voice, portends the hour of the dead.
3. Is it for thee, O noble youth of my heart, that the banshee mournful wails, in the midst of the silent lonely night; plaintiff she sings the song of death.

4. Each wall and tower replies to her with its lonely sullen echo: the cock has forgotten his wonted call, and announces not time nor hour.

5. Alas, youthful Oliver of my heart, it is thy death the banshee laments—it is that which brings night on the day—it is it which brings sadness on the people.

6. Woe is me, nought now remains to us in the hero's stead, but lamentation and tears: pouring out of tears, weeping and lamentation, hereafter to us, and breaking of hearts.

7. Alas! O death, thou hast laid low for ever the blossom and beauty of our highest branch:—not satisfied with thy conquest till the head of our race sunk into the grave.

8. Strong was his arm in the clash of swords, defending the right of his race and kindred, beneath the standard of his father:—and Ormond* who acquired fame afar.

9. Not usual in Courtstown is the mist of Lonon that cannot be dispelled: O the heart of its faithful lord is wounded through the death of the youth of mighty deeds.

10. The true heir of his name, his fame and his power, and the heir of his domains in each region of Erin: Stately as the oak was his aspect—he promised to spread wide his branches.

11. But not thus was the hero's fate:—It was to descend alone to the silent tomb. Alas! 'twas a long woe to him in his day, and sorrow of heart to his spouse † for ever.

12. She is a mother oppressed with grief—descending swiftly to her spouse in the grave—the father of her children, and her first love:—Alas, anguish is her lot.

13. No more shall he follow the chase under the dark vales of the misty hills;—the sweet sounding horn no more shall he hear—nor the voice of the hounds on the mountain top.

14. No more shall we behold him on his fleet young steed, bounding o'er fence and dyke:—There is an eclipse on his beauty for ever; deep mist has descended on his greatness.

15. Weak lies his bounteous hand; dead and powerless is his manly heart—the descendant of heroes, and friend of the bard, the lover of the minstrel's lofty strain.

16. Thy fame needs not the light of song; but my lament shall ascend on high, and my tears shall fall at the close of each day, on the tomb of the hero for whom my heart is broken. W. W.

* James the 12th Earl, and afterwards 1st Duke of Ormond.

† Joan, wife of Oliver Grace, was the daughter and heir of Sir Cyprian Horsfall of Innisnaggy, only son of John Horsfall, Bishop of Ossory, a native of Yorkshire, who succeeded to that see in 1686, and died there in 1689. Oliver Grace's son and heir, John Grace, was a member of the Council of Confederate Catholics, and was permitted by Cromwell to compound for his estates.

ON COMETS.

There is no branch of physical Astronomy more difficult to explain, or understand, than the theory of comets, which is at present but very imperfectly investigated, even by the most skilful astronomers. Comets have no visible disc, and shine with a faint nebulous light, accompanied with a train, or tail, turned from the sun. They appear in every region of the heavens, and move in every possible direction. In the ages of ignorance and superstition, they were regarded as the infallible harbingers of great political and physical convulsions; wars, pestilence, and famine, were among the dreadful evils which they foretold. But we trust that the age of mental darkness and superstition is now fled. For, although modern philosophy is yet unable to discover the nature and use of comets, they are at present regarded only as bodies attached to the different systems of the universe for some useful purpose, which the sagacity of some future ages, will, perhaps, be able partly to explain. The laws by which they move, or in other words, the elements of no less than *ninety-seven*, have been observed and calculated from the year 837, till the present time, of which 24 have passed between the orbit of Mercury and the sun; 33 between the orbits of Mercury and Venus; 21 between the orbits of Venus and our earth;

15 between the orbits of the earth and Mars; 3 between the orbits of Mars and Ceres; and 1 between the orbit of Ceres and Jupiter. Their orbits are inclined in every possible angle; but there are only eight whose inclination is less than ten degrees, consequently there is less danger of their interfering with the planetary bodies. The great comet which appeared in 1682, and 1759, may, as I calculate, be expected to appear in 1835, or two years hence; its periodic time being 76 years, and 212 days. When we examine a comet with a good telescope it appears like a mass of vapour, surrounding a dark nucleus, of different degrees of density in different comets. As it approaches the sun, its pale cloudy light becomes more brilliant; and when it reaches its perihelion, it is often brighter than the planets. The tails are generally concave towards the sun, the fixed stars are always visible through them, and sometimes they are so brilliant, that they have been distinguished during full moon, and even after the rising of the sun. Astronomers have entertained various opinions respecting the comets; the Peripatetics supposed they were meteors generated in the higher regions of our atmosphere, after the nature of falling stars. But it has been demonstrated that they move in higher regions than the moon, and consequently they are above the earth's atmosphere. Tycho Brahe, and Appian, imagined that the tail was occasioned by the rays of the sun transmitted through the nucleus of the comet, which they supposed were transparent like a lens. Kepler thought that it was the atmosphere of the comet driven behind it by the impulsion of the sun's rays. Descartes ascribed the phenomenon to the refraction of the nucleus. Sir Isaac Newton maintained that the tail of a comet is a thin vapour ascending by mean of the sun's heat, as smoke or vapour does from the earth. Euler supposes that the heat is produced by the impulsion of the solar rays driving off the atmosphere of the comet, and that the curvature of the tail is the combined effect of this impulsive force, and the gravitation of the atmospherical particles to the nucleus of the comet. Dr. Hamilton, on the other hand, thinks it a stream of electric matter issuing from the body of the comet. From these various accounts, the reader will probably coincide with the writer's opinion, which is, that the theory of comets has never yet been discovered! Neither is there sufficient authority for maintaining that they are so intensely hot when approaching the sun. The chemical properties of their atmosphere may be such as will totally exclude the action of the *caloric* rays of the sun from producing any great heat on the nucleus of the comet; and to maintain that these bodies are employed to convey back to the planets the electric fluid, which some philosophers imagine is continually dissipating; that one of them occasioned the great deluge which seems to have over-run our globe; and that they are intended to supply the fuel dissipated by the sun, is to give loose reins to conjecture, without contributing, in the smallest degree, to the progress of science. When multiplied observations shall have added to the imperfect knowledge which we at present possess, we may then be allowed the liberty of indulging in ingenious speculations. Laplace, who as an astronomer, is entitled to our highest respect, observes, that the fears which the appearance of comets at one time inspired, have been succeeded by an apprehension of another nature, lest among the great number which traverse the planetary system in every direction, one of them should destroy the earth. But, he says, they pass so rapidly near us that the effect of their attraction is not to be feared. It is only by striking the earth that they could produce the dreadful effect; but the shock though possible is very improbable in the course of an age. Nevertheless, the small probability of such an event, if it be considered with respect to a long course of ages, may become very great:—We may imagine the effect of such a shock upon the earth. The axis and rotatory motion being changed, the seas would abandon their former position, and rush to the new equator; the great part of men and animals would be drowned, or destroyed, by the violent shock impressed on the terrestrial globe—entire species annihilated—all the monuments of human industry swept away. Such are the disasters which might ensue from the shock of a comet. See Laplace's *Système du Monde*, and Pingré *Cometographie*.

Ballymena.

J. GETTY.

POPULAR LEGENDS OF THE SOUTH—No. IV.
THE GOBAN SAER.

On the left hand, adjacent to the high road that leads from Watergrasshill to Cork, stands a scanty portion of the ruined castle of Rath-Goban, the ancient residence of the Goban Saer, whose sapient remarks have passed into many a proverb. He was a famous architect—but had his fame depended upon the durability of this structure, it must have been a very unstable monument, as no vestige of it remains for the contemplation of the traveller, save the fragment of one tower. But the name of the Goban Saer will live while the Irish race shall retain their vernacular tongue, or his maxims of wisdom are the oracles of unlettered instruction. I have not learned the particular period at which he flourished, but tradition says, that he was superior to all his cotemporaries in the art of building; even in that dark age when so little communication existed between countries not so remotely situated, his fame extended to distant lands. A British prince, whose possessions were very extensive, and who felt ambitious of erecting a splendid palace to be his regal residence, hearing of the high attainments of the Goban Saer, in his sublime science, invited him to court, and by princely gifts, and magnificent promises, induced him to build a structure, the splendour of which excelled that of all the palaces in the world. But the consummate skill of the artist had nearly cost him his life, for the prince, struck with the matchless beauty of the palace, was determined that it should stand unrivalled on the earth, by putting the architect to death, who alone was capable of constructing such another, after the moment the building received the finishing touches of his skilful hand.

This celebrated individual had a son who was grown up to man's estate, and anxious that this only child should possess in marriage a young woman of sound sense and ready wit, he cared little for the factitious distinctions of birth or fortune, if he found her rich in the gifts of heaven. Having killed a sheep, he sent the young man to sell the skin at the next market town, with this singular injunction, that he should bring home *the skin and its price* at his return. The lad was always accustomed to bow to his father's superior wisdom, and on this occasion did not stop to question the good sense of his commands, but bent his way to town. In these primitive times, it was not unusual to see persons of the highest rank engaged in menial employments, so the town-folk were less surprised to see the young Goban expose a sheep-skin for sale than at the absurdity of the term, "*the skin and the price of it.*" He could find no chapman, or rather chapwoman, (to coin a term), for it was women engaged in domestic business that usually purchased such skins for the wool. A young woman at last accosted him, and upon hearing the terms of sale, after pondering a moment agreed to the bargain. She took him to her house, and having stripped off all the wool, returned him the bare skin, and the price for which the young man stipulated. Upon reaching home he returned *the skin and its value* to his father, who learning that a young woman became the purchaser, entertained so high an opinion of her talents, that in a few days she became the wife of his son, and sole mistress of Rath Goban.

Some time after this marriage and towards the period to which we before referred, when the Goban Saer and his son were setting off at the invitation of the British prince to erect his superb palace, this young woman exhibited considerable abilities, and the keenness of her expressions, and the brilliancy of her wit, far outdid, on many occasions, the acumen of the Goban Saer himself; she now cautioned him when his old father, who did not, like modern architects, Bianconi it along Macadamized roads, got tired from the length of the journey, to *shorten the road*; and secondly, not to sleep a third night in any house without securing the interest of a *domestic female friend*. The travellers pursued their way, and after some weary walking over flinty roads, and through intricate passages, the strength of the elder Goban yielded to the fatigue of the journey. The dutiful son would gladly *shorten the road* for the way-worn senior, but felt himself unequal to the task. On acquainting his father with the conjugal precept, the old man unravelled the mystery by bidding him com-

mence some strange legend of romance, whose delightful periods would beguile fatigue and pain into charmed attention. Irishmen, I believe, are the cleverest in Europe, at "*throwing it over*" females in foreign places, and it is pretty likely that the younger Goban did not disobey the second precept of his beloved wife. On the second night at their arrival at the king's court, he found in the person of a female of very high rank, (some say she was the king's daughter) a friend who gave her confiding heart to all the dear delights that love and this Irish experimentalist could bestow. As the building proceeded under the skilful superintendence of the elder Goban, the son acquaints him with the progress of his love, and the ardent attachment of the lady. The cautious old man bid him beware of one capable of such violent passion, and take care lest her jealousy or caprice, might not be equally ungovernable, and display more fearful effects. To discover her temper, the father ordered him to sprinkle her face with water as he washed himself in the morning—that if she received the aspersion with a smile, her love was disinterested, and her temper mild; but if she frowned darkly, her love was lust, and her anger formidable. The young man playfully sprinkled the crystal drops on the face of his lover—she smiled gently—and the young Goban rested calmly on that tender bosom, where true love and pitying mildness bore equal sway.

The wisdom of the Goban Saer and his sapient daughter-in-law was soon manifested; for, as the building approached its completion, his lady-love communicated to the young man the fearful intelligence that the king was resolved, by putting them to death when the work was concluded, that they should erect no other such building, and, by that means to enjoy the unrivalled fame of possessing the most splendid palace in the world. These tidings fell heavily on the ear of the Goban Saer, who saw the strong necessity of circumventing this base treachery with all his skill. In an interview with his majesty, he acquaints him that the building was being completed; and that its beauty exceeded every of the kind he had done before; but that it could not be finished without a certain instrument which he unfortunately left at home, and he requested his royal permission to return for it. The king would, by no means, consent to the Goban Saer's departure; but anxious to have the edifice completed, he was willing to send a trusty messenger into Ireland for that instrument upon which the finishing of the royal edifice depended. The other assured his majesty that it was of so much importance that he would not entrust it into the hands of the greatest of his majesty's subjects. It was finally arranged that the king's eldest son should proceed to Rath Goban, and, upon producing his credentials to the lady of the castle, receive the instrument of which she had the keeping, and which the Goban Saer named "*Cur-an-aigh-an-cuim.*" Upon his arrival in Ireland, the young prince proceeded to fulfil his errand; but the knowing mistress of Rath Goban, judging from the tenor of the message, and the ambiguous expressions couched under the name of the pretended instrument, that her husband and father-in-law were the victims of some deep treachery, she bad him welcome, inquired closely after her absent friends, and told him she should have the object of his mission when he had refreshed himself after the fatigues of his long journey. Beguiled by the suavity of her manners and the wisdom of her words, the prince complied with her invitation to remain all night at Rath Goban. But, in the midst of his security, this the domestics faithful to the call of their mistress, had him bound in chains, and led to the dungeon of the castle. Thus the wisdom of the Goban Saer, and the discrimination of his daughter, completely baffled the wicked designs of the king, who received intimation that his son's life would surely atone for the blood of the architects. He dismissed them to their native country laden with splendid presents; and, on their safe arrival at Rath Goban, the prince was restored to liberty. E. W.

DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by JOHN S. FOLDS, 5, Bachelor's Walk.
Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In Liverpool by Willmer and Smith; in Manchester by Banks & Co.
In Birmingham by Drake; in Nottingham by A. Right;
In Edinburgh by R. Grant & Son; in Glasgow
by John Niven, Jun. and in London by Joseph Robins, Fleet-st.

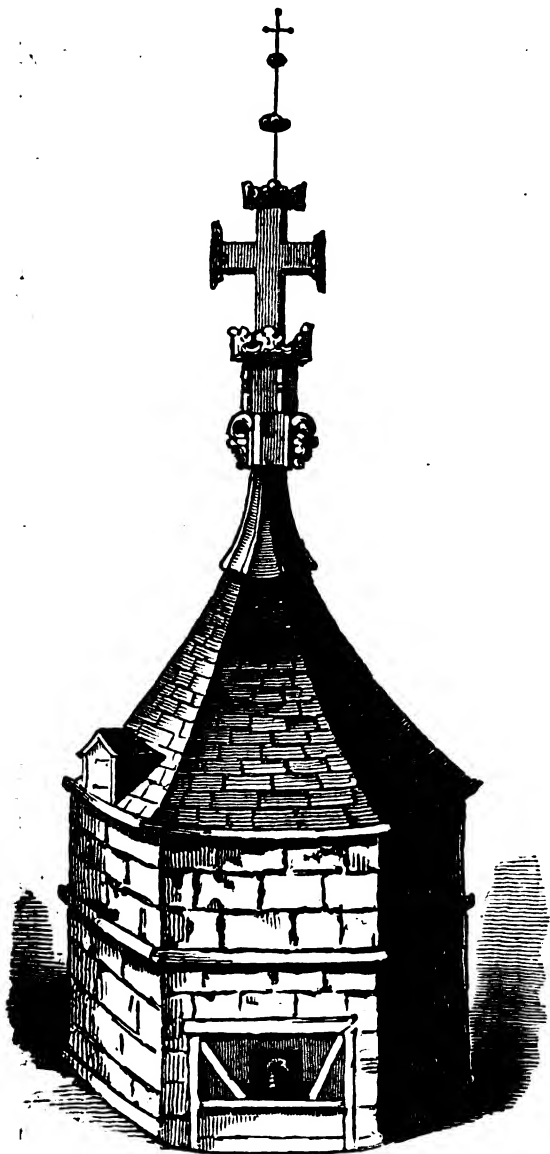
THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

No. 54. Vol. II.

J. S. FOLDS, 5, BACHELOR'S WALK.

JULY 13, 1893.



THE OLD CONDUIT IN DUBLIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

SIR,—Your work so well begun, and hitherto carried on in a good spirit, free from party feeling, and purely devoted to the dissemination of useful and interesting information, is deserving of the support of every well-wisher to Ireland. Allow me therefore to tender you a short article on a subject which I think peculiarly interesting, the fact of the citizens of Dublin having an aqueduct to supply the city with water, from which it was conveyed BY PIPES to the houses, so early as the thirteenth century—a very singular fact, especially when we consider the present state of many of the cities of the Continent, where the only way of obtaining water is to buy it in the streets.

The engraving at the head of this article is a representation of the old conduit which stood in the Corn Market, and is copied from an ancient drawing I found in

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my office many years since, among a number of others of ancient sepulchral monuments and buildings of Dublin, which I had bound up into a volume—now the only memento of most of those interesting objects of ancient affection and patriotism, for most of them have given way to modern improvements. Amongst them are several drawings of the famous monument of the earls of Kildare, which formerly stood in Christ Church, the removal of which caused no small public commotion. But to return.

In an ancient and curious book in the possession of the Corporation of the city of Dublin, called the “Domesday Boke of Dyvelyn City,” a copy of which is in my library, is the following entry :

“De receptione aqueductus prioratu Sanctæ Trinitatis Mem. Quod in crastino Sancti Leonardi Confessoris anno regni regis Henrici xxxix, Prior Sanctæ Trinitatis Dublin, et ejusdem loci Conventus, receperunt AQUAM DE VASE civium dictæ civitatis Dublin. Quod quidem vas assistitur ex opposito thelonis civitatis juxta portam Sanctæ Trinitatis duratur a dicto die usque ad finem trium annorum proxima sequentium.”

That is,

Memorandum, That on the morrow of St. Leonard, in the 39th year of King Henry (7 Nov. 1239) the Prior and Convent of the Holy Trinity of Dublin, received the WATER FROM THE VASE, (basin or reservoir) of the citizens of the said city of Dublin : that is the vase situated opposite the Tholsel of the said city, and near the gate of the Holy Trinity. To be held by them for three next following years, from the said day.”

It would appear by this and the following entries, that there were basins or reservoirs for the reception of the water in various quarters of the city, from which the inhabitants could have pipes laid on to supply their houses.

The article immediately preceding the Memorandum, is a grant from the citizens of Dublin to the Abbot and Convent of St. Thomas's, of certain lands *juxta aqueductum*, which is witnessed by Gilbert de Lynet, who was the first Mayor of Dublin in the year 1228 ; and the grant is by the citizens and not the mayor and citizens, as was the case after that period ; this grant which is without date, must have taken place before that year. The witnesses are Audeon Brown, John de St. John, Gilbert Lynet, and others. How long before the aqueduct existed does not appear, but it is likely to have been some considerable time.

A second entry occurs as follows :—

Memorandum, That on Thursday, after the feast of St. Petronella, in the 39th year of King Henry III., a deed made between the mayor and inhabitants of Dublin on one part, and the Prior and Convent of the Holy Trinity on the other, respecting the City Aqueduct. The copy of the prior is deposited for safe keeping with Friar Cradoc of the Hospital of St. John the Baptist ; and the copy of the city with Thomas Ruffo, then Provost* of the city.

A Memorandum is entered on page 48, of the same book, to the following effect.

OF RENTS GRANTED TO THE PIPE.

Memorandum, That those underwritten gave to the support of the pipe of Dublin, the following rents for ever : William of Chester gave 11s. annual rent out of his house on the banks of the Liffey ; William Pycot gave 12d. out of the stone house which belonged to William Sweetman ; Alexander de Ultonia gave 12d. annual rent out of certain lands in Potter-street, (*In vico Figulorum*) with the arrears.

* Their office was analagous to Sheriffs ; there were two elected yearly ; they were afterwards changed to Sheriffs.

In page 51, is an entry of a grant of a certain part of the aqueduct from the mayor and commons, to the Abbot and Convent of the Friars Preachers in perpetual alms, beginning within the walls at the New Gate, near the house of William Clark, and allowing the said friars to join their *pipe* to the citizens *pipe*, with a free transit of the said pipe through the land of the citizens to their house, provided that the pipe, where it joined the house, should not be so large that the little finger of a man could be inserted, and that it should never be made larger. This deed is witnessed by Luke, Archbishop of Dublin, who died in 1255.

1287—16 Edw. I. The mayor, &c, granted to Sir Richard de Exeter, (afterwards Dexter,) a certain portion of water, that is of a pipe equal to the size of a goose quill, and also to their fellow citizen Henry le Marshall, for the convenience of himself and his neighbours dwelling near him; that he should be allowed, at his own expense, to attach a pipe to theirs, near the corner which led to *Kilmaholmok's-street*, to conduct the water to his house, near the Church of the Holy Trinity, into his cistern or reservoir; but the pipe not to exceed the grossness of a goose quill.

1342:—This year is a grant to Master Walter de Istelep, of right to affix a pipe of the size of a goose quill, to the cistern in High-street, near St. Michael's Church, at 6d. per annum, during his life, and his heirs, and afterwards to pay 2s. at two terms, Easter and Michaelmas.

1329.—3 Edw. III. A grant to Nicholas Fastolf, and Cecilia his wife, that they might have a pipe from the cistern of Master Walter de Istelep, in the parish of St. Nicholas, to their house, to be carried along the middle of *Rochel's-street*, not to exceed the size of a goose quill.

Thus early did the anxiety to possess a supply of wholesome water for the citizens of Dublin, induce ingenious and patriotic individuals to suggest, and the corporation to adopt and execute a plan for an artificial aqueduct for that important purpose, how long previously to the reign of Henry the Second is not known, but it has certainly existed six hundred years, while that of the New River which supplies London, is scarcely two hundred years old. The proximity of the mountainous district to Dublin gives facilities to such an undertaking; but our English fellow subjects are not likely to give us credit for so great a refinement in comfort, at the very early age the citizens of Dublin proposed it. The minute particularization that the pipe should not exceed the size of a *goose quill*, indicates that it was always flowing, and the value put upon it.

I hope I have not tried your patience by the prolixity of this statement; I might have taken a hint to limit the flowing of my goose quill. Wishing you that success your Miscellany is so well entitled to; and rejoicing that one work exists within the reach of the lower orders, free from political taint, and sectarian bias, calculated to improve their morals, and inform their understandings—which all may read with advantage, I am, Sir, your well wisher,

W. BETHAM, *Ulster*.

JOHN LE DECER, MAYOR OF DUBLIN.

As connected with the subject of the preceding valuable article of our esteemed correspondent, we add the following extract from "The Annals of Ireland," given in Gough's Camden, Vol. IV. p. 481.

"MCCCVIII. This year a marble cistern was made to receive the water from the conduit head in Dublin, (such as was never before seen here,) by the Mayor of the City, Master John Le Decer, and *all at his own expense*."

In justice to the memory of this excellent magistrate, who though not a lord had at least the heart of one, we add, from the same Annals, the following additional instances of his patriotic munificence.

"This same John, a little before, caused a bridge to be built over the river Aven Liffie, near the Priory of St. Wolstan. He also built the Chapel of St. Mary of the Friars Minors, wherein he was buried; and the Chapel of St. Mary of the Hospital of St. John, in Dublin.

"The said John Decer was a liberal benefactor to the Convent of Friars Preachers, in Dublin: he made one

stone pillar in their church, and laid the great stone upon their altar, with its ornaments.

"He entertained the friars at his own table on the 6th day of every week, out of pure charity; as the seniors have reported to their juniors.

"MCCCXIII. This summer Master John Decer, a citizen of Dublin, caused a bridge to be built, which was very necessary, reaching from the town of Ballyboght to the causey of the mill-pool of Clontarf, which before was a very dangerous passage: but after great charge the whole bridge, with its arches, was washed down by an inundation.

Harris the historian adds, that "It is also recorded in the registry of the Dominicans of Dublin, that this generous magistrate, in a time of great scarcity, raised a vast sum of money, and furnished out three ships to France, which returned in two months laden with corn, and that he bestowed one of the ship's loading on the Lord Justice and militia, another on the Dominican and Augustin seminaries, and reserved a third for the exercise of his own hospitality and bounty. At the same time the Prior of Christ Church, being destitute of corn, and having no money to buy it, sent to the worthy mayor a pledge of plate to the value of £40., but he returned the plate, and sent the prior a present of twenty barrels of corn. These beneficent actions," Harris adds, "moved the Dominicans to insert the following prayer in their liturgy, viz.:—*Orate pro Salute Majores, ballivorum, et communitates de omni civitate Dubliniensi, optimorum benefactorum huic ordini tuo, nunc et in hora mortis.*"

"This John Le Decer, filled the office of Mayor of the City, in the years 1308, 1309, and 1324."

P.

ENTHUSIASM.

FOR THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

Not yet trodden under wholly,

Not yet darkened,

Oh! my spirit's flickering lamp art thou!

Still, alas! thou wanest—though but slowly;

And I feel as though my heart had hearkened

To the whispers of Despondence now.

Yet the world shall not enthrall me—

Never! never!—

On my briary pathway to the grave

Shapes of pain and peril may appal me,

Agony and ruin may befall me;

Darkness and dismay may hoyer ever;

But, cold world! I will not die thy slave!

Underneath my feet I trample

You, ye juggles—

Pleasure, passion, thirst of power, and gold!

Shall I, dare I, shame the bright example

Beaming, burning in the deeds and struggles

Of the consecrated few of old?

Sacred flame—which art eternal!

O, bright Essence!

Thou, Enthusiasm!—forsake me not.

Oh! though life be reft of all her vernal

Beauty, ever let thy magic presence

Shed its glory round my clouded lot.

CLARENCE.

ANCIENT MONASTIC SEALS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

SIR,—I take the liberty of observing, that your highly talented correspondent, P., must be, in my mind, mistaken in his observations concerning the Monastic Seal, in the 51st number of your Journal, not only as regards the Saint, to whom the abbey, of which M. was abbot, were dedicated, but also with respect to the date—he asserting that the abbey were dedicated to the Virgin, and assigning the seal to correspond with the style of workmanship of the latter period of the 13th century—from both of which opinions I beg leave to dissent.

In the first place, the Virgin Mary, even at the present day, is ranked as superior to all saints, and her name, at that remote period, certainly never expressed with the ad-

junct of "blessed," an example of which may be seen on the tomb of Lord Portlester, in the 26th number of your Journal—not entirely half a century subsequent to the time I assign as its origin. Secondly, the words *Sancta Maria*, or *Saint Mary*, are so clearly impressed on the seal, that they could not, as your correspondent, P. asserts, be intended for the Virgin; for, if so, the inscription should then be, *Sigillum M: Abbatis Beatae Mariae Virginis, de Truim*, the Seal of M. Abbot of the Blessed Virgins, Trim; whereas, it is plainly, *Sigillum M: Abbatis Sanctae Mariae, de Truim*, the Seal of M. Abbot of Saint Mary's, Trim, thus proving, beyond the possibility of doubt, the correctness of my previous version, and, at the same time, affording ample testimony as to the identity of the Saint to whom the abbey was dedicated.

Now, Sir, with reference to the date, I, for my part, feel inclined to allow it a less degree of antiquity than your correspondent; for, in the first place, the workmanship, though very rude, is superior to any specimens we have of the engraving of the 13th century. Secondly, the style of the letters, and marks of abbreviation, also point to an era at least a century later than your correspondent ascribes. On all coins, previous to the reign of Edward III., the M's and N's are formed precisely similar to the capital letters of the present day; but during the reign of that monarch, in the outer circle, on the reverse side, of his groats and half groats, in the words, *Adjutorem meum et decem*, the M's are thus formed, (M); the N's, however, retaining their pristine appearance till the reign of Henry IV., when they also assumed a new form, and are thus delineated on his coins, n. Lastly, on all coins antecedent to the conquest, the marks of abbreviation are placed either under the word or before the last letter, but never after—two examples of which I give in the abbreviation of the word, "Monetarius." On the reverse of a provincial coin of Edmond's, the mark of abbreviation is thus placed MO;

and on the reverse of a coin of Ethelred II., thus MO; the first example showing it under the first, and the second before the last letter. Subsequent to the conquest, the first coins on which marks of abbreviation occur are the Irish pennies of Edward I.; they are on their obverse sides, are superior to the word, and are generally, but not always, thus placed, DNS, in the abbreviation of Dominus; another instance of which we also observe on the groats of Richard II., over the word, London, which style continued to be used till the next reign. In the succeeding reign that of Henry IV., the marks of abbreviation are, on his coins, in every instance placed posterior to the word, and precisely similar to the style made use of on the seal, an example of which I give in the word, *Henricus*, thus abbreviated—*Henric*. On the seal, on its obverse side, the mark of abbreviation intersects the last letter of the word—the L in *Sigill*; and on the reverse side is placed immediately after the word, in the abbreviation of *Abbatis*; thus clearly indicating its age: the letter M, in the first place, not preserving its original form in the word *Truim*, on the obverse side; and secondly, the marks of abbreviation just then changing their positions, and taking that of the times in which their translation took place.

Now, Mr. Editor, taking these facts into consideration, all of which combine in confirming the truth of my assertion, I am sure you will agree with me, that the Abbot to whom the seal belonged must have flourished in the beginning of the 15th century, and during the reign of Henry IV.

Hoping you will excuse this trespass on your patience, believe me to remain, Sir, most respectfully yours,
D. KELLY.

Mullingar.

We have willingly given insertion to the preceding critical observations of our ingenious correspondent, who is evidently a zealous searcher after truth; but he is undoubtedly in error in both of his conclusions, as he will find at once by referring to the plates of seals of the 13th century, in the *Archæologia* of the Society of Antiquaries; of which one example will suffice for reference. It is the seal of Southwick Priory in Hampshire, given in the 23d volume. The abbey to which this seal belonged was dedicated to the Virgin, who is represented on the seal with the infant Jesus on her lap, and the inscription runs thus:

SIGILLUM: ECCLESIE: SANCTE: MARIE: DE: SUWIK.—
The Seal of the Church of St. Mary of Southwick. The execution of this seal, which is proved to be of the 13th century, is of singular beauty, and the M's and N's are of the form which he refers to the fifteenth century. It is a mistake that that the N did not take this form on our coins till the reign of Henry IV. It appears so on all the gold money of Edward III. including his first coinage, and the quarter florin struck in his eighteenth year. And the assertion is also erroneous, that no abbreviations intersecting the letters occur on coins preceding those of Henry IV. for such abbreviations are found even on coins of the Saxon kings. It would be easy to give other proofs, but we deem these sufficient, and shall only add, that we have historical evidences of the existence of Augustinian Abbeys dedicated to the Virgin both at Durmagh, or Durrow, and Trim, but none of any dedicated to other saints of that name; to which may be added, that the figures of the abbot on both seals are represented in the costume of the Augustinian order.

P.

MULHERN, THE IRISH CONJURER.

A man of the name of Roger Mulhern, who lived for many years near Carlingford, had the reputation, while he lived, of being a great conjurer; and his memory is still regarded with great reverence by the Irish peasantry of that neighbourhood. This impostor pretended, that by the aid of a familiar spirit, he could tell the state of the dead. Several people, anxious to know how their relatives fared in the other world, flocked to the house of this sage, who gave them a night's lodging free of expense, and by artful inquiries drew from his visitors a knowledge of such circumstances in the life of the departed friend, as enabled him to decide whether he was happy or miserable. His fame increased, and he was taken up as an impostor, and bound not to continue his practices.

This for some time deterred people from going publicly to his house, yet they visited him with the greatest secrecy, under the veil of night; and he, as a reward for their faithfulness, presented each person with a shilling, besides giving them the most satisfactory information respecting the deceased.

Perhaps some of your correspondents could furnish you with more information respecting this man.

D. E.

THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

Royal and saintly Cashel! I would gaze
Upon the wreck of thy departed powers,
Not in the dewy light of matin hours,
Nor the meridian pomp of summer's blaze,
But at the close of dim autumnal days;
When the sun's parting glance through slanting
showers,
Sheds o'er thy rock-throned pediments and towers,
Such awful gleams as brighten on decay's
Prophetic cheek.—At such a time, methinks,
There breathes from thy lone courts and voiceless
aisles
A melancholy moral: such as sinks
On the worn traveller's heart, amid the piles
Of vast Persepolis on her mountain stand,
Or Thebes half buried in the desert's sand.

A. de V.

ANCIENT MODE OF PUNISHING DISHONEST BAKERS.—
Perhaps the ancient mode of punishing bakers for fraud, might be resorted to with effect in those dishonest times—it was at least more humane than that of the ancient Egyptians, namely, baking them in their own ovens!

"MCCCX. The bakers of Dublin were punished after a new way for false weights: for, on St. Sampson the Bishop's day, they were drawn upon hurdles, at the horses' tails, along the streets of the city."—*Pembridge's Annals of Ireland*.

This happened in a year of great scarcity, when a cronoge of wheat sold for 20s., and upwards.

BELFAST.

Having, at the conclusion of the brief sketch of the history of Belfast in our 44th number, intimated our intention of giving some account of the present state of that town as regards its population, trade, manufactures, public institutions, &c., we now proceed to redeem that pledge.

Of the amazing rapidity with which Belfast has of late years been advancing to her present degree of importance, a tolerably fair estimate may be formed from a statement of her population at the following distant periods of time :

In 1754, the number of dwelling houses was 1,779, and

the population was computed at 8,549 ; of these, but 556 were Roman Catholics. In 1782, the population amounted to 13,105 : and in 1791, to 18,320.

By the last census, viz. that of 1831, the number of dwelling houses is stated to be 8,710 ; and the population, males 25,450, females 28,287 ; total 53,737. It is to be observed, that this is exclusive of the populous suburb of Ballymacarrett, which, (though in the county of Down, and separated from Belfast Proper by the river Lagan, across which the communication is at present carried on by means of the Long bridge of which we have already spoken,) may, we think, be fairly considered as part of the town of



A Nicholl, Esq

Distant View of Belfast, from the South

Branston and Wright

Belfast. The census of 1831 states the population of Ballymacarrett to be, males 2,490, females 2,678 ; total 5,168.

The relative proportion of Protestants to Roman Catholics in Belfast cannot be stated with precision ; but we are informed that the present Roman Catholic population is estimated at 20,000.

The places of public worship are in number twenty-one, of which three are of the Established Church, namely, the parish church of St. Anne's, a chapel-of-ease, and a free church, lately built ; six belong to the Presbyterian body ; two of these are of what is termed the New-light ; there are four meeting-houses of Methodist congregations ; three of the Seceders ; one of the Independents ; one of the Covenanters ; one of the Society of Friends, and two Roman Catholic chapels. In Ballymacarrett there is a parish church, a Roman Catholic chapel, and a Methodist meeting-house.

The number of vessels belonging to the port of Belfast, in 1686, was but 67, the tonnage of which was rated at 3,307 tons. The largest of these was the *Antelope*, of 200 tons which traded to Virginia. From the *Belfast Mercantile Register*, a paper published by government authority, we learn that on the 31st of December, 1832, the number of vessels registered at the port of Belfast, as engaged with others from various parts, both British and foreign, in its trade, was 219, the tonnage of which amounted to 23,681 tons. Of these sixty vessels, measuring 13,554 tons (averaging 225 tons to each ship) were em-

ployed in foreign commerce, and the remaining 159 (averaging 60 tons each) in the coasting and cross-channel trade.

The docks of Belfast are extensive and handsome ; a large one was lately erected by Messrs. Dunbar and Holmes, at their own expense, and without any assistance from government.

The customs in 1688, were estimated at £20,000 ; for the year ending the 10th October, 1832, they amounted to £210,177 16s. 6d.

The foundries for the casting of iron and metal are on an extensive scale ; and the manufacture of glass, salt, vitriol, and other less important matters, is by no means inconsiderable. But the chief manufacture is that of cotton, which is comparatively of recent introduction into this country, having been first brought to Belfast about the end of the last century. It now gives employment to a great mass of the population in this town, and the surrounding district ; and has in a great measure superseded the weaving of linen, at least in the houses of the peasantry. There can be no doubt but that the domestic manufacture of linen has greatly retrograded of late years ; but notwithstanding, we have learned from a source of unquestionable authority, that by the recent erection of flax-mills, and public establishments for the manufacture of linens, the export trade has now regained its former extent, and, in fact, was never greater than at the present day. There is one large flax-mill, the property of the

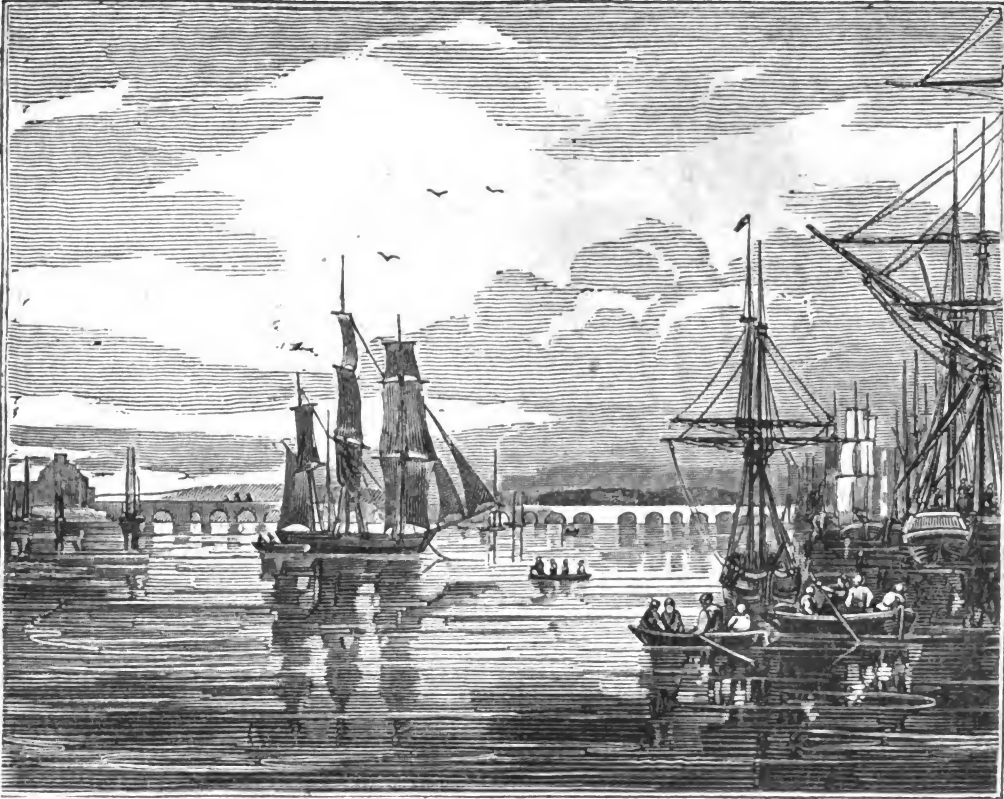
Messrs. Mulholland at this moment in full operation, and several more are about being built.

The following authentic history of the introduction of cotton machinery into Ulster, has been obligingly communicated to us by a friend; and will, we apprehend, be found interesting.

In the year 1771, Mr. Robert Joy, who had a principal part in designing the establishment in Belfast, where the support of the young and aged poor is provided for, and who was the revered father of the volunteers in Ulster, conceived when on a tour through North Britain, the scheme of introducing into this, then desponding,

kingdom, the more intricate branches of the cotton manufacture. He was mainly prompted to this by a desire to render service to the lower orders of the working poor, particularly linen weavers and spinners, whose livelihood was often rendered precarious, depending almost solely on a single manufacture—that of linen.

Having suggested that the spinning of cotton yarn might, as an introductory step, be a fit and profitable employment for the children of the Belfast Poor-house, a spinning machine was made in Belfast, at the expense of Mr. Joy and a Mr. McCabe, assisted in the practical part by Nicholas Grimshaw, cotton and linen printer, from



A Nicholl, Esq

The Long Bridge across the river Lagan, Belfast.

Branston and Wright

England, who had some time before settled in this country. Shortly afterwards an experienced spinner was brought over by Mr. Joy from Scotland, to instruct the children in the house. Also, under the same direction, a carding machine was erected, to go by water, which was afterwards removed to the poor-house, and wrought by hand.

After Messrs. Joy and McCabe had in vain solicited the co-operation of others, in prosecuting a scheme fraught with such national advantage, they proposed a transfer of their machinery, at first cost, to the managers of the Charitable Institution, promising as continued attention as if the emoluments were to be their own.

On the refusal of the Committee to run the risk of a new undertaking, the original proprietors formed themselves into a company with others. They dispatched a skilful mechanic to England, who obtained a minute knowledge of the most improved British machinery. On his return, they erected a new carding machine, of superior structure, and a spinning jenny of 72 spindles, which was then reckoned a very large size.

In a memorial to the Dublin Society, praying for aid, they informed the Board, that far from confining their hopes of gain to themselves, they had encouraged the public to avail themselves of their discoveries—they had exposed their machinery to open view—permitted numbers, even from distant parts, to be gratuitously taught in their apartments—and promoted the manufacture of

cottons, dimities, and marseilles quilting, equally by example and instruction.

The magnitude of those improvements at the time, is now to be estimated by comparison. Eight or ten cuts per day, were formerly the scanty produce of the most laborious spinner on the common wheel; while, in the same time, not more than a single pound could be carded by hand. On their jenny of 72 spindles, 72 Irish hanks were spun weekly, an increase of fourteen to one; and by their carding machine, twenty pounds of rovings were daily thrown off, an increase of twenty to one.

Their exertions were in time followed by Messrs. Nathaniel Wilson and Nicholas Grimshaw. To the talents, property, and adventurous spirit of the former of these two gentlemen, and to the practical knowledge, talent, and industry of the latter, this country stands highly indebted. The first mill for spinning twist, by water, in Ireland, was built by them in 1784, from which date the Irish cotton manufacture was considered firmly established.

In the year 1800, (only twenty-three years from the origin of the enterprise by Mr. Joy,) it appeared in evidence before Parliament, that the cotton manufactures, which had been thus introduced, gave employment to 13,500 working people; and, including all manner of persons occupied in various ways, to 27,000, within a circuit of only ten miles, comprehending within its bounds the towns of Belfast and Lisburn.

It is worthy of observation, that as far as machinery is concerned, a poor-house was the cradle of the present cotton trade of Ireland; and the detail now given, should be a stimulus to the exertions of every individual.—It demonstrates how much may be effected by a limited capital and ardent zeal. In the present instance, the early introduction of a manufacture, already of immense and increasing importance, has been traced to the perseverance of private individuals, actuated by a wish to create useful employment for destitute children—to assist the working classes at a time when the linen manufacture was in a most depressed state—and to render a permanent benefit to the community at large. There are now eight large cotton mills in full work in Belfast and its neighbourhood.

There are four Banks, namely, the Belfast Banking Company, and the Northern Banking Company, the capital of each of which is £500,000; and a branch bank of the Bank of Ireland, and one of the Provincial Bank of Ireland.

Of the literary establishments, the first in rank is the Belfast Academical Institution, in which a comprehensive system of education of youth is carried on under a body incorporated by Act of Parliament, in 1810. Another of high character, is the Belfast Academy, instituted 25th January, 1786. There are, besides, various literary societies which meet periodically, and a Mechanic's Institute. Of the former, the Gaelic Society is particularly deserving of notice, on account of its national character; as is also the Irish Harp Society, which preserves our national instrument, and the race of native minstrels. At a short distance from the town is an extensive botanical garden. The Belfast National History Society, and the handsome edifice lately erected for their Museum has been already noticed in our 30th Number.

There are many distinguished names connected with literature, which should be recorded in the annals of Belfast, but we are exceeding our limits, and must restrict ourselves to the mention of one—Dr. Alexander Haliday, the amiable and talented friend of Lord Charlemont; his character is thus given by a contemporary:

“Haliday was a scholar; a man of peculiar and varied genius and talents. As a physician, universally esteemed throughout the North of Ireland, or a considerable part of it; his medical skill was not less sought after than his conversation, which was truly valuable. He knew mankind perfectly; but his wit, which was abundant, in no wise partook of that saturnine complexion, which too deep an insight into our frail nature, and a vexatious intercourse with the world may sometimes generate, and will too often be found in company with a cold heart, and a vain mind, affecting that superiority to which it has no claim. He was as playful as intelligent; full of life and humour, candid, hospitable, and benevolent.”

This may appear to be too laudatory, but we are assured that he truly deserved it all; and the following lines written by an intimate friend of his, at the time when he was in the zenith of his popularity and practice, appears abundantly to corroborate it:—

“If to foibles, not faults, honest laughter's inclined,
While the incidents hit, and the actions defined;
If anecdote pleases, with nought out of joint,
And well-seasoned epigram always in point;
If humour be wanting to light up the feast,
And art should be welcome, and genius carest,
Ask the Doctor to set every guest in a roar—
But what heart shall be light, when his jests are no more?”

R. W.

There is a fact we find we have hitherto omitted to state, which is worthy of being recorded: namely, that the first edition of the Bible ever printed in Ireland, appeared from the press of James Blow, in Belfast, in the year 1704. It is also remarkable, that the Belfast News-Letter is, (with the single objection of, we believe, a Limerick Paper), the oldest Newspaper in Ireland, having been established in 1737. The other Newspapers published here, are the Commercial Chronicle, the Mercantile Register, the Guardian, and the Northern Whig.

O'G.

A TOUR TO KILLARNEY.

LETTER I.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

SIR—Having read with great pleasure the tour of your ingenious correspondent, Terence O'Toole, it struck me that a description of my tour through part of Munster, may be acceptable to you. I do not hope to make mine as interesting as his, but I determined upon following his literary track, though *non passibus æquis*. You are not to expect any “moving accidents by flood or field,” as “in these weak piping times of peace,” no such adventures befal the tourist in this country, unless he be invested with certain legal authority, and travel in the chivalrous character of a tithe-proctor or sheriffs' officer. Now, Sir, I am neither one nor the other; and the safe return of our excellent friend, Terence, (at which I sincerely rejoice,) sufficiently proves that if he had any claim to either distinction, his prudence overcame his vanity, and he concealed it while approaching the precincts of the ancient kingdom of Connaught. I thought it necessary to say thus much on the above subject, as, if any suspicions of this kind attached to me, I may prove a dangerous companion to those numerous readers whom I invite to join me in my peregrinations; I hope before we part, to lead them through certain almost unexplored regions on the south-western coast of this renowned island—to pass in their company through the wilds of Tuocist, whose motto, like that of the good City of Waterford, is, “*Regio intacta manet Tuocist*,” a motto supposed to allude, in some degree, to the crest, which is a bailiff, clothed proper, headed gules, vorant a slip of parchment. In this region, it has been said that the king's writ does not run, but this is a mistake; for if the meaning of the phrase be, as has been decided by eight judges to four in Error, that the running of the writ means the running of the bearer, there is no place in which (if the bearer valued his life, and had a light pair of heels) his majesty's writ would be likely to run faster. I have now touched on two subjects of which I am ignorant, heraldry and law; if I have erred in either, you have correspondents who can correct me; in the mean time I shall start upon my journey.

I left Dublin for Cork per the Innisfail, on a fine morning in the month of June. It would not be within the province of a Munster tourist, to attempt a description of the bay of Dublin, nor of the beauties of the coast of Wicklow; suffice it to say, that all appeared to the greatest possible advantage. The blue waters smiled and dimpled in the morning sun, and the picturesque coast on our right presented ever-varying and ever-beautiful prospects. The motion of our vessel was hardly perceptible, and we should have been scarcely conscious of our progress but for the rapidity with which the bold promontories a head of us arose, and those a-stern sunk in the horizon. Our voyage was as pleasant as a waveless sea, extraordinary speed, the kindness and urbanity of Captain Roche, and the excellent preparations and attention of our good-humoured and jolly-looking steward, Rigby, could make it. None were sick, and the keen air of the sea caused such a demand for Rigby's stores, that in his anxiety to attend to the various calls upon him, he shot along like a shell ejected from some “monster mortar.” As the approaching sun gilded the eastern horizon on the following morning, we were off Trabolgan, a handsome villa seated near the entrance of Cork harbour. This house was erected by Mr. Roche, one of the Fermoy family, a gentleman of large fortune. This family at one time possessed large territories in the County of Cork. The last Lord Roche adhered to the fortunes and experienced the ingratitude (almost a certain consequence) of the Stuarts. During the rebellion of 1641, the family forfeited most of their estates. Maurice, Lord Roche, was attainted and outlawed, and having refused a composition from Cromwell, retired to the continent, where he obtained a military command in Flanders. It is said that he shared his pay with his worthless master, Charles II., and after the Restoration was reduced, together with his wife and six children to almost absolute destitution,

“And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.”

His descendants abandoned their country, and sought

and obtained distinction in foreign lands. But your correspondent, P., in page 264 of your first volume, has already furnished your readers with the melancholy history of this unfortunate nobleman and his family.

Passing Trabolgan, we rounded Roche's Tower, a light-house standing on the eastern side of Cork harbour, and shortly after passed between Carlisle and Camden forts, the former on our right, the latter on our left hand, at which side, also, lies Crosshaven, into which Sir Francis Drake, in 1589, escaped with a squadron of five sail, from a superior force of Spaniards. He moored his vessels under the shelter of Corribinny Hill, and not being visible from the outward harbour, was not discovered by the Spaniards, who sailed into it after him, and then—sailed out again. A-head of us appeared Spike Island, covered with unfinished fortifications. Passing Corkabeg, a new-house on our right, the residence of Mr. Fitzgerald Penrose, and reaching the eastern end of Spike Island, we obtained a full view of the beautiful harbour of Cork, protected from the south winds by the last-mentioned island, outside which the billows may rave and roar, while

"Within, the waves in softer murmurs glide,
And ships, secure, without their hawsers ride."

Hating (as I have just shown) hacknied quotations, I shall spare you, gentle reader, the "*est in secessu longo locus*," &c., together with its translation, "within a long recess there lies a bay," &c. The Latin you will find in Virgil, and Smith's History of Cork; the English in Dryden's Translation, Smith, and Fisher's Ireland Illustrated. In Fisher's book, however, if you should read its notices "Historical," "Topographical," "Biographical," "Literary," and "Philosophical," you will find that the *insula* which *portum efficit objectu laterum* is called Hawlboline, a mistake, as you will discover when you have passed the Spit buoy. Tremble not, Mr. Editor, I shall not encroach on "copyright."

Passing Spike Island, we saw the harbour extending far inland on our right, having the village, house, and demesne of Ahada, on the southern shore, the latter the residence of Mr. Roche, the brother of our worthy captain. At the extreme eastern end, appeared the improvements of Rostellan, the seat of O'Brien, Marquis of Thomond, whose ancestors, the Lords of Inchequin, hold a distinguished place in the annals of their country. Descended from her ancient kings, the varied fortunes of the family are identified with the history of their native land. The present house, a comparatively modern erection, stands on the site of a castle built by the Fitzgeralds, Seneschals of Imokilly. In 1645, this castle was taken by Murrough, Lord Inchequin, then Lord President of Munster, under a commission from the Parliament. In the same year his brother, Colonel Henry O'Brien, and Colonel Courtney, went to the castle, according to Cox, for the purpose of demolishing it as untenable—and according to Lord Castlehaven, for the purpose of making merry; perhaps they thought they might do both, and let the old walls echo once more, before their destruction, with the sounds of mirth and revelry; neither is it improbable that it was this ill-timed attempt at combining the *utile dulce*, that enabled Lord Castlehaven to surprise them, as he certainly did, and took both colonels and castle. Colonel O'Brien, according to Carte and Curry, narrowly escaped being hanged, no uncommon mode of disposing of prisoners of war in those days—one which his brother, the Lord Inchequin, had adopted on a very extended scale, and which he himself had previously resorted to in the case of a brother of a Roman Catholic Dean who had the misfortune to fall into his hands. For this exploit, together with having surrendered Wareham to the Roundheads, some contended that he should suffer immediately, while others, with equally benevolent intentions towards the poor Colonel, insisted that he should be sent to the king to answer for his treachery at Wareham. This difference of opinion as to the time of doing the business, seems to have saved him, and he ultimately escaped.

The house contains some good pictures and a small armory. In the latter, his sapient *cicerone* pointed out, to Mr. Croker, the sword and *foining-piece* of Brien Boru, the renowned progenitor of the family, who fell victorious

at the battle of Clontarf, A. D. 1014. In the demesne, close to the water, is placed a statue of Lord Hawke, with his back turned not only towards the element on which he acquired his fame, but still worse, towards the City of Cork. The story told by Sir Richard Colt Hoare, with respect to this statue, is to the effect following: When Sir Edward Hawke beat the French, in 1759, the Corporation of Cork, as was natural for a loyal corporation, felt the liveliest gratitude towards a hero who had thus sustained and increased the naval fame of his country; and in the first overflowing of their patriotic pride, they ordered a statue of the Admiral to be cast, for the purpose of erecting it in some part of their city. Whether the artist was ignorant of the principle which induced Nollekins to have several sepulchral monuments in an advanced stage of preparation, so as that he could furnish them and the bill while the "eye was wet,"—and that by delay he gave time for the burning zeal of the corporation to cool, or whether the amount of the bill operated as an immediate damper, does not appear; but it is said that the Corporation refused to take the statue, which was purchased by the then Lord Inchequin, who placed it thus that it may stand in the most contemptuous position with respect to the good city. He also adds, on the authority of Mr. O'Brien, that on the day the French fleet came into Bantry Bay, the sword-arm of the statue, like the vaticinatory sword of Douglas, fell ominous to the ground,

"To shew
The footsteps of a secret foe."

However, it served only to announce their arrival, as they did no mischief.

Passing the Spit Buoy, and turning to the left, we were soon in front of the Town of Cove, as it may now be called, having risen to that rank during the late war, before which it was a miserable village, composed principally of fishermen's huts. The days of the "unexampled contest" were the "high and palmy days" of Cove's prosperity. It was then an important naval station, for which it is better adapted by nature than, perhaps, any other port in the British dominions. Its noble harbour was then frequently crowded with the majestic bulwarks of England's maritime power. The departure of three hundred merchantmen, under convoy of several ships of war, was no unusual event, and presented a spectacle which should be seen to be appreciated, and seen, also, by one who felt a pride in the naval power and fame of his country. I saw it occur once—I was then young, and did not feel its effects as I now, perhaps, should. Many of those associations which subsequently-acquired information would now connect with it, could not then arise; but I shall never forget it. What a different appearance did the harbour now present! Not a solitary pennon floated on the breeze, and but few vessels of any description reposed upon the placid waters. The naval stores have been withdrawn, and the storehouses, erected at vast expense, for their reception, have been abandoned. However, it is not probable that Cove, though labouring under those disadvantages, and the additional one of being the property of an absentee landlord, who takes little interest in its prosperity, will ever return to its former insignificance. Its sheltered situation and the balmy temperature of its air have obtained for it no inconsiderable sanatory celebrity; and if the houses afforded comfortable accommodations for invalids, it would be much frequented. With all its *désagrémens*, several resort to it as a last hope; and in its streets you may meet many a fair and fragile form, whose hectic cheek and eye of almost unearthly lustre indicate the presence of that insidious and irresistible disease whose progress no human art has yet been able to arrest, and which, though it drop a rose-leaf on the cheek, and light up the eye of the sufferer, soon robs that cheek of its fallacious bloom,

"And hurls the spirit from her throne of light—
Sinks those blue orbs in that long last eclipse,
But spares, as yet, the charm about her lips."

But it is time that I should stop for the present, as a notice of Monkstown, and the ancient corporation of Ballinhoumple, both of which I intend to dispose of before I arrive at Cork, would swell my first letter beyond all due limits. So I remain, your obedient servant,

FINEN O'DRISCOLL.

POPULAR LEGENDS OF THE SOUTH—No. V.

CARRIG-CLEENA.

"— Heaven taught poets know
The sprite that sought his clasp and kiss,
Had borne him off from human wo,
To share her own immortal bliss."

Manuscript Poem.

In the parish of Glantaun, and three miles north-west of the town of Mallow, in the midst of a wild tract of country, appear certain rocks of a strange and romantic appearance. The dark green drapery of the creeping ground-ivy, shades the time-bleached sides of these masses; and the lighter tint of the tall fern springing from their deep interstices, marks their different compartments with many a line of green. These rocks lie circularly on the plain, and in the centre rises one towering over the rest, as the graceful height of the pine looks proudly down on its humble fellows of the forest. Its almost inaccessible top is perfectly level, and covered with a carpet of verdant green. At the base of its northern side lie huge stones, which some giant arm seems to have hurled confusedly around; for, from the perpendicular smoothness of the sides, and the table-like flatness of the summit, they could not have fallen down from the rock. Inside these fragments of granite, and level with the plain, yawns a wide opening in the rock. This entrance is softly shaded by the briery branches of the wild rose, and leads, according to the current opinion, to a spacious vault within; and some who have climbed to the top, have found it resound deep and hollow, to the stamp of their foot; but the most adventurous never essayed to explore its inner secrets. A large hawthorn which opens its fragrant white blossoms in this romantic solitude, is tenanted by the wild thrush that pours his song of beauty to the echoes of the rock. Indeed, this seems to be the favourite haunt of the genius of music. Some unseen songster from the green summit of the rock, is often heard to blend strains of melting harmony with the wild warbling of the thrush. The cowboy, as he whistles his herd over the neighbouring pastures to the milking-bawn, as the gentle summer evening is throwing her russet mantle over the green bosom of the land, frequently hears, in this fairy haunt, the music of some unknown instrument, whose thrilling vibrations, suspending every sense but that of hearing, deprive the limbs of motion, and bind the entranced soul in the magic links of harmony, until the wild strain is hushed, and silence reigns around.

The land immediately surrounding this haunted rock, has been, time out of mind, deemed consecrated ground. Never did the profane hedging-bill of the peasant, invade its time-honoured shrubs; the spade of the husbandman never wounded the holy glebe; and though modern improvement is rapidly changing the harsh features of this rough district, cultivation has not yet dared to obtrude where superstition guards her ancient right—for tradition relates that this is the favourite abode of Cleena, a benevolent genius—hence the haunted rock, so famous in fairy lore, has obtained the name of Carrig-Cleena.

The untaught peasants of the surrounding country, have ever regarded Cleena as their benefactress. The rustic of the present day, affirms that in her neighbourhood, no cattle die from the malignant influence of the evil eye, or the mischievous power of the unfriendly spirits of air; and that her goodness preserves the harvest crop from the blight which lays prostrate the farmer's hopes, when beings unfriendly to man appropriate to themselves the produce of his fields. The peasantry seem to be the children of her peculiar care: frequently she has been known to veil her celestial beauty, and attired in the homely garb of the country, announce to some night wanderer the expulsion from her confines of the evil spirits of the north, and the consequent abundance of a plentiful harvest.

On the borders of the Shannon, in the County of Limerick, resided a youthful chieftain, one of the Geraldines, the remains of whose castles along the banks of that king of Irish streams, even yet frown defiance on the dashing waves below. He was skilled in all the accom-

plishments deemed necessary in that age of chivalry in which he lived. Brave as those daring adventurers from whom he claimed descent, and hospitable and generous as the ancient chieftains of the land, his perfections were the theme of many a harp-striking minstrel. The princely chief himself was a bard of the first eminence, and he early taught his harp to breathe, in ardent strains, the charms of Ellen O'Brien. She was the only daughter of one of those unfortunate chiefs whose possessions sunk to insignificance, and whose power crumbled to dust before the prevailing fortune of the Saxon invader. Fitz-Gerald saw the beauteous Ellen—and loved; nor was his passion unregarded: his splendid accomplishments and noble mien—the soft music of his harp, and tender lay of love, all stole to the heart of the interesting girl, and Ellen beheld in the enemy of her name and race, the only being whose idea twined like a magic spell round her heart and brain, and without whom this earth and its enjoyments seemed but a dreary void.

Tradition records that Cleena beheld this favoured youth; and that gifted being, before whose knowledge the secrets of the earth lay unlocked, bent to a superior power, and obeyed that magic spell which, in the olden day, it is said, drew erring angels from their sphere, to bask in the beauty-smiles of the daughters of Adam. She loved Fitzgerald, and resolved that he should share the splendours of her unseen hall, and the greatness of her power. Upon a festival day, when the proud and noble of the land were assembled at "tilt and tourney," a dark cloud descended on the plain, and enveloping young Fitzgerald, bore him from the field. He disappeared—no trace of him could be found; the various messengers who sought intelligence of him returned weary from their fruitless toil. Days and months rolled away in vain expectation; and the most incredulous, at length, believed that a supernatural power had borne the chieftain away, and that he remained the slave of enchantment in some unexplored retreat impervious to mortal feet.

Of all that mourned this strange and melancholy circumstance, none felt more intense sorrow than Ellen O'Brien. When his followers ceased to seek their master—when every mouth forgot the hopeless inquiry, she departed privately from the home of her childhood, resolved, with that tenacity of passion which belongs to the true and stainless heart of woman, to find her lover or perish in the attempt. In a rocky glen, in Kerry, where resided a wizard, who held strange and unutterable communings with beings of another life, she learned that Cleena had conveyed her lover to her favourite residence in the county of Cork. In the decline of Autumn, Ellen O'Brien reached Carrig-Cleena, her hair floating wildly in the fitful breeze, her garments torn by every shrub and bramble, and her feet bleeding from the roughness of the path. In her native tongue, that language of life and feeling, she poured the extemporaneous effusions of her love-lorn heart in harmonious verse. She feelingly depicted their unquenchable loves, their early vows of plighted faith, and the assurance she received that the object of her pursuit was detained in this enchanted rock. She appealed to Cleena's wonted kindness to the human race, and expressed her firm determination to expire at the foot of that rock, the echoes of which should bear her final groan to the faithful youth whose eternal constancy, she knew no power of earth or air could destroy.

The legend tells that Cleena, moved by Ellen O'Brien's matchless fidelity, and won by the beauty of her person and the mournful melody of her persuasive song, gave the captive lover to the arms of his faithful maid. They departed together. The nuptial tie joined the hands of those whose hearts were long united; and they became the parents of a numerous and happy offspring.

E. W.

DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by JOHN S. FOLDS, 5, Bachelors' Walk.
Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In Liverpool by Willmer and Smith; in Manchester by Banks & Co.
in Birmingham by Drake; in Edinburgh by
E. Grant and Son; Glasgow by Niven, Jun. and in
London by Joseph Robins, Bride Court, Fleet-st.

THE
DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No 55. Vol. II.

J. S. FOLDS, 5, BACHELORS' WALK.

JULY 20, 1833.



Antrim Round Tower

ANTRIM ROUND TOWER.

On a spacious plain about half a mile from the town of Antrim, stands one of those round pillar-towers, the date of erection and primitive use of which continue to attract alike the attention of the curious, and the dissertations of the learned. This tower is ninety-five feet in height, and at one yard from the ground is fifty-three feet in circumference. It is divided into three stories, with holes in the wall for joists to support lofts, and loopholes for the admission of air and light. Those near the top correspond with the four cardinal points, and near them a beam of oak extends across the tower, evidently for the purpose of supporting a bell. A little above these the tower tapers in the form of a sugar-loaf, and was formerly surmounted by a conical covering of granite, resembling in shape a cap or bonnet. Being shattered, as it is sup-

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posed by lightning, in 1822, it was taken down, and replaced by a covering of freestone.

At the base are two rows of stones projecting about eight inches, and nine feet above these is the door, fronting the north; it is four feet three inches in height, by two feet wide; the wall at the sill is two feet nine inches in thickness. The outside lintel of the door consists of one large stone, as does that inside; and between those is a beam of oak across the door, which must have been placed there at the erection of the tower, as it appears impossible to have been fixed there since. On a large stone over the outside lintel, is a cross in bas-relief, which clearly indicates that our pillar-towers were erected since the Christian era, and that their having been watch-towers, or fire-temples, are the whimsies of disordered minds, or the wild theories of those who, solely from singularity, affect superior knowledge.

C

Camden informs us, that St. Durtract, a disciple of St. Patrick, founded a monastery at Antrim. A few years ago, in removing some old houses in the vicinity of the tower, extensive foundations and many human bones were discovered, which would lead us to conclude this to have been the site of the abbey mentioned by Camden. This is the more likely, as our towers always stand near some ancient place of worship: the writer is not aware of a single instance of their being found apart from some religious foundation, and in a few instances they are even ingrafted on those buildings. Tradition ascribes the erection of this Tower, as well as others in the north of Ireland, to the celebrated architect called the "Gobban Saer," or "Gobban the Builder," and who is believed, in this part of the country, to have been a woman. It would be highly interesting to ascertain if there be any *historical* evidences of the celebrated person, whose name is thus popularly connected with the erection of so many of these remarkable structures. A tradition so general could hardly be without foundation; and, if we could determine the period in which "the Gobban" flourished, we should have much light thrown on this hitherto mysterious subject.

It is not a little strange that we should still be without a correct list of these towers, so that even their numbers have not been ascertained. About 1791, a list was published by the Rev. Edward Ledwich, which is, however, very imperfect. In the County of Antrim he only notices the tower just described, and that on Ram Island; those of Ardroy and Trumery are omitted. At Dunaman, near Croom, County Limerick, and Rosenallis, Queen's County, are also round pillar-towers, which are not given in his catalogue. S. M'S.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

We have hitherto refrained from offering any opinion of our own; on the long unsettled question of the origin and uses of our Round Towers, lest we might be suspected of a desire to influence the Royal Irish Academy in their decision on the merits of the Prize Essays, submitted to them on this national subject of antiquarian inquiry. As that decision has been finally made, we have no longer a motive for maintaining silence, and avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded us by the foregoing notice of our ingenious correspondent, Mr. M'Skimin, to state, that our conclusions are those arrived at in the Essay which received, not only the prize proposed by the Academy, but also the additional honour of their gold medal. These conclusions are, that the Round Towers are wholly of Christian origin, and erected for the twofold purposes of belfries and towers, in which the religious communities to whom they belonged deposited their books, sacred vessels, &c., and into which they themselves retired on occasions of sudden predatory attack. As Mr. Petrie's Essay is now in course of publication, we do not consider it fair to anticipate his proofs, which, we have no doubt, will be found satisfactory, and worthy of the award given by the Academy—an award which, it should be borne in mind, it was only entitled to on proofs that were deemed conclusive on the subject. That award, too, it should be observed, was all but unanimous; for, though *one* gentleman dissented, who considered as more satisfactory the evidences which were offered in Mr. O'Brien's essay, to prove that the Towers were temples and emblems of the god BUDH, and erected previous to the foundation of Solomon's Temple, (!!) it may be questioned how far that gentleman was a perfectly disinterested judge, in as much as he had previously written and published his own theories on the subject, the evidences for which were analyzed and rejected in Mr. Petrie's Essay, and lauded to the sun in various passages in that of his competitor. The Royal Irish Academy, in having taken the most judicious steps for bringing this long contested subject of antiquarian inquiry to a satisfactory termination, are entitled to the most unqualified praise.

To Mr. M'Skimin's account of the Round Tower of Antrim, we have to add, that its reputed architect, Gobban, of whom we have given several traditional notices, and have many still to give, was equally celebrated in our ancient ecclesiastical histories, as in our popular traditions.

The historical notices relative to him have been collected into Mr. Petrie's Essay, from which we learn that he flourished early in the sixth century, and was the most famous artificer in Ireland for his skill in building both of wood and stone. In the ancient life of St. Abban, given in Colgan, it is prophetically said that his fame in arts shall exist in our island to the end of time.

"Quidam famosissimus in omni arte lignorum et lapidum erat in Hibernia nomine Gobbanus, cujus artis fama usque in finem sæculi erit in ea." (Acta SS. p. 619. Ed.

BANNOW, COUNTY WEXFORD.

(FOR THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.)

Italy is not the only country in Europe in which great catastrophes have led to the disappearance of entire towns. If the ashes of Vesuvius overwhelmed Herculaneum and Pompeii, and for a long period concealed them from us, a different cause has, in other parts of Europe, produced the same result. There remains, on the southern coast of Ireland, in the county of Wexford, a small bay, enclosed between two mountains; a sandy bank, and an irregular soil, arid, and covered with a sorry vegetation, distinguish it from the surrounding country, which is fertile, and is, indeed, rather picturesque. The heights are placed parallel, and crossed at right angles; and, such is their regularity that, at first sight, one is led to suppose them to be the work of man. This conjecture is strengthened on observing the summit of an ancient steeple rising in the midst of this solitude. Here, indeed, was once situated the town of Bannow, which is now buried in the sand. The parallel lines, the regular depression of the soil, clearly indicate the direction of the streets. "In following the course of one of these streets," says the narrator of this singular fact, "one sees where the sea originally approached it; for, on slightly digging into the sand, we discovered the remains of an old quay made of bricks." At the extremity of the town, a monument, half buried, yet remains; it is a church, the only entrance to which is by the roof; the interior has been cleared away, in all probability, by some traveller, or from being closed on all sides at the moment of the catastrophe, was preserved from the irruption of the sand, which lies heaped up all around it. To judge from the style, it was erected a considerable time previous to the invasion of Britain by the Normans. It is strange that this singular discovery has not excited sufficient attention to induce some one to prosecute further inquiries on this desolate shore. When the destruction of the town took place is unknown, but it cannot have been at a very distant period. Bannow, according to Maurice Regan and Sir James Ware, must have been a flourishing city, its riches and population must have been considerable. We find, from the archives of Wexford, which contain an account of the taxes levied on that district for the last eight hundred years, every indication of a rich, active, and numerous population. If the period when Bannow became the prey of the sands cannot be precisely marked out, we may notice that the phenomenon which caused its ruin still exists to a certain degree; around the spot are yet to be seen heaps of fresh sand, constantly agitated by the wind, but which is arrested in its course whenever it meets with any obstacle, and is spread over a considerable extent. This has occasioned a total change in the appearance not only of Bannow itself, but of the country around it. A map of the country laid down in 1657, points out the island of Slade in the bay opposite to it, from which it is separated by a channel; and the instructions given in nautical charts for the information of those who navigated this channel, points out the means of avoiding the shoals, which render it dangerous; at the present time the whole is united to the mainland; rocks, island, channel, exist no longer!—at least they are no longer to be distinguished.

The above account is extracted from a memoir lately read before the Geographical Society of Paris. I beg leave to forward it, in the hope that it may not be uninteresting to some of your readers.

Wexford.

M. O'R.

THE LAMENT OF CERES.

A Free Translation of the Four concluding Stanzas of
Schiller's "KLAGE DER CERES."

FOR THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

Now the autumn dies, and winter's blast
From the north is chillily returning:
Leaf and flower their brilliant hues have cast,
And in nakedness the trees are mourning;
Therefore from Vertumnus' lavish horn
Slowly, silently, the gift I take,
Overcharged with life,—the golden corn,—
As mine offering to the Stygian lake.
Into earth I sink the seed with sadness,
And it lies upon my daughter's heart;
Thus a symbol of my grief and gladness,
Of my love and anguish I impart.

When the handmaid hours, in circling duty,
Once again lead round the bowery spring,
Then upbouding life and newborn beauty,
Unto all that died the sun shall bring.
Lo! the germ that lay to eyes of mortals
Longwhile cooped by the earth's cold bosom,
Blushes as it bursts the clayey portals,
With the dyes of heaven on its blossom!
As the stem in triumph skyward towers,
Bashfully the fibres shun the light:
So, to rear my tender ones, the Powers
Both of heaven and earth in love unite!

Halfway in the realm where life rejoices,
Halfway in the nightworld of the tomb,
These to me are blessed herald-voices
Wafted earthward from the Stygian gloom.
Yea, though dungeoned in the hell of hells,
Would I, from the black abyss infernal,
Hear the silver peal whose music swells
Now from these my blossoms young and vernal,
Singing that where old in rayless blindness
Gloomily the mourner-phantoms move,
Even *there* are bosoms filled with kindness,
Even *there* are hearts alive with love!

O, my flowers! that round the mead so sunny,
Odour-loaded, freshly bloom and blow,
Here I bless you! May ambrosial honey
Ever down your chalice-petals flow!
Flowers! I'll steep you in celestial light,
Blent with colors from the rainbow borrowed,
All your bells shall glisten with the bright
Hues that play around Aurora's forehead!
So, whene'er the days of springtime roll,
When the autumn pours her yellow treasures,
May each bleeding heart and loving soul
Read in you my mingled pains and pleasures!

CLARENCE.

ANCIENT IRISH LITERATURE.

CORMAC'S GLOSSARY.

This curious remnant of ancient Irish Literature has been so often referred to in our preceding numbers, that our readers must necessarily feel some curiosity to be acquainted with its contents, and with the evidences on which its claims to authenticity rest. Before we proceed to examine the contents of the work itself, it will be found necessary to show that the arguments of Ledwich, who made great exertions to prove that this Glossary was a forgery, are as baseless as he himself was unqualified to examine its contents.

That mighty reformer of Irish History, speaking of this Glossary, has the following words:

"As to Cormac's Glossary, Lynch says that it was the work of Cairbre Liffechair, A.D. 279; Colgan, as good authority, ascribes it to Cormac Ulfada, A.D. 257. O'Connor, who published *Ogygia Vindicated*, 1775, and was well acquainted with Irish literature, had never seen this Glossary, and fears it was lost to the public. However, it is said to have been printed in the last century, by O'Clery, one of the Four Masters. Lynch and Colgan are better informed than later antiquaries, and neither

give the composition to Cormac of Cashel, but to others who lived six hundred years before Cormac. But even Lynch and Colgan are *romancing*, when they suppose letters known or common in the third century.

"Grant that Cormac M'Cuilenan was author of a Glossary in the tenth century, was not this to serve as an interpreter to the precedent Irish language, grown obsolete in his time? This is the common idea of the use of a glossary, and it evinces the fluctuation and corruption of the language. It is now nine hundred years since Cormac writ this pretended glossary; has the Irish tongue suffered no alteration in such a lapse of ages? It must have astonishingly changed, when we are assured by the author of an Irish Grammar, that the Irish language of four hundred years back, is totally different from the present in *sense* and *orthography*. Let the reader mark the words *sense* and *orthography*, and draw his conclusion as to the authenticity of this impudent and blundering forgery. I should not have detained the reader so long, were not Cormac's Glossary and Psalter constantly appealed to as authentic literary monuments."

In this extract, Ledwich, while he shows his disgust to every thing Irish, makes a curious display of his own ignorance, and I might almost say, *stupidity*.

First, he states that Lynch ascribes this work, called "*Cormac's Glossary*," to Cairbre Liffechair. Here he shows either ignorance or dishonesty, and as the former is more creditable to his memory, I shall attribute it to his ignorance; for Lynch, in the page of *Cambrensis Eversus* to which he refers, speaks not of "*Cormac's Glossary*," but of "*Cormac's Instructions* to his son Cairbre Liffechair."

I refer the reader to No. 27, pp. 213, 214, of this Journal, where I have collected all the historic evidences concerning Cormac Ulfada, and given specimens of his Instructions to his son Cairbré; and it will be seen that that tract is totally different from this Glossary; and therefore, he who was not capable of distinguishing the one from the other, was but ill qualified to pass an opinion upon the authenticity or antiquity of either.

Colgan refers to the same Tract, not to Cormac's Glossary.

Ledwich says, "*O'Connor had never seen this Glossary.*"

Here the antiquary confounds Cormac's Glossary with the *Psalter of Cashel*.

Charles O'Connor, in page 161 of *Ogygia Vindicated*, to which this historic charlatan refers, writes the following note:—

"This PSALTER OF CASHEL was begun by Cormac M'Cuilenan, King and Archbishop of Munster, about the year 900, and was continued by other collectors after his death. Duall M'Firbis had the perusal of it, and very probably it was the copy which his friend, *Sir James Ware*, possessed. We are afraid that this *valuable collection* is now lost to the public."

Not a word about Cormac's Glossary; and still from this very passage Ledwich boldly infers—

"O'Connor, who published *Ogygia Vindicated*, in 1775, had never seen this Glossary."!! (*O tempora!*)

O'Connor never hinted at his not having seen this Glossary—far from it. In giving the derivation of *Erin*, he says, that the conjecture of the King of Munster was ingenious, when he derived it from *Iber*, western, and *Nayon*, an island.

A historian is not to be condemned if he quote authorities faithfully, and draw even subtle conclusions. But when he falsifies his authorities, and then draws inferences unfavourable to the people of whom he writes, he should be considered as influenced by malevolent feelings, not as a historian searching after truth.

"However, it is stated to have been printed in the last century, by O'Clery, one of the Four Masters."

A Glossary was printed and published by O'Clery, at Louvain, A.D. 1643, but this was O'Clery's own compilation from ancient glossaries, as stated in his prefixed preface, not Cormac's Glossary.

The remainder of Ledwich's grumbling against this Glossary, amounts to this:—

This Glossary is said to have been written in the tenth century, to explain Irish words grown obsolete in that age: we are informed by the author of an Irish

Grammar, that the Irish language of four hundred years back, is *totally* different from the present in sense and orthography: therefore if this Glossary were written in the tenth century, it could not be intelligible *now*; and as quotations from it are given and translated in our time, it can not be the work of so early an age.

In reply to this half reasoning I say, that the work was not to serve as an interpreter to the PRECEDENT Irish language, but to give the derivation of Irish words most of which were *then*, and *now* are, in constant use; wherefore the learned O'Flaherty calls it the Etymological Book of Cormac, Bishop and King of Munster. The language is ancient, and EXTREMELY difficult, and many parts of it are perfectly unintelligible to those who read and understand only the modern Irish language.

Ledwich's exclamations against this work are wild in the extreme; and in order to show the shallowness of his remarks, I shall set down here a few quotations from the Glossary, showing that parts of it might be quoted and understood, were it even the production of the third century.

It begins with the word ADAM, which is explained by the Latin, "*homo vel terrigena, vel truncus.*"

"*Antichristus* Græcè dicitur quod est Latine contrarius Christo: ἀντί Græcè, contra Latine significat."

"*ajmjin*, ab eo quod est amænium" .j. ajbijn.

"*ajicjñec*, i.e. ajicendac, ajicor Græcè *ex-celsus* Latine dicitur."

"*ane* (the name of a territory) de nomine ajne jngene Eogabail."

"*ajrljnge* .j. ljnge ar, vel absque lingua .j. cen labrad jnte .j. jrjn tengajd."

"*annaç* .j. andaç, i.e. non daç, non bonum

Daç Ebraicè bonum interpretatur; *dpoc* Ebraicè *malum* interpretatur."

"*buand*, quasi mater erat na fjan."

"*bo*, (a cow,) nomen de sono factum est suæ vocis."

"*Manandan mac ljn* .j. cendujde amia boj j njnjf manand. Ba he luamajne jr dec boj jn j artan Oomajn. No fjndad tija nemznact (.j. tija znacuzad jr njme .j. jn eojn) jn uajn no bejt jn t-fojnend acor jn dojnend acor jn tan nor cloeclobad cectan de an ne; Inde Scotici Britonesque eum Deum vocaverunt maris, eum filium maris esse dixerunt, i.e. mac ljn. De nomine Manandan Insula Monandain dicta est."

From these quotations it is evident that many passages in this Glossary are quite intelligible to a Latin Scholar, and that by the assistance of the Latin part he might, without much difficulty, learn the signification of the Irish.

As far as the mere explanation of words is concerned, this Glossary is not so unintelligible as Ledwich thought it should be if it were the production of the tenth century. It must be acknowledged, however, that many quotations given in this Glossary from the SEANCHUS MOR, and other tracts of the ancient laws of Ireland, and from the poetry of writers of the 7th and 8th centuries, are extremely difficult and unintelligible to all except those who have made ancient Irish lore their particular study and pursuit.

The orthography, and even syntax of many passages in this Glossary, though quite different from the modern language of Ireland, are not however so disguised as to be altogether unintelligible, as we shall make appear in our next article upon this curious remnant of ancient Irish lore, which still remains as a kind of index to works which time has hurled into the gulph of oblivion.

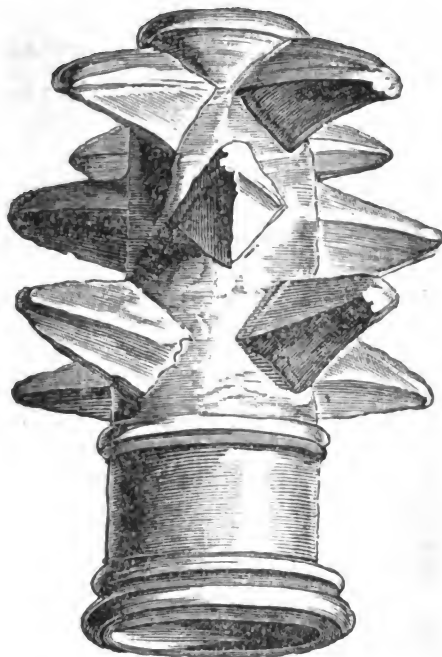
The Irish language has not suffered such violent changes as Ledwich endeavoured to prove; all our Irish scholars have asserted the contrary—as the learned O'Flaherty, in *Ogygia*, and *Ogygia Vindicated*; and Charles O'Connor, of Belanagare, in a note upon *Ogygia Vindicated*, p. 20, where he has the following words:—

"The Scotie language suffered, indeed, no alterations except such as the course of time necessarily introduces

into every living tongue: new words are introduced, others become obsolete, and some innovations are made in the phraseology. When we compare the language of *Brogan*, *Fiagh of Slebty*, *Columb-Kille*, and other writers of the sixth century, with that of the writers of the tenth and eleventh, we will easily discover instances of such variations; and we have reason to wonder that the number is not considerable. Through the disuse of the Scotie language in the courts of the kings of Scotland, since the tenth century, and the neglect since that age of preserving it in Schools and literary compositions, the phraseology of the British Scots has suffered the corruptions unavoidable in dialects learned solely by the ear. It is thus in the dialects of the *Vulgar Irish* at present, although it be little more than a hundred years since the Schools wherein the Irish language hath been taught in its purity, have failed."—*Ogygia Vindicated*, p. 20.

JOHN O'DONOVAN.

ANCIENT IRISH WAR CLUB.



The unique and hitherto undescribed implement of war, of which the above woodcut is an exact representation, was found, some years since, in the county of Roscommon, and is now in the possession of Mr. Underwood, of Sandymount. It is of bronze, hollowed, so as to receive a handle at one end, and, perhaps a ball or spear at the other. Like all our very ancient weapons, its workmanship is of distinguishing excellence; and we have not found any thing resembling it in the published antiquities of any other country.

That the ancient Irish had war clubs called *crannibh*, appears from old authorities: in an insurrection in the Friary of St. Saviour, (county of Dublin,) in 1351, we are informed that some of the brethren were armed with clubs. (Mon. Hib. p. 208.) P.

CURIOUS FACT.

Many years ago, a man named Owen Cunningham, was employed by a gentleman in Mourne, to dig up a shallow tree of considerable magnitude, that encumbered a particular part of his garden. In the course of the work, the man was surprised to find at the bottom of the tree, a vessel which adhered firmly to its roots. On raising it up, it proved to be an anker of Geneva, which some person had buried there at a remote period, and had for-

THE GARVARRY.

"He rose—and slowly, sternly, thence withdrew,
Rage in his eye, and threats ———". BYRON.

"I'll lave it to my death, Nancy, me or mine never done im or one belongin' to im a pinsworth of harum," said the Widow Kelly, one day while gossiping at the house of Nancy Brady.

"Nera bit but its a wondher what makes him be so much agin ye," replied Nancy.

"The Lord forgive im, an' every body that leans on the widdy and the orphant, Nancy; but there's one above lookin' at all this," resumed the widow.

"The Mother of God look down on every poor sinner thats in disthress," said Mrs. Brady, with a glance of secret satisfaction round her well filled and furnished house.

"Och amin, achiernah," replied the widow, "an' the Lord maintain goodness to every one that has it."

"A then, Mary, mysel doesn't think the masthers a real gentleman at all; the ould sort is ever an' always good to the tenants an' the poor," said Nancy.

"Faix an' ye're not wrong," replied Mary. "I know more about im nor ye can, that's only a new comer; sorra one dhrop of gentle blood in his body, good or bad."

"Musha is it in earnest ye are," cried Mrs. Brady; and suspending the evolutions of her spinning-wheel, drew her stool closer to that of the widow, who continued.

"Nera word of lie I'm tellin' ye, shure I'm lookin' at im since he was the bulk of a sod of turf."

"Well, well," replied Nancy, "an' as grand as he is."

"Troth an' its jist so," resumed the widow. "His father was a poor man, an' lived out of the end of the house* wid my father, God rest his sowl an' as I hard, for I wasn't very big at the time, Paddy Brian had'n't cow or calf."

"Its lek that's this man's father," interrupted Mrs. Brady.

"Yis dear, yis, his father shure enough; an' they say a coire (kind, friendly,) man he was, that struggled hard to rear the family."

"An' what way did they get all the riches?"

"Ner a one of me knows; some says the man here, that's Jemmy we used to call'im, got a purse of money in a fair green; more says they ketched a leprehaun;† an' more that its what they got a crock of gould in undher a big stone on the bottom of an ould ditch."

"Any way they have the money," said Mrs. Brady.

"Sorrah doubt," replied the widow, "an' cute enough they wer in the beginnin' gettin' up by degrees muryagh, (as it were,) until they tuk land, an' got cows, an' calves, an' sheep, an' horses."

"O wirra what luck some has beyant others," cried Nancy, with a long drawn sigh; "but Mary, dear, how did the man here get it all?"

"Ye see a hegar, he was ever an' always cute, so afore they let an to have money, he got the brothers an' sisters all marret an' out of the way; the ould couple died—he left the place, tuk this land an' built the house, an' from plain Jemmy Brian, he's now James O'Brian, Esquire?"

"Its lek, Mary, ye're from the same place."

"Sure, dear, didn't I tell ye his father lived out of the end of the house wid us?"

"I mind ye did; an' to be shure ye cum wid im to this land."

"No, avourneen, I was marret an' livin' here long afore he got it, forreer that iver he cum to it at all."

This man's rise in life had been fully as sudden as described by the Widow Kelly; how he came by the means was only known to himself, though various rumours were afloat relative to it. He took leases of large tracts of land, which he again set to others, and became an extensive middle-man, as they are termed in Ireland.

* Living out of the end of a house, means that one cabin is joined to the other.

† A leprehaun is said to be a lilliputian figure, with a scarlet coat and red night cap. If any person could be fortunate enough to lay hold on one of those beings, he would be made rich, for they have an intimate knowledge of concealed treasure.

Though an illiterate man, Brian was clever; and as wealth poured in, he became haughty and overbearing; he wished to have his humble origin forgotten, but the residence of Kelly's wife on his land was a bar to that, and like the wicked Haman, his wealth and affectation of gentility availed him nothing, so long as Mary Kelly lived near to remind him of what he had been; it was a canker to all his enjoyment. But though in other respects a clever man, in this instance Mr. Brian acted foolishly; instead of conciliating this woman, he took every opportunity of oppressing and irritating her, trying all means to get them off his land but in vain. At length Kelly died, and the unrelenting landlord resolved to get rid of the widow. His cruelty need not be detailed; suffice it to say he succeeded in turning the poor woman and her son adrift on the world; and he chuckled in the idea that all traces of his origin would now be obliterated.

But the Mighty Being who has said, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me," did not forsake this victim of oppression. A farmer in the neighbourhood, though far from rich, and with a large family, could not look at this act of cruelty, in the depth of winter, unmoved. He gave the widow a cabin with a small garden, and took her son into his employment, and thus defeated O'Brian's plan of sending her out of the country. She endeavoured to assist her son in supporting themselves, by spinning, and buying sheep skins in the season, the wool of which she sold at the different markets in the neighbourhood. At this period Pat, the widow's son, was a lad of seventeen, sober and well conducted, esteemed by all who knew him.

Some short time after the conversation above-mentioned between the widow and Mrs. Brady, the latter lost a grown up son; and as they were people considered well to do in the world, crowds came to the wake, knowing it would be a plentiful one, and they were not disappointed, saying to each other, "Any way Phil Brady was givin' his little boy a raal dacent wake, an' no doubt there'd be a fine funeral."

Now Nancy Brady, who sat at the head of the table on which the body of her son was laid out, declared to all who addressed her with the unvarying salutation, "I'm sorry for yer trouble;" that "the heart idin her was broken out an' out; and och, och, what did she do to deserve such a crish!" But still Mrs. Brady could cry with the criers, smoke with the smokers, and talk with the talkers.

As the persons, conduct, and affairs of their neighbours, usually form the subject of conversation among the lower orders, and indeed to their shame be it recorded, even of many in the higher classes of life, on the second night of the wake, one subject that occupied a group of idlers around Mrs. Brady, was Mr. Brian and his family.

"A then d'ye tell me so, Darby," said a man, at the same time handing him a pipe; "an' they're of that great lord's family; friends no doubt?" (Friends, as thus used, means relations.)

"Sorrah word of lie in id, Ned," replied Darby, "I hard the masther tellin' id to a gentleman."

"What's that ye hard, Darby?" asked Mrs. Brady, who only caught the latter part of what he had said.

"The masther tould a gentleman, an' I by," replied Darby, "that he's related to the great lord of the same name that lives some place in Munster."

"Nough more a rubbhu than ig ma chauth," (what a tail my cat has,) exclaimed Nancy; "related to a lord, anagh," (an expression of doubt and scorn).

"An' why nat," exclaimed another woman, "some of the lords themselfs is no great things."

"Great things here or there," replied Mrs. Brady, "sorrah one dhrop of lord's blood in his body."

"How d'ye know, did ye ever see the colour of id?" asked Darby.

"No nor yersel, no more nor me, avourneen," she answered; "an' afther all its truth I'm tellin'."

"Maybe ye know, as they know the horses, be the mark of mouth," returned Darby.

"No, dear, nor as ye know the sheep," she retorted; "an' faix its asy to know the good ould stock, the raal blood, from the upstart."

"Sure, Nancy Brady, ye wouldnt be afther allegatin' (affirming) sich a thing of the mather," said Darby.

"What?" she demanded.

"That he's an upstart."

"Mind it was yersel said id, Darby Dolan," interrupted Mrs. Brady; then in a lower tone she addressed the woman next her; "an' may be if it was sed its no lie."

"Why so?" asked the woman.

"Bekase," replied Nancy, and she entered into a half whispering detail of the conversation she had with the Widow Kelly.

Darby, who was Mr. Brian's shepherd, and pretended to be greatly attached to him, listened intently, and hearing some half sentences, exclaimed, "This is more of Mary Kelly's lies an' stories; may I never die in sin but she'll be sorry for id yet."

"What lies?" said Mrs. Brady. "Who knows what Mary Kelly tould me?"

"Many's the one'll know id the night," replied Darby; "but mind I tell ye, that gabby lyin' hag'll be sarry, an' may be more wid her."

"Christ chiestha er in! Darby," said Nancy, "sure ye wouldnt go for to tell the mather that I sed any thing agin'm. Och, och, God forbid avourneen; an' I didnt think it no harum to tell what Mary Kelly sed on my own flure."

"Sed here or sed there," replied Darby, after having heard all and much more than was advanced by the widow, "I wondher, Nancy Brady. ye'd sit by an' listen to sich lies of a man that's givin' ye good bread."

A day or two after the wake, the shepherd took the opportunity of his master looking at some sheep, to enter into conversation. After the usual commendations of the stock, and praises of his own carefulness, he began:—"That was a sore crish the Bradys got, sir, God look on them."

The master gave an assenting nod, and Darby continued. "An' maybe they hadnt a great wake an' a fine funeral, sir, God rest the poor boy's sowl."

"Had they?" was the concise reply."

"Well, well, sir, any way but the women's gabby; yersel never hard the like's of them fur lies and stories."

"What lies and stories, Darby?" said Mr. O'Brian, seating himself in an attitude that the shepherd well knew was the prelude to a regular gossip; for though usually keeping his people at a great distance, there were times when Mr. O'Brian could lay aside his dignity, and return to his old vulgar habits; and the servants knew how to lead him to this; for it is astonishing how quick sighted they in general are to the foibles of their employers. Darby did not reply till his master had repeated the question, then with a knowing shake of the head, he answered, "Faix it'd be onpossible to mind the half of what a body hears, an' God knows there was a power of talk at the wake."

O'Brien perceiving the shepherd had something to tell, remarked, "But sure, Darby, you might remember part of what you heard; no doubt the women were talking of their neighbours."

"Ye may say that any way, sir; and maybe of them id didnt become them to mintion. Musha what mather to me or the like's of me who a body's related to, or about family at all at all."

"Was there any person speaking of my family?" interrupted Mr. O'Brian, for on this point he was very sensitive.

"There's no use in talkin, sir; any way, ye may defy the gabbiest in the parish."

But O'Brien's curiosity was completely aroused, and he insisted on knowing what was said. This was just the point the wily shepherd wished to bring him to; and, with seeming reluctance, he told all, and much more than the Widow Kelly had said to Nancy Brady, and also that it had been a public subject of conversation at the wake.

Scarce able to articulate, so much was he overcome with rage and mortification, Mr. O'Brian declared that he would give fifty pounds, nay, a hundred, to have it in his power to punish Mary Kelly.

"An' sure ye can do id for very little, sir," said Darby. "Can't ye put her in the Bishop's coort, for diffamation an'

lies;" and, at the same time, he put his tongue on the other side of his cheek.

To this gibeing speech, the master made no reply; but, on turning away, he reiterated his former declaration that he would do any thing to punish the Kellys, and drive them from the country.

Immediately after this, there was a new subject of conversation in the neighbourhood; two of Mr. O'Brian's fat sheep had been stolen; and Darby, according to his own account, said nothing of it for a time, until he searched the bounds, and made every inquiry, but to no purpose. It may be imagined the master was greatly exasperated; he insisted his people should clear themselves. With one voice, they all declared they would take the Garvarry* on their innocence. "And the Garvarry you shall certainly take," said O'Brian; "I'll send for it this day."

A young man, who witnessed the swearing, was thus accosted by his mother, on his return:—"Well, Jack, ye wor at Mr. O'Brian's the day."

"Yes," replied he; "an' a sore place it was. The Garvarry cum in it (was brought there), an' great swearin there was."

"Musha, Jack, dear," said another, "what sort of a thing is id at all."

"The very moral (model) of a walking staff, only longer, an' a crook of brass on the top, wid an ugly smush (face) on id. O wirra! if ye seen it!"

"An'they say," remarked a third, "that if a body swears in the wrong wid that about his neck, his face 'll be turned to the back of his head, God bless the mark!"

"Sorra word of lie ye heard," replied Jack.

"A-then, did Darby Dolan put it in his nick?" asked the young man's mother.

"Sure enough he did," said Jack.

"Well, well!" she replied, "but that bates the little dish! The Lord keep us, any way!"

"What makes ye say that?" inquired her son.

"Nothin, dear—och, nothin, avourneen.—God forbid I'd say anythin of e'er a one."

"Isnt them two fine skins I bought for ye," said Pat Kelly, to his mother, one evening, after returning from work.

"Ne'er a better, acushla," she replied; "there's great work on them; from who did ye buy them?"

"Sorra one of me knows—I never seen him afore."

"Well, the morrow, God willin, I'll go to the market, an' its little of the wool I'll have back wid me; an' then, Pat, a hashkit ye can buy a new breeches at the fair."

"Ne'er a one of me very bad for them mother; its yersel wants a cloke comin on the winther. Sorra stitch I'll buy till ye get it."

"Och! the Mother of God reward ye, avourneen, that always thinks more of the old woman nor yersel. Och! the Lord forgive the man that left the widdy an' the orphan this a way."

"Never heed, mother; he'll not be a pinsworth better, nor we worse, the last day, for this."

"Och! Pat, alanna ma chru (child of my heart), the Lord fit an' prepare uz for that day, any way."

"God 'save all here!" said Darby, who entered at the same moment.

"God save ye, kindly," replied the widow. "Wont ye cum by to the fire, Darby."

"Sorra bit of me could, Mary; id's a fine evening, thank God. The woman wants a couple of pound of wool; have ye e'er a grain."

"There isn't two better skins in the country nor the little boy bought yesterday;" and she brought forth one to show the length of the wool.

"I'll tell the woman," said Darby, and left the house.

He had not been long gone, when Mr. O'Brian and another man returned with him, demanding entrance to

* St. Barry's Staff, commonly called the Garvarry, it is firmly believed can detect perjury, and that whosoever has the hardihood to swear falsely with it around his neck, is punished by having his face disfigured, so that few are found bold enough to perjure themselves on the Garvarry.

† A term of endearment.

search for stolen goods. The poor widow was thunder-struck, and could scarcely say, "Cum in; the nera haporth ever we stole."

"Who says there's any thing stole here?" cried Pat, seizing and brandishing a stick. "I'll tell them to their teeth they're liars."

"Asy, Pat, alanna—asy, avourneen; don't do any thing rash; let them come in, what do we care, an' nothin they want here?" said the widow holding her son's arm.

"Come, come, fellow," cried Mr. O'Brian, "we have a warrant to enter. Constable, do your duty."

The constable entered, and seizing on the sheep-skins, took them to Mr. O'Brian, who, pointing to the letters, J. O'B., with which they were branded, said they were his property.

"They're mine; I ped for them," replied Pat.

"You'll answer that to the Justice," said the constable; so come along."

And taking Pat by the arm, with Darby carrying the skins, they set out to the magistrate, who lived within a short distance. Here both O'Brian and his shepherd identified the skins; and, as the young man could not tell who he had bought them from, he was committed to prison, to abide his trial for stealing sheep, the skins of whom were found in his possession.

"And now," thought O'Brian, "I'll at last get rid of this woman and her son; he will, at all events, be transported for life."

It would be vain to attempt a description of what the widow Kelly suffered during the period that elapsed between her son's imprisonment and the assizes. Most people thought his conviction certain, because he could not prove the purchase of the skins, or who he bought them from. Pat Kelly bore an excellent character, and was pitied by the whole neighbourhood. They knew O'Brian's dislike to the widow; and there were some who feared this was a plan laid by wicked people to gratify him by having them sent out of the country.

The wretched mother ceased not night and day to implore the succour of heaven. "Och!" she would say, "we have no other dependence now. My boy, my fine boy, that never did nothin out of the way, to be murdered this a-way!" And Nancy Brady constantly affirmed that, "only they all tuk the garvarry, she'd say some of the nin about the land done id; but sure, if they did, their face id be turned round, the Lord save every one!"

So that, though all thought Pat Kelly innocent, they agreed that appearances were greatly against him. "An' God look on poor Mary!" they said; "she'll not live one day after him."

"Good news! good news!" cried a young man, son to the farmer under whom the widow Kelly lived, rushing into the house almost out of breath. "Good news! Poor Pat Kelly's freed; he's innocent." He could utter no more.

"God be thanked!" said his mother; "the widow and orphan, as well as the innocent, are in His blessed keeping. I knew the poor boy had no hand in it. But how was he cleared, Harry?"

"Its little short of a miracle, mother; you'll hardly believe me when I tell you." And he went on to narrate the incidents which were briefly thus:—A man, who lived not far from O'Brian's, was, on the evening previous to the assizes, sitting at the fire with his wife; he appeared to labour under much uneasiness; she asked what ailed him, and he replied, by desiring her to go into the room for a little, and not come out until he called her. She wondered at this, but obeyed. Now, the room was a small space, close to the fire, the partition wall of which was little more than breast high. The woman had scarcely got inside this frail inclosure, when the man, in a tolerably loud voice, began thus:—

"Wall! dear wall! listen to me, an' mind every word I say. I'm in great trouble, wall; there's somethin on my mind that I swore not to tell to man or woman; but, wall, dear, I'll tell id t'ye. Och, och! wall, I'm afeard the Widdy Kelly's little boy 'ill be kilt for stealin them sheep, and he not doin id at all. Darby Dolan is the man that done id;

I'll leave id to my death, wall, but he is; he kilt the sheép, an' tuk the meat to a fair, an' he swore me to bring the skins to a market, an' get a strange man to sell them to. Pat Kelly, an' no one else; for he heard the masther say, he'd be bether pleased nor twenty sheep to get somethin agin them Kellys, to hunt them, like red shanks, out of the country, bekase Mary Kelly cud tell he was no gentleman. An' this is the truth, wall, dear; an' ids but little Darby giv me for helpin 'im; but, och! I'll never go to heaven if anythin is done to the poor boy, an' me knowin all about id. So, wall, dear, save 'im if ye can; it'll save my poor sowl, an' I'll leave ye my blessin."*

The woman lost no time in taking the necessary steps to save Kelly. Darby was apprehended on the above testimony, and convicted; he made no defence; and, to the joy of the whole court, a very severe sentence was passed upon him.

Mr. O'Brian was so much ashamed of the whole transaction, that he left the country for some time, and ceased to persecute the widow, who, with her son, was more than ever respected by the neighbours. And, from this circumstance, the Garvarry fell considerably in the estimation of the upholders of its infallibility. W.

* The murderers of a gentleman in the County of ———, were discovered by a man's telling the circumstances to the wall, his wife being within hearing.

VALENTINE GREATTRACKS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

SIR—Mr. Valentine Greattracks, the subject of a biographical sketch in your 51st number, well merited a place in a national work such as yours. His character, independent of his extraordinary faculty of healing, was amiable and interesting; and I have known men of superior qualifications and of philosophical minds, who considered the evidence of his actual possession of this faculty to be too well authenticated to be doubted or disputed. I know no person of his name now in existence; but some years since there was living in the county of Waterford a Miss Greattracks, a descendant of Mr. Greattracks, who was married to a Mr. Ronayne, I believe, a relation of the present member for Clonmel. There was also another descendant, a Miss Greattracks, the daughter of a Captain Greattracks, married to a Portuguese gentleman of the name of Sampayo, some years since the Portuguese consul for Cork, in which city he realised a large property in business. This gentleman is still living in London or its neighbourhood, but continues to be a liberal benefactor to the public charities of Cork. Two of the family, his brothers, I believe, have been ennobled in Portugal, one under the title of Baron Sampayo, the other of Baron Terceira. I do not know whether Mr. Sampayo has a son or not, but he had several daughters residing in this country, one of whom became the second wife of William Howe Hennis, Esq. whose death was announced in the papers a few days since, at Fermoy House, County of Cork—perhaps hastened by the account of the fatal duel at Exeter, in which his eldest son was killed, under circumstances which produced a great sensation at the time.

These are all my present recollections of the family of Greattracks, which as far as they are suited to public notice, are at your service. As I propose paying a visit to the south shortly, I may perhaps acquaint myself with other circumstances relative to Mr. Greattracks, as well as other interesting Irish characters: but many events have passed into oblivion, well worthy of being remembered, from the want of a national depository, in which to notice and record Irish genius and Irish worth. R. T. H.

DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by JOHN S. FOILDS, 5, Bachelor's-walk.

Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In Liverpool by Willmer and Smith; in Manchester by Wheeler; in Birmingham by Drake; in Nottingham by Wright; in Edinburgh by R. Grant & Son; in Glasgow by J. Nevill, Jun. and in London by Joseph Robins, Fleet-street.

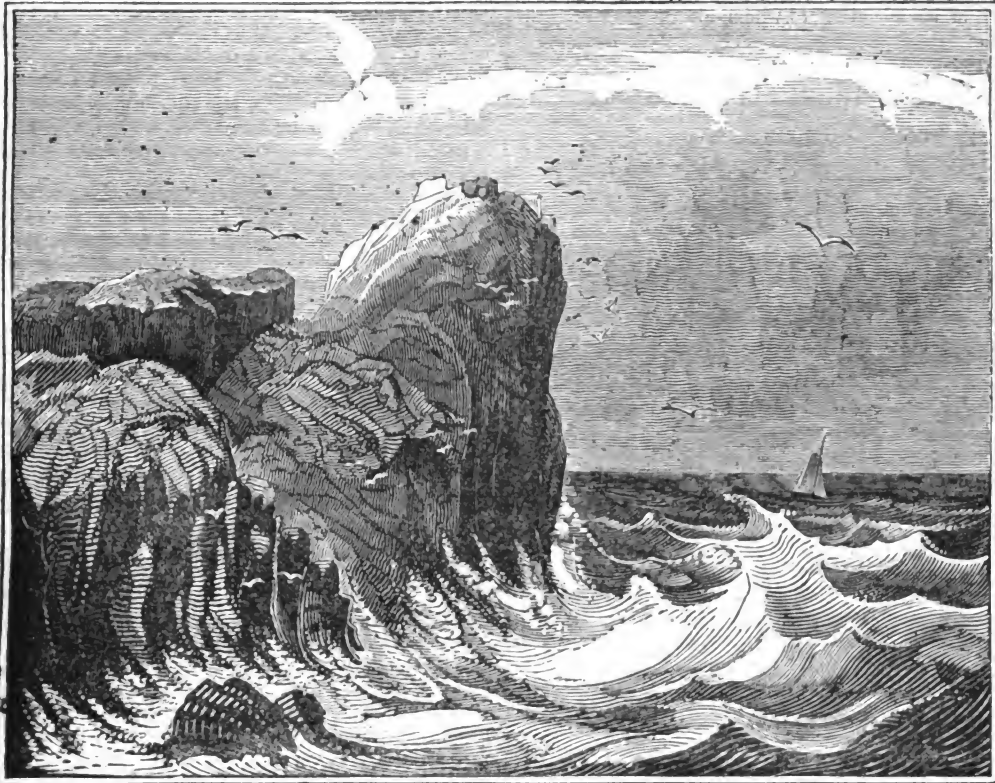
THE
DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No 56. Vol. II.

P. DIXON HARDY, 3, CECILIA STREET.

JULY 27, 1833.



A. Nichol, Esq.

Bruce's Castle, Island of Raghery.

Branston and Wright

**BRUCE'S CASTLE,
ISLAND OF RAGHERY.**

On a precipitous cliff, near the northern angle of the island of Raghery, stand the ruins of an ancient fortress, called Bruce's Castle, from its having afforded an asylum to that heroic chieftain, when an exile, in the winter of 1306—7. The greater part of this building has fallen down, and the remaining portion is mouldering in the last stage of decay; still even its very fragments are peculiarly interesting, from their presenting the singular fact, that the lime with which the castle is built has been burnt with sea-coal; the cinders are still visible in the mortar, and bear a strong resemblance to those of the Ballycastle coal; thus demonstrating that the use of sea-coal in this kingdom is of greater antiquity than has been imagined.*

According to tradition, this castle was erected by the Danes, who are said to have exercised the utmost tyranny over the people of Raghery, who at length effected their deliverance in the following manner:—Having to furnish, on demand, straw, fuel, and necessaries, for the use of the garrison in the castle, they contrived to conceal, in each *creel*, a sturdy native, armed with a *skein*, or dagger, who, in the following night, despatched the guard, and having admitted their friends from without, put the garrison to the sword, with whom expired the Danish power in Raghery.

At a little distance from the ruin, on the beach, is a na-

tural cavern, with a wall in front, evidently intended for defence, called Bruce's Cave, which oral history states was also used as a place of retreat by the Scottish chieftain; and it is here worthy of record, that, in the summer of 1797, every male adult in Raghery, except the parish priest and one other gentleman, took the test of an *United Irishman*, in the gloomy recesses of Bruce's Cavern. Adjoining is a small haven, called *Port-na-Sassanach*; and near it, a field of battle is pointed out, called the Englishmen's graves—a pit or hollow remains, where the dead were probably interred in one common grave. This action is believed to have taken place in 1551—2, when an English army, who landed here, were totally defeated by the M'Donnells.

Bruce, during his exile here, was accompanied by some of his principal followers, amongst whom was Sir Robert Boyd, Sir James Douglas, and Angus M'Donnell, Sixth King of the Isles, sovereign of Raghery, which island was, at this period, accounted part of his dominions. Early in the spring of 1307, Angus returned to "*Kyntyre*," to circulate a report of the death of Bruce, and also to secretly draw together a body of troops, to act when occasion might require in behalf of his illustrious friend. Soon after, Boyd and Douglas also took leave of Bruce, and departed for Arran; and effecting their landing in safety, ten days after, they were followed by Bruce, who, receiving, by his spies, favourable intelligence from the main-land, landed at Turnberry, in Carrick, and, with 300 followers, cut to pieces a body of English quartered in that neighbourhood. However, soon after, succours arriving to his enemies, he was obliged to seek shelter in the wilds of Carrick, the patrimonial country of his family.

The Rev. Dr. William Hamilton, in his "Letters Con-

* Hamilton's Letters Concerning the Northern Coast of Antrim. A portion of this cement, containing cinders, may be seen in the Museum of Trinity College, Dublin.

cerning the Northern Coast of the County of Antrim," when noticing the exile of Bruce in Raghery, says, "his enemies found him even in this remote spot;" and adds, that "this castle is celebrated for the defence which Bruce made in it." These are strange errors, for which there is not the slightest foundation either in history or tradition; such an event would have been mentioned by the minute Barbour, in his BRUCE; and Dalrymple informs us in his Annals of Scotland, that, in Raghery, Bruce "eluded the search of his enemies," to whom his retreat remained unknown.

S. M'S.

ANCIENT IRISH LITERATURE.

CORMAC'S GLOSSARY.

(Continued from page 20.)

Ledwich, in another part of his book, says, "Supposing the Glossary genuine, would it now be intelligible?" Strange that a man who set up as an Irish antiquary, should ask such a question! Surely, although he could not understand a line of it, he must have known that those who are really versed in the Irish language, find but little difficulty in translating Irish documents still more ancient than the tenth century, as may be seen in Colgan's works. But it is painful to dwell upon the unlearned remarks of this *soi-disant* Irish antiquary, whose only view in writing his book, was to stigmatize the ancient Irish with the character of "a barbarous people, naked and ignorant as American Indians."—I shall therefore make one general remark upon his work, and then have done with him.

Ledwich's book, which he improperly styles "The Antiquities of Ireland," contains within it the materials of self-refutation. In one place he represents the Irish, in the sixth century, as "naked and ignorant as American Indians," and in another place he represents them as people who sheltered themselves in woods and bogs:—" (Perched aloft on these lofty eminences, these Firbolgean forts resembled the ayries of ravenous birds, and were properly termed '*Nids de tyrannie*.')" In another place he gives a pompous account of the Irish schools and studies not only in the sixth century, but as far back as the middle of the fifth. In another part he speaks of Asiatic and Greek missionaries, whom he brings at a very early period into Ireland. Now I would ask, how he could understand that a barbarous people, naked and ignorant as American Indians, could uphold a pure Christian Church, or establish illustrious Schools?

This inconsistent writer changes his positions as suits his own purposes; and it is to be lamented that his writings have had the effect of convincing uninitiated readers that the ancient Irish were a horde of barbarians.

I shall now offer a few remarks upon some curious passages in this Glossary, and see whether there be any reason for ascribing it to Cormac of Cashel.

(Letter A.)

Adamnan, a proper name of a man, is explained *Homunculus*, i. e. *dyrbecad anma adajm*, a diminutive of the name *Adam*. This is unquestionably the proper explanation.

Ar̃d, a height, i. e. *Collis*; "ab arduo."

I cannot at all believe that this word is traced to its proper source; that is, I can not believe that the word *ar̃d*, *high*, and substantively *a height*, was introduced into Ireland by the preaching of Christian Missionaries.

The Irish, it is true, borrowed many words from the Latin, especially terms for Christian rites and offices, such as, *Oj̃frend*, the Mass, (which Cormac properly derives from the Latin, *Offero*;) *Altajr̃*, an Altar; *Epyrcop*, a bishop; *Sacajr̃d*, a priest; *Cajleac̃*, a chalice; *Pajdr̃j*, a prayer; &c. Such words unquestionably found their way into the language of the Gaels, through the preaching of Patrick and his successors; for as we cannot suppose that these missionaries would have adopted the technical phraseology of the pagan worship, it was absolutely necessary that in teaching the pagan Irish the mysteries of religion, the commandments of

God, &c., they should introduce new terms for which there could be found no equivalent in the language of pagans.

Those who became converts to the Christian religion, did not necessarily learn the Latin language, but such technicalities as their instructors thought necessary to impress upon their memory; hence these words, in their mouths, were soon divested of their Latin terminations, and assimilated to the pronunciation and accent of their native tongue. Thus we find *Episcopus* made *Epyrcop*, by the early writers; but as that would be a sound difficult of pronunciation to a Gael, it was in course of time, by an easy metathesis, (to which the Irish is much inclined,) made *Eayroc*, and still further, for the sake of softness and ease in pronunciation, it was made *Eayboz*, *p* and *c*, which are hard mutes, being changed into their corresponding orisnants, *b* and *g*.

Thus disguised are many Latin words to be found in the Irish language, and the older the MSS. are, the nearer does the spelling approach to the Latin; but it will be found that these words are confined to religious terms.

It is very irrational, however, to suppose that every word in the Irish language resembling the Latin in sense and sound, is borrowed from that language; such as *ar̃d*, *high*; *ar̃j*, *titled land*; *talām*, earth; *ataj̃r̃*, a father. These are words which every people must make use of as soon as they have begun to express any ideas, or have made the slightest advances in social intercourse.

"*Aj̃nde .j. cuajr̃t*, veteres nomen ponebant an pro circum, unde dicitur annus .j. bljadaj̃n .j. fa cuajr̃t byr̃ an bljadaj̃n."

"Ainde, i. e. a circ veteres enim ponebant an pro, circum; unde dicitur *Annus*, i. e. a year, i. e. the year is round."

This shows that the author was critically skilled in the radices of languages. Varro assures us, that the proper and original signification of the word *annus*, is a *circ*, or great circle, whose diminutives, *annulus*, signifies a small circle or ring. His words are, "nam ut parvi circuli annuli, sic magni dicebantur anni."—See Littleton, at the words *Anus*, *Annus*. *Annulus*.

Aj̃zed, i. e. "ab argento."

This is properly derived, for he says in another place, that *cepad* was the original word for *ar̃zat*, i. e. *silver*, or *money*, of which I shall speak in its own place.

Under the word *ar̃t*, a stone, he quotes two lines of the composition of Guaire Aidhne, the hospitable King of Connaught, who lived in the reign of Dermot Mac Fer̃gus Ceirbheoil, A.D. 544:—

"*Do celat mox mam̃a j̃n Ar̃tene*
b̃j̃r̃ for̃ l̃ye Mar̃cain m̃c Ueda m̃c Mar̃-
cene."

"Great wonders are concealed in precious stones,
As in that stone possessed by Marcan, grandson of Marcene."

Ar̃z, he says, has three meanings, viz. :—

1st. A fluid, milk, hence, *ro-ar̃z*, a heavy shower.

2d. A hero; hence the word *ar̃zda*, *heroic*, and *ar̃z̃z̃ej̃n*, i. e. *ar̃z-cuj̃ne*, a hero's wife.

3d. *Illustrious*, *noble*; hence is formed the word *ar̃cetal*, which he explains *̃cetal ar̃daj̃r̃*, a noble poetic composition; because, he adds, it is so frequently recited. He doubts the explanation which others had given of this word, that is, *ar̃t-ceatal*, i. e. *the eulogium of a hero*: for he says, "*ñl do lãc̃aj̃b̃ nama do ñj̃er̃ ar̃cetal*," the *Arcetal* was not composed for heroes alone.

"Ab, ab eo quod est Abas, vel a nomine Ebraico quod est *Abba*, id est, pater."

From this and several other passages, it appears that Cormac was acquainted with Hebrew.

Adaj̃r̃, *Ater*, primitus dicebatur, quasi PATER.

This derivation, which the author gives by way of conjecture, is doubtful.

Armstrong, in his Gaelic Dictionary, says, that *Athair*, is derived from the old Celtic word *At*, which means *father*. I am of opinion that the Irish word *Athair*, is derived from a source more original than the Latin; because it is a historic fact that, at the time of Tacitus, there was a dialect spoken in Ireland having no connection with the Latin, for at this time Ireland was pagan, and outside the limits of the Roman empire. Tacitus says of Ireland:—

"*Hibernia medio inter Britanniam atque Hispaniam sita, et Gallico quoque mari opportuna, solum coelumque et ingenia, cultusque hominum haud multum a Britannia differunt. Melius aditus portusque per commercia et negotiatores cognita.*" It might be urged, however, that the pagan Irish had had another word for father, which, on the introduction of the Latin, was suffered to fall into disuse, and *athair*, corrupted from the Latin word *pater*, adopted in its place. I answer, that that supposition is not borne out by even the semblance of probability, because the word for *father*, in almost every language in the east, from which the different streams of population have flowed, begins with *at*.

The Turkish is *Atta*. *Atta* was a Greek term of respect to an aged man;—"ATTAM pro reverentia seni cuilibet dicimus quasi cum avi nomine appellemus."—*Pomp. Fest.* *At* signifies parent in *Atavus*, greatgrandfather.

Ana, i. e. *Mater Deorum Hibernensium*, *no ba majt dñj no bjatajrrj na de*, de cujus nomine *da cjc n-anann jai luacajrj* nominantur, ut fabula fertur, i. e. *amajl a deajrt na Scelujde*.

"*Ana*, the mother of the Irish gods;" so called, "*because she fed or nurtured the God's well.*" From her (two hills) "the two paps of *Anan*, in *Luchair*, are called, as story tellers relate.

Keating tells us, that there are two hills in *Luachair Deaghaidh*, in *Desmond*, (i. e. the barony of *Iraghticonnor*, Co. Kerry,) called *Oa cjoč Oanañ*, from *Danan*, the mother *Brian*, *Iuchar*, and *Iucharba*, three *Tuatha de Dannan* sorcerers, who were so famous in the necromantic arts, that they were styled *Gods*.*

Keating sets this down as true history; but the author of this Glossary, who certainly had more genuine historic records before him than Keating, speaks of it as fabulous: *amajl a deajrt na rcelajde*, ut fabula fertur, as story tellers relate.

Anart .j. *inirt*: *jrt* .j. *bar*; *amajl non žab* *Mořand mac Maojn jr an rjž an ajl*. "*Đat don djc jrt*" .j. *don dñj bñj*: *anart dñj* .j. *jnbajr*; *ar a bajne jr corñujl řija lj bajr*; *ojr nj bj nj deřnje jñ*, quasi *exsanguis mortuus*, i. e. *amajl do řet žan řujl*.

Anart, (*poisonous draught*), i. e. *Inirt*: *irt*, i. e. *death*, such as that taken by *Moran*, son of *Maon*, in the *drinking house*. "*Đat don dñj jrt*," "*the colour of the deadly draught*," *anart*, therefore means *lethiferous*. This draught was *pale coloured*, and the name may be derived from that circumstance, viz., *similar to the colour of death*, containing no redness—quasi *exsanguis mortuus*, as it were without blood.

The *Moran*, son of *Maon*, here mentioned, was chief judge to *Ferádach Fionfeachtach*, King of Ireland, A.D. 90. His justice was so celebrated, that it is said that the *Torques*, or chain of gold, which he wore as the badge of his office, would expand around the neck of a true witness, and contract to such a degree as to cause suffocation around the neck of a false one. The traditional memory of this is so well preserved to this day, that it is a common expression for a person asseverating absolute truth, to say, *řabřajñ řb Mořajñ añ*, "*I would swear by Moran's chain to its truth.*"—O'Flanagan, in *Transactions of the Gaelic Society*, pp. 39, 40.

I never before saw any account of *Moran's death*. That

he should have been poisoned by his own party is no to be wondered at. He was son of *Carbry Caitchenn*, the plebeian usurper of the throne of Ireland, and officiated as his father's chief judge. We are told that he declined the offered succession, and sent his son *Neiri*, with an epistle inviting and directing the lawful prince how to act. It is quite natural to suppose that his own party were highly enraged at his conduct on this occasion, and that they, looking upon this, his love of justice, as treachery, caused a poisonous draught to be administered to him, in order to be revenged of him for abandoning their cause, and to deprive the lawful king of the advantage of his wisdom and instruction.

"*Amnar*, *absolution*, quasi *amney*, *ab eo quod est amnestio*, full remission."

"*Anrūt*, nomen secundi gradus poetarum."

"*Áxal*, (the name of *St. Columbkille's guardian angel*), *ab auxilio* quod *Angeli hominibus præbent*."

J. O'DONOVAN.

• Haliday's Edition, p. 206.

ANCIENT IRISH TRUMPETS.

Among the various remains of antiquity daily found in Ireland, and almost peculiar to our island, there are none of greater interest as evidences of our early civilization, than the brazen war trumpets, of which there are a variety of forms, and sizes, but all indicating, in their ornaments and style of workmanship, an age very remote indeed. *Molyneux*, *Ledwich*, and *Beauford*, it is true, after their usual fashion, assign those ancient instruments to our northern invaders, and their opinions have been received by the learned of other countries with a degree of respect to which they are but little entitled, inasmuch as that they are wholly unsupported by evidence, and are at variance not only with facts, but even rational conjecture. Our ancient trumpets bear internal evidences of being the work of the same people who manufactured our "punic fashioned swords, &c." golden ornaments, and other antiquities with which they are usually found; and until evidences can be produced to show that all equally claim a Danish origin in Christian times, we must refer their introduction into this country to a different age and people; for our own parts, we are quite persuaded that they are all equally to be referred to that Eastern or Phœnician colony, which, there can be no doubt, had fixed themselves in our island in the earliest historic times.

The ancient Irish trumpets have been enumerated from our old writers under the following names, viz.—*Stuic* or *Stoc*, *Buabhall*, *Beann*, *Adharc*, *Dudag*, *Corna*, and *Gall Trompa*. It is, however, extremely difficult, if at all possible, now to identify with certainty, any of the above names with the various forms of trumpets commonly found, and of which we shall present our readers with representations. The three cuts which immediately follow are varieties, of what has been generally called the *STUIC* or *Stoc*, which is a brazen tube with a mouth hole on one side so large that no musical note could probably be produced from it, and whose sole use was possibly to increase the din of war. This variety is that which is most commonly found in Ireland; and from the great number which frequently occur together, there can be no doubt of their military use. They are usually of a single piece, and of the size figured in the annexed engravings; but sometimes they are larger, and consisting of two pieces rivetted together, but the latter are rarely found in perfect preservation.

Fig. 1. is copied from a plate in *Boate and Molyneux's Natural History of Ireland*, and represents one of three trumpets of this kind found in a *Cairn* at *Ballynure*, near *Carrickfergus* in the year 1698. This specimen, according to *Edward Llwyd*, the *Archæologist*, came into the possession of *Mr. Malcolm*, of *Ballingoin*, near the *Causeway*; the other two were carried to England by *Sir Andrew Fontaine*, and are supposed to be those now deposited in the *British Museum*. They were about 24 inches in length, and 4 inches in diameter at the end. They had each two loose rings by which they were slung on those who carried

them, and the hole through which they were blown was so large as to cover the mouth. The circumstance of these trumpets having been found in a cairn, sufficiently proves their Irish origin and Pagan age, as none of those monu-

ments in Ireland can be attributed to the Danes or ascribed to Christian times. The cairns, though sepulchral, were also altars, and hence the origin of the Irish word "Cairnech," a priest.

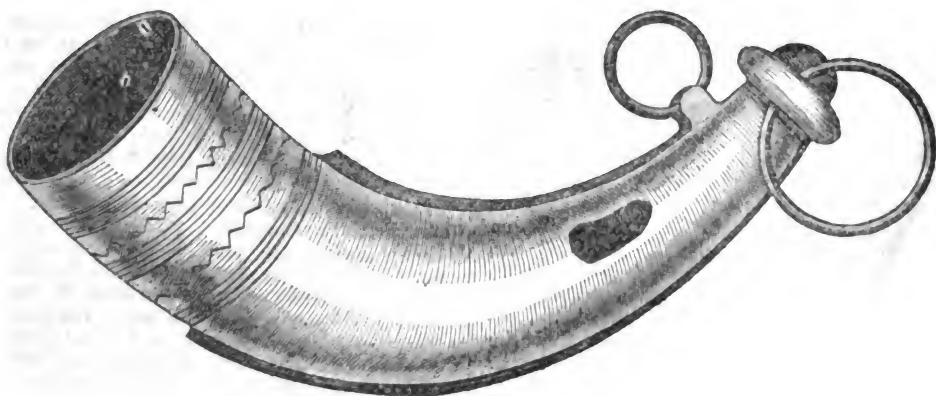


Figure 2, represents a smaller trumpet or horn of the same description as the preceding one, the diameter at the end being but two inches and a half. It is entirely without ornament, and has but one hole for the cord or ring by which it was hung. This horn was found, with many others, a few years since, in a bog near Birr, together with several Crotals and other brazen antiquities, now in the possession of Lord Oxmantown, Mr. Cooke, of

Birr, and the Dean of St. Patrick's, to the latter of whom the engraved specimen belongs. A fine example of this description of horn is also preserved in the Museum of Trinity College; and there is also one in the collection of the writer, which is of ruder workmanship, and without the usual globular termination at the top or upper end: It was found in the County of Cork.

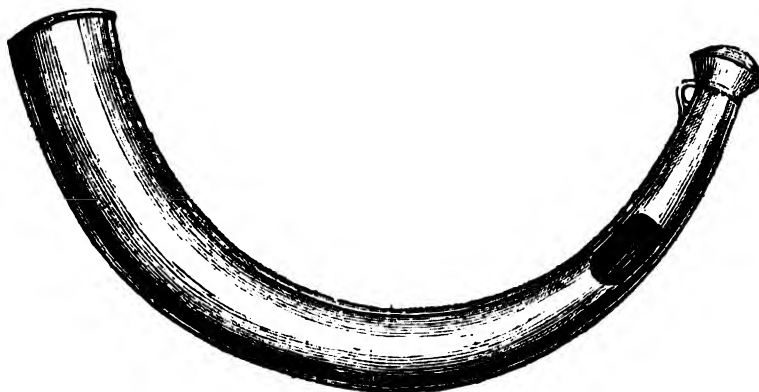
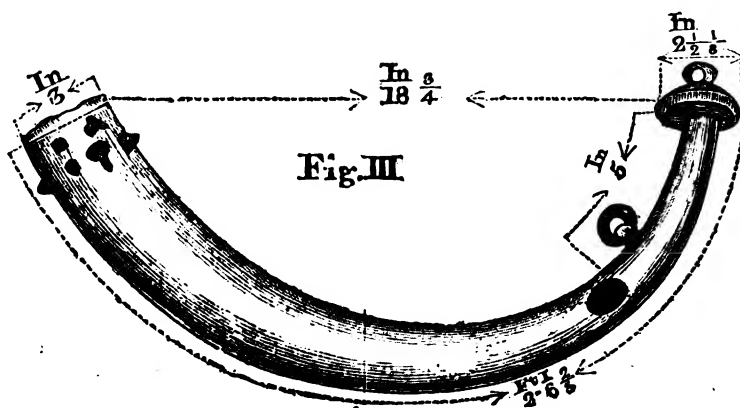


Figure 3, is a trumpet of the same description as those already given, but ornamented with conical points at its lower extremity. This trumpet was found with ten or twelve more a good many years since in a bog between

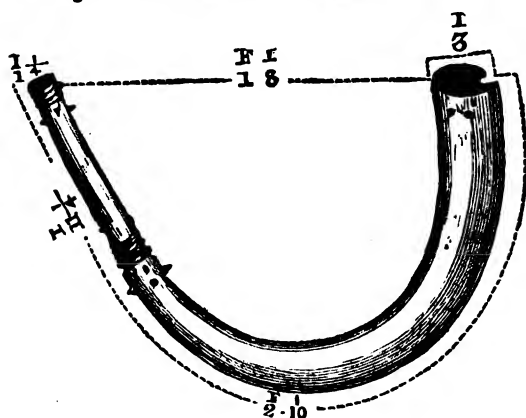
Cork and Mallow, and has been engraved by Smith in his History of the County; by Cooper Walker, in his IRISH BARDS; and by the Society of Antiquarians of London, in the VETUSTA MONUMENTA.



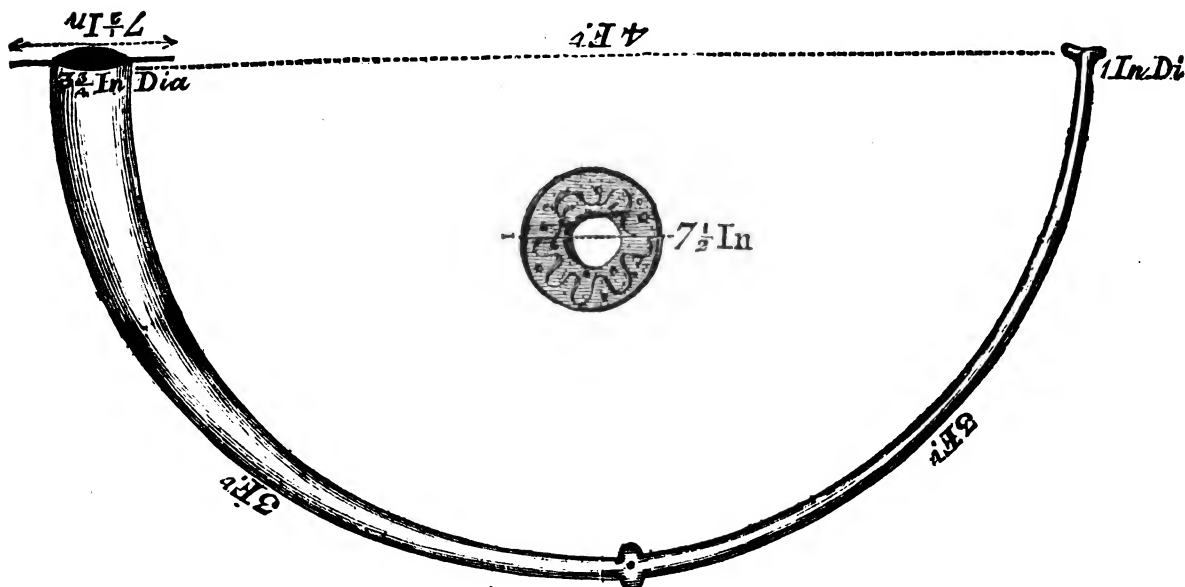
Several of the trumpets found at that time were of a different construction from those already noticed, inasmuch as that they each consisted of two pieces, viz., a curve pipe, and a small strait tube, fitted exactly to enter

into the small end of it. These were not sounded as the former, but from the end, in the manner of a common trumpet. The mouth-piece of each was wanting, and it is evident that they had also another joint. The diame-

ter of the tube at the upper end was one inch and a quarter—at the lower, three inches. Their entire length was nearly four feet. Doctor Burney was of opinion that these might have been a kind of musical trumpet.



Our next wood cut represents a trumpet of a different construction from any of the preceding, and of greater elegance of form and workmanship. It was found with three others of the same description, in boggy land on the borders of Lough-na-shade, near Armagh, the property of Robert Pooler, of Tyross, Esq. They were all of nearly the same size, form, and structure, and consisted of two joints forming a semicircular sweep of about six feet. The diameter of the tube at the small end was one inch, and at the larger end three inches and three-fourths. No solder had been used in their construction, yet they were perfectly air tight; for the edges of the plate of which each was formed, had been very neatly and very ingeniously rivetted to a thin strap of brass, placed directly under the joints, and extending the whole length of the instrument. At the lower end of the tube here was a circular plate, seven inches and a half in diameter, and elegantly ornamented with the graver. One of these curious trumpets was presented by Mr. Pooler to Lieut. General Alexander Campbell, and by him removed to Scotland. The second was given to Colonel Hall, of Armagh. The third was purloined; the fourth, and most imperfect of the whole, is the one now in the possession of Mr. Pooler.



Two similar trumpets to those above described were found near Bush mills, County of Antrim, in the summer of 1827, and sent to England as a present to the late Dr. Clarke; and we are informed by Dr. Stewart, in his valuable history of Armagh, that a much finer instrument of this kind was found in a peat moss, in the town-land of Arbrin, county of Down, about the year 1800, by a Mr. Joseph Martin. The two joints of this trumpet, when placed together, formed an almost semicircular curve, eight feet four inches in sweep. The diameter of the smaller tube was uniformly the same from beginning to end, viz. three fourths of an inch; the greater tube was three fourths of an inch at the smaller, and, at the larger extremity, three inches and five-eighths. This trumpet, Dr. Stewart remarks, was so perfectly air-tight that when the person who found it applied the larger tube to his mouth, and blew strongly into it, the gong-like noise which it produced attracted the attention of many of the people who resided in the adjacent townlands. In like manner, the late Arthur Brown, senior fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, observes of one of the trumpets found near Armagh, that, having been sounded by a trumpeter belonging to the 23d regiment of dragoons, it produced, as he was informed, a tremendous sound, which could be heard for miles. These descriptions well agree with the accounts, left us by ancient writers, of the trumpets of the Gauls and Celts. "They have amongst them (says Diodorus Sic. V, 30, speaking of the Gauls)

trumpets peculiar as well to themselves as to other nations; these, by inflation emit an hoarse sound, well suited to the din of battle." And Polybius (Lib. 2.) says, "and the parade and the tumult of the army of the Celts terrified the Romans; for there was amongst them an infinite number of horns and trumpets, which, with the shouts of the whole army in concert, made a clamour so terrible and so loud, that every surrounding echo was awakened, and all the adjacent country seemed to join in the horrible din." (See also Livy, Lib. 5. 34.)

These passages point with much greater certainty to the sources whence our trumpets have been derived, than the conjectures of those who give them a Danish origin in our island. That the warlike nations of the North may have used horns or trumpets in battle is by no means unlikely, though we do not find mention of them in their poems, but there is no evidence of their having had the skill in the compounding of metals, or the taste in workmanship, which the Irish trumpets exhibit. Besides, we have direct historic evidence of the use of bronze trumpets in Ireland for centuries before their arrival in it. The horn or trumpet of St. Patrick, which was carried into Wales, is described by Cambrensis, in his Itinerary, p. 824, who expressly says, that it was of bronze,—*non aureo quidem sed æneo*; and we know that St. Patrick's workers in metals were not foreigners, but Irishmen. This horn was deemed sacred, and it is not improbable that such had

been previously in use among the pagan Irish priests, as Vallancey and others state. We know, that amongst the Hebrews the horn was used in religious ceremonies. It was the office of the sons of Heman, the Levite, "to lift up the horn." Chr. I, ch. 25, v. 5. The origin of our trumpets might, with much greater rationality, be attributed to the Romans, for their *Lituus*, as engraved in Montfaucon's antiquities, appears to have been exactly similar to the trumpet above; and an instrument of this kind, supposed to have been Roman, has been found near Battle, in Sussex, a plate of which was given to the public by Grose, in his 'Treatise on ancient armour. But the Romans had no connection with Ireland, and it is most probable that they and the Irish derived their trumpets from a common Celtic source.

P.

ON DRAM-DRINKING.

By MARTIN DOYLE, Author of "Hints to Small Farmers," &c. &c.

Of all the pernicious habits to which the working classes of the British Islands are addicted, there is not one more injurious in its effects than that of indulgence in the use of ardent spirits.

I shall not enter into a calculation of the astounding number of gallons of liquid poison sold in England, under the name of gin, nor of the no less enormous quantity of whiskey vended in Scotland and in our own country; nor shall I stop to grumble against our Government for the encouragement which they afford to the demoralizing consumption of spirituous drink, farther than to *hint* that, if ever I shall become Chancellor of the Exchequer (and more unlikely things have happened within the last two or three years), I shall act upon my present conviction, that the best mode of arresting the fatal propensity for dram-drinking, is by taxing the materials of it so highly, and by reducing the number of poison-venders so effectually, as to place the means and the multiplied temptations to excess beyond the reach of those who abuse the existing facilities to their own destruction. I admit that there are difficulties in the way of taxations and prohibitions which I would impose; and these I will fairly consider and argue with my Lord Althorp, whenever we may be face to face (though on opposite sides) in the Hall of St. Stephens—such as, smuggling, illicit distillation, and injury to barley growers; but the difficulties are not insuperable.

The system at present pursued by the legislature is to raise a revenue without any regard to moral consequences, as if its amount, however great, could counterbalance the misery which results from the encouragement of a national vice, degrading in its nature and ruinous to countless multitudes; as if the temporary advantage of a few millions of money to the exchequer can compensate for the broken health, ruined happiness, abandoned industry, and annihilated properties and morals of millions of men, to say nothing of the eternal ruin of the immortal soul.

Alas! the baneful effects of drunkenness are but too obvious. The impoverished families which occupy our towns and villages, are sad examples of this contagious and destructive vice. In every street and lane, at every cross-road, the spirit-shop is to be found. Magistrates grant licenses without scruple or investigation. Every where temptation to his besetting sin assails the drunkard; even in the grocer's shop the ready dram of adulterated and deleterious spirit is openly presented, or stealthily dealt out behind a sugar hogshead surmounted with a pair of tea-chests, as if the other temples of Satan were not sufficiently multiplied for the misery of men.

The cottage, or the lodging room, bears testimony to the degraded character of the occupant: dirty and noisome children in filthiness and rags—seldom or never subjected to the influence of soap and water—rarely sent to school or to their place of religious worship, either because their clothes (if any) are in pawn, or from the total recklessness of the wretched parent, in whose bosom every feeling of conjugal or paternal love is extinguished. He, insensible to the pride of self-respect and honest independence, has not feeling to prefer the happiness of his wife and children to the gratification of his depraved and abominable passion.

The petty pawnbrokers office is a sad nuisance to the community. It is well known that the articles of the poor are in most instances, pledged for liquor; cloaks, gowns, petticoats, aprons, blankets, things essential to their use or comfort, are consigned in pledge, by mothers of families, for sums varying from 3d. to 1s. 6d., and seldom exceeding the latter amount. Those articles which are chiefly in requisition are quickly, nay, daily redeemed; and thus the blanket is made

"A double debt to pay,
Warmth by night, and whiskey by the day."

To give a notion of the prodigiously disproportioned ratio between the sum lent and the interest paid by the wretched borrower, Mr. Chadwick, of London, in his able report to the poor-law commissioners, has furnished an accurate calculation.

In such cases, the cost of drunkenness is incalculable. The distiller's trade and the publican's vocation are now the most thriving; the infirmities of their fellow creatures become the occasions of their unhallowed profits; and the legislature encourages the moral ruin of our people, with an indifference at which every sober and reflecting person shudders.

When I was young, (a pretty considerable time ago), ardent spirits, comparatively with their present consumption, were used in very small quantities; beer and porter were the general beverage of the lower orders, and the worst effect which resulted from stowing in malt liquor by the gallon was stupefaction or sickness; the brain was not stimulated as it is by the alcohol of whiskey; ferocity of temper, diseased liver, and consumption, were not the general diseases of that day. The moderate drinker had (and still has in England, where ale and beer are consumed) a robust and healthy appearance. The habitual dram-drinker is always an emaciated, sallow creature, indicating, by his very aspect, the poison within; his lips are livid, his breath pestiferous, his eyes dim, his hand trembling, and his nose tipped with blue; he has no appetite for wholesome food, fails in his strength, and prematurely dies.

Unhappily, the taste, in this country, for ardent spirits has become so general that brewers will find great difficulty in recalling or exciting a desire for malt liquor. If, however, spirited individuals or companies would make the experiment of giving such beer as England and Wales, and a few places in Ireland, afford, aided by legislative interference, they might effect much change in the national taste. The habit of fuddling malt liquor is, however, to be guarded against, especially by those who are not hard workers, just as much as any other abuse of the good things which are provided for us.

But to return to the subject of *dram-drinking*, with which we are most familiarized, in this our whiskey-tipping isle. I shall state a few cases of the deplorable effects of it, which have occurred in my own neighbourhood.

The first is that of a regularly bred attorney, who once ranked as a gentleman (not merely by law, but by character); he became an abandoned drinker. By comparison, all our other drunkards were sober men. His clothes (for his relatives, from shame-sake, were obliged to supply them to him occasionally) were regularly either besmeared with mud, from his rolling in the streets, or torn to ribbons in his furious fits, within two or three days from the time of his first receiving them. The boys of the town, in mischief, following him, through the streets, to irritate and excite him, provoked a feeble and unavailing retaliation. Females fled at his approach, for his besotted faculties were void of even the slightest sense of the decencies required by civilized life. When the stupor of each fit was over, should he experience any sensations of hunger, he would eat if a compassionate hand set food before him; but no prudential considerations seemed to warn him that he might want a meal again. On receiving his monthly remittance from his friends, who had sent him to my neighbourhood to avoid the scandal of his presence, it was lavishly poured into the till of some favourite dram-shop, without stop or stint, to supply the demands of his own diseased stomach, or to satisfy the absorbing powers of the drunken and degraded companions in his brutalizing extravagance. Often and often has he been raised up, bruised

and bleeding, from the floor of the shop or the pavement of the street, after having fallen from excess of drunkenness, while a thrill of horror seemed to affect the pitying bystanders. He died, half-mad, half drunk, leaving, alas! a world of merciful probation for one of awful retribution.

The second case to which I shall refer is that of a man in humbler life, highly estimable in his character when not under the influence of whiskey. Altogether he is an example of every thing excellent in morals; every body respects and loves him during those lucid intervals. But if he *taste* a single glass, or even spoonful, of spirits, he finds the desire irresistible, and yielding to the influence, goes on, perhaps, for ten days in succession, swallowing drams by wholesale, unless a sentry be placed over him. Sometimes, when he feels the fit coming on, knowing, by woful experience, that he will not have strength of himself to restrain this overwhelming passion, he authorises a friend to lock him up within his bed-room, to put the key in his pocket, and prevent, by every means, the ingress of the maddening liquor, even should he make every effort to obtain it. This mania goes off by great watchfulness on the part of his friends, and he may be trusted to walk about and pursue his business, which, when recovered, he discharges with extreme regularity and propriety. He has lost one or two respectable employments, in consequence of this besetting sin, to the regret of those who were, from respect to their character, compelled to part with him, and who still estimate the general excellence of his temper and mind. No man feels more acutely his temporary aberrations than he himself does; and yet, if he put his lips to a glass of whiskey, or even smell it, notwithstanding the calamitous consequences which he knows will follow, he is unable to resist. If debarred from spirits on such occasions, he will reason collectedly, and yet make every attempt to indulge the destructive gratification—he cannot abstain, even if the world depended on his resolution. When he is awaking from one of his protracted debauches, his feelings and sensations of body and mind are truly horrifying; he cries like a child, laments his insatiation, prays against it, acknowledges his unworthiness in the sight of God and men, is tormented with visions and various hallucinations of his brain, excited, as it has been, almost to a degree of madness by the powerful potations of ardent spirits, which he has taken during the fit, and, at length, slowly recovers his powers. I have never met any individual who presents such indisputable proof, that in some cases of peculiar constitution and temperament, *total abstinence* from stimulating drink must be resolved on.

It has happened to me to have observed many varieties of this mania, all terminating badly.

An English gentleman, dedicated the greater part of the day to the cultivation of a very pretty garden, in which, however, he never remained more than half an hour at a time. The frequent interruptions, and as frequent recurrences, to his gardening pursuits were not without an incentive. His sitting room communicated with the scene of his labour and amusement by a small vestibule, on a shelf in which was placed a large tumbler. A *clever* and attentive housekeeper gained his warm heart by a strict attention to the state of this tumbler. They never met (there is no scandal in the case), but in all his visits to the garden, and in all his visits from his fascinating culture, *he* never found the tumbler *empty*, and *she* never found it *full*. Her stores of cunning and spirits were always ready to remedy this defect; and thus an *amiable* and *disinterested* attention was, as it were, by magic, offered and received. The labours of the garden went uniformly forward, and without any opportunity for envious remark. Our gardener comes into dinner, after which he limits himself to one bottle of wine and three tumblers of brandy and water, unless when he entertains his friends, which he does in the true spirit of hospitality. His evenings are sometimes passed abroad; he drops in for a *cup of tea*, but no sooner does the tea-urn appear than he asks for a tumbler and a *little* brandy; and, whether he plays backgammon or drafts, his skill is kept in vigour by repeated tumblers. He is the last to retire, which at a late hour he does, and on arriving in his room, is sure to find something *comfortable* at his bed side to make him sleep. It was said to him, by a friend, "Mr. R—, I was taking your part last night. It was as-

serted, in company that you went to bed every night drunk." "I thank you very much. It was a confounded lie. No, no; I never go to bed *drunk*, but I confess that I seldom go to bed *sober*." This poor gentleman is now no more; he descended to the grave, not with the hoary honors of a ripened old age, but prematurely, with injured fortune and shattered constitution, leaving behind him little better than an example to be shunned.

The last case which I shall adduce is that of an apothecary (not one of the self-dubbed *esquires* who flourished in print some time ago, on an occasion of which I forget the particulars), a simple unassuming man, who filled the situation of assistant-apothecary to a public institution. His attendance upon the physicians of the establishment referred to, and observation of their treatment of diseases, led him to acquire a considerable fund of medical knowledge, and though he had no reasonable prospect of obtaining any medical degree, that he could not,

"With grand diploma, practice legal slaughter,
Despatch with drugs, or boil you in salt water."

He had, as I have already stated, a *pretty considerable* smattering of skill—at all events, he had an imposing and dismal phiz.

"A son of medicine, grave as grave can be,
Laughed in his sleeve, while pocketing the fee,
By learned jargon proved his skill so good,
And talked right well, because not understood."

But the story is a sad one, and now that I have had my bit of fun with the doctors, I must be serious.

By degrees, many families of his own class of life—a very humble one certainly—when attacked by sickness, availed themselves of his skill and experience, and sometimes added celebrity to his name and character, by recovering, as they frequently did, under his care. B—'s income was rising in proportion to his fame, and the fixed salary which he received at the hospital became, in his consideration, rather as a secondary addition to his general receipts, than the principal means of his support. His wife, who had married him at a time when his prospects were less encouraging, was frequently congratulated by her friends on her lucky hit; and to her fine promising children the elevation of a step or two in the scale of rank, beyond that of their parents, was prophesied. Their education was not disregarded, and their persons exhibited all that creditable neatness which is usually found in families of good means and respectable character. The sun of prosperity was now shining full on this happy family, when a dismal cloud overcast it for ever. The love of *dram-drinking* seized the unhappy B—; and, from that moment, he ceased to prosper, and darkness hung over his dwelling. His wife and children gradually sunk into hopeless want and neglect. As the force of intoxication gained upon the unresisting drunkard, every article of the furniture of his own neat and comfortable dwelling went, in rapid succession, to the pawn-office, and then his clothes—even those of his little ones and his wife soon followed; and there seemed to be a mournful contest between himself, his partner, and his children, who should manifest the most striking contrast to that decency of apparel, for which a short time before they had been so remarkable. B—, himself, sunk into deserved contempt and detestation even with the companions of his revelling; and his suffering family, who had excited the envy of those below them, now found that they had fallen too far for any other feeling than pity.

B— was of course dismissed by the board under which he had acted; confidence was withdrawn from him; none would commit life or limb to the care of a confirmed drunkard; and now, while the walls of a roofless garret witnessed the tears and misery of his starving little ones, who, unlike the poet's happy and endearing group,

"That climbed the knee, the envied kiss to share,"

shuddered at his approach, and trembled at his touch, this wretched man reels unconsciously through the streets in front of those houses in which his medical advice was once received with respect, desperately bent, as it would seem, on the unnatural termination of a life which Providence had employed as the instrument of preserving that of others.

RUINS OF BANNOW.

The following description of the ancient town of Bannow, in the county of Wexford, a short notice of which was in our last number, is from the pen of the Rev. Robert Walsh, and will be found interesting, as being more ample in its details than the communication of M. O'R. Mr. Walsh states, that, in the summer of 1826, he took up his residence at the house of a friend in the neighbourhood. He then proceeds to relate his visit to the town of Bannow, which, he says, is justly denominated the Irish Herclaneum.

"As this was in the more immediate vicinity of his house, my kind host accompanied me. We proceeded to the mouth of the harbour, and entered, over a stile, into a large enclosure, having the remains of a dilapidated church in the centre. The ground was a low eminence of sand, partly covered with a scanty vegetation, on which some sheep and goats were feeding. It was every where undulated with hillocks, between which were long straight depressions, having an appearance more formal and regular than is usually seen among sand-hills. Rising from these was a square mass of solid masonry, about seven feet high, which, with the exception of the ruined church walls, was the only appearance of the work of man visible around us. After looking about here for some time, I proposed to my friend to proceed to the town of Bannow, when he astonished me by saying, "You are now in the High-street, in the midst of it." In effect so I was. The sands of the shore had risen, and swallowed it up as effectually as the ashes and lava of Mount Vesuvius could have done. The hillocks were the houses—the straight depressions were the streets—the dilapidated walls, half-covered, were the high parish church—and the square tube of masonry was the massive chimney of the town-house, peeping above the soil, while the rest of the edifice was buried under it.

On more closely inspecting these remains, it was easy to trace the plan of the town, which consisted of several wide streets, crossing one another, and extending generally eighty or a hundred yards before the traces were lost. One of them ran down into the sea at the mouth of the harbour. We followed its traces, and there found what appeared to have been a fine quay at the edge of the water, the remains of which were nearly two hundred yards in length; and higher up was the foundation of a very extensive edifice, evidently some public building. As it was clear that here had existed a large and important town, it was greatly my wish to excavate some part of it, in search of antiquities; and a gentleman of the vicinity, who seemed as zealous as myself, promised to assist me with fifty men. He did not keep his word, however, and I only made such discoveries as were possible by my own personal exertions. I cut across one of the hollow-ways, and ascertained it was paved beneath the soil, and so had been a street. I dug into one of the mounds, and came to the foundations of walls of masonry, and so was convinced they had been houses. I visited the church, and saw it was a very ancient structure. The windows were not the pointed Gothic, such as were subsequently introduced by the Normans; but Saxon, similar to those of Cormac's Chapel, at Cashel, and in that style of architecture known to have existed in Ireland long before the invasion. I examined the inside, and found it filled with sculptured ornaments, as remarkable for their antiquity as their beauty. Among them was a stone coffin, or kistvaen, in the cavity of which was a receptacle for the head and shoulders of the man. Beside it, was a baptismal font of very antique sculpture in relief. In fact, the whole appearance of the place—the impression that we were standing over a once populous city, which yet remained almost entire, with all its busy inhabitants, it might be, buried under our feet, gave to its present silence and solitude an interest greater, perhaps, than is attached to any other remains in the united kingdom.

To inquire into its history, and ascertain what was known of its former state was my next care. It appears to have existed as a place of some note at the time of the invasion, and is mentioned both by native and foreign historians. Among the native historians who mentioned it is Maurice Regan; he calls it Bann. When the Anglo-Normans landed, Regan was secretary to Dermot (Mac

Murrough), and was an actor in, and eye-witness of the events of the invasion. His work is exceedingly valuable as a document, and curious as a composition. It was written originally in Irish, but translated into French verse by some Norman of his acquaintance. His details are graphic, and his heroes make speeches; so that you become acquainted with events and persons, as with those described by Homer. Sir James Ware says, the name, "Bannow," signifies "auspicious;" and it induced the Anglo-Normans to land in its vicinity, as an omen of good success. In the Irish Annals of Innisfallen, it is called, "the Bay of the Pig," from the multitude of these animals reared there by the Irish, a peculiarity for which the neighbouring county is still distinguished, where they are attended with the greatest care, and increase to an enormous size. It was situated at the mouth of a large inlet of the sea, in the barony of Bargie, about twenty-four miles south of Wexford. The bay was formerly entered by two deep channels, as appears by a map in the Down Survey, in the Record Office, Dublin; and, from its favourable situation for trade, attained much prosperity. From the quit-rent rolls which I examined at Wexford, it contained, among others, the following streets: viz. High-street, Weaver-street, St. George-street, Upper-street, St. Toolock's-street, St. Mary's-street, St. Ivory-street, Lady-street, Little-street, &c.. Fair slated houses, horse-mills, gardens, and other indications of a prosperous place, are also mentioned as paying quit rent.

It had, moreover, a royal charter of incorporation, and sent two members to the Irish Parliament, who were elected by the burgesses or citizens of the town. This last indication of its prosperity continued up to the time of the Union. My friend, himself, remembered when notice for the election was issued. It was posted on the solitary chimney, as the only representative of the houses of the town. The burgesses were supposed to assemble round it; the members were put into nomination by Lord Ely, and so the forms of election were regularly gone through, and, for a series of years, two representatives were returned to Parliament from one chimney.

It is not known at what precise time the submersion of this city by the sands took place; but the process by which it was destroyed is still going on in its vicinity. Before it lies a very extensive tract of fine sand, which is continually shifting and changing its place and form. I watched its progress as it rose in little columns, like the sand-pillars of African deserts on a small scale. It was driven about by the slightest wind in currents and eddies; whenever it met an obstruction it formed round it as a nucleus, and, in the course of a few hours materially altered the appearance of any particular spot. Not only the town, but the whole harbour has undergone an extraordinary mutation from this cause. So late as the period of the Down Survey, in 1657, in the map of this district, which I examined, the island of Slade lay opposite to the site of the town, separated from it by a broad channel; and it appears, from other authorities, that directions were given to mariners how to steer up this channel so as to clear some rocks which lay in the middle of it. There is now no island of Slade, nor navigable channel; the whole was filled up by that process which covered the city. The dangerous rocks are high and dry at a considerable distance inland, and a firm road, over which I passed in a carriage, with several heavy carts, now runs across the harbour.

Puppibus illa prius, patulis nunc hospita plaustriis.

The Public are respectfully informed that the DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL will, after the present Number, pass into the hands of a new Editor and Proprietor, who will carry it on with energy and talent. The Conductors in taking leave of their numerous friends, beg to express their warmest feelings of gratitude, for the kind assistance and cheering approbation they have received during the progress of their efforts to establish a useful and national publication.

DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by P. DIXON HARDY, 3, Cecilia-street.

Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In Liverpool by Willmer and Smith; in Manchester by Wheeler, in Birmingham by Drake; in Edinburgh by R. Grant and Son; in Glasgow by Niven, Jun. and in London by Joseph Robins, Bride Court, Fleet-street.

DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 57, Vol. II.

P. DIXON HARDY, 3, CECILIA STREET.

August 3, 1833.

TO OUR READERS.

From the concluding paragraph of the last number of this little publication, its readers will be aware that it is now in the hands of a new Editor and Proprietor; and they will naturally expect that in the present number something should be said relative to its future management. "DEEDS not WORDS," has ever been the motto of its Conductor; and he will therefore merely say that it is his intention to give his readers good value for their money—that the DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL shall not be a mere "catchpenny," depending upon the number and excellence of its woodcuts for extensive circulation; but containing, as he considers a publication of the kind should do, such a variety of interesting and useful matter as shall render it really valuable. Having fallen into his hands rather unexpectedly, it will be readily seen that it would be impossible for him all at once to carry his intentions into effect; but he trusts the readers of the Journal will be able to perceive, by a gradual improvement in each succeeding number, that he is making every exertion to render it worthy of that patronage which, it is only fair to expect, should be bestowed upon a useful national undertaking.

It is certainly rather discreditable to the national character of our country, that while so many periodicals are maintained with spirit and liberality in the sister island, in Ireland it has hitherto been found almost impossible to support a magazine or periodical of any description for any lengthened period: while in many instances it must be confessed, that this premature decay has not arisen from any deficiency of native genius or talent. Indeed, the simple fact, well known to most literary men, that a great proportion of the writers in the English and Scotch periodicals are Irishmen, is in itself proof positive on this point—that if encouragement were given to Irish publications, they would not be found inferior to works published elsewhere. From the progress of education among the lower orders of our people, it is now absolutely necessary to supply them with some cheap medium of information on the various subjects with which they should be acquainted. And what could be better suited to the purpose than such a work as the present? One thing is certain, that until the better orders of society see it their duty to foster and encourage the domestic literature of their country, no great hope can be entertained of elevating the peasantry to that standard in the scale of social and domestic life to which our neighbours on the other side of the channel have raised themselves. Why is it, for instance, that when a gentleman in this country requires a steward or a gardener, we find him advertising for a Scotchman or an Englishman—simply because, in England or Scotland the humbler classes, being better informed, see the necessity of having their children regularly trained to the various professions and pursuits in which they purpose employing them through life; and for the very same reason, in almost every trade we find individuals giving the preference to those who are natives not

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of this country. It may be thought that it is assuming too much for our little periodical to say that it would have any effect in remedying this evil. But we shall let it speak for itself. We know the wants and the capabilities of our countrymen, and it shall be our great object to endeavour to instruct while we amuse and gratify; and thus we do hope to be able to excite a thirst for information even beyond that which our pages might be able to supply.

That the Volume of the Dublin Penny Journal which has been published is highly creditable to its Editors and Publisher, few will deny; and we feel that in any other country their exertions would have been met by corresponding encouragement on the part of the people. The work is decidedly a national one, and one which might be rendered of great national importance, considering the present state of the country, which in an intellectual point of view is centuries behind the neighbouring lands, having an overgrown population uncultivated and untaught. Unhappily, however, with all the talk we hear about "our own, our native land," it must be confessed that there exists here very little of that *AMOR PATRIÆ* which we witness in other countries. Nor can a stronger evidence of this be given than in the circumstance, that with all that has been done to bring forward the beauties and the antiquities of Ireland in the Dublin Penny Journal, and to render it a really creditable publication, it has not been supported as it should have been. In future, therefore, while the antiquities of the country will not be neglected, the work shall exhibit a more general character in the subjects of its contents. It is thus hoped that the work will be more generally read and supported by the public at large; and we do fondly anticipate that those who are really anxious to see industry flourishing and talent supported in this land, will in future give their countenance and lend their support to a publication brought out in the Irish metropolis, and which affords constant employment to a number of individuals, artists and mechanics, several of whom would otherwise be obliged to seek for support in another clime.

Literary contributions and drawings suited to the work are respectfully solicited.

POPULAR LEGENDS OF THE SOUTH.—No. VI.
THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN OF
SHANACLOCH.

It was one of those wild nights which frequently visit us in the month of December, when the floodgates of heaven pour their torrents, the winds rush angrily through the heavens, and the lightnings glance along the air, that a social and happy circle formed round the hospitable hearth of Tom Cahil, of Shanacloch. Though the rafters cracked in the weight of the savage wind, and the lofty ash trees, that rose amid the ruins of the adjacent castle, groaned to the elemental war, and the echoes of the neighbouring cliffs bore to our ear the hollow roaring of the foaming Bride, yet happy in the contemplation of our exemption from the storm, and enlivened by the much-loved strains of Jack Piggot, the purblind piper, we turned a deaf ear to nature's

E

ba bñd gair çajlle lojnce
Im Rat fjaçac mje Mojnçe.

"This great *Rath* on which I am,
Where there is a spring under a glittering an;
Sweet the warbling of the blackbird
About the *Rath* of Fiach, the son of Monca."

Knock Raffan is situated on the river Suire, in the County of Tipperary; it was the royal seat of the Kings of Eoganacht Raffan, and afterwards the estate of the O'Sullivans. A very remarkable moat remains there to this day.

Keating, in the reign of Cormac Mac Art, says, that Fiacha Muilleathan held his residence at *Rath* Rath-fonn.

Ledwich (2d Ed. pp. 277, 278.) says, that *Rath* is a Teutonic word, not *Irish*, and that all these earthen forts were constructed by the Danes.

To show that Ledwich is mistaken in his view of Irish forts, I shall set down a few authorities which prove that *Rath* is an *Irish* word, and that the Irish, or Gaoidil, had constructed *Raths* before the Danes made any descent upon their island.

Adamnan, Abbot of Hy, who was born in 624,* translates *Rath-mor*, a *Rath* situated on a hill in the island of Hy, into the Latin *Munitio Magna*.—Adamnan, *Vita Columbæ*, Lib. II. c. 4.—O'Donnell, *Vita Columbæ*, Lib. II. c. 6.

This shows that *Rath* is an *Irish* word, and that it was used before the time of the Danes. I know, however, that if this passage were pointed out to Ledwich, he would sooner deny the authenticity of Adamnan's work, than give up his favourite theory.

The following quotation from the Book of Armagh, an undoubted MS. of the 7th century, should convince any rational inquirer, that the ancient Irish had constructed *Raths* before the invasion of the Danes.

"Alia vero vice Sanctus requiescens Patricius in die Dominica Suprà mare juxta Salseginem quod est ad aquilonalem plagam a collo Bovis [Drumboe] distans non magno vice spatio audit sonum intemperatum gentilium in die Dominica laborantium facientium *Rathi*," &c.—Betham's *Antiquarian Researches*, Vol. II. Appendix, p. xi.

Cormac, in this Glossary, explains *Rath*, by *Baile*, which is generally translated, a *Town*; (*Oppidum*, by Usher *Primordia*, p. 861,) but it can be proved that *Baile*, signified also, "a military station,†" and the mansion seat of an *Irish* chieftain.

The Tripartite Life of St. Patrick, quoted by Primate Ussher, *Primordia*, p. 844, says, that St. Patrick set out from Inver Dea, to a certain castle near the sea, called *Raith-Inbheir*—"ad quoddam Castellum prope mare positum nomine *Raith-inbheir*."

The Tripartite Life of St. Patrick, published by Colgan, (Tr. Th. p. 182,) states, that the apostle of Ireland founded a church at *RATHmuadhain*, (now *Rathmoane*, in the County of Antrim.)

Keating, speaking of the *Rath* of Croghan, has the following curious words:—

"Do tjoñrgnað añ rjn an Rat lejr an u-Çam-anrujð o jorñur domnañ azur do rjneadañ clojðe na rata rjn Eocada j n-aon lo. Do rjnead forñgñjom jai rjn jñte."

* Zejn Admnañ Ab h-je.—Annals of Tighernach, A.D. 624, and *Chronicon Scotorum*.

† A.D. 1652. Sluaž le h-ua nDomnañ co Rata mje ujlðjn dañ gabað lejr Innre an loçajn ajñ a rjað çajrlean çnann azur dañgean majð gğ mac ujdñn, azur O'Domañll d'fáğbañl an Oajle rjn, jai na gabañl, ac O'Cañajñ.

O'Donnell made an incursion into the Routej M'Quillan's territory, and took the Loughan island, on which M'Quillan had a 'castle of wood' and a good fastness. O'Donnell, after having taken this *Baile*, (military post,) gave it up to O'Cahan."

"The *Rath* was then commenced by the Gamanradians of Errus Domnan, and they made the mound of this *Rath* of Eochy, in one day. A mansion afterwards was erected within it."

At the beginning of a fragment of the Brehon Laws, formerly in the possession of Sir John Seabright, Bart., but now in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, is the following remark in the hand-writing of Thaddæus Roddy, a gentleman well skilled in the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and a profound *Irish* Scholar.

"As for the forts" (being) "called *Danes' Forts*, it is a vulgar error; for these forts called *Raths*, were entrenchments made by the *Irish* about their houses, for we had no stone houses in Ireland till after St. Patrick's coming, A. Christi, 432, the fifth of the reign of Laogary Mac Neill, and then we began to build churches of stone; so that all our kings, gentry, &c. had such *Raths* about their houses; witness, *Tarah Rath*, where the Kings of Ireland lived, *Rath Cregan*," &c.

Tigernach, a historian whose veracity Ledwich never questions, makes mention of several *Raths* before the Danes:—

"A. D. 161. ðneayal mac ðrjuñ regnat a n-Çamajñ annis xix. qui loch lojgh subintravit, cujus conjux Moñ (aben rjñ) abbath dja çumajž a quo nominatur Rjaç moñ Mujže lñe."

"Breasal, the son of Brian, reigns in Emania, nineteen years; when he was drowned in Loch Laighe, (Larne Lough,) whose spouse, Mora, died of grief for his death. From her *Ratmór*, in Moylinny, is named.

This *Rath* was situated in the Parish of Antrim, County of Antrim, and was burned by Lord Edward Bruce, A.D. 1315:—

"Ro lojg rath moñ Mujže lñe."

"He burned *Rath-mor* of Moylinny."

Annals Four Masters, ad. ann. 1315.

Beaufort says, that *Rath-mor Muighe lñe*, is the present Coleraine, which shows how little he was acquainted with *Irish* topography, or with the sources from which genuine information on the subject can be obtained.

Ledwich is clearly wrong when he asserts that all these *Raths* were constructed by the Danes; giving us, without proof or authority, his own conjectures for the Antiquities of Ireland, with which, as being ignorant of the language, he was unqualified to meddle.

To return to Cormac:—

Under the word *æğabail*, which is a Law term and means *Re-taking*, he refers to the *Seanchus Mór* as his authority:—

"Leğð an rēñçar mār," "read the *Seanchus mor*."

"Aunayc .j. naye aue .j. oñ-naye no ðjnd jm cluayajb na naeçlann."

Aunasc, i. e. *nasc aue*, (an ear-ring or chain,) i. e. a golden *nase*, which the nobility wear in their ears.

J. O'DONOVAN.

SIMPLE SCIENCE.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY—CHEMISTRY, &c.

As it is our intention, from time to time, to treat on subjects which will at once afford information and amusement to a large portion of our readers—on subjects, with which in fact, all should be acquainted—in order to render intelligible to all the observations we may have occasion to make, we have deemed it necessary to give the following general definition of such terms as may be likely to occur; and we feel assured that those of our readers who may already be well informed upon these subjects, will see the propriety of our thus commencing at first principles—when they recollect for a moment, the very general ignorance which prevails in many classes of the community, concerning even such commonplace concerns as the air we breathe—the gases by which we are surrounded—or the formation of the simplest substances

which meet our view as we walk the streets or stroll into the fields.

What is a gas?

It is an invisible and elastic fluid, consisting of caloric united with one or more substances, which it may be considered as holding in solution. The atmosphere which we breathe is a gas.

What is oxygen? What is nitrogen, or azote? What is hydrogen?

We have not found any of them in a palpable or visible form. We find them only combined with other matters, and cannot say precisely what any of them is alone.

What is oxygen gas?

A combination of oxygen with caloric; or, perhaps, I might describe it as oxygen dissolved in caloric, and invisible in its transparent fluid, as sugar dissolved in water is in it. To dissolve a body seems to be to separate it into particles so small, that not one of them is visible.

What is atmospheric air?

A combination of oxygen, nitrogen (or azote), and caloric; or a solution of both those substances in caloric, as sugar and salt might be dissolved in the same water.

What is an acid?

An acid is the union of oxygen with some substance. Thus sulphur and oxygen form the sulphurous, or the sulphuric, acid; oxygen and carbon form the carbonic acid.

What form does carbonic acid appear in—is it in a liquid form?

Only in a gaseous form, (i. e. as a gas,) not as a liquid.

What is the vulgar name for carbonic acid gas, and where do we find it?

A *Fixed air* is the popular name of carbonic acid gas. It is what forms the bubbles in soda water, cider, porter, &c, when up.

What is the difference between acids ending in *ous*, and those ending in *ic*?

Acids whose names terminate in *ous* have less oxygen than is contained in those ending in *ic*. Thus sulphurous acid contains less oxygen than sulphuric acid does.

What is an oxide?

It is the union of oxygen with some one substance. The rust of iron, or of any other metal, is an oxide of such metal. Rust of iron is oxide of iron, being iron combined with oxygen.

Between an oxide and an acid there seems, then, to be a resemblance.

And so there is; for each consists of oxygen combined with some one substance.

What are the earths? and enumerate them.

They are oxides—i. e. combination of oxygen with some other substance. The substance is in general a metal. Therefore earths are in general metallic oxides, or rusts of metals. By depriving a metallic oxide of its oxygen, you would restore it to its metallic state; thus if you could take the oxygen from rust of iron, you would thereby make it iron again. What mixed with oxygen forms an oxide, is called the *base* of that oxide. About fifty-four parts out of one hundred of *silica* are oxygen.

What is a salt? and why must a salt consist of three substances?

An acid, combined either with an alkali, a metal, or an earth. Thus sulphuric acid and the earth *magnesia* constitute what is called *Epsom salts*, the proper name of which is *sulphate of magnesia*. Thus again, *muratic acid* combined with *soda* forms *muriate of soda*, or *common salt*. A salt must consist of, 1st, oxygen; 2d, whatever substance joined with oxygen forms the acid; 3d, whatever is joined with such acid.

How many *alkalis* are there?

Three:—*potash*, *soda*, and *ammonia*.

How are they distinguished?

Potash and *soda* are called *fixed alkalis*, from not being volatilized by a moderate heat. *Ammonia* is called the *volatile alkali*.

What are the two fixed alkalis, *potash* and *soda*?

Both discovered to be metallic oxides; the base of *potash* being a metal which resembles quicksilver, and which Sir H. Davy has named *potassium*. The metal which forms the basis of *soda* he calls *sodium*.

In what state is the *volatile alkali*, or *ammonia*? and what familiar example of it can be given?

When pure, it subsists only in a gaseous state. The pungent smell from *hartshorn* is produced by this gas, viz. —volatile alkali, or ammonia. It is plain, from its gaseous state, it could not be analysed as *potash* and *soda* have been.

What is the taste of the fixed alkalis?

Acrid, bitter, and nauseous, as you may have observed by tasting the solution of *soda*, which forms an ingredient of the saline draught.

What were the fixed alkalis, *potash* and *soda*, believed to be?

Simple substances.

How are the fixed alkalis distinguished from each other, and how obtained? and of what is *nauseous soda* the basis?

Potash is called the *VEGETABLE alkali*, and *soda* the *MINERAL alkali*. *Potash* is procured from the ashes of vegetable (burnt for the purpose) in general *not* growing contiguous to the sea. *Soda* is also the saline residue procured by the burning of plants growing on the sea shore, chiefly kelp. *Soda* is the basis of what we find so savoury and palatable, viz.—*common salt*. *Cunnamara* tenants pay their rent by burning kelp.

(To be continued.) 47

ON THE DEATH WATCH.

The power of superstition over the human mind has been, for a long series of years, gradually weakening; and since learning and philosophy have begun to spread their benign rays over our island, has, in many parts, almost disappeared. Still, however, it is a melancholy truth, that too many of the lower ranks of society, and some even of the higher, are but too credulous, even at this day, in believing many of the idle stories which were formerly invented by ignorance and superstition. Amongst these is the belief, which is still retained by many people, in what is vulgarly called the *Death Watch*. It is an undoubted fact, that many people, when waiting upon the sick, hear something resembling the beating of a watch, and which they frequently conclude is sent for a warning before the person's death. Nothing, however, is more certain than that, if they were to observe the same silence at other times, they would hear the beating equally distinct; but at that solemn hour, when we are anxiously waiting on the bed of sickness, we naturally observe the most profound silence; and hence it is, that amidst the stillness of the night, we generally hear the *Death Watch*. We shall, however, lay before the readers of the *Dublin Penny Journal* an account of the *insect*, that has for so many ages been the cause of so much alarm to the superstitious, from the best sources of information. The death watch is the vulgar name for what, in the science of zoology, is the *pediculus* of old wood, a species of the *termes*, belonging to the order *aptera*, and class of *insects* in the Linnean system. It is nearly the size of the common flea, and is not unlike a small beetle; the noise, resembling the beating of a watch, is made by the male or female when wooing each other. But there are two kinds of death-watches; of the first we have an excellent account in the *Philosophical Transactions*, by Mr. Allen. It is a small beetle, as said above, five-sixteenths of an inch long, of a dark-brown colour, spotted; having pellucid wings under the vagina, a large cap or helmet on the head, and two antennae proceeding from beneath the eyes. The part with which it beats, is the extreme edge of the face, which may be termed the upper lip, the mouth being protected by this long part, and lying underneath out of view. This account is confirmed by Mr. Derham, only the latter says, it beats with its forehead.

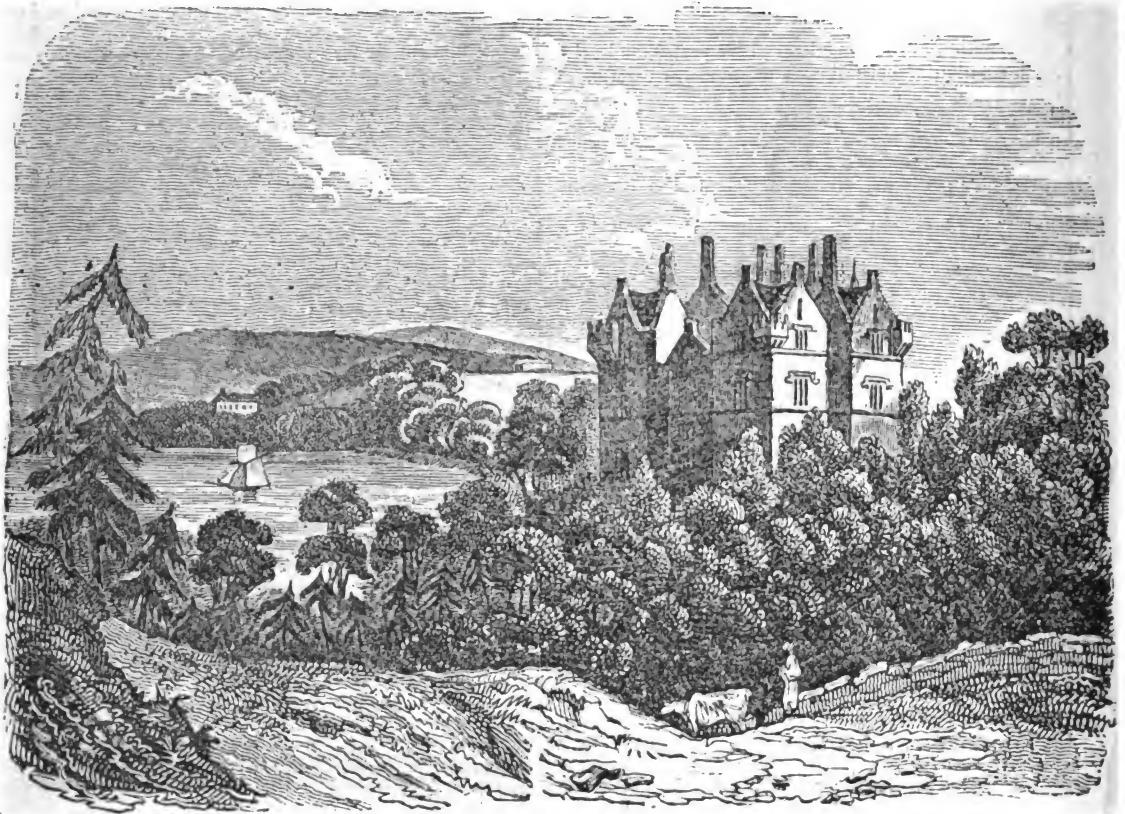
The author had two death watches, which he kept in a box, a male and female, and could bring one of them to beat, whenever he pleased, by imitating its beating.

The second kind of death watch is an insect, in appearance quite different from the former, and resembles a small louse, but very quick in its motions. The first only beats

state of confinement, where they cannot get at any calcareous earth, they lay their eggs without shells. It is also worthy of remark, that Phosphate of Lime is found in abundance in milk, this seems to indicate that nature thought fit to place in the first nourishment of animals a quantity of osseous matter, with a view to the necessary celerity and growth of the bones in the earliest stage of their lives, it is also remarkable that the nearer the female approaches to the period of parturition, the more is the milk charged with this calcareous phosphate, and it is not until the digestive organs of the infant are sufficiently strengthened to answer the purposes, and the work of animalization, that this earthy salt disappears from the milk of the mother, although phosphate of lime is found in the urine of adults, it is not evacuated by infants. A per-

son who eats a pound of the farina of wheat in the day, will swallow 3lb. 6ozs. 4drms. and 44grs. of phosphate of lime in the year. It is curious that the grain of wheat should contain phosphate of lime, while the straw which was not intended for our food, should only contain carbonate of lime. The more we know of the minutia of matter and of the laws by which it is governed, the greater occasion will we have to admire the excellence of contrivance, and the benevolence of the intention of the Omnipotent Artificer. Let the advocates of chance consider the aforesaid fact and say, if they can, that phosphate of lime is found in animal milk in consequence of fatality, and that it occurs by accident where it performs so important an office in the Animal Economy.

J. J.



Monkstown Castle, County of Cork.

MONKSTOWN CASTLE AND CHURCH.

NEAR CORK.

The parish and village of Monkstown in the county of Cork, and seven miles from the latter city, derive their value from a monastery of Benedictine monks, belonging to the priory of St. John's, Waterford, who laid the first foundation of their small residence in the fourteenth century, upon a grant of land made by the M'Carthy's to their parent establishment. Three or four of these cloistered inhabitants remained on the then wild and lonely hills of the parish. But from causes now concealed beneath the incessant flow of past years, but which we may conjecture from the traditions of the peasantry arose out of the solitude that surrounded them, the little Benedictine settlement was deserted, and soon became a ruin.

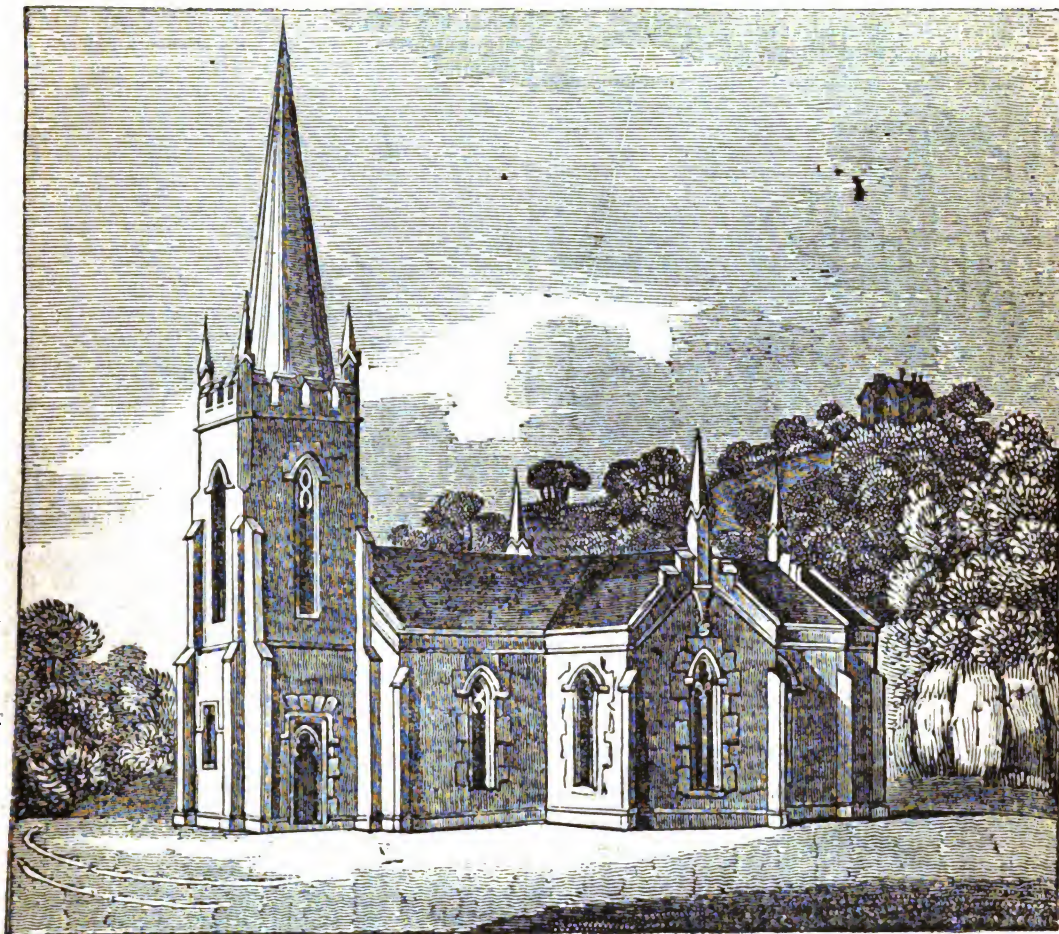
Its patronage and possession passed from Waterford to the monks of the original monastery in Bath; and some of their members, constrained by the missionary spirit, which, under every form of Christianity, has been so abundant, voluntarily left the magic land of England, to plant anew the symbols of their order in the crumbling monastery of Monkstown. They changed its site, by removing to the brow of the hill, immediately overlooking the sea, and a precipitous and romantic glen. Again,

after the changeful passage of some years, it became deserted and a ruin. Population in the mean time had increased. The hoary sanctity which attaches itself, and fondly lingers amid ancient religious edifices, however small their remains, had invited the surrounding inhabitants, by its peaceful character and retirement, to deposit near its walls the precious dust of their families and friends. The rough headstones, those rude memorials of affection, and not the less affecting because thus rude, and as affording only a record of the poverty and love of those who sleep beneath, or of those who placed them there, continued to increase.

In 1636, the Castle of Monkstown was erected by the Archdeacon family, who then held the estate. It is a large and gloomy pile of building, in good repair, possessing the half warlike, half peaceful style of architecture, corresponding with the unsettled civilization of those times. A traditionary legend affirms the cost of its erection to have amounted, under female arrangement, to FOURPENCE. The lady of the manor had assumed the reins of domestic government. She engaged the workmen at a fixed rate, and included as a stipulation that only from herself should they purchase their clothing and food. From her English friends she imported the necessary stores for their consumption; and charging them a

tolerably moderate advance on the original wholesale cost, for her kind and disinterested trouble, on balancing her accounts, she had only to debit herself with having expended fourpence on this dark and conspicuous monument of the country mansions of the age, and her own economy—the profits on the workmen's wages. During the residence of this family, the Benedictine walls were repaired, and converted into a chapel. But in the revolution under William, the Archdeacons were attainted,

the estate was forfeited, it changed hands, and is now, by the marriage of the two heiresses, the joint property of Lords Longford and De Vesci. The parish is tithe and cess free, and unconnected with any neighbouring church or chapelry. In 1831, these noblemen, with a spirit worthy of remembrance, and much to be emulated, endowed Monkstown as a vicarage, and assisted by their contributions in the erection of the new and chastely designed church.



Monkstown Church.

Of late years, the woods planted by Mr. Shaw have added many beauties to the natural picturesque situation of this retreat. Its convenient distance from Cork, the peaceful character of its scenery, the moving picture of the river and the tides, the roads of Bally Bricken, fringing its shores with foliage to the water's edge, the incessant variety of the views of Cove harbour from every point, the changeful hues of the sunsets, the numerous shores and rising grounds studded with cottages and houses, and the picturesque repose which invests its romantic glen or undulating hills, have made it the favourite resort, during the summer months, of numbers of the gentry from Cork, and the surrounding country.

The erection of the present church and establishment of a resident minister, in 1831, is producing its natural consequences, the increase and permanent residence of many respectable families. A new and magnificent road has been designed by Robert Thom, Esq. the owner of the castle and grounds, which winding around the base of all the sloping and wooded hills, and four feet only above the highest tides, will unite Cork, Passage, Monkstown, Carigaline, and Kinsale, by one uniform level; and thus open and improve a large extent of country. If this line is adopted its beauty will only be exceeded by the new road at Killybeg; and the public will enjoy a combination of great utility and general benefit conferred on a large agri-

cultural district, with a constant panorama of delightful scenery. In addition to this prospective advantage, the visitors of Monkstown have had a new road opened to them by the spirited erections of Wm. Daltera, Esq. which gradually declines from the summit of the hill, and gently slopes its way downwards amid the trees which close the sides of the glen. The views from every point of this arduous undertaking are delightfully varied and surprising. It affords a very easy ascent to that which was before very difficult, and has added many advantages to those which as a watering place it before possessed.

ANCIENT IRISH LITERATURE.

CORMAC'S GLOSSARY.

(Concluded from page 27.)

Under the word *Una*, which he explains *ḡtaḃa beca ḡtjḡr fōḡr na tjbḡatajḡ, acoḡ ba do an-ḡat baḡjḡ mḡnca*, "small vessels which were at wells, frequently of silver," he quotes a Rann composed by *Mac da Cerda*, on Knock Raffan.

"An Raḡ mōḡro fōḡruam fjl
a m-ḡt tjbḡán fō an ḡjl.

present fit of ill-humour. The servants, domestic and outward, were footing it lightly to the music of the pipes in the kitchen. Jack, seated in the broad chimney-corner, had already gulped down five good tumblers of punch, made in the Parlour by Mrs. Cahill's own hand. Tom, maugre his alderman-like rotundity of belly, was jiggling it among the youngsters. The stacks were well secured, the barns replenished, the snug mansion afforded a bed for a friend, and a keg of whiskey, poteen or parliament as the case may be—the rent was paid, and the house well thatched—in short we may say, with Burns,

"The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle."

Perhaps the gentle reader would grant me a moment's indulgence, while I introduce Shanacloch to his notice. Tom Cahill's snug residence is situated on the bank of the winding river, Bride, between Rathcormac and Glenville. The farm takes its name from the ruins of an old castle which defended the possessions of the Barrys in this quarter. This ruined castle, like almost all others, in Ireland, has many tales of superstition connected with it. It was a strong square-building; and its brave garrison made a noble defence, till at length it was taken by treachery, and its defenders murdered in cold blood. The extraordinary breadth of its massive walls has enabled the edifice to partially resist the assaults of time, who has, at length, flung a green mantle of sheltering ivy over the ruin, as if anxious to preserve it from the storm of ages. But the hand of man has effected wide dilapidations—the instruments of war have levelled its front in the dust; and I am sorry to record that the Vandalism of my friend, Tom Cahill, has been busy with the rest, a sacrilege which will not be forgiven *by me*, either in this world or in the world to come.

At Shanacloch, the duties of that loveliest of virtues, hospitality, is well observed. To its well-known mansion, the homeless wanderer turns his weary feet, certain of receiving food and shelter; the house never lacked a train of strollers; but myself and Piggot, the piper, were the most frequent and welcome visitors. By some strange coincidence, we generally came to Shanacloch at the same time; and it was a remark, that when your humble servant gave the "God save all here," blind Piggot was not far behind. Piggot's features were cast in nature's coarsest mould, but when he tuned his pipes to one of his Irish airs, the expression of benevolence and calm delight on his misshapen face was truly interesting. Jack's music, indeed, had a powerful effect upon those who heard his strain. My heart has throbbed, and my eyes swam in tears, as he poured the full tide of the billowy air, Cosh-na-breeda, on my raptured ear; and when he struck up one of the martial tunes by which the minstrel of the olden day roused the clansmen to war and glory, I have seen the rude peasants who hung upon the strain, start forward with a wild shout, and flourish their sticks in the air. My chief motive for these frequent visits was to hear Piggot's matchless music, and glean legendary lore from Biddy Moylan, an ancient retainer of the Shanacloch family.

"God bless us," said Biddy Moylan, from her straw-battered chair in the corner, "what a dreadful hour it is at sae! This wild hour will lave many fatherless childer aither it. Jack Piggot, dhrop that music, and let us all pray for the souls of the poor sailors that are this blessed minute sinking under the waves, to make food for fishes."

"Don't you know, Biddy," says Jack, laying his chanter horizontally across his knees, "that music often calmed a storm; and that whin the wicked one had Paddy Barret in the houl of the devil's cave, when he played up the "Graces," instead of the wicked thune the company axed for, their spells were broken, and poor Paddy set at liberty."

"Enough is as good as a faist," rejoined the old woman, "and too much of wan thing is good for nothing. It was coshering and dancing they war, when *Marcach-na-Shanacloch* gave his last visit; the music drowned his voice, and honest people lost their good luck."

As I was a great favourite of old Bridget's, upon expressing a wish to hear the "Legend of the Horseman,"

she kindly complied. The dancing ceased, and the pipes were bagged. After Biddy Moylan had struck the last ashes from her *dudeen*, and Jack Piggot called out "'Tention," she thus began:—

"Long an' merry ago, when *Shemish-a-cocca*, that lost ould Ireland, bad 'cess to him, was fighting it with some Orangeman, or other, that kem from England, with a great army, to destroy the Pope and the Catholics, Shanacloch, that then belonged to the Barrys (the rap M'Adamces), was garrisoned with stout boys, that defended the place for James, and well, in their way, they wor to spill their blood, like ditch wather for the bad bird that befouled his own nest. The great guns were planted against the castle over-right us there at Bushy-park, and they roared night and day; but though the bullets battered the walls, and did a power of damage, the boys at Shanacloch ped thim off in their own coin. So, my dear, one dark night they stole upon the castle, being determind by all accounts to take the Barrys at an *amplush*, but they peppered thim with bullets from the port-holes; and whin the enemy drew off, they followed thim down the big field, to the Bride, and, ma-vrone, the battle-axes of the Barrys used to strike off heads and arms like tops o' thistles, and they pursued them into the river; and the Bride, that this blessed night is so muddy an' dark, was thin red with blood. Soon after the English captain hoist his sails, and off with him, horse an' foot, with a *flay in his ear*. But, as the *bodachs* wor passing through Bunkilly in their way to Mallow, a man kin against thim, mounted on a black horse, wih a great parcel of brogues in a kish.

"'Hilloa, frind,' says the captain, 'who are you, and where might you be trotting to at that rate.'"

"'I'm an honest brogue-maker, saving your honour's presence, and carrying this kish of brogues to the garrison at Shanacloch,' says the horseman.

"'Will you come back to-night?' says the captain.

"'Is it to come back, your honour manes? By Jaminie, if I put my eyes on Kippins, the boys wouldn't let me quit to-night. I'll be bail for lashings of whiskey there, an' hay an' oats galore for this ould baste.'"

"'Harkey, frind,' says the Captain, 'you dont seem to be overburthened with money, and if you got a fist-full of yellow guineas, would you have any objection to do me a trifle of sarvice.'"

"'Yet, to make my long story short, the murdering thraitor agreed for a sum of money to betray the Barrys, and let the incny in upon him in the dead o' the night. The poor min that wor harrassed and worn out from long watching and constant fighting, took a dhrop extronary for joy that the *English bodachs* legged it, and every man wint to sleep, when the brogue-maker promised to keep watch till morning. But by the time the min wor dead asleep, the English returned, and the thief of the world opened the gates, and every mother's soul in the castle was murdered in cold blood. Eighteen Redmonds of the Barrys, that were sworn to stand or fall together, were stabbed (the Lord save us!) in their sleep. Whin this *massacre* was finished, the brogue-maker claimed the reward, and requested to be let go, as the daylight was fast approaching. 'I'll give you all you bargained for, an' a thrifle over,' says the captain; an' when he ped the money down on the nail, he struck off the villian's head for betraying the noble fellows, whose blood flowed through every room of the castle that night.

"'From that time forward a headless horseman was seen every night riding round Shanacloch, and it is not said that he ever did the laste injury to any body. In the coorse o' years, this very house that I'm telling the story in (God bless all that's in it!) was built upon the *Horseman's Walk*, by the mather's gran'father, and every night he entered the kitchen by the door, and wint out through the opposite wall, that closed aither him, as if no Christian soul passed through it, and they always put out the candle, to allow him to go by unnoticed. But the night the mather's aunt (God rest her soul!) was marrying, in the middle of the piping an' dancing, the horseman called out at the door—though I wonder how he could, for he had never a head upon him. The people of the wedding didn't hear, or were afear'd to answer him, not knowing, poor, dear people, what trouble they might be brought to. The headless

horseman of Shanacloch was never seen or heard of since. They say his time was out, and his horrible treachery atoned for; and that, on this last night, he came to thank them for their past kindness to him.

"Thanks be to heaven, spirits and ghosts are going away very fast, bekase wars and murders are at an ind; and the clargy, more power to 'em, has sent a great many sows to the Red Say!"

E. W.

THE HAUNTED SKULL,

A LEGEND OF KILLARNEY

"But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house,
I could a Tale unfold."

SHAKESPEARE.

A peasant once upon a Summer's day
Set off to go to market at Killarney;
He might, or he might not—I cannot say,
Have been a brother of the fam'd Kate Kearney,
Whose smiles and looks were "spells" all "art" and
blarney:

And you were forc'd, so says the song, to "fly
And shun the fatal glance of her bewitching eye."

This same Kate Kearney, between you and I,
Was, I much fear, no better than she should be;

Let others sing her praises, I deny,

That she both "simple" and "mischievous" could be;*

Pray how could "fatal glances" ever good be.

To keep herself from murder she must either
Put out her eyes, or wear a false face—neither

Of which I'm sure she'd do, at least I know,

I would not do it to save Whig or Tory;

But what is this to you or I, and so,

I'll leave Kate Kearney, and take up my story,

I mean the peasant whom I placed before ye

Going to market one fine Summer day,

To sell his pig or ass, and buy some "tay,"

Sugar, tobacco, meat, and I don't know

What else to treat his reverence at a christ'ning,

He had to pass the ruined AGHADOE

Where bones, and skulls around, lie white and glis'n-
ing;

It was a sight that set his hair a brist'ling,

His teeth to chatter and his flesh to creep:

For legends say, that in the night, when sleep

Has closed, or should close, decent peoples' eyes,

In ruined Aghadoe, full many a spirit,

From the old tombs and sepulchres arise,

And hasten to the bleaching bone to ferret,

From out the heap, the limbs they did inherit

Some six or seven hundred years ago,

When in monastic pride, stood stately Aghadoe.

And here I beg the reader will behold,

In fancy's glass: each lake with nature's fountain,

And every glen of which he should be told,

And every wild peaked hill and rugged mountain,

And every isle too numerous for counting;

Gleaming from out the crystal waters pure,

With Innisfallen sweet, so called by Tommy Moore.

But to come back to ruined Aghadoe.

And peasant going t' market in the morning:

But stop—I quite forgot to let you know,

The ruin stands, the wild hill's top adorning,

As if to give to all that pass a warning,

That tho' they may ambition's high hill climb,

They must their honours bow to lordly time.

The hill of Aghadoe is very steep,

And it requires a long time in ascending;

So I was forced, kind reader, back to keep

You, the poor peasant's case alone attending;

But see him now at last the hill descending;

And you may follow now quite at your ease,

And hear what happened him or not; just as you please.

* See the song of Kate Kearney; and the meaning of the words, *simple*, *mischievous*, and *fatal*, in Johnson's Dictionary.

I do not force into your hands this tale,

You may, or you may not, let go the hold,

But I'll proceed, although your courage fail,

Like Shakspeare's ghost, "I can a tale unfold,"

Perhaps it will not make your blood run cold

In reading, but if you had seen the sight

The peasant saw, I'm sure you'd quake with fright;

For just as he had turned his back upon

The ruins of old Aghadoe so stately,

He saw what made his blood all coldly run,

And frighten'd him I warrant you completely;

Indeed I do not wonder at it greatly;

For who could see a human skull in motion,

Without a body—nor feel some emotion

Of fright and terror—I for one must own,

Altho' I am courageous as my neighbours,

That such a sight would make me start and groan,

More than a band of Turks with swords and sabres,

Or wild Cossacks impatient for war's labours.

Again I say—it was a sight of dread,

"To see roll on the path," now here, now there, a head:

It stopp'd a moment; then again began

Its fitful race, from one side to another;

At length it rested—and the frighten'd man

Whose senses downright agony did bother,

Having recover'd something from his pother,

Began courageously to think he'd pass

The now reposing skull—but, oh! alas!!

Scarce had the thought gone thro' his mind—when lo!

The skull again commenced its marching motion;

The peasant turned and fled past Aghadoe,

Nor once thought of the market I've a notion;

He feared the bones would all be in commotion,

And gathering round him pick his bones quite bare

And send his skull wool gathering for its hair.

At length he overtook, oh, joyful sight,

Some neighbours like himself, to market going,

And telling them of his most fearsome fright,

Their hearts beat loud—their blood was scarcely
flowing,

But on they went the peasant with them showing

The very spot where he first saw the head,

Moving, before his feet, a "living dead."

At length this dreaded object came in sight,

Now here, now there, irregularly dancing;

The people all drew back in wild affright,

Till one with sign of cross and prayer advancing,

Approached the skull thus wonderously prancing

And saw a sight that made his limbs to shake,

His eyes pour water, and his sides to ache.

He saw a sight that he must needs laugh at,

And ruined Aghadoe rang with his shouting,

For, lo! within a skull a monstrous rat

Had crept, poor creature very little doubting

That where it had got in, it would get outing;

But rat was quite mistaken in his notion:

And all his struggles only set in motion

His prison; for 'tis easier you will own,

Into a scrape of any kind to enter;

Than to get out of it with flesh and bone,

Safely and sound as you commenced the venture,

So felt the rat entrapped in the centre

Of empty skull. Let all a warning take,

And ever look before a leap they make.

PHOSPHATE OF LIME.

It is worthy of remark that the shells of eggs contain a portion of phosphate of lime, the design of nature, in furnishing the shells of eggs, with phosphoric acid, or lime. It was necessary, therefore, that nature should provide means for furnishing both these substances, which it does at the expense of the shell, which becomes thinner and thinner, during the whole time of incubation, till the living embryo had appropriated a sufficient quantity, for the formation of its bones, part of the albumen combines with the shell for this purpose; and another portion forms feathers. If fowls are kept in a

seven or eight times pretty quick, and then stops for a time; but the second will beat some hours together without intermission; and the strokes are more leisurely, and liker the beat of a watch. This insect, which has been long known under the name of the death watch, has been noticed by Linn. *System Nat.*, p. 1015, No. 2. Geoffry, however, says, he is confident that it is not from this insect, but from the *dermes domesticus* (*Syst. Nat.* p. 563, No. 12), which makes the circular holes in furniture, that the ticking proceeds; and Dr. Shaw assures us, the insect, properly called the death watch, is a *coleopterous* insect of the genus *ptinus* (*Syst. Nat.* p. 565). This accurate naturalist who distinguished the insect by the name of *ptinus fatidicus* the *beating ptinus*, and supposes it to be the same with the *dermestes tessellatus* of Fabricius, and *ptinus pulsator* of Gmelin. Notwithstanding all this, the first two here described, are generally allowed to be the real death watches; the one beating only a few strokes at a time, but the other beating for hours together, and without intermission. On the whole, it appears, that what has so long given alarm to many a feeling heart, but superstitious head, is nothing but an INSECT!!

A well known satirist sports with the superstitions respecting this insect, in the following lines:

"A wood-worm
That lies in old wood, like a hare in her form,
With teeth or with claws it will bite or will scratch,
And chambermaids christen this worm a *Death-watch*,
Because, like the watch, it always cries click;
Then woe be to those in the house who are sick,
For, sure as a gun, they will give up the ghost,
If the maggot cries click when it scratches the post."
Ballymena. J. GETTY.

READY METHODS OF ACQUIRING KNOWLEDGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

SIR—That we live in most fortunate times for the ready acquisition of knowledge, and the speedy attainment of perfection in every science which it is possible for the human mind to comprehend, I should suppose not even one of your 30,000 readers will attempt to deny. However, should the natural perverseness of a contracted mind tempt any individual to dispute my hypothesis, I am sure, Sir, you will at once agree with me, that it must be owing to some deficiency or obliquity of intellect—for who that has for a moment contemplated the various systems which have in recent years been introduced into the moral machinery of this our lower world, for cutting short the pathway of knowledge, and rendering easy and smooth those formidable acclivities which in the days of our forefathers presented them with such difficulties in their endeavours to climb the hill of science, and to scale the heights of honour and of fame, but must at once admit my assertion to be correct. Not to dwell upon those inferior helps by which in the present day professors *peculiarly qualified* to fulfil the task, engage to impart a perfect knowledge of any foreign language, with a correct pronunciation, in the very agreeable period of twenty-four lessons of one hour each; while an elegant and fashionable style of writing may be acquired in half that space of time; a new system of education has just been discovered, by which children can learn three tongues in two lessons, as easily as a magpie is taught one language by splitting its tongue into two. Upon which principle, it will be perceived, all the languages of the world may be acquired in six or eight weeks. But besides all these, Sir, we have, as you are aware, the delightful science of Mnemonics, by which the youth of the present era are saved all the trouble of bringing their thinking powers into requisition, or of cramming their skulls with those vulgar rules of syntax and prosody, which in the less enlightened ages of the creation were had recourse to by such plodding animals as Johnson and Murray. But more than all these, Sir, for though "last not least," we are now enabled by the aid of human ingenuity, and the indefatigable exertions of a few persevering individuals, in whose craniums, as they themselves would say, the organ of *ideality* has been strongly developed, to know at the

very moment of the birth of our children, the particular trade, profession, science, or calling, for which they are intended by nature; and are thus saved the trouble and expense of endeavouring to force knowledge into a part of the skull in which it is evident it was never intended that any portion of brains should reside; and where consequently, as there is no space in which knowledge ought to be deposited, an exertion to impart instruction would be worse than labour lost. It is surely a happy circumstance that in times like the present, when money is so scarce, and trade so depressed, that such a science should be thus gaining the perfection which its professors assure us it is doing. But here, Sir, as your Journal is the friend of *antiquarianism*, I trust you will pardon my saying that in my opinion, the present professors of phrenology have no just claim to all the merit which they would assume to themselves for having discovered the science, as I am confident it could readily be shown that it was well known to the ancients. The simple line, "*poeta nascitur non fit*," to my mind makes it quite evident—"a poet is born not made,"—the very principle upon which the phrenologists of the present day hang their theory; who tell us that one man is born or fitted by nature to be a dancing master or fencer, while the proportions of another is that of a watchmaker or joiner. I say, Mr. Editor, it appears to me quite plain from the above line, and I am sure many of your antiquarian readers will agree with me that it furnishes good reason to believe that the ancients were not altogether ignorant of the science of skulls.

But, Sir, I have still stronger proof on this point, it appears to me that in many of the temples of antiquity the science of phrenology was regularly inculcated, especially in that one over the entrance of which was inscribed "*man know thyself*;" for in what readier way could this be done than by carefully comparing their own skulls with those of their neighbours, and the great men of former days. Indeed there is a strong confirmation of this theory, in the fact related by modern travellers, that in the immediate vicinity of the ruins of those once stately edifices, numbers of human and other skulls have been discovered, which any regular antiquarian must at once admit it is only reasonable to suppose were used by the lecturers on the science in the course of their various demonstrations. I find, however, I have been detaining you and your readers, too long with any antiquarian researches, and shall therefore pass on to consider a few more of the means that we possess in the present day, for the attainment of knowledge—and the next I would notice is that supplied by the *power of steam*, by which literary works are multiplied *ad infinitum*;* and in this department, it is only fair to assume that in a short time the same principle will be applied to the manufacture of editors and authors, which is so general with regard to their works. At present the calculation of every imaginable question in arithmetic is executed by machinery; square roots are worked by a cylinder; circles discovered by a wheel; and infinite forms by a screw; and who can take it upon him to say that iron and steam are not calculated to supply every deficiency that may exist, in the component parts still necessary for an editor or an author. Having thus fully demonstrated the proposition with which I set out, I shall for the present take my leave, wishing your Penny publication the success which it merits, and am

Yours truly,

PETER PINDAR, JUN.

* In reference to the observation of our friend Peter, we may mention, that but for "the power of steam" applied to the PENNY JOURNAL, it must have been allowed to perish like many of its predecessors, as it was found impossible to bring it out in time with the common press; having been enabled, however, to compete with our English and Scotch friends by working our Journal with a machine which will throw off as many copies in one day as a common press would in twenty, we are determined, in future, to carry it on in such a way as to prevent the chance of disappointment or delay. This one fact we have mentioned speaks more forcibly in favour of the use of machinery, than one thousand theoretical arguments.

DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 3, Cecilia-street, to whom all communications are to be addressed.

Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In Liverpool by Willmer and Smith; in Manchester by Gray; in Birmingham by Drake; in Nottingham by Wright; in Edinburgh by R. Grant & Son; in Glasgow by J. Niven, Jun. and in London by Richard Groombridge, 6, Fanny Alley, Paternoster Row.

THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 58. Vol. II.

P. D. HARDY, 3, CECILIA STREET.

August 10, 1833.



THE WEST GATE OF DERRY.

THE WALLS OF DERRY.

It is a melancholy reflection to an individual possessing anything of real patriotic feeling, that in looking over the map of our island, there is scarcely a spot the contemplation of which is not embittered by some painful recollection to some portion of the community. From time immemorial the demon of discord appears to have taken up his favourite residence amongst us. Brother has risen against brother—friend against friend; and, in the midst of the petty commotions which have thus taken place, our island, which appears to have been formed by Providence as a spot in which as much of comfort and enjoyment might be experienced as on any other portion of the habitable globe, has, age after age, presented to the gazer's view little else than one continued scene of misery and distress.

How different from what it now is, for instance, would the sensation be of the various classes of our community, if, in gazing on such a spot as the walls of Derry, the reminiscence were such as a Greek must experience in beholding Marathon or Thermopylae, where his forefathers chose rather to form a rampart of their bodies than allow the foot of a foreign enemy to pollute their native

soil. If in contemplating scenes in which deeds of noble daring and endurance have been exhibited, equal to any ever displayed by the bravest sons of Greece or Rome, the painful feeling were not induced, that in many instances the record is but one of civil discord, and of party feud, in which the victory achieved was but the triumph of one individual over another of the same family, assisted perchance by some foreign ally—the common enemy of both—who rendered his aid in the hope of raising himself on the ruins of either. Such are the reflections which have been forced upon us by the contemplation of the engraving before us—a gate and a portion of the wall of the city of Londonderry, a place rendered notorious in story as having endured one of the severest and most prolonged sieges of any city or town in the dominions of Great Britain. *

* The siege was maintained for one-hundred and five days, and from the following note of the price of provisions, some idea may be formed of the sufferings of the besieged, and the degree of heroism which animated them in their refusals to surrender: Horse-flesh, each pound, one shilling and eight pence; a quarter of a dog, fattened by eating dead bodies,

In the beginning of the seventeenth century Sir Henry Dockwray founded the city of Londonderry, from which time it was esteemed a place of considerable importance: we find, however, mention made of it in history so early as 546. In the rebellion of 1606 it was surprised, and the governor, Sir George Powlett, with the entire garrison, put to the sword. Three years after this, king James made a grant of it, together with 210,000 acres of land, to various companies in the city of London, on the condition that they should fortify Derry and Coleraine, and also colonize the country with English settlers—from which circumstance the former place derived its name.

From no other place that we know of can so just a conception be formed of the manner in which the chief towns and cities throughout the country were fortified in former times—as the walls, which are rather more than a mile in circumference, though built in the year 1617, are still in a good state of preservation; and the gates and bastions still present much the same appearance as they must have done at the time of the siege. The walls which form a noble terrace, and are now the great promenade for the fashionables of the city, consist of a thick rampart of earth, faced with stone, and flanked with bastions—a parapet breast-high running round them. They are from fourteen to thirty-seven yards in breadth, and from twenty to twenty-five feet in height. Within the walls are four main streets, the centre forming a kind of diamond or square, and at the termination of each a massive archway and gate, similar to that represented above, to two of which portcullises were attached. The main streets within the walls are intersected by numerous lesser streets and lanes—the houses, which are built of brick, being generally of a good description. Outside the walls there are a number of other streets, principally composed of houses of a middling and poorer description—a few of a better class being observable in different directions.

The view of the city of Londonderry from a little distance is extremely fine. From the magnificent sweep which the Foyle takes around it, it appears as if standing on an island, completely separated from the mainland. It is built on a hill—on the very summit of which stands the cathedral, with its towering spire, and being surrounded with its high battlemented walls, has the appearance of a regular fortification. The passage to the city across the Foyle, is by an uncommonly handsome wooden bridge, one thousand and sixty-eight feet in length, and forty in width, constructed in America by Lemuel Cox, of Boston, brought thence in the year 1789, and opened for passengers in the year following—the expense of it having been upwards of £11,000. In order to allow the passage of vessels up and down the river, there is a drawbridge nearly midway, which is worked by machinery of a rather curious construction, and on either side there is a footway for passengers, along which a number of lamps are ranged—the entire presenting a very pleasing appearance.

THE EMIGRANT.

From a very neat little work which has just issued from the Dublin press, entitled “Leisure Moments,” by W. S. Little, A. B., we extract the following simple, though very natural story:

“In the west of Ireland, some ten years ago, the spirit of emigration made rapid strides among the better order of the lower classes, owing to the false prospects held out

five shillings and six pence; a dog's head two shillings and six pence; a cat, four shillings and six pence; a rat fattened by eating human flesh, one shilling; a mouse, six pence; a pound of greaves, one shilling; a pound of tallow, four shillings; a pound of salted hides, one shilling; a quart of horse blood, one shilling; a handful of sea-wreck, two pence; the same quantity of chicken-weed, one penny.

When the garrison was relieved, they had only nine lean horses left, and one pint of meal to each man. Hunger and fatigue had so prevailed among them, that of seven thousand five hundred men regimented at the commencement of the siege, they had then alive but about four thousand three hundred, of whom, at least, one-fourth part were rendered unserviceable.

to them by those speculating adventurers, who had no care how many families they involved in ruin provided their miseries paved the road for their own advancement. Among the number of those who lent a willing ear to their machinations, was Denis Costello. Now Denis was a particularly great man in the part of the country he inhabited, being proprietor of a small farm of seventeen or eighteen acres, which had been handed down, with a considerable profit rent, from father to son, before the memory of the “oldest inhabitant” of the village. He generally drove half a score of wethers, and, at times, a fat cow, to the fair of the neighbouring town, which was distant about four miles; and never sat down to a worse dinner than bacon of his own saving, and a smoking dish of flat-dutch cabbages. Owing to these and other prudent considerations, the priest of the parish generally favoured the mansion of the lucky Denis, by holding frequent stations therein; and made it a point to breakfast with him every sabbath, after having held mass in the little chapel, which, fortunately, lay at but a short distance. Denis had, however, another very considerable source of profit in his trade, which was, that of cart, plough, and harrow maker general, to the nobility and gentry of Ballybooleghan; so that altogether he considered himself, and probably was, as independent a man as the squire who whipped his four bays every Sunday to the parish church.

“At the early age of seventeen, according to the usual custom of Irish peasants, he had married a neighbour's daughter, still younger than himself, and the pride of the village for beauty, fortune, and accomplishments; in fact, no marriage in high life was ever more talked over than that of Denis Costello with Nancy O'Neill. The elders of the village met in solemn conclave, generally twice or three times a week, at some appointed place, and, voting the schoolmaster in the chair, argued the point with as much zeal as so many ambitious members of Parliament.

“As to Denis, he was young, strong, and in love, and did not care a sheaf of oats, so as he secured his bride, whether she brought him fifty pounds or pence; but the old folks could not be brought to consider the matter at all in this light, and, reversing Denis's sentiments, merely considered the girl in the secondary light of a something necessarily attached to the fortune. After a month's deliberations, in which much argument was expended, it was at length settled, that the bride should bring the lucky Denis twenty-five guineas in hard money, two milch cows, and a second-hand plough.

“Manifold were the rejoicings in the village of Ballybooleghan, on the day that Denis, tricked out in a new broad-cloth coat, (in the bright gilt buttons of which the meridian sun saw reflected his jolly face unshorn of a single beam,) led his blushing bride to the hymeneal altar, surrounded by a concourse of as happy faces as ever danced at a holiday festival. The bells would have infallibly rung a loud and merry peal, as bells are wont, did it not unluckily happen that there could not, in the whole village, be found one of even the smallest dimensions; however, in lieu thereof, they laughed, sung, danced, quizzed, and got drunk, in demonstration of their joy—and inducted Denis and his bride into all the mysteries of the nuptial chamber, with a due regard to the usual forms and ceremonies practised on the occasion.

“Now Nancy, beyond the uncertain and transitory possession of beauty, possessed uncommon shrewdness and sense, and a heart teeming with all the softer sensibilities of her sex. At the period to which we would allude, the delicacy and playfulness of her youth had been exchanged for the maturer charms, and more staid demeanour of womanhood; she had been eight years a wife, during which period four children had blessed her union with Denis, and strengthened the ties which at first linked them faithfully to one another. As she had been in her maiden days the prettiest and best girl in the village, so she was now equally remarkable for being the most attentive mother and attached wife; when others lay sluggishly a-bed in the cold winter mornings, Nancy was never known indulging similar sensual propensities, but, in the common parlance of the country, was always ‘up and stirring’ to get her husband's breakfast ready before going to his labour. The remainder of the day was occupied at her wheel, of

in knitting stockings, or employed in some other useful thrift. In the evening she met him with smiles of welcome and affection—his children climbed his knee with infantile emulation—his hearth blazed—his dinner smoked luxuriously before him—and even the old house-dog shared in the enthusiasm of the moment, and looked as happy as the best of them.

“Thus far all went on well. Denis prospered and grew rich—his friend the priest paid his visits even oftener than of old—and the squire, who, by the way, was also the county member, had latterly begun to exhibit extraordinary solicitude about him, taking care to ask ‘how his good friend, Mr. Costello, and family did,’ whenever he chanced to meet him at fairs or elsewhere. About this time the squire’s steward, a Scotchman, and gifted with even more than his just share of national craft and penury, took it into his head that, having amassed a considerable sum of money, it would be a most prudent speculation to try his luck with it on the other side of the Atlantic. In forwarding this plan, he conceived it would be highly beneficial to his interest if he could prevail on a few families of comparative independence and accredited industry, to accompany him: and with this view had latterly begun to sound some of the better class of the neighbouring peasantry on the subject of emigration, and, among the rest, Denis. By degrees he led them on, till he at last induced them to listen, with silent admiration, to the mighty prospect of the ‘El Dorado’ he held out to them; shewed letters from his friends, who had gone out paupers, and were now driving their carriages—(anglicé, wheel-barrows;) and, in fact, taught them to believe that the very rocks exuded with some imaginary wealth. The astonished rustics drank in the information with the greedy ears of unlettered ignorance, and gathered round the man of words, as he advanced towards their place of evening rendezvous, under the big oak tree at the cross-roads, with evident symptoms of satisfaction. Even Denis came under the infectious influence of his machinations, and began at length to look with a jaundiced eye on the now despised luxuries of his homely cottage, considering it a very unwise thing to fling away the prospect of such amazing wealth, for the want of a little proper spirit; and, from at first merely listening with a degree of common interest to the lucubrations of the wily Scotchman, at last conceived a distempered longing for the Yankee dollars. He concealed, however, his wishes from his wife, who, nevertheless secretly and with concern perceived the turn his mind had taken, but without in the least hinting her suspicions—prudently considering that opposition only makes things worse.

“Poor Denis loved his wife with the most tender affection; and, for her sake alone, had determined to devote himself to labour in a strange land. He thought it incumbent on him to pursue a path which seemed so easy of access, and which promised so speedy an attainment of comfort and independence. But, on the other hand, his heart fluttered with many wild emotions when he considered that they could but be purchased by a long absence from all he loved, and at best but an uncertain prospect of return. His days now became indolent and moodish, and his nights passed in restless reveries—his farm became neglected—his corn was no longer the most healthful and earliest of the season; and while his plough gathered rust in an out-house, his two work horses cropped the scant herbage of his neglected pastures, in all the indolent enjoyment of an unexpected holiday.

“Nancy, however, still kept matters right within doors; and the more apparent the consequences of his neglect became, the more strove she to conceal them. His children still climbed his knee—his hearth still blazed—and his dinner smoked with its wonted regularity before him; yet he was no longer the happy man he had been. At length one evening as he sat after dinner before the fire, enjoying his half hour’s smoke—which, amid all his cares, he had never omitted—he all at once formed the dreadful resolution of informing his wife of his wish and decided intention to emigrate. He felt his colour come and go ten several times during his meditations; and his determination, like Bob Acre’s courage, was beginning to ‘ooze out fast through the tops of his fingers,’ when, taking his pipe from his mouth, and shaking off the ashes on the hob

beside him, he had already opened his mouth to commence, when a mechanical effort of his arm returned his pipe to its original position, and he smoked away for some minutes longer. At length, after a few preliminary hems, he said—‘I’m beginning to think, Nancy, somehow or other, that this same country is no place for a man to better himself or his family in.’

“‘Why thin,’ rejoined Nancy, ‘thank God, Denis, we’ve no great reason to complain—we’re as well off as our neighbours, and want for nothing.’

“‘Aye, but Nancy,’ answered her husband, ‘my father, and my grandfather, and his father before him again, have all been working like slaves at this little patch of ground, and here am I now in possession of the fruits of their exertions, and yet no richer, nor half as rich, as Mick Delany that went to ‘Merica only two years ago as poor as a rat.’

“‘Oh, thin, if that’s what your for,’ said Nancy, ‘we certainly hear great talk of riches and all that with them that’s going out, but we see no great signs of it on them that come back.’

“‘Well, well,’ muttered her husband, ‘at all events land isn’t what it used to be—our landlords are poor and want high rents: we can’t pay high rents, and ever look to be anything better than we are.’

“‘We’re rich enough, Denis honey,’ said the affectionate Nancy, drawing her stool near her husband, and taking his hand with a smile of love and contentment; ‘we’re young and strong, and this fine fellow,’ added she, placing a chubby boy of five years old on his knee, ‘will soon be able to turn as good a day’s work as yourself.’

“‘Blessings on his little heart,’ cried the happy father, as a tear half started to his eye; ‘sure ’tis to save you and him Nancy dear, the trouble of labouring from morning till night, just to keep soul and body together, that I’d leave you at all at all!’

“Nancy had many arguments to make use of, but forgot them just in the very moment she should not: she remarked her husband’s emotion, and shared it with a genuine female sympathy; and, as her tears were not meant to affect an audience, she retired to the little bed-room of the kitchen, to weep them away unseen and in silence. In one or two subsequent conversations, Denis more fully communicated his intention of joining Mr. Duncan’s expedition, which was to sail about the middle of the spring, and it was now February. In the meanwhile old time kept his accustomed pace, and brought round the weeks and days with wonted regularity. All was now in readiness for the voyage—the ship was freighted and provisioned—implements of husbandry were laid in—and cattle of various kinds purchased for the purpose of breeding. Matters had been arranged by Denis to provide for his family’s maintenance during his absence—he himself, in the plenitude of his expectations, taking little more than what he calculated would set him afloat in the new world; he had also taken care to solicit the schoolmaster (at an ample premium) to write an account of all that would occur, and how Nancy and the children did.

“It was now the day before that fixed for his departure. Nancy bore the prospect of separation with a silent sensitiveness, which was infinitely more distressing than if she had given loose to her feelings in the womanly resource of tears, and had latterly given up all remonstrance. His plan was, to walk to the nearest post town, carrying his little box, which contained all the property he meant should accompany him, and proceed from thence by mail to Dublin, where he was to join Mr. Duncan, who, with others of his friends, had previously gone up to arrange matters.

“Poor Denis grew more and more sad as the hours flew quickly by that now remained for him to spend with his beloved family; yet, considering the step he was about to take as an imperative duty, he never wavered in his resolution. As was customary in the country, he had invited all his neighbours, to the number of nearly one hundred, to spend the last evening of his stay amongst them with him, and drink success to his undertaking. The company were too benevolent and sincere in their good wishes to let slip such an opportunity for testifying their respect towards a man whose character for probity and every other rustic virtue stood so high; they accordingly assembled

at an early hour to a homely entertainment of corned beef, bacon, cabbage, and roast and boiled geese, *ad libitum*—the priest sitting at the head of the table, and regulating their potations; and as he wisely conceived that it would befit the solemnity of the occasion to drink in the direct ratio of the intensity of their grief, the company, on the whole, had no great reason to find fault with their master of the ceremonies, and would, in all probability, at their breaking up have passed him a vote of thanks for 'his dignified demeanour in the chair,' did it not occur that there could not be found one among the assembly capable of either proposing or seconding the resolution in sufficiently comprehensible terms; the host alone seemed sad, and answered many a maudlin 'God bless you,' with a vacant look, that plainly told how far different were the subjects of his thoughts. The parting hour at length came round, and the last guest had blubbered forth his compound of grief and intoxication upon his breast, when Denis retired with his wife to enjoy the few hours of repose now left them; their hearts were too full to speak, but falling into one another's arms, the man was forgotten in the husband and the father, and the sturdy peasant wept like a tender girl. His trunk had been left at the kitchen door, the bolt of which remained undrawn, as he meant to steal out softly while his wife slept, and thus escape the more bitter pangs of separation which the sight of her tears would cause him.

"The hazy light of the morning had begun to break its way gradually through the crevices of the window-shutters, when Denis, who had not once closed his eyes, rose softly from his wife's side; leaning over her he listened to her quiet breathing, and in that hopeless loneliness of heart which the prospect of separation from all who are near and dear to us cannot fail to produce; his youngest child lay in her arms, and seemed mutely to chide his desertion of them; the other two lay together in a bed in the far corner of the room, their little lips meeting as if they loved and kissed even in their dreams: a thousand indefinable sensations rent his heart, as he gazed on his infants and pictured to himself the despair of their mother when she would wake 'and find him no more.' Still, however, his resolution remained unshaken; and, having dressed, he was about leaving the room, when Nancy caught his arm (having risen unperceived from the bed) with a convulsive grasp, and with her large black eyes suffused with tears, that ran slowly down her cheeks pale with excitement and anxiety, and a voice trembling and broken said—

"Look you, Denis Costello, when you first said you would leave us to go look for wealth we didn't want, I did not say against you, for I saw 'twas your humour;—but don't think I'll stay behind the father of my children, and let him wander in a strange land, and among strange people, with no one to take care of him, or comfort him in sickness or in sorrow—you that knew nothing but kindness and love since you were the age of this creature, that you'd give up all for a little gold and silver. You may go now; but, so help me God! I'll never part you till death comes between us—and what will then become of those poor babies that we ought to love and stand by?"

"Then," cried Denis, as he flung himself with tears of joy on his wife's neck, 'may I never sow a ridge of potatoes, but though every acre in that same America was paved with gold an inch thick, if I'll leave you my darling, or you, or you, ye little jewels,' as he kissed the drowsy children all around, who, being by this time awakened, were looking on with astonishment at the domestic drama that their parents had been acting in the middle of the room.

"Having stripped, Denis returned to bed, the happiest man in the parish; and when the neighbours called in the morning to condole with Nancy, they found him whistling 'the cruiseen lawn' behind his long-neglected plough.

"Little more remains to be said, than that Denis returned to labour with renewed zeal, and in a few years his harvests were again the best in all the country round; and to increase his satisfaction at the conversion his wife had wrought, he was shortly after this given the stewardship that Mr. Duncan had held, and resigned for his transatlantic speculations."

MAXIMS FOR THE MARRIED.

CODE OF INSTRUCTION FOR LADIES.

1. Let every wife be persuaded that there are two ways of governing a family; the first is by the expression of that which will belong to force; the second to the power of mildness, to which every strength will yield. One is the power of the husband; a wife should never employ any other arms than gentleness. When a woman accustoms herself to say, I will, she deserves to lose her empire.

2. Avoid contradicting your husband. When we smell at a rose, it is to imbibe the sweets of its odour; we likewise look for every thing that is amiable in woman. Whoever is often contradicted feels insensibly an aversion for the person who contradicts, which gains strength by time; and, whatever be her good qualities, is not easily destroyed.

3. Occupy yourself only with household affairs; wait till your husband confides to you those of higher importance, and do not give your advice till he asks it.

4. Never take upon yourself to be a censor of your husband's morals, and do not read lectures to him. Let your preaching be a good example, and practice virtue yourself to make him in love with it.

5. Command his attention by being always attentive to him; never exact anything and you will obtain much; appear always flattered by the little he does for you, which will excite him to perform more.

6. All men are vain; never wound this vanity, not even in the most trifling instances. A wife may have more sense than her husband, but she should never seem to know it.

7. When a man gives wrong counsel, never make him feel that he has done so; but lead him on by degrees to what is rational, with mildness and gentleness; when he is convinced, leave him to the merit of having found out what is just and reasonable.

8. When a husband is out of temper, behave obligingly to him; if he is abusive, never retort; and never prevail over him to humble him.

9. Choose well your friends, have but few, and be careful of following their advice in all matters.

10. Cherish neatness without luxury, and pleasure without excess: dress with taste, and particularly with modesty; vary the fashions of your dress, especially in regard to colours. It gives a change to the ideas, and recalls pleasing recollections. Such things may appear trifling, but they are of more importance than is imagined.

11. Never be curious to pry into your husband's concerns, but obtain his confidence at all times, by that which you repose in him. Always preserve order and economy; avoid being out of temper, and be careful never to scold; by these means he will find his own house pleasanter than any other.

12. Seem always to obtain information from him, especially before company, though you may pass yourself for a simpleton. Never forget that a wife owes all her importance to that of her husband. Leave him entirely master of his own actions to go or come whenever he thinks fit. A wife ought to make her company amiable to her husband, that he will not be able to exist without it, then he will not seek for pleasure abroad if she do not partake of it with him.

CODE OF INSTRUCTION FOR GENTLEMEN.

1. There are two ways of governing a family; the first by force, the other by mild and vigilant authority; the first is brutal, and you certainly lose your happiness in adopting it; the second will occasion you to be respected, and your directions to be observed. A husband deserves to lose his empire altogether, by making an attempt to force it by violence.

2. Never contradict your wife; you never did so before marriage, and do not begin it now. There is something so harsh about contradiction in a man that it always generates an unkindly feeling. It prevents that confidence which ought to exist between married persons; and confidence destroyed, we cannot hope for much good afterwards.

3. You cannot possibly have a better or trustier constant than your wife. She will always advise for the best, and very safely too. Trust her wholly.

4. Be strictly moral in your conduct ; how can you pretend to be a guide to your house, if you are not ? Consider what you would think if your wife would become immoral in her conduct.

5. Be as attentive in reason after marriage as you were in courtship. Attention to your wife is respect to yourself ; it is her due, and shows clearly that you do not regret your choice.

6. Pride yourself only on those qualities which a man ought to possess, and give your wife credit for hers. You ought to have a manly understanding, but remember that infers no superiority over the lady's.

7. When your wife has given you council, which, from your knowledge of the world, you judge cannot safely be acted on, do not reproach her, but convince her by mild reasoning that it is inappropriate. Give her always the merit of good intentions.

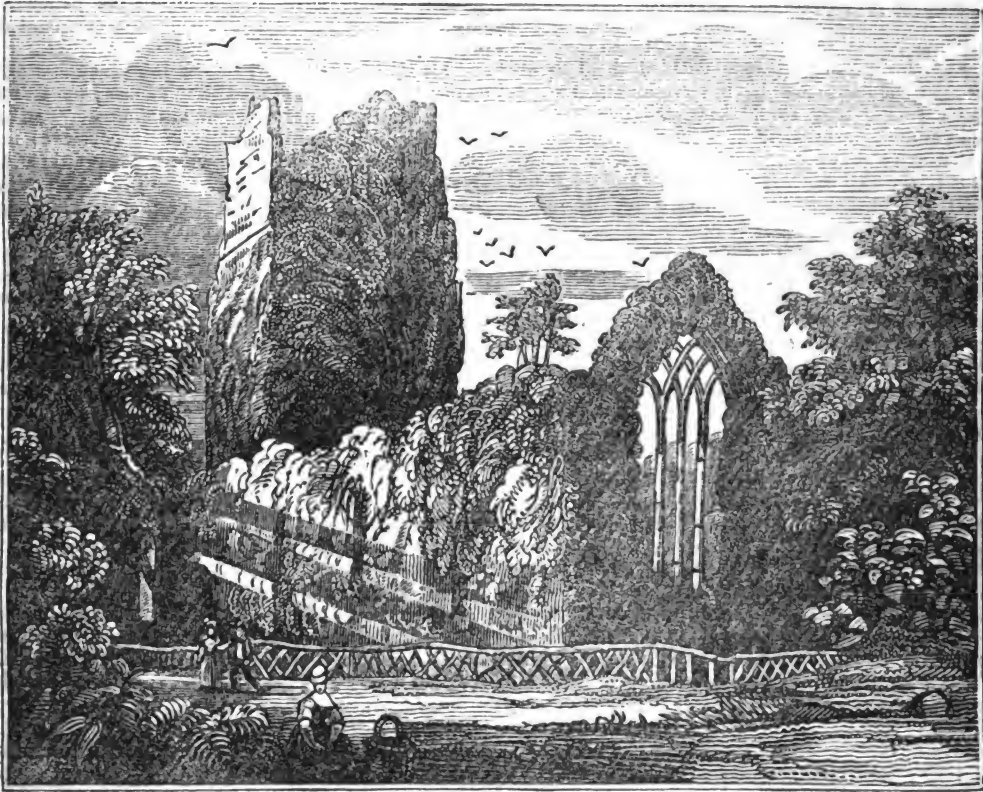
8. Should your wife be out of temper, do not see it ; there are many little vexations you know not of ; never speak harshly to her, nor be rude.

9. Be careful in your choice of friends ; you have one that will never desert you : cherish her.

10. Dress well according to your station in society ; be neither a sloven nor a dandy. Commend your wife's taste in dress, and you may keep her heart as long as you like. Nothing so much secures a lady's good will as this, and it is a very slight sacrifice made at the altar of her vanity.

11. Never meddle with domestic or household concerns, they are not for a man's care. Be careful in your expenditure, and waste nothing, though you must be liberal to the poor. Never swear, nor storm, nor blow up. Let your home be the pole star of your affections, and always spend your evenings there.

12. Always pay attention to your wife, in society as well as in private, and show yourself fully aware of her good qualities. All your happiness is reposed in her. Never show anything like indifference or slight ; she will repay your kindness by that tenderness of affection which is worth all the world beside. Seek no pleasure to which she cannot be made a party.



MUCRUSS ABBEY.

This interesting monument of antiquity, as has been already stated in No. 52 of our Journal, is situated in the midst of the delightful and romantic scenery of Killarney, on a peninsula about half a mile broad, and a mile and half in length. Having given in the article referred to a description of its structure, we would now merely observe, that being in a state of very tolerable preservation, and standing on an eminence which rises over the lake, it forms a most interesting object in the landscape—that "imagination cannot conceive a more delightful scene of romantic beauty, than the peninsula of Mucross affords," is admitted by every traveller. It is well wooded, and being surrounded on every side by scenery of the most varied description, it mocks alike the pencil of the artist, and the pen of the traveller to afford any thing like even a tolerably fair idea of its grandeur or its beauty. In visiting the lakes of Killarney, the Abbey of Mucross is perhaps one of these points in the scene which most interests you in the course of your peregrinations, from its contrasting the recollections of the past and the present.—Within its precincts numerous devotees may be seen saying their prayers, and weeping and lamenting over

the graves of departed friends. The cloister is small, and the branches of an immense yew tree, which stands in the centre of it, would effectually prevent a monk of the present day from reading his breviary.—In the cemetery, skulls, bones, and coffins are strewn about in careless profusion. The individual, who, about fifty or sixty years since, took up his residence in the abbey, where he remained for twenty years, slept every night in a bed formed of coffin boards in one of the recesses of the windows, the walls being immensely thick. His beard was of an enormous length, and his dress, something half pilgrim half hermit, corresponded. His food he procured by calling from time to time at the houses of gentlemen in the neighbourhood, with all of whom he soon became well acquainted, yet to none of them would he divulge the particulars of the former part of his life, nor the secret cause of his penance. On his first taking up his residence in the Abbey, the young people made several attempts to frighten him from his purpose, but the hermit being found proof against all their devices, he was ever afterwards un molested.

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF A GOOD EDUCATION.

To those who have enjoyed the blessings of a good education, its numerous advantages need not be pointed out—conviction and consciousness establish the fact beyond the possibility of disputation. It tends to dispel the darkness, uncertainty, and gloom in which ignorance has fixed its dreary empire; and as all men are naturally fond of liberty and life—as the strong man exults in conscious powers—and, as the eye is ravished with the cheering light of the morning, after the sun has dispelled nocturnal darkness; in like manner the mind, originally intended for contemplation and expansion, experiences an inexpressible hilarity in the acquisition of new ideas and conceptions, about which its intellectual powers may be rationally engaged and exercised. What an extensive dominion of mind then do they acquire, who merely learn to read! and what a change do they perceive, in emerging from the preceding darkness, which brooded over the mind!

By education we gain access to all those historical facts, discoveries, arts, inventions, improvements, and instructions, which have been kept on record, and transmitted to us from the earliest state of human society. In the antediluvian ages, the longevity of men enabled them to acquire considerable knowledge by observations and experience. Of course they would have the less need of books and chronological registers. The pastoral mode of life, too, in which they were generally engaged, would render what is now called *education*, in a great measure unnecessary. Our condition, however, is materially different. The period of our lives is comparatively short—our employments are diversified, and our wants multiplied. Hence the necessity of having recourse to books, and all other means in our power, for instruction in whatever art, trade, profession, or business we intend to pass our time. Whatever rudeness we discover among the ancients, when arts and sciences began to be introduced among them, as their means of information were comparatively limited, their diligence and application would be proportionably intense and vigorous. As experience therefore is better than theory, their laborious investigations are well entitled to our deference. They, as it were, supply the raw materials; and it is our business to choose, select, work up, and apply it for our own advantage, as circumstances may require.

Education is likewise most valuable, as an inlet to the mind, since it affords its possessor enlightened, rational and liberal views, on every subject with which it is necessary he should be acquainted. It induces him to cultivate social intercourse with his superiors in knowledge—affords him amusement in solitude—alleviates his miseries in adversity—and furnishes him with innumerable resources, in incidental difficulties, which often produce despondency and desperation in the ignorant and unlearned.

Observe the contrast between the unlearned peasant, and the man who has obtained a liberal education. The former is doomed to overwhelming darkness of mind—has no true relish for enjoyments beyond those that are gross and common to him with the inferior animals—and can procure the necessities of life, only by extreme toil and corporeal exertions. The latter, on the other hand, has an extensive dominion of his own, which can never be successfully invaded, or greatly disturbed.

In all our remarks, however, we must be understood, as speaking of genuine and correct education; for, where the fountain is impure, the streams must be so likewise. There is no greater curse, to which the human family are obnoxious, than half-learned, upstart, bungling teachers; and there is none of equal magnitude more common to be met with. That mankind should have been gulled and cajoled in the dark ages, when education was the attainment of a few, is not wonderful; but that the tuition of youth, in the nineteenth century—this era of boasted civilization and refinement, should be intrusted to an unemployed clerk, of indolent habits, who can perhaps read and write a little better than the lower orders of society; or to an unsuccessful mechanic, who, to avoid starvation, turns teacher,—is monstrously absurd. Were parents and guardians thoroughly sensible of the incalculable advan-

tages of a sound education, and the pernicious effects of the contrary, a few shillings per quarter would be a matter of very little account, in preparing the youth of the present generation, for filling up their respective situations in life, with satisfaction and credit to themselves, and advantage to society. The consideration of a slight saving here, is wretched economy indeed. It is to be penny wise and pound foolish, with a witness! While the worthless quack endeavours to acquire popularity by the amazing rapidity with which his pupils advance, and the immensely large tasks they can perform, it is the object of the genuine instructor of youth, to ascertain as correctly as possible the natural talents and capacities of his pupils—to lay the foundation deep, and to rear the superstructure slowly, in its first stages—to class boys judiciously, according to their ages and abilities—to prescribe their tasks in due proportion to their mental endowments—to enforce their attention to the given task, by strict and well-timed discipline—and never to take a lesson off their hand ill prepared, if they be capable of getting it better, by revision and increased application. If school-training go on in this manner, the progress of the pupil, however slow, will be natural, regular, and such as might be expected; the powers of his mind will gradually expand, and his abilities improve; difficulties, which at first seemed insurmountable, will insensibly vanish; he will find a pleasure in the performance of his duty; and will never be satisfied with himself, while he is conscious that reproach and disgrace, may be avoided, by a little additional exertion and care. And, as he has been thus trained at school, so will he incline to regulate his general conduct, when free from the coercive restraint of academic domination, and he becomes his own master.

As much depends on the first bias given to the mind by parental instruction, we may be allowed to offer a few general observations on this point, and it can never be too often repeated, that education to be radically efficacious and operative, not on the mere external behaviour but on the heart of the pupil, must be founded on, and fortified by the fair and consistent example of the instructor—without this, precept will only make hypocrites. There must be combined in the mind of the anxious parent who desires to make a lasting impression, that will influence while he survives, and even from the grave have power to speak to the affections of his child, tenderness to engage love, candour to attract confidence, gravity to command respect, authority to secure submission, and affability to render it a service of perfect freedom—there should be severity that has nothing revolting, compliance that has nothing base, mildness that knows how to forgive, firmness that can punish and repress, wisdom that can sometimes dissemble and seem ignorant of what it sees, deep attention to discover the ruling passions, attention if possible more deep to counteract them, and yet to conceal the discovery—in fine, almost as many forms of proceedings, as there are children to educate, for as every plant requires not the same kind of culture, so what would be useful in forming the mind of one child, would be dangerous, or even fatal in forming that of another—but where are the parents who would know themselves in this representation? Sensible they may be of its justice, but such a tax on their time and attention is found incompatible with their ordinary pursuits, incompatible with a life of effeminacy and indolence, of business or intrigue, of play or pleasure, of tranquillity and repose—what is the consequence? Why, in the little they may do to forward this great work, they fall into a thousand errors, being directed more by humour and impatience, than by sound and serious reflection.

Some are even brutal to excess in the treatment of their children, converting an occupation in which tenderness should take the lead, into a system of downright persecution; when called on to reprehend, they do it in words of wormwood and gall, when forced to approve, their manner is cold and discouraging, they neither do justice to the virtues, or can forgive the weakness of youth; no entreaties can mollify, no tears disarm them—their families are the regions of eternal tempests, where nothing is heard but the moans of the oppressed, and the bellow of the tyrant. Hence, the most ardent longing for emancipation,

and hence the youth of one sex plunge into vice early and openly, more perhaps, from rage against their persecutors, than from natural inclination; and those of the other fly into the arms of the first man who offers to be their deliverer, form unequal matches, or become victims of a far more deplorable misfortune.

They may be, however, and there often is, a defect in the conduct of parents of a nature the very opposite, namely, that of loving their children too much, or more properly speaking, to their ruin. Dreadful are the consequences of that blind affection which will see no fault in a child, and suffer all the untoward propensities of his nature to grow up and strengthen, for fear of afflicting him by control: parents, who are invested with a species of sovereign authority over their children, should use it with tender reluctance on all occasions, but when necessary with inflexible justice, nothing should stand between them and the most sacred duty; but if from the beginning, education has been rightly instituted, there will seldom if ever be occasion for the exercise of this unwelcome privilege. The heart under proper regulation, will beat in sympathy with the warm wishes and expectations of parental love, and reward it by a life of virtue and benevolence.

SIMPLE SCIENCE.

ON AIR, WATER, AND EARTH.

What properties is *oxygen gas* remarkable for? It is essential to animal life; and is likewise so favourable to combustion, that wire will burn away in oxygen gas, as dry wood does in common air.

What are the properties of *nitrogen gas*, (otherwise called azotic gas)? It is destructive of animal life; and the process of burning could not go on in it. It would be extinguished.

What is *hydrogen gas* remarkable for? For its inflammability. It is called inflammable air.

Of what is atmospheric, or common air, a compound—and what are the proportions of its component parts? Of oxygen gas, and nitrogen or azotic gas; in the proportion of 22 parts of oxygen gas, and 78 azotic.

Perhaps it would be more correct to consider atmospheric air, as but *one* gas; consisting (of course) of caloric, helping in solution oxygen, and nitrogen.

22
78

100

What has oxygen gas been called? *Vital air*; and in fact it is the basis of vital air. Without it our atmosphere would not be respirable.

Is carbonic acid gas respirable? No; it cannot be breathed. It would soon destroy animal life; and is as unfavorable to combustion. A lighted candle, on being thrown into it, is quenched as quickly as if it had been put into water.

Of what gas are the *gas lights* composed? Of hydrogen gas, which is obtained from coal by distillation.

Of what is water composed—in other words, what is water? Of hydrogen and oxygen, in the proportion of 12 parts in the 100 hydrogen, and 88 part oxygen.

What is the difference between ice and water? None; but the ice contains less caloric than water, or water is fluid ice. Just as lead, whether cold or melted, still is lead.

To bring them to a fluid state, do all bodies require the same quantity of caloric to be added to them, and to become part of their composition? Far from it. Thus lead is solid at the common temperature of the atmosphere, and requires an addition of caloric to melt it—i.e. to render it fluid. On the contrary, quicksilver is, at the common temperature imperfectly fluid, and requires the application of artificial cold—(i.e. the removal of some caloric) to make it solid and malleable like other metals—so ice at the common temperature is fluid, and is called water.

A certain quantity of *oxygen* makes a substance become an *oxide*. Add more oxygen and you produce an

acid of the ous class. Add still more oxygen, and you obtain an acid of the *ic* class. Thus, if the quantity of *caloric* which a substance contains be small, the substance will be solid. Add more caloric and you produce a liquid. Add still more caloric, and you procure a gas.

Is there any connection between the presence of caloric and the existence of animal life? It seems intimately connected with, and essential to animal life; and the icy, or at least marble-like coldness which follows the extinction of life is striking.

What is marble or limestone—i.e. what are its component parts? It is carbonate of lime; therefore, in strictness, it may be called a salt, being composed of carbonic acid and lime, (the earth-lime).

How may we more accurately enumerate its constituent parts? By considering its constituent parts as three in number—viz.

1st. *Calcium*, which is the metallic basis of the earth-lime.

2dly. Carbon.

3dly. *Oxygen*—viz. the oxygen which has made the calcium an oxide, and the oxygen which has made carbon an acid.

How may we describe *epsom salts*, (or sulphate of magnesia) as to its component parts? As consisting of

1st. Magnesium, the base (supposed metallic) of the earth magnesia.

2dly. Sulphur.

3dly. The oxygen, which, combined with sulphur forms sulphuric acid; and it, combined with magnesium, forms the oxide or earth magnesia.

Of what ingredients is gunpowder composed.

1st. Nitre—i.e. nitrate of potash	76
2dly. Sulphur,	9
3dly. Charcoal,	15

100

We have, in the instance of sapphire, and its variety ruby, seen alumine alone form a gem. In what instance does *silex* do the same? *Amethyst* may be considered as wholly composed of *silex*. I do not mean what is called oriental amethyst; and which is only a variety of the sapphire.

What do we mean by an ore? A metal mineralized, by being mixed with other substances, which must be separated from it by smelting.

Is gold found native, or in the state of an ore? Always native; never as an ore; but often *lightly* alloyed with silver, copper, &c.

What is the difference between an oxide and an acid? When a substance is combined with a *small* proportion of oxygen, the compound is called an oxide; when with a large proportion, it is called an acid; from the sour taste in general of such compounds

ON THE RISE AND FALL OF MERCURY IN THE BAROMETER.

The fact, that the mercurial column generally falls before foul and rainy weather, seems quite at variance with the intimation of our senses, as it is a generally prevalent notion, that the air is heavier when the sky is lowering and is overcharged with clouds and vapours. The contrary, however, is the case; and may serve to show the generally fallacious nature of many common opinions in matters of science and philosophy.

That the rise and fall of the mercury in the barometer, is occasioned by some corresponding reduction or accumulation in the atmosphere at the place of observation, will be evident to every one who will take the trouble of thinking on the subject.

We need hardly state that the column of mercury is a representation of a column of atmospheric air of an equal thickness; and as such serves to show the various changes that take place in the great aerial envelope of our earth.

With respect to the effect produced by storms and high winds, it may be observed, that a number of contingent circumstances are to be taken into account. The diurnal

nal motion of the earth on its axis contributes to effect the depression of the atmospheric fluid, principally by retarding or increasing the motion of the wind. If the wind blows from the east, the diurnal motion of the air round the earth's axis is lessened, and it will be more at liberty to gravitate or press freely on the surface of the earth, and consequently to raise the barometer. On the contrary, westerly winds, by conspiring with the diurnal motion, diminish the vertical pressure, and of course the barometer is generally lower with westerly winds than with easterly. The descent of the mercury is, we think, frequently influenced, in a very considerable degree, by the reaction of the wind on the inequalities of the surface of the earth. When a wind moving horizontally meets with an inclined plane, such for instance as the side of a hill or mountain, its direction is thereby more or less elevated, and an increased pressure necessarily takes place on the reflecting surface, while on the opposite side a decrease of pressure will be the consequence. The pressure indicated by our barometers in sheltered situations, being only the diminished pressure on the declining plane, will, of course, be less than is really the case, and this will, we presume, afford a satisfactory reason why the barometer is so generally depressed during storms, especially if the surface of the country is hilly or uneven.

The augmented elasticity communicated to the air by the action of heat or the presence of humidity, and the reduction of the incumbent mass by the action of the winds, have, no doubt, each a separate influence in disturbing the equilibrium of the aerial ocean.

The influence exerted by moisture existing in the air in a vaporous state, over the atmospheric pressure indicated by the barometer, is distinctly shown by the fall of the mercury, which is generally observed to precede rain. The quantity of moisture in the air, in the form of a vapour, varies with its temperature at the time, and its elasticity is, from the same cause, liable to variation. The weight of a certain quantity of vapour, supposing the temperature and other circumstances the same, is less than an equal quantity of air, in the proportion of about 5 to 8; of course, the increased humidity of the atmosphere will tend to lower the barometer, by removing the air immediately above it, and substituting in its place a lighter fluid.

As simplicity is the most beautiful, as well as the most useful ingredient, in our philosophical theories, the following is given as possessing this quality in a very tolerable degree, and as containing the substance of volumes of philosophical inquiry. Suppose any part of the atmosphere to be more than usually heated, the air will be proportionably expanded, and that of the neighbouring regions will, of course, rush in to restore the equilibrium: a greater quantity of air being thus brought together, and its elasticity being at the same time increased by the action of the heat, it will be better able to support the vapours with which it is loaded; these are also, from the same causes, more intimately mixed with the air, and, of course, cause the weather to be serene and fair. If, on the contrary, the atmosphere over any particular place be from any cause cooled considerably more than the surrounding portions, numerous currents of air will move off towards the warmer regions, leaving a kind of comparative vacuum, which is unable to support the numerous vapours with which it is always replete, and these, of course, precipitating, collect into clouds, the particles of which unite, and form drops of rain.

As, however, our atmosphere in its transparent state can, according to recent experiments, receive no heat from the sun by direct radiation, it becomes a matter of curiosity to see in what manner certain portions of that fluid become heated, so as to produce the effects in question. The surface of the earth in any particular place being heated by the immediate influence of the sun's rays, the heat is slowly communicated to the surrounding air, by reflection; this becoming, of course, lighter, will ascend, giving off its heat gradually, during the time of its ascent, till it has arrived at a part of the atmosphere of equal specific gravity with itself, where its tendency to ascend ceases. Its original situation on the surface of the earth being occupied by a fresh portion of cold air, the same

process is repeated, till the earth becomes of an equal temperature with the surrounding air.

It appears, of course, that it is by reflection that the air is heated, or, in other words, by the sun first heating the earth, from which the heat is gradually imparted to the air immediately over it. This air may, however, in its ascent, be carried to a considerable distance from the place where it was first heated, by the action of already formed currents in the atmosphere, and consequently the effect take place in a different part of the earth altogether.

On the whole, we may just observe that the changes in the atmospheric pressure, as indicated by the barometer, much surpass the regular and natural operations that could possibly be produced by any causes that have been yet assigned. By an accurate calculation, it appears that at times when difference of pressure, to the extent of nearly two inches, was observed in the mercurial column, in the course of a few days, the precipitation of the whole of the moisture in the atmosphere could not at the same time produce the depression of more than about a quarter of an inch. From this, and similar considerations, it appears evident that some other powerful cause must operate on the volume of air surrounding our globe. The influence of electricity has been mentioned with a considerable appearance of probability. The manner, however, in which the electric fluid acts on the air through which it passes; whether by the immediate operation of that powerful and subtle agent, or through the chemical effects which it is capable of producing, is as yet only matter of conjecture, and may form the subject of some future observation, as circumstances may occur to direct our attention to the subject.

R.

SIGNS OF RAIN.

Written by the late Dr. Jenner, and sent as an excuse for not accepting the invitation of a Friend to make an Excursion with him.

The hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the glass is low;
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs peep,
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in halos hid her head;
The boding shepherd leaves a sigh
For, see, a rainbow spans the sky,
The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
Clos'd is the pink-ey'd pimpernell.
Hark! how the chairs and tables crack,
Old Betty's joints are on the rack;
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry;
The distant hills are looking nigh.
How restless are the snorting swine.
The busy flies disturb the kine;
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings;
The cricket, too, how sharp he sings;
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits, wiping o'er her whisker'd jaws.
Through the clear stream the fishes rise,
And nimbly catch the incautious flies;
The glow-worms, numerous and bright,
Illum'd the dewy dell last night.
At dusk the squalid toad was seen,
Hopping and crawling o'er the green;
The whirling wind the dust obeys,
And in the rapid eddy plays;
The frog has chang'd his yellow vest,
And in a russet coat is drest.
Though June, the air is cold and still;
The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill,
My dog, so alter'd in his taste,
Quits mutton-bones, on grass to feast;
And see, yon rooks, how odd their flight,
They imitate their gliding kite,
And seem precipitate to fall—
As if they felt the piercing ball:
'Twill surely rain, I see, with sorrow;
Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

DUBLIN.

Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 12, Temple Lane, and 3, Cecilia Street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.
Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.
In Liverpool, by Willmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Gray
Birmingham by Drake; in Nottingham, by Wright; in Edinburgh by
R. Grant and Son; in Glasgow, by J. Nevin, Jun and in London,
by Richard Groombridge, 6, Panyer-alley, Paternoster row.

THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 59. Vol. 11

P. D. HARDY, 3, CECILIA STREET.

AUGUST 17, 1838.

THE CITY OF THE LAKE.

ON a fine morning in autumn, Billy Walsh emerged from the sheltering fence of elder and hawthorn that surrounded his father's white-walled house, which overtopped a green field that sloped gently to the bank of the romantic Daloo. He was equipped in a pair of smart pumps; at the knees of his corduroy small-clothes waved a flowing knot of ribbon. His coat was broad-cloth, and a new hat, lately purchased at Mitchelstown, rose above the curling yellow locks that shaded his forehead; while the accurate knot of his yellow grinder, proved that the time employed at the looking-glass had not been spent in vain. One hand was concealed in the left pocket of the small-clothes, and the right flourished a slender hazel twig, which, tradition taught him to believe, could put to flight all the powers of darkness, as St. Patrick made use of a hazel staff to expel every evil and venomous thing from the favoured island of his adoption.

From the evasive answers which Billy gave to his mother's inquiries concerning his afternoon excursion, and the more than usual attention bestowed on his dress, the inmates of the house suspected that he had some very particular affair on hands; and each furnished his own conjecture on the occasion. One supposed he was going to Mara's benefit dance, which was to take place that night; but then why should he set off so early? Another that Kitty Daly of the Commons, had a hand in the affair, else why should he turn out so gaily? A third, that he was certainly going to his uncle's at Broadford, to engage in the conquering goal to-morrow; but this sage remark was given to the winds, for he left his favourite *hurley* behind. The fact was, a few weeks before, he danced at the patron of Coolavoto with Peggy Noonan, a smiling blue-eyed girl, with fine auburn hair. The next Monday he attended and enjoyed the same satisfaction. In short, this blue-eyed dancer had taken such complete possession of his fancy, that he could neither work, nor eat, nor rest, with thinking of her pretty ankle and graceful air. Peggy was not altogether insensible to his passion, for on this evening she had promised to meet him, about a mile from her father's house, at the church-yard of Kilcorkeran.

Billy Walsh moved along with a light foot and elastic tread, whistling his favourite reel, "I wish I never saw you," and decapitating all the unfortunate thistles and wild flowers that grew to the right and left within range of his hazel plant. He left the town of Newmarket to the right, and struck across Barleyhill towards the ruined castle of Carrigashel. As he crossed a brook that ran gurgling along its pebbly bed, he perceived the stream diverted into a narrow channel, which wound around the sloping side of the glen. At that time irrigation was unknown in this part of the country; and our *dukeen* considered the stream led to a *poteen still*. He pursued the water-course, which conducted him to a wretched and nearly roofless cabin, through every aperture of which the smoke issued, and rising, formed a beautiful blue column in the still air to a considerable height above. As he passed with silent tread over the heaps of grains that rose around, his farther progress was arrested by the appearance of a short, thick-set man; his broad shoulders and expansive chest, indicated considerable strength, his olive-complexioned face, embrowned with smoke, and shaded by enormous whiskers, displayed almost savage ferocity, while with a stern tone he demanded the stranger's business.

"My business is easily told," answered the other, unhesitatingly, "I'm cutting across the country to Coolavoto, and have followed the *strahane*, thinking it might lead me to a glass of poteen to help me across the hill."

"May be young man, you're come *spying* about what shouldn't consarn you, and?"

"Tut, tut! Falvey, leave off your *ramish*," said a man emerging from the smoke of the hovel, and whom Billy recognised as an old boon-companion, "Billy Walsh's father's son is not the boy to bring honest people to trouble, or give to say that any of his name ever turned spy to a blackguard gauger." The stern expression on Falvey's features now relaxed into a rugged smile, and grasping Walsh's hand, he cordially invited him to a glass of poteen.

Upon removing a stone from the wall of the hovel, they drew forth a small jar and a black wooden cup, that supplied the place of a glass. Then Falvey filled the cup, and after drinking to the health of the new comer, drained it dry. The cup was replenished and emptied in quick succession; and Billy Walsh was so taken with his new acquaintance, and the potent beverage which is loved alike throughout every grade in Ireland, from the peasant to the peer, and finds its way into the cellars of some commissioners of excise, flung such spells around him, that Peggy Noonan and the tristing-place at the old church of Kilcorkeran, were completely forgotten.

The shadows of tree and tower, were lengthening in the decline of the evening sun, as his engagement flashed across the mind of Billy Walsh. He lightly rose, and bid his companions farewell. He soon crossed the wood and gained the summit of the adjacent hill; the influence of the poteen, and the dread of missing his blue-eyed girl, added wings to his flight, but the sun was gone down, and the evening star twinkled bright in the west, before he reached Kilcorkeran. The burying ground was removed from the road and seated in the midst of extensive fields, and the dim twilight which was falling fast around, was not calculated to improve the sad and silent scene. He peeped over the stile that led into the lonely abode of the dead—he called Peggy Noonan in vain—the echoes of his voice, as they rose from the ivy-clad ruins of the old church, seemed to be unearthly tones mocking his eager call. The wild bird rushing from the sheltering thorn, and the hollow whistle of the autumnal night-blast along the tomb, shook his courage:—all the tales that superstition taught his childhood to believe, rushed upon his imagination. He wished himself far from this fearful church-yard; but the foolish hope of seeing Peggy Noonan, who doubtless, returned home displeased at his breach of promise, chained him to the spot; he sat down at the gateway, and after cursing Falvey, the poteen, and his own intemperate folly, fell fast asleep.

It is not recorded in his authentic story, how long Billy Walsh slept at the gateway of the church-yard, when he was roused by some one that called him by name. He fancied it was Peggy Noonan's voice; but great was his surprise to see an elderly gentleman on horseback, dressed in black, with cloth *leggings*; and his face shaded by a broad-brimmed beaver: "God save you Billy Walsh," says he, "what brings you to be fast asleep in so lonesome a spot, and so far from your own place at this hour of night?" Billy Walsh rose, and taking off his hat, saluted the priest, for he knew him to be one from his dress, and because he carried the check wallet behind him, containing the vestment and holy utensils used in the celebration of mass; and which, until lately, the priests themselves conveyed from place to place as occasion required.

"I was waiting for a frind, please your reverence, an' as the place was lonely an' quiet, I fell fast asleep; but I can't say how your reverence knows me, for I never placed my two-looking eyes on you afore." "I know more than you may imagine," said the stranger, "and

Billy if you left Falvey and the *poteen* in proper time, you need not disappoint Peggy Noonan, but I have a mass to read at 12 o'clock to-night at a distance from this, and I hope you will not refuse to act as clerk."

"Thunder and turf thin! begging your reverence's pardon, you ar'n't half so cute as you pretend, (or may be 'tis throwing it over me you are) not to know that Billy Walsh never received no larning, nor answered mass in his life. Besides, if I'm to be *coologue*, to straddle bare-backed behind your reverence, would destroy my new breeches."

"I warrant," said the priest, "that you can answer mass in style; and as to the breeches, we shall pass so smoothly along, that not a thread of it will suffer."

Reluctant to refuse his reverence, Billy Walsh mounted behind him; and the priest directed his course northward across the country, without let or hindrance from hedge or river, over which they glided like the morning mist, pursued by the early beams of the sun. Though our hopeful clerk sat quite at his ease, and altogether unshaken in his seat, he did not much relish this nocturnal ramble, and was never a professed admirer of early masses. So as they passed along by his uncle's place at Broadford, he endeavoured to fling himself off, but found that he was as it were, riveted to the horse's back. He next attempted to cry out for assistance, but his tongue refused its wonted office, and like Virgil's hero, under nearly similar circumstances, *vox faucibus hæsit*. In the course of the night they reached Lough-guir, a romantic lake that expands its broad bosom a few miles below Bruff, and then shone a field of liquid silver beneath the mild influence of the lovely harvest moon. On reaching the bank, his companion bid Billy Walsh hold fast, and fear nothing. The first part of this advice was needless, for he held with might and main, his breath drawn in, and his teeth firmly set. The other he flung to the four winds of heaven, for on taking the fatal plunge, he mentally besought pardon for all his sins, and the help of every saint in the calendar, for he firmly believed that on reaching the bottom, all the eels of the lake would make a supper of his unfortunate carcase.

As the waters closed over their heads, Billy Walsh instead of instant suffocation, and the monstrous eels which his fears taught him to expect, was delighted to find they were travelling along a broad road shaded on each side with spreading trees, and approaching a fine town whose lamps glittered in the distance, like a multitude of bright stars. This town which consisted of one principal street, exceeded in beauty every idea that he had previously formed of splendid cities. All the windows were lighted, and the richly-dressed inhabitants thronged the street, as if it were some great festival. Upon reaching the centre of the street they stopped at a splendid church, at whose ample gate an immense crowd were pouring in. Our travellers also entered by the *sacristy*. Billy assisted the priest in *vesting*, laid the altar with great cleverness, and then taking his place at its lowest step, answered the mass from the *Introibo*, to the last verse of the *De Profundis*, with so much propriety and decorum as would have added credit to the best schoolmaster in Duhalloon. When all was concluded, and the check wallet had received its usual contents, the venerable priest turned round and addressed the congregation that crowded the long aisle, and the spacious gallery to the following effect:—

"My brethren, you have seen with what propriety and decorum Billy Walsh has acted the part of *clerk* at the holy service. We have been long endeavouring to procure a suitable person to fill that situation, and you all know how difficult it is to find one capable of discharging its duties properly. I hardly think the young man can have any objection to remain in this splendid city, and as his merits cannot be enhanced by any recommendation of mine, I am sure there is not an individual in the crowded assembly, but will be delighted to secure his services."

When the priest had ended, the walls of the lofty aisle resounded with the clapping of hands,—the gentlemen nodded assent—and the beautiful ladies waved their white handkerchiefs, that streamed like meteors of light

in the glare of the brilliant chandeliers, in token of approbation.

"You must be proud," said the clergyman, speaking to Billy Walsh, "you must be proud to find yourself such a favourite with all classes here, and especially the ladies. You shall have in this city every delight—the best eating and drinking—leveled ladies to dance with—and hurling matches to your heart's content. Stay with us Billy Walsh;—I know you are too sensible to throw away your good luck."

"I have given my hand an' word to mind *cool* at the hurling-match on the common to-morrow evening; and more than that, I wouldn't part Peggy Noonan for all the gold of Damer."

The gentlemen entreated,—the beautiful ladies wept,—and the priest promised that he should have Peggy Noonan with him to-morrow night. He continued as unyielding as the savage rock, round whose brow the winds of heaven rage, and upon whose changeless base the ocean pours its thousand waves in vain. "He would be no *clerk* at all at all."

In short, the obstinate Billy Walsh was driven amid groans of disapprobation from the church into the street, and pursued with shouts and yells of anger along the avenue which led to the border of the lake. On arriving thither, a fearful whirlwind caught him up like a straw, and hurled him ashore. The dark waters of the troubled lake rose in angry waves, and the reeds of its sedgy borders waved mournfully to the breeze of the gray morning; as Billy Walsh arose, and pursued his way homewards, giving at every step, his hearty curse to all young men, who, ever again, would form assignations at lonely church yards.

E. W.

THE DEATH OF ADA.

THE story on which the following poem is founded, may be seen at large in Walker's memoirs of the Irish bards, page 32, and also, in Vol. 1st of the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin, page 48, note. It contains an affecting example of the fidelity of the ancient Irish bards to their chiefs.

The spirit of the evening sighs
And wakes ætrial symphonies

In Eman's (1) leafy bowers.
Light sails the shadowy mist afar,
Athward the golden western star,

The radiant bow of showers
Is bent where Alba's (2) breezes stray,
Pursuing ocean's airy spray.

Who moves on Bern's (3) rocky height,
With form as fair, and step as light
As summer's morn and gale?

'Tis Ada, (4) flower of Alba's clime
Fair theme of many a song sublime
In woody Inisfail.

Swift from the dewy plain below
A son of song in robes of snow,

As in the day of war, (5)
Ascends the cliff; and drawing nigh
The pensive fair whose sapphire eye
Gazed on the vesper star.

While o'er his harp the eve-winds stray,
He sigh'd, and thus began his lay:

"From Cara's (6) distant land I come,
Where late within my echoing home

The sounds of joy arose:
Famed were my race on battle field;
My chieftain was his people's shield—
A whirlwind to his foes.

"Fair was his blue-eyed bride—more fair
Than the bright forms that on the air
Of silent morn-tide sail,"

Like shadows of the breeze that pass

* The reader will bear in mind, that the events of this poem are supposed to have taken place in an age when the belief of fairies and ætrial beings was universal.

Along the hills of wavy grass

She bounded through the vale :

But she was false—her secret smile
Beam'd on the chief of Dunscaï's (7) isle.

"The warriors of the red-branch (8) came—
The son of the devouring flame

'Rose from my fathers' towers,
My chief was slain ; and distant far,
His bride was borne ere morning's star
Led on the rose-wing'd hours.

"And all the race of Lasa (9) fell,
Their bard alone remains to tell

The sad and fearful tale ;
The lonely thistle marks the place
Where once the music of the chase
'Rose on the twilight gale :

Last of my race,—alone I stand,
Sad—friendless—in a distant land."

"Oh stranger ! mournful is thy tale !"
Exclaimed the fair, and ashy pale,

And tremulous she grew.
As Dian when her rayless crest
Receding in the distant west
Fades dim upon the view.

"Pretended spouse of Ullin's (10) lord ;
For this, I fled the spoiler's sword,"

The vengeful bard replied ;
'For this, have I survived the hour,
When thou didst fly from Cara's tower,
And Lasa's warriors died.

That thou and I might find one grave
Beneath yon silent, rolling wave.

"Night's watch is set—day lingers yet
Where evening's clouds and star have met,

But while I speak, 'tis gone.
So brief thy life—so brief my strife
With all beneath the sun."

He seized the fair—her soft dark hair
Floated like mist in evening's air,

As headlong down the steep
The brave avenger of his race
Leap'd with his prize—then sunk apace
In everlasting sleep.

The viewless wanderers of the airy hill†
Poured their lone death-song o'er the ocean still. (11)

IOTA.

(1) Eman, Emhain, or Emania, the residence of the ancient kings of Ulster

(2) By Alba, is meant Albion or Scotland. Mr. Theophilus O'Flanagan in his notes on the beautiful Irish story of Deirdri, says, that the nominative case is *Alba*, and not *Albain*, which is the dative.

(3) Bera, or more properly Rinchin Beara, was a rock near Emania, which overhung a deep precipice, and commanded an extensive prospect.

(4) Ada of Albion, called in Irish *Alanaid*, lived in the first century of the Christian era, in the reign of Concovar Mac Nessa. She was the wife of Cara, or Caraidh, otherwise called Conrigh, a chief of the south, who had won her in single combat from the celebrated Cuchullan. But she loved the northern chief, and formed a plan for escaping with him, which proved fatal to her husband and all his tribe, except the bard, whose name was Percart.

(5) White flowing garments seem to have been particularly worn by the ancient bards when they attended their chiefs to the wars.

(6) Cara, or Conrigh, according to some writers, was king of Munster ; but others, as I should think more correctly, say that he was only chief of a considerable district in Kerry.

(7) Some Scottish writers say that Cuchullan was chief of Dunscaï, or Dun-sgathach, (i. e. the fortress of Sgathach) in the isle of Sky. This opinion may have arisen from the circumstance of his having at one time married a lady who was a native of that place. The authority which he seems to have possessed in the island in consequence of that marriage, may warrant the appellation. It does not follow from this, however, that he was not a native of Ireland.

(8) The warriors of the red-branch were according to the Irish annals, an order of knights to which Cuchullan is said to have belonged. A considerable part of the palace of Emania is said to have been occupied by them, and was on that account denominated *Teagh na Craoibhe-madh*, i. e. the place of the red branch. The place where Cuchullan crossed the Shannon in his expedition against Cara or Conrigh, is still called in Irish *Leim Conchullain*, i. e. the leap of Cuchullan, in allusion, as I should suppose, to the rapidity with which he and his people crossed the river.

(9) The dwelling of Cara was situated near a stream, called in the Irish tongue *Fian-glaise*, i. e., "The fair rivulet" which the author has called "Lasa," for the sake both of metre and euphony, a practice fully justified by precedent in poems or translations, where Gaelic names occur.

(10) Ullin was the ancient name of Ulster ; the title of "Ullin's Lord," given to Cuchullan, is in some measure warranted, both by the great authority which he possessed in that province, and the etymology of his name.

(11) Some say that they were dashed to pieces among the rocks, but in the transactions of the Gaelic Society, the catastrophe is described precisely as above.

† The breeze.

MELTS OF THE HORSE.

It can hardly have escaped the observation of any one, that on the legs of the horse are four rough, warty excrescences, one on each. We have heard, we know not how truly, that physiologists are utterly at a loss as to assigning any use or object to them, they have thus therefore been unnoticed in all accounts hitherto published of the Natural History of the animal. Indeed, our own attention was called to the matter recently, by the question having been propounded to ourselves, not long ago, whether we could give any information on the subject. Being unwilling to admit our ignorance, we said we would think about it ; and having thus gained time, we went slyly to consult our farrier ; but he could tell us nothing, save that they are called melts ; and are, as he expresses it, "on every horse that ever was foaled ; and whenever there's a horse that hasn't them, he's called a Whitsuntide colt ;" which he explained to me as a colt foaled at Whitsuntide ; at the same time, he declared, that in the course of his experience he had never met with such a one ; that they are not without their purpose is shown by their being invariably found on every horse, and precisely in the same position on the inside of each leg ; on the fore legs, a little above the joint which answers to the human wrist, and in the hind legs, just below the joint corresponding with an ancle. It is true, that in high-bred horses they sometimes almost disappear, or are so extremely small as hardly to be observable, except when sought for ; while on draught horses, and others of a coarser breed, they are occasionally so large as two inches and a half long, and more than one in breadth. Certain it is, that He who has made nothing in vain, had some view to their utility when he formed the animal ; and we shall be glad to receive information on the subject from any of our friends who have given their attention to the structure of the horse.

We happened to speak some time since about them to an intelligent friend, who, unable to solve the difficulty otherwise than by raising another, asked us what was the use of the nipple on the breast of the male of many tribes of animals, and among the rest of the human species. We replied by citing the curious, but well authenticated fact in physiology, that a man has been known to give suck to a child ; but our friend alleged truly, that no solitary instance of this kind, contrary to the usual course of nature, could fairly be relied on, as showing the purpose of a particular formation ; and added, that he should suppose they were so placed by our Creator, just as a judicious architect places niches or other ornaments to break the uniformity of a long vacant space in a building. This, however, is rather a fanciful notion, than a rational solution ; the fact being, as we conceive, that they are simply an imperfect formation, intended to preserve a certain degree of outward similarity of appearance between the sexes.

With regard to the horse's melts, we have nothing further to say, save that the only use which we have ever known the animal to make of them, was in scratching his head, and especially his ears, as he is accustomed to do when at liberty, against those which grow on his fore legs.

B.

RAZORS.

THE fineness of the edge of a razor is by most people injured or destroyed by the use of the strop, so that they never can shave with any ease or comfort. The hone or razor stone ought to be kept constantly moist with oil. When the razor has been finely honed, it should never be suffered to touch any thing, but the cheapest and best razor strop ever invented. This is not a piece of calf leather, prepared with paste or emery powder, nor any other composition, however celebrated by patent or otherwise, to roughen and hack the edge of the razor, and make it about equally fit for shaving as a butcher's knife, or a carpenter's hatchet. The best strop ever invented is the hand, moistened with its natural oil—a strop which will fine the edge of your razor beyond conception, if you are careful to let it touch nothing else except the hone. To obtain the full advantage of it, however, it will be necessary not to be sparing of your labour.

ON THE AURORA BOREALIS.

THE *aurora borealis*, *northern lights*, or *streamers*—a kind of meteor appearing in the northern part of the heavens, mostly in the winter season and in frosty weather. It is not known at what time this meteor was first observed. The first recorded in Britain was the remarkable one, on the 30th January, 1560. From that period till about thirty or forty years ago, they were generally seen in Ireland almost every winter season; and sometimes every night during certain periods of the year. It is remarkable, however, that of late years, they have scarcely been seen in this country; but I understand a very brilliant *aurora borealis* was observed this winter, in Scotland. This phenomenon was certainly known to the ancients; and is described by Aristotle in his *Meteorology*, lib. 1, c. 4—5, as well as by many others of the ancient philosophers. They generally begin in the north, extending towards the west, but sometimes inclining to the east, a few hours after sunset, or between that and midnight, by a cloud appearing in the horizon, sometimes a few degrees above it, seldom so high as 40°, and scarcely above 50°; or the cloud is separated from the horizon, so that the blue sky may be seen between them. When the phenomenon increases so as to spread to a considerable extent, its progress shows itself by a general movement of the whole mass; numerous breaches are formed in the arch, and instantly disappear, while vibratory corruscations of light strike as by shocks every portion of the matter constituting the phenomenon. It is in the northern latitudes of Sweden and Lapland, that the *aurora borealis* are so singularly beautiful, and afford travellers, by their almost constant effulgence, a very beautiful light during the long winter nights. A more interesting spectacle can scarcely be conceived—but whoever sees it for the first time, cannot behold it without terror. For fine as the illumination is, it is attended with a hissing noise through the air, terrific in the extreme. The natives describe what they then hear by the expression, *Spolachi codjat*, that is, *the raging heat is passing*; and in some parts of Lapland, the inhabitants believe, that it is the spirits of the dead engaged in battle. And so fearful is the sound, that the dogs of the hunters on the borders of the icy sea, are so frightened, that they lie down, and will not move till the noise is passed. Various theories have been formed by philosophers in order to account for the streamers; but their origin, with their appearing and non appearing, is even at this day a matter of doubt. They were by the ancients considered to arise from vapours and exhalations, which, rising from the earth, mix together, and at length take fire; others again imagine, that the ice and snow of the polar circle reflect the solar rays towards the concave surface of the upper regions of the atmosphere, whence they were sent back to us, and produced all the appearances that accompany the *aurora borealis*. Among the moderns, Mairan supposes that the phenomenon takes place when the solar atmosphere approaches so near the earth as to be more exposed to the attraction of our planet than to the sun's attraction, and must therefore fall into our atmosphere, and by the more rapid circulation of the particles of air in the equatorial regions, it is soon repelled towards the poles; and this he states as the reason why the *aurora borealis* appears oftenest in the north; and then proceeds to explain the other circumstances of the phenomenon, and also the zodiacal light. But it has been calculated, that the streamers are sometimes elevated more than 780 miles above the surface of the earth, so in order to maintain his theory, he was obliged to give the atmosphere a height incomparably greater than is generally ascribed to it, or, than it really has; besides it is plain, according to this hypothesis, that the streamers should proceed from the equator to the poles, instead of proceeding from the poles to the equator, as they invariably do.

Euler next proposed a theory which supposes the particles of our atmosphere to be driven by the impulse of the solar rays to a great distance, and to become luminous by these rays being reflected on their surface. He extends this explanation to the appearance of the tails of comets, and the zodiacal light; but it is needless to follow him, as his whole theory is founded on gratuitous assumptions.

The next, and probably the *true* theory, is that of the celebrated Dr. Franklin: according to him, the electric fluid conveyed from the equator to the polar regions, by clouds that are charged with it, falls with the snow on the ice that covers those regions; and being accumulated there, breaks through the low atmosphere at the pole, and runs along the vacuum over the air towards the equator, diverging as the degrees of longitude enlarge, till it finds a passage to the earth in more temperate climates, or is mingled with the upper air, and gives all the appearance which the northern lights assume.

Now, it can be shown experimentally, that in exceedingly rarified air, the colour of the electric spark passing in through it is green; in denser air, it has a blue tint; and passes to a violet and purple as the condensation of the air is increased. In making experiments it is found, that in proportion as the medium is more rare, its conducting power increases, and a smaller intensity of electricity is required for the production of light. In the ordinary vacuum of the air-pump, the passage of electricity is rendered sensible by streams or columns of different light, occasionally varying in their breadth and intensity, and exhibiting movements which give them a marked resemblance to the corruscations of the *aurora borealis*, and almost confirming the theory of Franklin. The ingenious Mr. Dalton, in his *Meteorological Observations and Essays*, supposes the *aurora borealis* to be a *magnetic* phenomenon, whose beams are governed by the earth's magnetism; as it is highly probable that magnetism is nothing but a kind of electricity, they of course are the same, or the one only a modification of the other, similar to electricity and galvanism; Mr. Dalton's theory differs in that case but little from that of Dr. Franklin.

The latest theory of the *aurora borealis* is that of the ingenious Swedish philosopher, M. Libos, or as Dr. Gregory spells it, Libes. (See Hailig's Nat. Phil. Trans. by Gregory.) He proceeds by stating that the production of hydrogen gas is next to nothing at the poles, therefore as often as the electricity is put into an equilibrated state in the atmosphere, the spark, instead of passing through a mixture of hydrogenous and oxygenous gas, at the poles, as it does in our climates, must pass through a mixture of oxygenous and azotic (or nitrogenous) gas, and therefore cause a production of *nitrous gas*, *nitrous acid* and *nitric acid*, all which give birth to ruddy vapours, whose red colour will vary according to the quantity and proportion of those different substances which are generated; these vapours are carried towards the meridian, where the air is most dilated, so that they approach more and more towards the spectator, and it is probable that their motion may be assisted by a north wind. Lastly, the slight detonations which are sometimes heard, depend upon the small quantity of hydrogenous gas, which is found in the upper regions of the atmosphere, and which combines with the oxygen to form water. These principles, at the same time that they account, in M. Libes's estimation, for all the phenomena accompanying the *aurora borealis*, explain also why it is so common towards the poles, and so rare in temperate regions; while thunder, which is frequent in the torrid zone, is scarcely ever heard in the polar regions. The disengagement of hydrogen gas is very considerable at the equator, and in all the torrid zone; but very little towards the poles; and when we excite the electric spark in a mixture of hydrogen, oxygen, and azote, it combines in preference the bases of the two former gases, that is hydrogen and oxygen. The electric spark ought therefore to occasion thunder solely in hot countries, and to produce *aurora borealis* alone in cold ones. This is in part found to be the case; the torrid zone is the ordinary theatre for thunder-storms; at 40 or 50 degrees they rarely occur out of the summer season, and near the poles they scarcely occur at all. The rain of a thunder-storm is accompanied by lightning, and generally preceded by a period of heat which greatly facilitates the decomposition of water; there must therefore be a great quantity of disengaged hydrogen, which is raised into the superior parts of the atmosphere, and this hydrogen, when passing into the gaseous state, carries with it a great quantity of electricity. Now it cannot be doubted, that lightning is produced by the electric fluid;

But as to the rain that is formed the moment the lightning traverses the air, it can only arise from one of the two following causes : Either from sudden precipitation of the water which was dispersed in the atmosphere ; or from the combination of the oxygen and hydrogen gas, occasioned by the electric spark. Libes remarks that the rain of a storm takes place very frequently without there having been any cloud to disturb the transparency of the atmosphere ; yet it cannot be supposed that the water, which is in very small quantities, and perfectly dissolved in the air, can be so precipitated at once, as to form an abundant rain. Hence he recurs, on the contrary, to the electric spark, which in its passage, effected with inconceivable rapidity, meets with mixtures of oxygen and hydrogen gas, the combination of whose bases becomes effected, and gives birth to those violent explosions, called thunder, as well as to a quantity of rain, proportional to the quantity of æriform fluids ; or, in other words, proportional to the oxygen and hydrogen gas, whose bases have been combined by the electric fluid passing through them. This

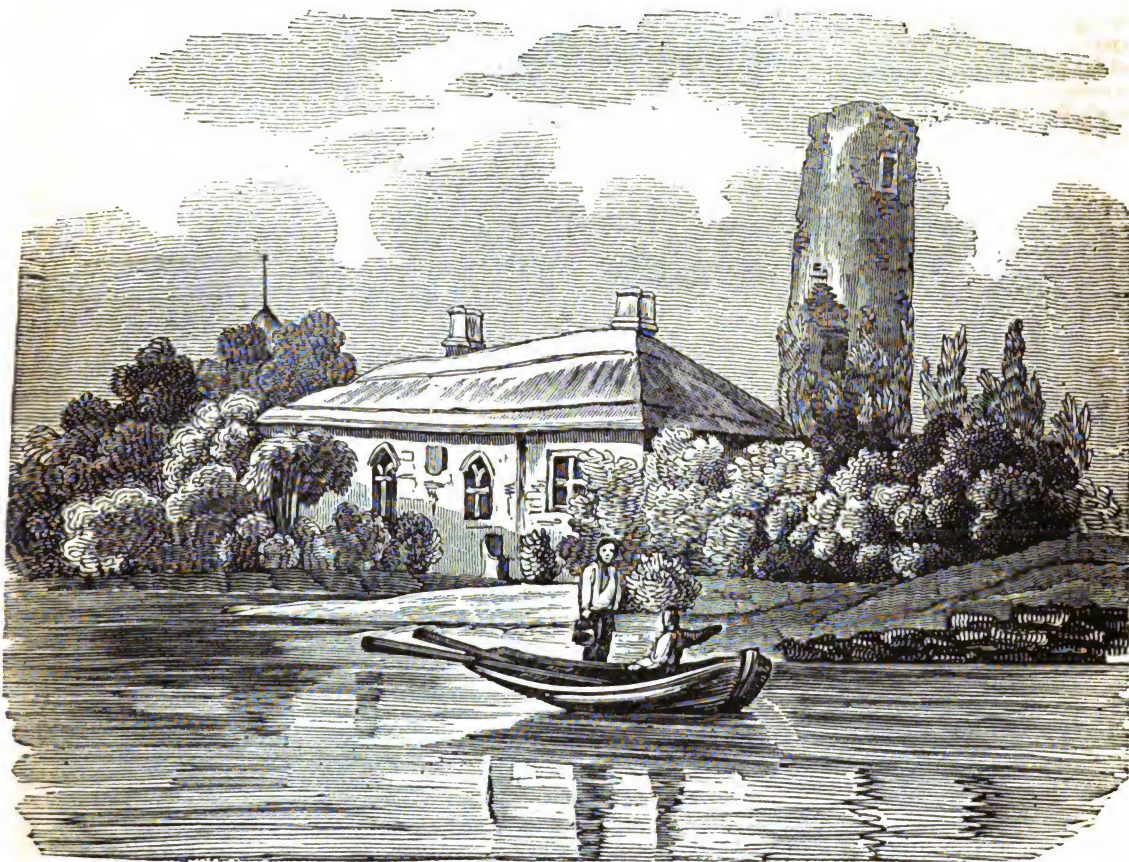
hypothesis explains clearly how there may be lightning without thunder, though there may be many clouds in the air at that time ; and why there should be many thunderstorms in hot countries, and few in cold ones. For if there be not the proper proportion of oxygen and hydrogen gas in that part of the atmosphere through which the electricity darts, no explosions can take place.

This theory is most ingenious ; but it is not without its difficulties. Could it be satisfactorily proved that thunder was really the noise occasioned by the explosion of the two gases, as the report of a cannon is caused by the ignition of the powder, it would stand a fair chance of being the prevailing theory ; but many objections can be urged against it. It has however been almost universally adopted by the Northern philosophers on the continent.

Ballynena, Co. Antrim.

J. GETTY.

P. S. Similar lights have frequently been observed towards the South Pole, called *Aurora, Australes*. See Philosophical Transactions, No. 461, Sec. 23—25 ; and Vol. 54, No. 53.



LORD O'NEILL'S COTTAGE, RAM'S ISLAND, LOUGH NEAGH.

This beautiful little cottage is situated in one of the small islands of Lough Neagh, at a distance of three miles from Crumlin, and about one mile and two-thirds from the shore, from which the traveller can easily procure a boat for the purpose of visiting the island. The cottage, which is extremely pretty, and furnished in the most tasteful manner, was some time since erected by Earl O'Neill, to whom it belongs.—The only object of antiquity here is a round tower, of which

—“Time, with assailing arm,
Hath smote the summit, but the solid base
Derides the lapse of ages.”

We are informed by the Rev. Doctor Cupples, that its height is forty-three feet, its circumference thirty feet five inches, the thickness of the walls two feet eight inches and a quarter ; the first story contains the door—the second, a window facing the south-east—and the third, another window, which looks out to the north, about three feet high, and one and a half broad. There are two rests for

joists, and, in the first story, there is a projecting stone, about five feet and a half from the surface. Certain letters or characters appear to be cut on the stones, in the inside ; but so obliterated are they by time, that they are quite illegible. A hollow sound or echo is heard on entering the building ; this induced a person who lived in the island, to dig five feet below the surface, where he found several human bones, and some coffin boards. A skeleton was discovered near the tower some time ago, and bones and skulls in many parts of the island. These circumstances indicate, that a place of worship once existed here ; and sanction the opinion of Dr. Ledwich, that the round towers were appropriated to ecclesiastical purposes. It might also be inferred from this that the island was, at no very remote period, a part of the continent. When the lake is at its summer level, a bank appears, extending from the island towards Gartree Point. Some persons who have examined it at low water assert, that the remains of a paved causeway are visible. The entire road is laid out into walks, and covered with verdure. Several hundred rose trees, and

those plants and flowers which constitute the pride of our gardens, all flourish luxuriantly. Even those sides of the island which are almost perpendicular, are adorned with all those creeping plants and hardy shrubs which are adapted to the situation.

Lough Neagh is twenty miles long and fifteen broad, and is said to cover an area of about 98,000 acres; its circumference being about 80 miles 6½ furlongs. It lies in the centre of the province of Ulster, and is bounded by five counties—Antrim on the north and east, Tyrone also on the east, a small portion of Down on the north-east, Armagh on the south, and Londonderry on the north-west. It is about thirty feet above the level of the sea. Its situation, which resembles an inland sea, together with the celebrity of its petrifications and pebbles, have always rendered it an object of considerable interest. It is not wonderful, therefore, that, like many objects much less within the range of romance, it should have the honour of a fabulous origin; and accordingly, while some early writers state that it suddenly burst out in the reign of Lugaidh Rhiabderg, in the 56th year of the Christian era, we are informed, on the authority of the late Lord Bristol, Bishop of Derry, that "in a monastery on the Continent a manuscript existed, which mentions, that in the sixth century a violent earthquake had thrown up the rock of Toome, which, by obstructing the discharge of the rivers, had formed this body of water; and that Lough Erne, in Fermanagh, was produced at the same time!" Of the formation of the lake two other wonderful accounts are given. One states that our Irish giant, Fin McCoul, took a handful of earth, and flung it into the sea. The handful was of such a size, that where it fell it formed the Isle of Man, and the hollow caused by its removal formed the basin of the present Lough Neagh! The other account is, that some now forgotten saint had sanctified some holy well, in consequence of which the waters were gifted with the most miraculous properties. The only injunction attending their use was, that each person should carefully shut the wicket-gate of the well. A woman at length neglected this command; the indignant waters immediately sprang from their bed; the terrified culprit fled; but the waters followed close upon her very heels—and, when she sank down exhausted, closed for ever around her, and formed the present Lough, the length of which is just the distance she ran! The idea of a town being buried under the waters of the lake, is very prevalent among the peasantry; and Moore, in his well-known beautiful lines, has immortalized this remarkable belief:

On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the waves beneath him shining.

There are several islands on the Lough; but they are deficient in the bold and frowning headlands and picturesque scenery, which constitute the charm of the Scottish lakes. Nor can it in romantic interest, or beauty and variety of scene, at all compare with Lough Erne or the Lakes of Killarney. Cunny Island lies a short distance from the Armagh shore. A small cluster, known by the name of the "Three Islands," is situated about four miles from the river Maine, off the point of the parish of Dunean. Lord O'Neill has planted all the islands with young trees, which have a very pleasing and ornamental effect—and from Ram's Island, in which the cottage stands, a bank of sand and gravel, eighteen or twenty feet broad, extends—it is usually covered with water; but in very dry seasons, it is broad, firm, and dry, resembling an artificial causeway, more than a natural deposit.

HOME-MADE WINES.

There is a very common prejudice against wines made from the fruits which grow in these countries. By many they are considered unwholesome; but this is altogether a mistake. When properly fermented, and made from good ingredients, rightly proportioned, they are not only equally as good for the stomach, but really much better than two-thirds of the wine sold as foreign growth. We have heard it stated, and we believe the fact, that a very

great proportion of the wines sold as Cape Madeira, Lisbon, Calcevella, &c., are manufactured in London—not to mention the wretched stuff made from sloes, blackberries, and elder-berries, mixed with Spanish red wine, which is passed off, especially in country towns, for Port, Claret, &c. Surely then it would be only rational for those who have the means within their power of providing themselves with as pleasant and as wholesome a beverage for one-fourth the amount of what they now pay for these articles, to make themselves acquainted with the right method of manufacturing it. There cannot be a nicer process, nor one less generally understood, than that of fermentation; and yet upon the perfection of this depends in a very great measure the success of the operator in his attempts to make a palatable liquor resembling the wines of other countries. It has generally been considered quite sufficient to mix up a certain quantity of ingredients, and these in general badly proportioned, and just to allow them to take their chance as to the result—the natural consequence being that "Home-made wines" are, generally speaking, a nauseous compound of sugar, water, and ill-flavoured fruit: and hence the reason that they are so little thought of, and have been found really not good for the stomach.

If in the making of wines in this country, the operators were to follow as closely as possible the practice pursued in wine countries, a far different result might be rationally looked for. And although in the brief space which we can in our little Journal afford to such a subject, we cannot go into every detail, as to the particular kinds of wine, which may be required,* we shall endeavour to give such an idea of the plan and principles upon which the operations should be conducted, as will enable individuals to proceed with much greater hope or certainty of success than they could without a knowledge of such particulars.

And in the first place we may observe that the substances essential to the vinous fermentation, are sugar, vegetable extract, the tartarous or malic acids, and water. Neither of these can be dispensed with, and it is, moreover, to the various proportions in which they may exist in the compound fluid, that the most remarkable differences in the produce of fermentation are owing. It is demonstrated by abundant experiments, that sugar is in certain circumstances entirely convertible into alcohol or spirit. And those fruits which contain the greatest quantity of sugar furnish the strongest wine. It is this principle, the sugar, the defect of which in our domestic fruits is the most sensible; but it is, at the same time, that one which we are most easily able to rectify by the addition of the sugar of the cane, the very basis on which our system of domestic wine-making is founded. Our domestic fruits are no less deficient in tartar than they are in sugar, and in lieu of this most necessary ingredient, they contain another acid, the malic, which all experience has shown to be pernicious, or at least to be incapable of producing such results as are obtained from the grape, that species of vinous fluid which must be our standard of comparison and reference, and the point of perfection to which all our labours tend. It has not generally entered into the views of our makers of wines to supply this notable defect, although the means of doing it are as simple as those of remedying the deficiency of sugar—by adding tartar to the juice of our native fruits and sugar. If we use crude tartar, we obtain at the same time the further advantage of being able to avail ourselves of that portion of the natural leaven of wine which happens to be attached to it. Thus crude tartar will become a substitute in some measure for the yeast which is so often improperly used.

Considerable differences in the dose of tartar may be allowed. From two to four per cent. will be found a sufficient dose, in proportion to the greater or less sweetness of the fruit, the sweetest requiring the largest quan-

* Those who may wish for fuller information on the subject, we would refer to an Essay delivered before the Horticultural Society of Scotland some years since, and published by Longman and Co.

uity of tartar, and vice versa. The dose of tartar ought also to vary in proportion to the added sugar, increasing as this increases. In proportioning the sugar, the following general rule may also be taken as a guide. Two pounds of sugar, added to a gallon of a compound containing all the other ingredients requisite to a perfect fermentation, produce a liquor equal in strength to the lightest class of Bourdeaux white wines. Three pounds produce one equal in strength to the wine known by the name of White Hermitage; and from four, if fermented till dry, a wine resembling in strength the strongest Sicilian wines, that of Marsala for example, or the Cape Madeira, is produced, supposing these wines to be free from brandy. Where a fruit already contains sugar, it is obvious that the quantity of added sugar must be diminished in proportion to that which the natural juice may be estimated to contain, if we are desirous of accurate results. If in any case wine is to be left sweet, it is clear that this general rule cannot be applied, since sweetness and strength are, in the same wine and from the same quantities of sugar, incompatible.

A proper degree of fluidity is essential to the operation. If the solution of sugar is concentrated to a certain point, it refuses to enter into fermentation, or undergoes this process with difficulty. For the same reason, its progress is so slow that the result is generally a sweet wine, since the fabricator, accustomed to regulate his processes by time rather than by the changes which the liquor experiences, is apt to conceive it finished before it is well established, and thus to suspend it by the operations of decanting and clarifying before the liquor has suffered all the changes of which in due time it is still capable.

When the juice to be fermented contains too large a proportion of water, the fermentation is equally slow and difficult, but the produce is weak, and runs readily into the acetous fermentation. Thus, weak currant-juice exposed to fermentation, is converted into vinegar, by a gradation so regular that it can scarcely be said to form wine during any part of its progress. If we attend to the common practice of making wine from grapes, that which ought to be the model for all our imitative operations, we shall see that no water is used; but that the whole fluid is composed of the juice of the fruit itself. If we now attend to the common practice, as recommended in our own domestic receipts, we shall find that the juice of the fruit rarely forms more than one-fourth of the whole liquor, and often much less, the proportion of fruit being seldom more than four pounds, including the solid matter it may contain, to eight pounds of water and three or four pounds of sugar; and this proportion is fixed with no regard to the ripeness of the fruit, a circumstance of considerable importance. The consequences resulting from this sparing use of the fruit are important and highly injurious. It is plain that the artificial *must*, thus compounded of water, sugar, and juice, must contain a much less quantity of the vegetable extractive matter and of the native acid, than has been shown to be absolutely essential to a perfect and efficient fermentation. To put this case in a stronger light; let this proportion of juice be still further gradually diminished, and the *must* will soon consist of little else than sugar and water, a compound incapable of forming wine. Let it on the contrary be increased, and a vigorous and perfect fermentation with a produce perfectly vinous will be the result.

Having thus examined the substances to the reactions of which the phenomena of fermentation are owing, we shall proceed to describe these phenomena, and examine into the external circumstances by which that process is influenced. A due knowledge of these is no less necessary than that of the substances engaged in the process, before any rational practices can be adopted for its conduct and regulation.

The temperature is one of the external circumstances which has the greatest share in influencing the act of fermentation. It has been considered, that a temperature about the 54° of Fahrenheit's scale is that which is most favourable to this process. There is, nevertheless, some latitude to be allowed, but in a temperature either very cold or very hot it does not go on at all. By attending to this circumstance we are enabled to regulate the fer-

mentation when it does not proceed regularly, by cooling the fluid to check its too rapid progress, or by warming it, when it proceeds in a languid manner.

The last circumstance to be noticed as influencing the act of fermentation, is the volume of the fermenting fluid. This process is more rapid and more perfect in large than in small vessels. The fermentation will often be entirely completed in the course of a few days in a large vat while in smaller quantities it will require weeks, nay months, before it is perfected. The same materials, for example, will by no means undergo the same changes in equal spaces of time, if they are exposed to fermentation in the quantity of two and of ten gallons.

The management of the fermentation when it has actually commenced, must also be regulated by the views of the artist with regard to the wine he wishes to obtain. This will be easily deduced from the general principles which have been laid down. If it is intended that the wine shall be sweet, the proportion of the water, as well as that of the fruit, to the sugar must be reduced, and the fermentation must be diminished, as far as is consistent with his views, by separating the scum as fast as it rises, and decanting and clarifying. If, on the contrary, the wine is intended to be dry, the proportion of the fruit will be increased, or the scum will be agitated with the liquor by rolling or stirring, so as to protract the fermentation. If the wine is to be brisk, the proportion both of fruit and water will be increased, and the fermentation will not only be carried on in vessels partially closed, but the liquor will be bottled and secured before the fermentation is finished.

The management of the temperature is also easily deduced from the principles before laid down. When the fermentation languishes from deficiency of heat, it is easily augmented by introducing a stove into the apartment where the process is conducted, or by admitting the sun's rays, or lastly, by heating a portion of the fluid to a high temperature and mixing it with the mass. Agitation will readily diffuse an equal temperature throughout the mass, while injurious changes from varying temperature of the surrounding air, may be avoided by protecting the vessels with straw or other bad conductors of heat.

Having thus afforded some idea of the general system which should be pursued in the manufacture of wines, we shall in our next give directions as to the quantities, &c. to be employed in the making of particular descriptions of the article: and to convince our readers that it is not mere theory with us, we may state that we have at present a hogshead of white wine, made in the manner directed above, which is generally taken for foreign growth.

THE HOOPING COUGH.

As there is scarcely a family which this distressing disease does not annoy, at some period or other, the following simple remedies, recommended by a Medical Journal of high character, may not be unacceptable to some portion of our readers.

Emetics administered frequently have been found the most useful of all remedies in whooping cough, for which reason they ought never to be neglected; and as children may easily be deceived by what has no appearance of medicine, a solution of tartarized antimony seems to be the most proper for the occasion. Take tartarized antimony, three grains; spring water, six ounces; simple syrup, two drachms; mix them, and give about one table-spoonful every fifteen minutes or so, until it takes effect, as dangerous consequences might ensue from the medicine happening to operate harshly, and producing much vomiting, which, in some cases, a very small quantity of it is apt to do. Where the patient is grown up to an adult state, an emetic of the wine of antimony, or ipecacuanha, or of oxymel of squills, may be substituted.

A medicine composed of opium, ipecacuanha, and the carbonate of soda, is recommended by Dr. Pearson, to be given in whooping-cough, after the accumulated phlegm has been brought away by an antimonial emetic. He advises it in the following proportions to a child between one and two years, viz.: one drop of the tincture of opium, five

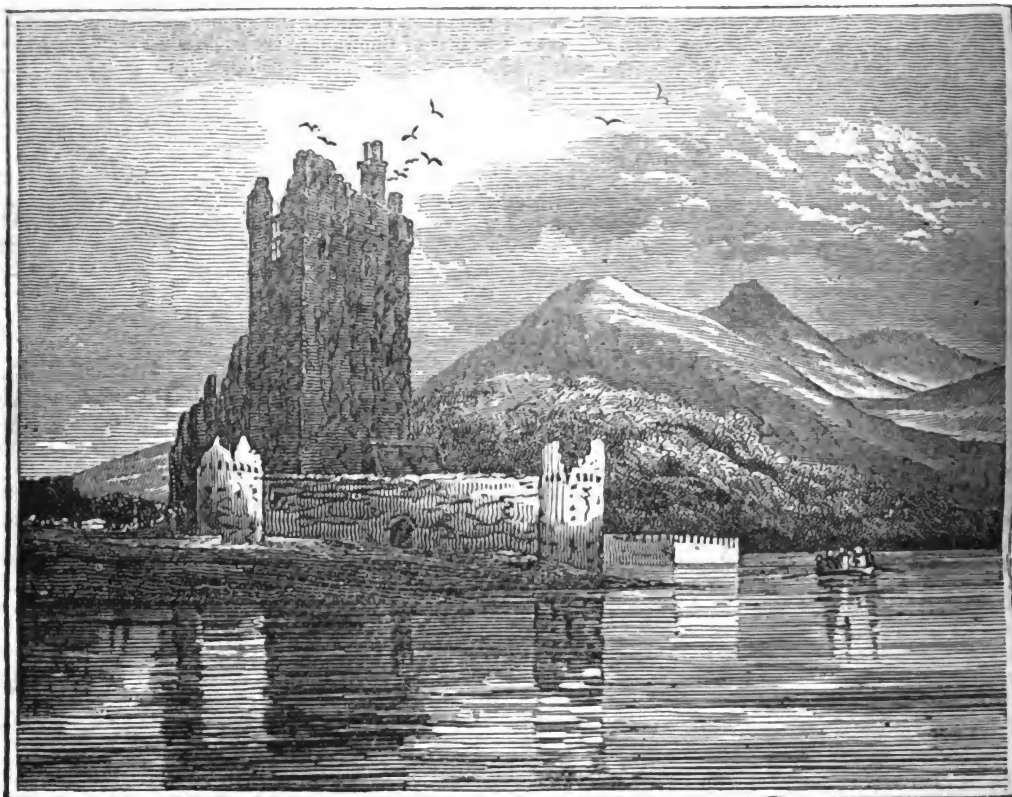
drops of ipecacuanha wine, and two grains of the carbonate of soda; which may be made up into a small draught with syrup and water, and be repeated every fourth hour for several days, taking care to give an opening medicine—calomel and rhubarb—whenever it is required. Dr. Pearson is of opinion that, without the soda, the preparations of ipecacuanha and opium would not be equally efficacious; and was led to employ it by the sour smell of the slimy fluid brought up by vomiting: but he suspects that it has an influence beyond that of correcting acidity.

The tincture of fox-glove is another medicine which has of late been recommended in the whooping-cough. Combining it with opium, might perhaps increase its efficacy. Henbane has likewise been proposed as a remedy in whooping-cough. It may be given, combined with tartarized an-

timonial wine, regulating the dose by the age of the patient.

Bathing the feet frequently in warm water has been supposed to afford relief in many cases. A tepid bath is sometimes serviceable.

The failure of bleeding in whooping-cough may very often be attributed to its being resorted to at too late a period, or its being too sparingly used. Where there is much difficulty of breathing, the application of a blister to the chest will be highly proper at the commencement of the disease. It will in general also be necessary to have recourse to gentle laxatives, such as an infusion of senna with manna, &c. In many instances, however, an attention to diet may probably be sufficient to answer the purpose required, and therefore, stewed prunes, roasted apples, &c. may be given, which things children take very readily.



ROSS CASTLE, KILLARNEY.

THE above is another of those remains of antiquity which give interest and effect to the scenery of Killarney. It stands on Ross Island, the largest island on the lower lake; about a mile in length, and entirely covered with underwood, chiefly evergreens. A narrow gut, scarcely navigable for boats, separates it from the shore. The castle stands upon a rock on the land side of the island; it is a fine ruin, consisting of a lofty square building, with embattled parapets, originally enclosed by a curtain wall, having round flankers at each corner, small portions of which, are yet visible. In the interior are several good apartments: it was formerly a royal residence, being the seat of the lords of the lake, who assumed the title of kings. The family of O'Donoghue was the last that bore this title. There are many interesting stories recorded of the great O'Donoghue, the hero of this ancient race, which well accord with the surrounding scenery.

In the year 1652, the castle was valiantly defended by Lord Muskerry, against an English force of 4000 foot and horse, commanded by General Ludlow.

The shores of Ross Island, says Mr. Wright in his guide to the lakes, are beautiful and interesting in the ex-

treme, being deeply indented, and possessing endless variety of commanding promontory, and retiring bay; the rocks along its margin are worn into the most fanciful shapes, for every group of which, the helms-man is supplied with an appropriate appellation. Here lead and copper are to be had in great abundance, and though the working of the mines is discontinued, yet it is rather for want of capital in the proprietors, than for a deficiency of ore. These mines were worked at a very early period, and some of the rude implements used for breaking down the ore, are to be found on the Island; they are large oval stones, quite smooth, and round the centre of each is a mark, evidently caused by the fastening on of a convenient handle; they are called by the country people "Dane hammers," a belief still existing that they were formerly used by those invaders.

DUBLIN:

Printed and published by P. D. Hardy, 3, Cecilia-street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.

Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Panyer-alley, Paternoster-row; in Liverpool, by Wilmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Ambery.

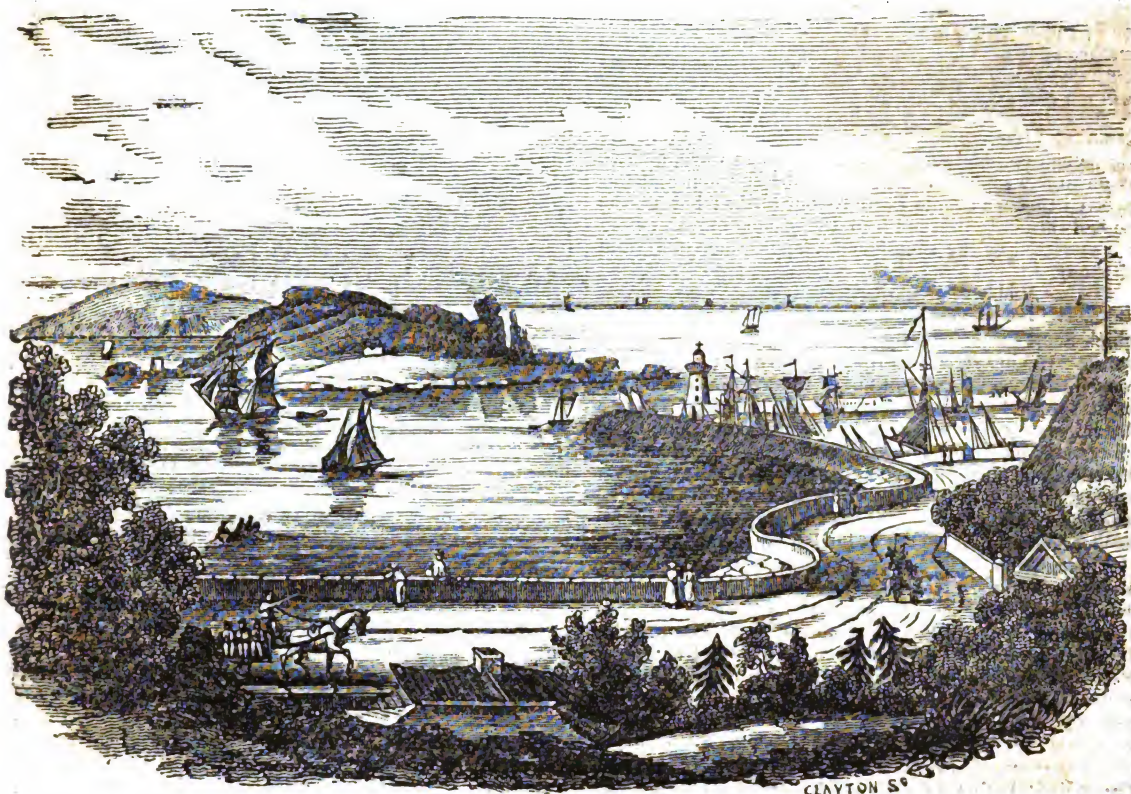
THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 60. Vol. II.

P. D. HARDY, 3, CECILIA-STREET.

AUGUST 24, 1831.



IRELAND'S EYE AND HOWTH HARBOUR.

SCENES IN IRELAND.

FROM THE SKETCH-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER.

HAVING acceded to the request of an English friend to accompany him in a tour of pleasure and information to the southern parts of our island, it was suggested that we should proceed by the steamer in the direction of Waterford or Cork, and return by land, visiting in our homeward journey, the lakes of Killarney and any other places which might be deemed worthy of notice. My kind friend having at once concurred in this arrangement, we at once engaged our births in a packet about to proceed southward on a coasting voyage; and with streamers floating in a fair wind, on a lovely evening in the month of May, we set sail from the Pigeon-house, tide and steam combining their powerful exertions in our favour. From the point of embarkation, and at the moment we quitted the land, the city scenery looked really beautiful, nor did its interest or splendour decrease as we receded from the shore, and approached the opening of the bay. It was the evening hour, and the gilded sunbeams, resting on the spires of the churches and on the roofs of the houses, glittered in ten thousand reflections from the windows of the more distant buildings on the southern side, throwing a soft and mellowed radiance around the scene, and giving to the public edifices the appearance of towers and battlements, and castles,

"With domes fantastically set,
Like cupola or minaret."

As we moved along the liquid element, our attention

was arrested alternately by objects of a very different character. Here a merchantman, deeply laden, lay quietly at anchor, waiting for a flood tide; while before us, on either hand, the harbours of Kingstown and Howth extended their sheltering arms, offering to the tempest-tost mariner a safe asylum from the fury of the storm—yonder a pleasure boat, crowded with the thoughtless and the gay, was seen lightly skimming the surface of the billow—while at a little distance, the care-worn fisherman sat pondering on the probable success which the returning tide would afford to his exertions.

The scene was beautiful; yet it was not the magnificent appearance which the city presented—the broad and extended expanse of waters—nor yet the variety of the vessels which surrounded us, gaily decked in their many-coloured streamers—that called forth our unbounded admiration. With all this varied combination of gaiety and grandeur, the prospect would have only afforded an idea of sterile greatness. The softer shading would still have been wanting, had the jutting rock, the breeze-extended sail, or the dark blue sea, been the only objects on which the eye could rest; but when all along on either side, the bay, the whitened cottage and the noble mansion presented themselves to the gazer's view, encircled with a carpet of emerald green, or peeping from the bosom of a waving forest—while the eye could range untired along an amphitheatre of hills, clothed in nature's richest foliage, or trace the mazy windings of a deeply indented shore, by the richness and the beauty of its verdure—the mind appeared anxious to linger over the prospect; and the unbidden wish escaped us, that our vessel

might bear us less rapidly away from a scene so pleasing. —So absorbed were we in the pleasures of contemplation, and so varied were the objects we passed, that before we were aware of it, we had reached that point when, from the course which it was necessary the vessel should take, we were about to lose sight of the scenery on which we had gazed so intensely with so much delight. The sun was just about to set—a last ray still lingered on the summit of the hills, and gave to Howth and Bray a most interesting and majestic appearance, as we turned the point, and were introduced to a scene of a very different character—the widely extended ocean, bounded on the one side by the distant horizon, and on the other by rocks of granite towering to the skies, and covered with sea fowl, screaming the dirge of the departed day. The shades of evening were fast descending, and as the rising breeze had considerably agitated the ocean wave, and we began to feel somewhat disposed to be squeamish, it was resolved that we should retire to our births; but just as we had turned to descend into the cabin, our attention was attracted by the simultaneous appearance of several of those

Ruddy gems of changeful light
Bound on the dusky brow of night,

which Scott has so well described in the album of a light-house. Having retired to rest, we were in a short time rocked to sleep by the motion of the vessel; and to our infinite surprise, on awaking we found ourselves within a few miles of our destination, and were soon again placed on terra firma, about mid way between Dungarvan and Youghal. Without a moment's delay we set forward on our pedestrian tour, each of us having a small travelling bag across his shoulder, a flask of the native* in his pocket, and a tolerably sized shillelah for a walking stick; and being determined on seeing whatever was to be seen, and to make ourselves acquainted as much as possible with the manners and habits of the people residing in this corner of the island, we at once proceeded towards the best looking of a number of small huts or cabins which lay scattered a little distance from us, and which certainly bore a much greater resemblance to the descriptions of the habitations of the Esquimaux or the Greenlanders sketched in the journals of travellers, than to the dwelling-places of a civilized people—a part and parcel of the greatest nation in the world. Having reached the entrance of this miserable looking place, we found it partially closed by some pieces of board rudely fastened together, in the shape of a door. Nor was there any thing like a window, save a small hole in the side of the building, into which the crown of an old hat had been stuffed by way of a shutter; and which we naturally conjectured to have been designed for admitting light. Having pulled a string which we observed hanging at the door, and which, as it afterwards appeared, we had correctly supposed to be the 'open cessame' of the habitation, a scene presented itself which bespoke a far greater degree of wretchedness and misery than we could even have anticipated from the cold and comfortless appearance of the outside. The entire of the hut contained but one apartment; the walls were of mud, and so low, that on entering the door—which by the way we observed had to serve the double purpose of an entrance to the inhabitants, and a ventilator for the smoke, there being no chimney—we were obliged to stoop considerably. The roof was formed of branches of trees laid transversely, and covered with sods, through which the rain appeared to have made its way in several places, as the floor, which was of clay, was completely saturated, evidently with the falling drop;—ceiling it had none, with the exception of a plentiful supply of chickweed which was growing spontaneously from the sods with which the branches were covered, and which were so much bulged in, that we could scarcely stand erect. At the one end of this miserable abode, half naked, and bent nearly double over a few expiring turf embers, sat an aged female, on whose emaciated frame, and smoke-japanned countenance, wretchedness and poverty had indelibly engraved their names in the most legible characters—she looked like

the anatomy of death; and labouring under the combined effects of cold, of want, and of disease induced the dampness of her dwelling, was unable to move out of the position in which she had been placed, without inflicting upon herself the most excruciating agony.

Anxious to make some enquiries from the old woman, we had just seated ourselves on a kind of box or chest, when a tall, emaciated, toil-worn female of about five and twenty years of age, whose only covering was an old chemise, a few rags of an old petticoat, and the remains of an old red cloth cloak thrown about her shoulders, entered the hut, heavily laden with a bundle of peat or turf, which she carried on her head, and followed by five or six half naked, half-starved children, the oldest of whom could not have been more than ten years of age, each bearing a load proportioned to its strength. Having deposited their burdens in the middle of the floor, and stared upon us for some time, as apparently unaccustomed to the visits of decent looking strangers, the mother of the flock, who from seeing us in possession of her cabin, appeared anxious to know with what intent we had entered it, dropping a curtesy to the ground, broke the silence by observing, "I suppose, gentlemen, ye'es are gaugers, and that ye'es are on the hunt for *patteen*;"* but, in troth, and I think as how it is that, yere honours need not have given yerselves the trouble of coming all this length of way about sich a business, for as sure as the blessed Virgin's in heaven, you would n't find the full of your tooth of any kind o' liquor that ever was made or malted, from the one end of the townland to the other, save and except in his honour the Squire's house on the Hill; and sure, agra, if there were a barrel full of it to be got for axin, Denis O'Donoho's the last man in the parish who would be after letting a drap of it see the inside of his cabin." Having assured Mrs. O'Donoho that we were neither gaugers nor excisemen of any kind, she looked rather more pleasantly upon us, and turning, with a significant grin or smile towards one of our party, observed, "Arrah, then, honey, if ye'es be neither gaugers nor excisemen, and maybe ye're some of those folk who rent the tithes from the clargy, and who grows fat and fair on the hardships of us poor hard-working, half-fed miserable craters; and who, as father Pat told us, last Sunday was a week, are striving to make the poor pay tithes for their bit o' pratie ground; but why should I suppose that such handsome nice looking gentlefolk as ye'es are should belong to such a set of varmint, and yet what else could have brought ye'es to the cabin of Denis O'Donoho; but, indeed, I thinks as how ye're mistaken—for the blessed Virgin be good to me, if there's a thing in the parish worth tithing, save and except what belongs to his Honour on the Hill, for God help us the praties have run short, and there's hardly as much left as will keep us alive till the next crap are ready for diggin—but there's the gorsoons,† yere honour, and maybe ye'd like to take a tithe of them—there's plenty of them, agra, more than we can get praties to fill their mouths wid." As we found it impossible to edge in a word of explanation in our defence, until the good woman had concluded her suppositions, we were obliged, in our turn, to make a formal reply, setting forth briefly who and what we were, and by what train of circumstances we had been led to visit her cottage. Our explanation having fully satisfied Mrs. O'Donoho that we were neither excisemen nor tithe proctors, she took the greatest pains imaginable to give us all the information we desired. Having obtained which, and distributed a few shillings among the children, we took our leave of this genuine specimen of the hut of an Irish peasant, followed with the blessings of Mrs. O'Donoho and her family, and their most ardent prayer that all the saints and angels in heaven would be merciful to us; at the same time having our feelings deeply touched with the wretchedness and misery by which the poor people were surrounded, and with no little surprise that persons suffering so many hardships and privations, should appear to think so lightly of them, and should feel so grateful for any trifling act of kindness.

* Irish Whiskey.

* Smuggled Whiskey. † Children.

Having the curiosity, as we travelled along, to make several observations respecting the cabins which lay in our path, we discovered that the generality of them were exactly the same as the one in which we had been, with the exception that some of them had a kind of chimney, formed of wattles and ozier slips, plastered with clay, which sloped up gradually till they met in a hole in the roof, and thus suffered the smoke to escape; that in general in each of those wretched hovels, furnished as before described, from five to ten persons kennelled together, whose only food was potatoes and salt, one scanty meal of which in a day had often to suffice, when the head of the family could not obtain employment, which was very frequently the case; two meals in the day being the most the poor people ever got—of flesh meat, it appeared, many of them knew not the taste and even the luxury of a little buttermilk they were seldom indulged with, the price of it being far beyond their means.

Entered into a spirited conversation on the ruinous infatuation which keeps Irish proprietors in another country, while their presence is indispensably necessary at home, we had wandered a considerable way into the interior of the country, ere we perceived that the shades of evening were beginning to close around us; we at length approached a very tolerable looking dwelling, in the hope that it might afford us accommodation for the night, and with the instinctive curiosity of pedestrian tourists poked our noses into an apartment which, from its being boarded, was, we conceived, originally intended for a *parlour*—we heard an odd rustling at the farther end of the room, and in a few minutes perceived the snout of a *sow*, maternally employed in arranging the litter for her numerous and interesting family. Though an Irishman, I confess I felt a little hurt at this subversion of all order in lodgement, and exclaimed to the man of the house, who just then came out of the kitchen, "Why, my good friend, in the name of common decency, do you put your pig in the parlour?" "Why, then, in troth, I'll tell you that honey," replied O'Shea, "I put the pig in the parlour because there's every convenience in it for a pig." As this was the literal truth, I had nothing further to say on the subject, but followed our host into the kitchen, where his wife and family were just about to sit down to their supper; but as I was advancing to take a seat in the chimney corner, my stomach came in very unpleasant contact with a hard substance, which, upon investigation, I found to be the horn of a cow—"Why, what brings the cow here?" I demanded. "Why, our little Sally, please your honour; she brings it in every evening, now that the evenings are growing long and *could*—for my woman says how nothing makes a cow fall off sooner than her being out under the *could*—and I never gainsay Peggy, as there's no better milker in the country." As I had no reason to question Peggy's talents in the 'milky way,' I sat down quietly on a three-legged stool, and while she was busied in preparing some rashers of bacon and eggs, which I afterwards found were intended for the use of her *illustrious guests*, I began to ruminate on the strange fatality which converts every cabin into a Noah's ark—I had just turned up my face to the roof, in the act of ejaculating my wonder, when, to my infinite surprise, I felt a warm substance descending on my nose, which, upon further and more accurate investigation, I found reason to attribute to a cock and six hens, who were poisoning themselves upon a tie of the rafters for the enjoyment of a comfortable nap during the night. I own I was a little provoked at the accident, and expostulated with Mrs. O'Shea upon the subject; but the same argument of heat that was submitted in favour of the *cow*, was urged in favour of the *hens*, to whose regular *laying*, I was informed, warmth was essentially necessary. This argument being also unanswerable, I proceeded to search for my pocket-handkerchief, in order to wipe off the unpleasant topic of our conversation, when, to my still further dismay, my hand, in its progress to my pocket, popped into the mouth of a calf, who, mistaking it for the *accustomed fist* of Miss Molly Q'Shea, began to suck it with the most indefatigable perseverance. From this last and most alarming dilemma I at length extricated myself.

Having delayed until it was too far advanced in the evening to think of proceeding any distance, we determined on putting the hospitality of some squire in the neighbourhood to the test, and accordingly trudged on our weary way until we came to a house, the owner of which we concluded, from its appearance, must at least be above the middle rank in life—and putting as much brass into our faces as we were able, rapped at the door just as the gloom of night had thrown its shadows across the horizon. It was opened by an elderly gentleman, who, on our mentioning to him that we were strangers in the country, and requesting to know if he could direct us to the nearest place where we could obtain lodging for the night, most courteously invited us in, assuring us that he should feel truly happy in being favoured with the pleasure of our company. Nothing loth, we cheerfully availed ourselves of the kind offer; and never did we enjoy a pleasanter evening than we spent in the hospitable mansion of Squire O'Donnell. He was a perfect specimen of what is called a real Irish gentleman—and the best of every thing his house could afford was produced for our use. My English friend was not able for some time to throw off his natural reserve; but our kind host having, after supper, plied us pretty well with his mountain-dew,* which he assured us had not a head-ache in a gallon of it, we soon became a very social party, and enjoyed in a high degree the pleasantry of the squire, who continued to amuse us with anecdotes connected with his hunting and shooting excursions. We retired to rest much pleased with our hospitable reception; and arose with the morning's sun, determined to set forward on our journey. Here, however, we found that our good fortune the evening before was only a foretaste of what was to follow—the gallant squire peremptorily insisting on our remaining with him for at least two or three days.

Excusing ourselves, however, we parted our new friend, with a promise to spend a month with him the next summer; and proceeded by the Blackwater river, along the banks of which, during our excursion, we perceived an infinite variety of the most delightful scenery—old castles, old churches, and old monasteries, finely diversified with wood and water, and gentlemen's seats in modern architecture. Here fully we were reminded of a scene in the *Lady of the Lake* by a girl rowing a cot or skiff across, and keeping time to her paddles with an Irish ditty.

As we journeyed along, we had an opportunity of hearing a specimen of that *mother wit* for which the Irish are so renowned—my young friend seeing a fine looking young girl washing a basket of potatoes at a cabin door, addressed her with, "how d' ye do, my dear; how is mamma and papa, and how are the little pigs?" to which the good-natured girl, with a look full of arch-expression, instantly replied, "thanks to your honour, I'm very well, and mamma and papa are very well, and the little pigs sent their compliments to you." By the way, the *bon mot* ascribed to an Irish peasant, who, on being asked 'why he kept his pig in his cabin,' replied, "arrah; honey, who has a better right to it, isn't it he who pays the rint?" while it is literally true, may be taken as a fair specimen of that *gaieté de cœur*, that peculiar trait in the Irish character, which enables the individual possessing it to jest even with his own misfortunes.

Having visited and viewed every thing worthy of notice in the district through which we passed, we returned home after a few days' absence, strongly impressed with a feeling of disgust at the miserable recreancy of that portion of the Irish gentry, who desert the land of their fathers, to spend their summer at an English watering-place, where they are fleeced without mercy, and laughed at without measure; or in Paris, where the *exchange* is in every sense of the word against them, leaving to poverty and neglect the country which gave them birth, and whence they derive their whole support; for destitute indeed, would they be without the labour and sweat of the Irish peasant, who in return obtains a hovel not fit for a pig, and rags that would disgrace a beggar. H—

* A name for illicit whiskey.

IRELAND'S EYE.

"HAVE you ever been at Ireland's Eye?" enquired a friend a short time since. "No," said I, "never." "Then I would recommend you to go, and I think you will be highly gratified," rejoined he: "the natural features are extraordinary—you will have an opportunity of examining the ruins of St. Nessan's Church, one of our oldest ecclesiastical edifices; the rocks called the Stags are well worth seeing; there are plenty of gulls if you wish to have a shot, and the excursion by water may serve you." "I'll see about it," said I, and we parted.

My curiosity was excited. On arriving at home, I consulted Seward's Topography, and found the following account and description of the object of my solicitude.

"Ireland's Eye is a small island on the coast of the county Dublin, one mile north of Howth; it belongs to the barony of Coolock, and was anciently called *Adros*; by Ptolomy, *Adria-deserta*; by Pliny, *Andros*; and by Richard Ciren, *Edria*. It is composed of a high rock on the north side, and what is called the Stags, on the east; the latter being very dangerous to shipping: the island produces many curious medicinal plants, which, in the months of June and July, yield a strong odoriferous effluvia; it was formerly joined to the Hill of Howth,* and on the southward are the ruins of a small chapel very ancient. St. Nessan founded an abbey here, about the year 570, and here was preserved the book of the Four Gospels, called the Garland of Howth."

"Excellent," thought I, "rocks, ruins, and rosemary, this is just the thing"—and after a dreary night, during which, stags, shipwrecks, saints, and sea-gulls, floating mixed and commingled, crossed my imagination; I started in the morning on my voyage of discovery.

Skirting along the shore of the "Beautiful Bay," I approached the ruined abbey of Kilbarrock, a monument of the piety of John de Courcy the younger, lord of Rathenny and Kilbarrock, a natural son of the celebrated De Courcy, earl of Ulster; His career was short. On the disgrace of his father, he was basely murdered by the De Lacys, in the year 1205, and this is his only memorial. Here, rising above the low sandy isthmus, may be perceived in the distance, the venerable head of St. Nessan's Sanctuary; and on passing the castle of Sutton, the ancient fortalice of Sir Armoricus St. Lawrence, Ireland's Eye appears in its full proportions, stretching from east to west, exactly opposite the capacious harbour of Howth; it effectually secures that asylum from the northern blast. At the eastern extremity the appearance of the stags is certainly extremely curious. The island seems as if chopped short by some mighty power, and a huge and massive fragment flung out into the surrounding waters, where it stands black, isolated, and bare, having a strong resemblance to a church with a lofty steeple and spire. The centre of the island rises to a considerable height, the rough granite showing like a rugged vertebrae above the scanty turf. The western extremity is terminated by a rocky mound of slight elevation, and of which, a martello tower appears to form a portion. The south side, or that next the view, slopes gradually to the waters edge, and forms a verdant lawn of lively green, in the centre of which, St. Nessan's Church rears its simple and unpretending steeple; while the northern boundary, as I afterwards ascertained, is composed of rocks, high, broken, and precipitous, their base worn into a thousand fantastic forms by the action of the never-resting ocean.

Having taken the foregoing sketch† from the upper road, immediately over Sir E. S. Lees' cottage, I proceeded to the harbour, and procuring a boat, was soon ferried across; the distance seemed more than a mile, but owing to the current caused by the tide rushing through the narrow channel, it is necessary to make a considerable detour. On the passage, our conversation naturally turned on the Island. "Indeed, sir," said one of my gondoliers, "it is a curious place, I wonder what made them ever build a church on it, or where did they think they'd find a congregation—barin' the sea-gulls."

"Is there no person living on it now?" said I. "No," replied he, "only the water-guard that lives in the tower, and a lonesome time he has of it." "Has he much to do?" I asked. "Sorrah haporth, but to gather mushrooms," replied my friend. "There's plenty of foxes, though; my lord put them here to breed, and they say they're eating one another—and there's a soldier buried there beyond," pointing to a rocky islet or key we were approaching—"he cut his throat in the barracks at Howth, and they brought him here." "Why?" said I. "Why! because he was not fit for Christian company," was his answer, and it was conclusive.

We landed on the south side, and I proceeded to the ruins; they stand in a slight hollow, a short distance from the beach, and at present are little better than an undefined heap. The Church was very small, about 12 feet by 24 in the interior; the walls, composed of rough pebbles and fragments of flint give evidence of the most remote antiquity. There are no traces of windows, except that an aperture in the north wall may have contained one, possibly they were nothing more than loop-holes. A great peculiarity in its structure is, that the porch and bell-tower are at the east end; this porch is vaulted—the arch (semi-circular) is composed of squared blocks of that description of stone called calpe, which is said to be almost peculiar to Dublin district, and must have been brought from the mainland—they are regularly arranged and well cemented. Over this is the tower, which, judging from what remains, has been round, or of a conical or sugar loaf shape; but a small portion of one side remains, and the entire is luxuriantly overgrown by a variety of beautiful plants, now in full flower, specimens of which I have seen in various conservatories.

Observing the present dilapidated state of the building to my companions, I was informed that the walls had been thrown down and the materials removed to Howth, to assist in erecting a chapel; surely, thought I, it must have been from an idea of their peculiar sanctity, for bringing stones to Howth is not unlike "carrying coals to Newcastle."

May I hazard a conjecture respecting the position of the belfry—perhaps the altar was placed in that part of the building I have called the porch, and to this the bell-rope descended. Beside the religious connected with the establishment, there could not be any congregation assembled in the church from its extreme smallness, and the tolling of the bell, by the officiating clergyman, might give notice to the inhabitants of the mainland of the different parts of the ceremony in which he was engaged, and so regulate their devotions.

This church, rude and primitive as it has been in its construction, yet had the honour, prior to the year 1235, of constituting a member of the Chapter of Saint Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, being the Prebendal Church of Howth; but the situation being inconvenient, the dignity was removed to Howth in that year, and conferred upon the Church of the Virgin Mary, the building at present known as the Ruined Abbey. Seward, in the extract given above, follows Archdall in ascribing its foundation to Saint Nessan, but this is controverted by the erudite Doctor Lanigan, in his Ecclesiastical History of Ireland, vol. II. pp. 102, 103.

If there ever was a monastery on this island, it must have been constructed of turf or wattles. With the exception of the church, there is not the slightest appearance of foundations;—and as it is nearly uninhabited, (probably so for ages,) only occasionally visited, and does not appear to have been at any period regularly brought under tillage, the probability is, if there had been such an establishment constructed of lime and stone, some trace would remain to point out its locality. Near the church are the marks of mounds and trenches, but although the soil appears rich, yet it is now uncultivated and overgrown with fern and briars; I did not perceive a single shrub, and remarking the circumstance, one of the boatmen informed me a relative of his had, some time since, rented it at ten pound per annum, but was obliged to give it up as a bad bargain; he also said they had tried to plant it, but the speculation failed. It now appears abandoned to its original wildness; a few horses, who bound in

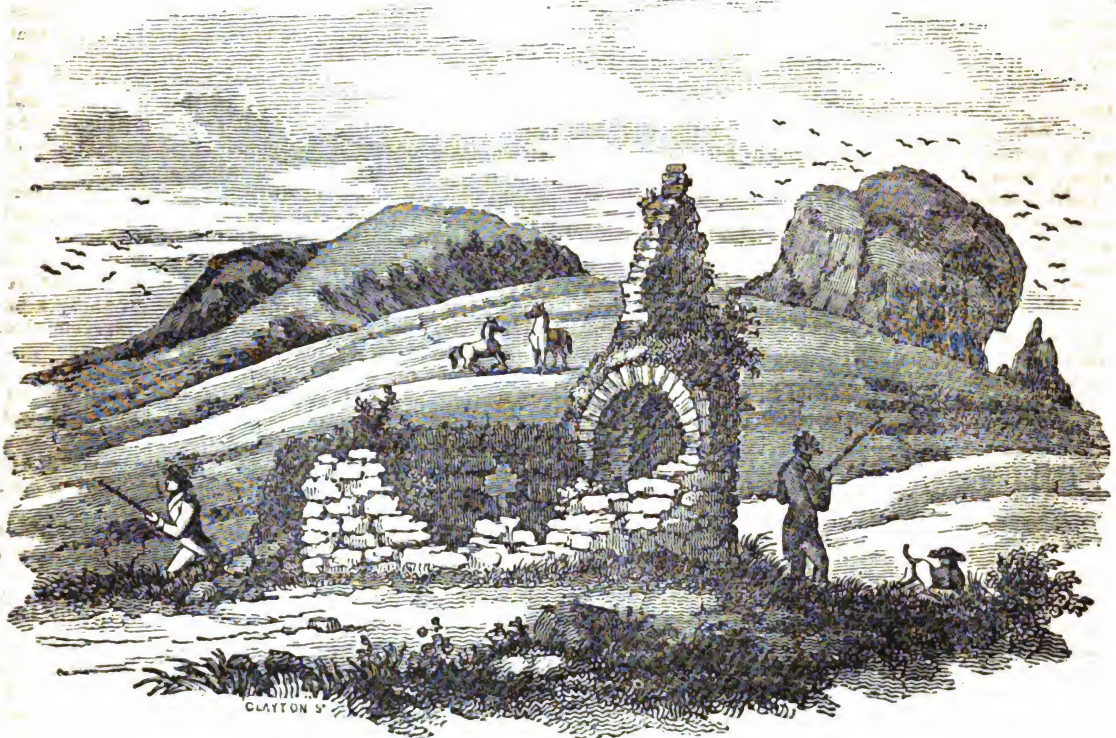
* Probably before the deluge; but certainly not since.

† See First Page.

uncontrolled liberty over the yielding turf, being the only visible signs of proprietorship.

The situation is admirably adapted for retirement and contemplation, placed at a convenient distance from the mainland, and sheltered on the right of the shore from the rude assaults of the warring elements. In the world, and yet removed from it, it must have formed a happy retreat from the turmoil of life. The view from the summit of the island is delightful; placed, as before observed, exactly opposite the harbour of Howth, the rugged promontory of Dun Crimthem appears to the left, breasting the surge in all its savage grandeur—the modern Rail Road now winding up its steep declivity—in front the Light House—Harbour—Town, and ruined Abbey Church—backed by the serried mountain ridge.—To the right, the proud Baronial Castle of the noble St.

Laurence's, embosomed in wood, from which the modest steeple of the Parish Church peeps forth—the hill gradually sinking, or abruptly breaking down into the low neck that joins it to the highly cultivated level of Fingal—that level dotted with its marks of human life—the shore trending away to the west and north, on which appears the fishing village of Baldoyle, with its tiny fleet of hookers—the bay enlivened by the glancing sails of the fleet cutter, or surged by the propelling wheels of the rapid steamer; while over and beyond, to the south, rise the Wicklow Mountains, their bases hazy and indistinct from the smoke of thousands of habitations, and their indented summits seeming to blend and to harmonize with the blue sky above them—altogether forming a panorama of unrivalled beauty and magnificence.



RUINS OF SAINT NESSAN'S CHURCH.

Having examined the Ruins, of which the accompanying sketch will, I think, convey a correct idea, I proceeded to "the Stags," and the tide being out, I with some difficulty scrambled to the foot of the precipice.—This natural curiosity consists of three distinct masses of rock; the largest juts out from the shore, with which it is connected: in form it is square, and on all sides perfectly perpendicular; its enormous head rises considerably above the adjacent part of the Island—at least 100 feet—and it seems, as it stands abutting the ocean, like some proud bulwark or old Donjon keep, spurning the waves that continually assault its foundation, and bidding defiance even to the tooth of time. The other masses are detached, and stand at a short distance amid the waters; the midmost also rises to a considerable elevation, and terminates in a pointed pinnacle rising from a square base, having, as noticed, some resemblance to a Church; while the third, of smaller dimensions, assumes a pyramidal form. Here, among the beetling cliffs, the gulls, who we may consider the aborigines of the Island, have established their eyrie, and sought a refuge; and like the descendants of the Britons of old, still keep possession of this—the Wales of Inis Nessan.

Even here they are not safe. A party of gentlemen arrived during my visit, and commenced a regular attack on them; and while I stood at the foot of their strong hold, they fell around me. Their wild and piercing scream, as they wheeled with rapid wing round the home of their hearts and the nestling place of their progeny—

the sullen roar of the waters as the long surge came in and dashed, broken and fretted, among the rocks—the sudden, sharp, crack—crack of the double barrel'd detonator, reverberating from cliff to cliff—the occasional shout of exultation which arose as the devoted victims fell—combined with the natural wildness and sublimity of the scene—made an impression on my mind, as I mused at the base of the frowning precipice, that will not readily be forgotten.

But I fear I have been too prolix, and mayhap have tired your patience, we will, therefore, return to our bark, which, after a long pull and a strong pull, landed me safely on that truly magnificent evidence of the skill and perseverance of man—the Pier of Howth, gratified almost to satiety with my excursion.

And now, kind reader, allow me to enquire, Have you ever been at Ireland's Eye? if you answer never, I give you the advice my friend gave me, and strongly recommend you to follow it.

R. A.

TO ASSIST PERSONS IN DANGER OF DROWNING.

This desirable object may be attained by the following very simple means: a man's hat and pocket-handkerchief being all the apparatus necessary. Spread the handkerchief on the ground, and place a hat, with the brim upwards, in the middle of the handkerchief; then tie the handkerchief over the hat, as you would do a bundle, keeping the knots as nearly as possible in one hand, and keeping the crown of the hat upwards, any person, though unable to swim, may fearlessly plunge into the water with a rope, to save the life of a fellow-creature.

ON MAKING WINES FROM FRUITS OF NATIVE GROWTH.

In our last, we stated in as plain and familiar a way as we possibly could, the general principles upon which the manufacturers of wines should proceed in order to produce a good article from native fruit, and would now only farther observe, that the process of fermentation is one which will require the greatest attention from those who may expect success in their undertaking, as well as the proper apportioning of the fruit, sugar, and tartar, for the particular wine required.

To make a brisk Wine resembling Champagne from immature Gooseberries.

The fruit must be selected before it has shown the least tendency to ripen, but about the time when it has nearly attained its full growth. The particular variety of gooseberry is perhaps indifferent, but it will be advisable to avoid the use of those which in their ripe state have the highest flavour. The *green Bath* is perhaps among the best. The smallest should be separated by a sieve properly adapted to this purpose, and any unsound or bruised fruit rejected, while the remains of the blossom and the fruit-stalk should be removed by friction or other means.

Forty pounds of such fruit are then to be introduced into a tub carefully cleaned,* and of the capacity of fifteen or twenty gallons, in which it is to be bruised in successive portions, by a pressure sufficient to burst the berries without breaking the seeds, or materially compressing the skins. Four gallons of water are then to be poured into the vessel, and the contents are to be carefully stirred and squeezed in the hand until the whole of the juice and pulp are separated from the solid matters. The materials are then to remain at rest from twenty to twenty-four hours, when they are to be strained through a very coarse bag, by as much force as can conveniently be applied to them. One gallon of fresh water may afterwards be passed through the *marc*, for the purpose of removing any soluble matter which may have remained behind. Thirty pounds of sugar are now to be dissolved in the juice thus produced, and the total bulk of the fluid made up with water, to the amount of ten gallons and a half.

The liquor thus obtained is the artificial *must*, which is equivalent to the juice of the grape. It is now to be introduced into a tub of sufficient capacity, over which a blanket or similar texture, covered by a board, is to be thrown, the vessel being placed in a temperature varying from 55° to 60° of Fahrenheit's thermometer. Here it may remain from twelve to twenty days, according to the symptoms of fermentation which it may show, and from this tub it is to be drawn off into the cask in which it is to ferment. When in the cask it must be filled nearly to the bung-hole, that the scum which arises may be thrown out. As the fermentation proceeds, and the bulk of the liquor in the cask diminishes, the superfluous portion of *must*, which was made for this express purpose, must be poured in, so as to keep the liquor still near the bung-hole. When the fermentation becomes a little more languid, as may be known by a diminution of the hissing noise, the bung is to be driven in, and a hole bored by its side, into which a wooden peg is to be fitted. After a few days this peg is to be loosened, that if any material quantity of air has been generated it may have vent. The same trial must be made after successive intervals, and when there appears no longer any danger of excessive expansion, the spile may be permanently tightened.

The wine thus made, must remain over the winter in a cool cellar, as it is no longer necessary to provoke the fermenting process. If the operator is not inclined to bestow any further labour or expense on it, it may be examined in some clear and cold day towards the end of February or beginning of March, when, if it is fine, as it will sometimes be, it may be bottled without further precautions.

To ensure its fineness however, it is a better practice

to decant it towards the end of December into a fresh cask, so as to cleanse it from its first lees. At this time, also the operator will be able to determine whether it is not too sweet for his views. In this case, instead of decanting it he will stir up the lees so as to renew the fermenting process, taking care also to increase the temperature at the same time. At whatever time the wine has been decanted, it is to be fined in the usual way with isinglass. Sometimes it is found expedient to decant it a second time into a fresh cask, and again to repeat the operation of fining.

The wine thus produced will generally be brisk, and similar in its qualities (flavour excepted) to the wines of Champagne, with the strength of the best Sillery.

Cream of tartar, or, which is preferable, crude tartar, may be added to the must in the proportion of six ounces.

If the wine is intended to be less sweet and less strong, the sugar must be reduced to twenty-five pounds. Thus made, it will rarely fail to be brisk, but will at the same time be less durable.

Wine from immature Currants, or Grapes.

The same proportions and precautions apply so precisely to this wine that it is unnecessary to repeat them.

The reader must have long since perceived that yeast is not used. Any languor during its progress will be diminished by agitating the cask, or by omitting to replenish the vessel, to the bung, so that the scum or head may be compelled to remain in the liquor.

Wine from the Leaves of the Vine.

The leaves may be taken at any period from vines which have been cultivated for this purpose, and from which no fruit is expected. In other cases they may be obtained from the summer pruning. The tendrils are equally useful.

Forty or fifty pounds of such leaves being introduced into a tub of sufficient capacity, seven or eight gallons of boiling water are to be poured on them, in which they are to infuse for twenty-four hours. The liquor being poured off, the leaves must be pressed in a press of considerable power, and being subsequently washed with an additional gallon of water, they are again to be submitted to the action of the press. The process recommended in the case of gooseberries is to be followed.

The process described above are calculated for brisk wines. If the operator desires to have sweet wines from them, he is to proceed as follows. In such cases the largest proportion of sugar must be used, and as soon as the first fermentation has subsided, the wine is to be racked into a sulphured cask and fined.

If dry wines are desired, the proportion of the fruit to the sugar must be the greatest, with an addition of tartar. The bung must remain open, but the fluid within must not be allowed to escape, while, if the fermentation proceeds languidly, it must be accelerated by heat and agitation. At whatever time and under whichever of these processes it has become dry, it is to be carefully fined and racked into a sulphured cask, and bottled after being once more carefully fined.

Wine from mature Gooseberries or Currants.

These wines may be made either sweet or dry. The rules immediately preceding, which relate to the management of the fermentation, require equally to be attended to in this case.

If sweet wine is intended, the quantity of fruit should not exceed 40 pounds; if dry wine is desired, it may extend to 60. The proportion of sugar will be 30 pounds as before. If a stronger wine of either quality is desired, it must extend to 40 pounds, in either cases adding tartar, say, 1 lb. to the ten gallons; and stopping the fermentation as before directed; or a small portion of sulphite of potash.

The wines from elder berries or other fruits are made in the same manner and with similar proportions.

Having thus stated the general rules by which this process is to be conducted, it will not be superfluous to point out the necessity of using vessels that are clean and free of all flavours which might corrupt the produce.

If the foregoing directions are carefully attended to, the operator may fully reckon on having a wine which will well repay his attention and trouble.

* The quantities in all the receipts are computed for a cask of 10 gallons.

INTELLECTUAL IMPROVEMENT.

AGREEING in opinion with a celebrated writer in the Spectator, that "what sculpture is to a block of marble, Education is to the mind of man—that the philosopher, the poet, the hero, the wise, the great, or the good man, very often lie hid in a plebeian, which a proper education might bring to light;" and convinced, as we are, that we could not render a greater service to many of our readers, than by occasionally turning a serious attention to the subject, we shall make no excuse for laying before them the following extract from a very popular American work,* re-published in England and Scotland, and which has already, within a very few weeks, gone through several editions of various sizes and forms.

The great mass of mankind consider the intellectual powers as susceptible of a certain degree of development in childhood to prepare the individual for the active duties of life. This degree of progress they suppose to be made before the age of twenty is attained, and hence they talk of an education being finished! Now if a parent wishes to convey the idea that his daughter has closed her studies at school, or that his son has finished his preparatory professional studies, and is ready to commence practice, there is perhaps no strong objection to his using the common phrase that the education is finished; but in any general or proper use of language there is no such thing as a finished education. The most successful scholar that ever left a school, or took his honorary degree at college, never arrived at a good place to stop in his intellectual course. In fact, the farther he goes the more desirous he will feel to go on; and if you wish to find an instance of the greatest eagerness and interest with which the pursuit of knowledge is prosecuted, you will find it undoubtedly in the case of the most accomplished and thorough scholar which the country can furnish, who has spent a long life in study, and who finds that the further he goes, the more and more widely does the boundless field of intelligence open before him.

Give up then at once all idea of finishing your education. The sole object of the course of discipline at any literary institution in our land is not to *finish*, but just to show you how to *begin*;—to give you an impulse and a direction upon that course, which you ought to pursue with unabated and uninterrupted ardour as long as you live.

It is unquestionably true that every person, whatever are his circumstances or condition in life, ought at all times to be making some steady efforts to enlarge his stock of knowledge, to increase his mental powers, and thus to expand the field of his intellectual vision. I suppose most of my readers are convinced of this, and are desirous, if the way can only be distinctly pointed out, of making such efforts. In fact, no inquiry is more frequently made by intelligent young persons than this,—“What course of reading shall I pursue? What book shall I select, and what plan in reading them shall I adopt?” These inquiries I now propose to answer.

The object of study are of several kinds; some of the most important I shall enumerate.

1. *To increase our intellectual powers.* Every one knows that there is a difference of ability in different minds, but it is not so distinctly understood that every one's abilities may be increased or strengthened by a kind of culture adapted expressly to this purpose;—I mean a culture which is intended not to add to the stock of knowledge, but only to increase intellectual power. Suppose, for example, that when Robinson Crusoe on his desolate island had first found Friday the savage, he had said to himself as follows:

“This man looks wild and barbarous enough. He is to stay with me and help me in my various plans, but he could help me much more effectually if he was more of an intellectual being, and less of a mere animal. Now I can increase his intellectual power by culture, and I will. But what shall I teach him?”

On reflecting a little further upon the subject, he would say to himself as follows:

* “Abbott's Young Christian.”

“I must not always teach him things necessary for him to know in order to assist me in my work, but I must try to teach him to think for himself. Then he will be far more valuable as a servant than if he has to depend upon me for every thing he does.”

Accordingly, some evening when the two, master and man, have finished the labours of the day, Robinson is walking upon the sandy beach with his wild savage by his side, and he commences to give him his first lesson in mathematics. He picks up a slender and pointed shell, and with it draws carefully a circle upon the sand.

“What is that?” says Friday.

“It is what we call a circle,” says Robinson; “I want you now to come and stand here, and attentively consider what I am going to tell you about it.”

Now Friday has, we will suppose, never given his serious mental effort upon any subject, for five minutes at a time, in his life. The simple mathematical principle is a complete labyrinth of perplexity to him. He comes up and looks at the smooth and beautiful curve, which his master has drawn in the sand, with a gaze of stupid amazement.

“Now, listen carefully to what I say,” says Robinson, “and see if you can understand it. Do you see this little point I make in the middle of the circle?”

Friday says he does, and wonders what is to come from the magic character which he sees before him.

“This,” continues Robinson, “is a circle, and that point is the centre. Now if I draw lines from the centre in any direction to the outside, these lines will all be equal.”

So saying he draws several lines. He sets Friday to, measuring them. Friday sees that they are equal, and is pleased, from two distinct causes; one that he has successfully exercised his thinking powers, and the other, that he has learned something which he never knew before.

I wish now that the reader would understand that Robinson does not take this course with Friday because he wishes him to understand the nature of the circle. Suppose we were to say to him, “Why did you take such a course as that with your savage? You can teach him much more useful things than the properties of the circle. What good will it do to him to know how to make circles? Do you expect him to draw geometrical diagrams for you, or to calculate and project eclipses?”

“No,” Robinson would reply, “I do not care about Friday's understanding the properties of the circle. But I do want him to be a *thinking being*, and if I can induce him to think half an hour steadily and carefully, it is of no consequence upon what subject his thoughts are employed. I chose the circle because that seemed easy and distinct,—suitable for the first lesson. I do not know that he will ever have occasion for the fact that the radii of a circle are equal, as long as he shall live,—but he will have occasion for the *power of patient attention and thought*, which he acquired while attempting to understand that subject.”

This would unquestionably be sound philosophy, and a savage who should study such a lesson on the beach of his own wild island, would for ever after be less of a savage than before. The effect upon his mental powers of one single effort like that would last, and a series of such efforts would transform him from a fierce and ungovernable but stupid animal, to a cultivated and intellectual man.

Thus it is with all education. One great object is to *increase the powers*, and this is entirely distinct from the *acquisition of knowledge*. Scholars very often ask, when pursuing some difficult study, “What good will it do me to know this?” But that is not the question. They ought to ask “What good will it do me to *learn it*?” What effect upon my habits of thinking and upon my intellectual powers will be produced by the efforts to examine and to conquer these difficulties?”

A very fine example of this is the study of conic sections, a difficult branch of the course of mathematics pursued in college; a study which from its difficulty, and its apparent uselessness, is often very unpopular in the class pursuing it. The question is very often asked, “What good will it ever do us in after-life to understand

all these mysteries of the Parabola and the Hyperbola, and the Ordinates and Abscissas, and Asymtotes?" The answer is, that the *knowledge of the facts* which you acquire will probably do you no good whatever. That is not the object, and every college officer knows full well that the mathematical principles which this science demonstrates are not brought into use in after-life by one scholar in ten. But every college officer, and every intelligent student who will watch the operations of his own mind and the influence which such exercises exert upon it, knows equally well that the study of the higher mathematics produces an effect in *enlarging and disciplining the intellectual powers*, which the whole of life will not obliterate.

Do not shrink, then, from difficult work in your efforts at intellectual improvement. You ought, if you wish to secure the greatest advantage, to have some difficult work, that you may acquire habits of patient research, and increase and strengthen your intellectual powers.

CAROLIN, THE IRISH BARD.

The celebrated Irish bard, Carolin, who lived towards the close of the seventeenth century, and was blind from his infancy, had, from an error in his education, at an early period of his life, contracted a fondness for spirituous liquors, which he retained even to the last stage of it. But inordinate gratifications bear their own punishment; nor was Carolin exempt from this general imposition. His physicians assured him, that unless he corrected this vicious habit, he would soon put an end to his mortal career. He obeyed with reluctance, and seriously resolved upon never tasting that forbidden, though to him delicious, cup. The town of Boyle, in the county of Roscommon, was at that time his principal place of residence. There, while under so severe a regimen, he walked, or rather wandered about in a reverie; his usual gaiety forsook him; no sallies of a lively imagination escaped him; every moment was marked by a dejection of spirit, approaching to the deepest melancholy; and his harp, his favourite harp, lay in some obscure corner of his habitation, neglected and unstrung. Passing one day by a grocer's shop in the town, our Irish Orpheus, after a six week's quarantine, was tempted to step in; undetermined whether he should abide by his late resolution, or whether he should yield to the impulse which he felt at the moment. "Well, my dear friend," cried he to the young man who stood behind the counter, "you see I am a man of constancy; for six long weeks have I refrained from whiskey: was there ever so great an instance of self-denial? But a thought strikes me, and surely you will not be cruel enough to refuse one gratification which I shall earnestly solicit. Bring hither a measure of my favourite liquor, which I shall smell to, but indeed shall not taste." The lad indulged him on that condition; and no sooner did the fumes ascend to his brain, than every latent spark within him was rekindled. His countenance glowed with an unusual brightness; and the soliloquy which he repeated over the cup, was the effusion of a heart newly animated, and the ramblings of a genius which a Sterne would have pursued with raptures of delight. At length, to the great peril of his health, and contrary to the advice of medical friends, he once more quaffed the forbidden draught, and renewed the brimmer, until his spirits were sufficiently exhilarated, and until his mind had resumed its former tone. He immediately set about composing his much admired song, which goes by the name of Carolan's (and sometimes Stafford's) Receipt.—He commenced the words, and began to modulate the air in the evening at Boyle, and before the following morning he sung and played this noble offspring of his imagination in Mr. Stafford's parlour at Elphin.

Carolin's inordinate fondness for Irish wine, as Peter the Great used to call whiskey, will certainly not admit of excuse; it was a vice of habit, and therefore might have been corrected; but he seldom drank to excess; and he seemed to think, nay, was convinced from experience, that the spirit of whiskey was grateful to his muse, and for that reason he generally offered it when he wished to invoke her. "They tell me," says Dr. Campbell, "that in his latter days he never composed without the

inspiration of whiskey, of which, at that critical time, he always took care to have a bottle beside him."

It is somewhat remarkable, that Carolin, in his gayest mood, and even when his genius was most elevated by "the flowing bowl," never could compose a planxty for a Miss Brett in the County of Sligo, whose father's house he frequented, and where he always met with a reception due to his exquisite taste and mental endowments. One day, after an unsuccessful attempt to compose something in a sprightly strain for this lady, he threw aside his harp with a mixture of rage and grief; and addressing himself in Irish, of which he was a pleasing and elegant speaker, to her mother, "Madam," said he, "I have often, from my great respect to your family, attempted a planxty, in order to celebrate your daughter's perfections, but to no purpose. Some evil genius hovers over me; there is not a string in my harp that does not vibrate a melancholy sound when I set about this task. I fear she is not doomed to remain long among us; nay," said he, emphatically, "she will not survive twelve months." The event verified the prediction, and the young lady died within the period limited by the unconscious prophetic bard.

We readily give a place to the following, from the pen of our ingenious and philosophical correspondent, Mr. GERRY of Ballymena, Co. Antrim.

SONG.

Tune—"Miss Forbes's Farewell to Banff."

I've wand'red here, I've wand'red there
And many a bonnie lass have seen;
But where's the maiden half so fair
As Ballymena's bonnie Jean?

To say she's like the blushing rose,
Or like the dew her glancing e'en,
A faint idea would disclose,
Of all the charms of bonnie Jean.

And ne'er beneath a breast of snow,
E'er dwelt a heart more kind, I ween,
Than that, which feels the friendly glow
Within the breast of bonnie Jean.

How fair the tints we love to trace;
When dewy evening smiles serene
But fairer is the lovely face
Of Ballymena's bonnie Jean.

And when the lover tells his tale
Beneath yon spreading hawthorn green,
May artless truth and love prevail;
And win the heart of bonnie Jean.

And when in wedlock's sacred band,
May discord never come between;
But truth and love go hand and hand,
And bless the days of bonnie Jean.

DRUNKENNESS.

Many fashionable young men of the present age seem to take a degree of pleasure in inebriety. They will insinuate, even to ladies, their fetes of the bottle, by innuendos, "I've been keeping it up last night," &c. but this is founded upon bad principles, and worse taste. If they would reflect that drunkenness particularly degrades a man from the station he holds relative to the fair sex—it would soon be out of fashion. The Athenians made severe laws against drunkards, and in magistrates it was punished with death, by a law of Solon. The Lacedemonians also proscribed it, and used to expose drunken slaves before the youths to excite disgust.—The Nervii used no wine, lest they should become effeminate. Women were punished severely among the Romans, for that vice. Neither Carthaginians nor Saracens used wine; and Mahomet had wise reasons in forbidding it. The Spanish word for drunkard is *barachio* (a pig skin) evidently figurative, and a term of degradation, because they carry their wine in a skin tied at both ends; and even the Cherokee Indians have enacted the severest penalties against the use of spirituous liquors.

DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 12, Temple Lane, and 3, Cecilia Street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.

Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Pancer-alley, Paternoster-row; in Liverpool, by Willmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Gray; in Birmingham, by Drake; in Nottingham, by Wright; in Edinburgh, by R. Grant and Son; and in Glasgow, by J. Niven, Jun.

THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

Vol. II. No. 61.

P. D. HARDY, 3, CECILIA STREET.

August 31, 1889.



THE EXTRAORDINARY CAVE RECENTLY DISCOVERED ON LORD KINGSTON'S ESTATE.

KINGSTON CAVE.

In the early part of this summer a poor man, of the name of Gorman, residing on the estate of the Earl of Kingston, near Burnt Court, in the County of Tipperary, about midway between Caher and Mitchelstown, whilst quarrying stones on part of his little farm, observed that several of the smaller pieces slipped through a fissure in the rock and disappeared. From the long known fact of a very extensive cavern being in the immediate neighbourhood, he was led to suppose that this aperture communicated therewith; and on widening it sufficiently to allow him to pass, he went down, provided with a light, &c. Finding the place far more extensive than was anticipated, he was induced to prolong the examination until his light failed, leaving him in total darkness: from this predicament he was at length relieved by some of his family and neighbours, who became uneasy at his long absence. This cave has since been visited by several persons of respectability, whose report goes far to place it, in point of magnificence, before any cavern in the united kingdom of which we have an account.

On entering through an opening, just sufficient to allow you to pass, you come to a large space, and thence descend for thirty or forty feet down an inclined plane, and into a sort of angle formed by the roof and floor, (which approach quickly to each other, and join a few feet lower down.) You are soon obliged to slide down the rest of this slope, so contracted has the space overhead become, and when at the bottom, have to work yourself to the right hand in a reclining position. After progressing some time in this manner, with considerable difficulty, you arrive suddenly at the edge of a fearful chasm, which threatens to put an end to all further pro-

ceeding. At length, when the eye becomes a little used to the gloom of the place, the top of a ladder is discovered, appearing just above the brink of a dark, and, apparently, unfathomable abyss; with some considerable exertion you gain a footing on the ladder; descending, with cautious steps, about twenty feet, you land on a very rugged bottom, covered with large rocks. The lights being now prepared, and each adventurer and guide furnished with one, you proceed in a position varying between *stooping and creeping*, on "*all fours*," for a long way, until the roof becomes of a sufficient height to allow your standing upright. Hitherto there is little, if any thing, to interest—all being dark and gloomy, and the black looking limestone rocks being nearly bare—but from hence the beauties of the place begin to show themselves; first in the form of "*stalactites*," occurring here and there, whilst in the bottom is discovered fine incrustations of spar, interspersed with "*stalagmites*" in endless variety. As you proceed, the scene becomes more and more interesting, the rocks being covered in many places with brilliant spar; from the roof also depend thousands of stalactites, many of the larger of which (as in the cut above) having, in process of time, joined the stalagmite below, assume the appearance of pillars and their bases widely extended. You also meet with occasional magnificent specimens, having the appearance of *drapery*, and hanging from the roof of the projecting rocks in the most graceful folds, the effect of which, on placing a light behind, is splendid beyond description. The cavern soon branches out in various directions, and the further you proceed the more perfect and interesting are its beauties. In one long hall or passage, vaulted at the top, a curtain hung down which filled up the way completely and prevented further access, until a small aperture was broken

in it to admit of creeping through. In another of these halls or galleries a curtain hangs gracefully down at one side, occupying nearly half the opening. After much rain the bottom is, in many places, very wet; but even these spots have their beauties, for, in the pools thus formed, some of the most elegant crystallizations are going forward.—The opening to this cavern is situated about a quarter of a mile N. E. of the entrance of the long known and remarkable cave of *Oonahareaglisha*, on the lands of Skeheenarinka, and in the same hill side, but does not appear to communicate with it, extending below in nearly an eastern direction. It is in the estate of the Earl of Kingston, and has been visited by Lord Kingsborough, who has directed that the spars, &c. shall be carefully preserved from injury. It is difficult to form an accurate estimate of distance or space under the circumstances which attend a visit to this place, yet it may be computed that the cave extends from a quarter to half a mile in some directions, and probably much further, as a large portion of it remains still unexplored. The height of the roof is, in some places, from twenty to thirty feet.

EXTRAORDINARY CAVERNS NEAR KILKENNY.

About two miles from the city of Kilkenny, in the neighbourhood of the Park-house of the Dunmore family, are a number of caves, as curious, though not so extensive as those mentioned in the foregoing article. They are thus mentioned by a visitor—

“After a difficult descent of about one hundred feet, the entrance into this subterranean world is gained.—The appearance of the first cavern is uncommonly awful, and gives rise to the idea of a Gothic structure, grand in ruin. The solemnity of this place is not a little increased in its effect by contrast with the gaiety of those scenes which present themselves on every side previous to our entering it. The floor is uneven, and stones or rocks of various sizes are scattered over it. The sides are composed of ragged rock, in some parts covered with moss, and in others curiously frosted; and from the arched roof several huge rocks project, that seem to threaten instant ruin. The circumference of this cave is not less than two hundred feet, and its height above fifty. There is a small, but continual dropping of water from the ceiling, and a few petrifications resembling icicles. This place has its inhabitants, for, on entering it you are surprised with a confused noise, occasioned by a multitude of wild pigeons, disturbed by your intrusion. From this apartment there is a passage to the left, where, by a small ascent, a hole is gained resembling the mouth of an oven, but larger, which introduces you to a place where, by the help of torches, day-light being entirely excluded, a surprising scene of monstrous stones piled on each other, and chequered with various colours, tremendous rocks, and an infinity of stalactites, presents itself. Nature, one would imagine, designed the first cave as a preparative for what remains to be seen: by it the eye is familiarized with uncommon and awful objects, and the mind totally fortified against terrors, the natural result of a combination of appearances so surprising, terrific, and menacing. The spectator flatters himself that he has nothing to behold more awful, nor anything more dangerous to meet, than what he finds in the first cavern. But he soon discovers his mistake, for the bare want of that light which dresses nature with gaiety, is alone sufficient to render the second far more dreadful. In the first place he fancies ruin frowns upon him from several parts; but in this it is more immediately threatened from a thousand rocks, rudely piled on each other, bursting in on him from the bending sides, or pendant from the roof, while by one false step you are dashed to pieces in the precipice beneath. It would indeed be impracticable to range over the apartment, had not nature, as if studious of the safety of the curious, caused spars to shoot from the surface of the rocks, which prevent your feet from slipping beneath, and at the sides serve as ladders, whereby you can ascend and descend with tolerable facility. This astonishing passage leads to an apartment far more curious than any of the rest. On entering it, one is induced to be-

lieve himself in some ancient temple, decorated with all the expense and magnificence of art; yet notwithstanding the splendour and beauty that catches the eye on every side, there is something of solemnity in the fashion of the place, which causes itself to be felt by the most indifferent spectator. The floor is covered with a crystalline substance, and the sides in many places encrusted with the same, fashioned in style not unlike the Gothic style of ornament; and the top is embossed with inverted pyramids of the like beautifully white and pellucid matter. At the points of these stalactites are perpetually hanging drops of pellucid water; for when one falls another succeeds. These splendid gems contribute not a little to the glorious appearance of the roof, which, when illuminated, appears as if formed of the purest crystal. Here also are three extraordinary and beautiful congelations, which, without the aid of a strong imagination, may be taken for an organ, an altar, and a cross. The former, except when strictly examined, appears to be a regular work of art, and is of considerable size: the second is of a simple form, rather long than square, and the cross reaches from the floor to the roof, which may be about twenty feet. These curious figures are produced by the water which distils from the upper part of the cave impregnated with lime, which by gradual petrification, acquired at length those forms now so pleasing. When this curious apartment has been sufficiently examined, the guides lead you a considerable way through winding passages, until a glimmering light agreeably surprises you. Here your journey—a quarter of a mile from the entrance—terminates: but on returning to the first cavern, an entrance into other apartments as extensive, though less curious, presents itself. The passages into some are so low, that you are obliged to creep through them; by these you proceed, till the noise of a subterraneous river is heard; but farther none have ventured.”

THE BOGS OF IRELAND.

Whether these morasses were at first formed by the destruction of whole forests, or merely by the stagnation of water in places where its current was cloaked by the fall of a few trees, and by accumulations of branches and leaves, carried down from the surrounding hills, is a question never yet decided. In a Report of the Commissioners on the Bogs of Ireland, published some years since, it is stated that three distinct growths of timber, covered by three distinct masses of bog, are discovered on examination; and it was given as the opinion of Professor Davy, that in many places, where forests had grown undisturbed, the trees on the outside of the woods grew stronger than the rest, from their exposure to the air and sun; and that, when mankind attempted to establish themselves near these forests, they cut down the large trees on their borders, which opened the internal heart, where the trees were weak and slender, to the influence of the wind, which, as is commonly to be seen in such circumstances, had immediate power to sweep down the whole of the internal part of the forest. The large timber obstructed the passage of vegetable recrement, and of earth falling towards the rivers; the weak timber, in the internal part of the forest, after it had fallen, soon decayed, and became the food of future vegetation. Mr. Kirwan, who wrote largely on the subject, observes, that whatever trees are found in those bogs, though the wood may be perfectly sound, the bark of the timber has uniformly disappeared, and the decomposition of this bark forms a considerable part of the nutritive substances of morasses; notwithstanding this circumstance, tan is not to be obtained in analysing bogs; their antiseptic quality is, however, indisputable, for animal and vegetable substances are frequently found at a great depth in bogs, without their seeming to have suffered any decay; these substances cannot have been deposited in them at a very remote period, because their form and texture is such as were common a few centuries ago. In 1786, there were found, seventeen feet below the surface of a bog, in Mr. Kirwan's district, a woollen coat of coarse, but even network, exactly in the form of what is now called a spencer. A razor, with a wooden handle, some iron heads of ar-

rows, and large wooden bowls, some only half made, were also found, with the remains of turning tools; these were obviously the wreck of a work-shop, which was probably situate on the borders of a forest. These circumstances countenance the supposition that the encroachments of men upon forests destroyed the first barriers against the force of the wind, and that afterwards, according to Sir H. Davy's suggestions, the trees of weaker growth, which had not room to expand, or air and sunshine to promote their increase, soon gave way, and added to the increase.

PORTABLE CORN MILL.

The whole apparatus is contained in an iron case, about twelve inches long, eight broad, and nine deep, with which a man will grind as much flour in about two hours as a family of six persons consume in a week; and from the simplicity of its construction it is not liable to be out of order. Its principle is the same as the common corn mill in use, except instead of stones it has two hardened steel plates cut or grooved in the same manner as grinding stones, but working perpendicularly instead of horizontally.—The corn enters, between the plates near the centre. The moment it enters the running grinding plate begins to crush it, and as both plates are cut on their surfaces like the common mill-stone, the grain becomes continually more and more ground as it passes to the circumference, when it falls into a receiver. The two plates are kept in their position, and true to each other, by a strong iron frame, which frame supports one end of the axle, upon which there is a regulator, which determines the distance between the plates; by turning to the right or to the left, coarse or fine flour is obtained. The portability of this machine, the facility of working it, the quantity and quality of the flour which it produces, renders it one of the most important and useful inventions of this ingenious age. Private families, who wish to have their flour unadulterated, and persons going to, or residing in distant countries, must find it to be an invaluable acquisition.

PRESERVATION OF FROZEN POTATOES.

In time of frost, the only precaution necessary is to retain the potatoes in a perfectly dark place for some days after the thaw has commenced. In America where they are sometimes frozen as hard as stones, they rot if thawed in open day; but if thawed in darkness they do not rot, and lose very little of their natural odour and properties.

CURE OF WOUNDS IN ELM TREES.

Those elms which have running places, or ulcers, may be cured as follows:—Each wound to have a hole bored in it with an augur, and then a tube, penetrating an inch or less, is to be fixed in each. Healthy trees thus pierced give no fluid, but those which are unhealthy yield fluid, which increases in abundance with the serenity of the sky and exposure to the south. Stormy and windy weather interrupts the effect. It has been remarked, that in from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, the running stops, the place dries up, and is cured.

PRESERVATION OF FRUIT TREES FROM HARES.

According to M. Bus, young fruit trees may be preserved from the bites of hares, by rubbing them with fat, and especially hog's lard. Apple and pear trees thus protected, gave no signs of the attacks of these animals, although their feet-marks were abundant on the snow beneath them.

EGYPTIAN AZURE.

This beautiful pigment, which has preserved its brilliancy of tint for more than seventeen hundred years, may be easily and cheaply made:—fifteen parts of the carbonate of soda, with twenty of powdered opaque flints, and three of copper filings, when strongly heated together for two hours, will produce a substance, which, when powdered, will be of a fine deep sky blue, and closely resemble the Egyptian Azure in tint.

SIMPLE SCIENCE.

What is hydrogen gas? and what vulgarly called? Hydrogen combined with, or dissolved in, caloric. It is called inflammable air.

How does it appear that caloric, when added to substances, insinuates itself between their parts, and diminishes their solidity, lessening the solidity more and more, as more of caloric is added? Put ice in a kettle and place it on the fire—this addition of caloric will soon make it liquid; keep it longer on the fire (i. e. add more caloric) and it becomes still less solid, and all fumes away in vapour through the pipe of the kettle. On the same principle caloric melts lead.

How does it appear that the removal of caloric lets the particles of a body which it has separated, close together again, and that thus by taking away caloric you can bring back vapour to a fluid state, and turn a liquid to a solid? Put hot water into a bowl, and turn down a plate or saucer over it. The hot water will send up vapour, and on its reaching the surface of the saucer that is next it, will there part with some of its caloric to the colder saucer, which will absorb it; and the vapour having lost a portion of its caloric, will resume its liquid form, and be found in drops, or a sort of dew on the saucer.

What is soap? Soap is a combination of oil and alkali. Ashballs are the ashes impregnated with potash.

What is nitric acid? and what is it vulgarly called? It is composed of oxygen and nitrogen, or azote; and is vulgarly called *aqua fortis*.

What is nitre? and what is it vulgarly called? Nitre is a salt; and its proper name is nitrate of potash. It consists of *nitric acid* and potash. Nitre is vulgarly called saltpetre.

In what form does *nitrous acid* appear? *Nitrous* appears in the form of a gas, or, at least, a vapour; whereas, *nitric acid* is liquid.

In what form does the *sulphurous acid* appear? When the combustion of sulphur is slow, the flame is blue, with a suffocating vapour: this vapour is *sulphurous acid*. *Sulphuric acid* is liquid.

What is the vulgar name of *sulphuric acid*? *Sulphuric acid* is vulgarly called oil of vitriol.

Do we ever see pure alumine in nature, as we do pure carbon? *Sapphire* may be said to be *wholly* composed of this earth. It is a mere crystal of alumine. *Sapphire* is blue.

What is ruby? What is oriental topaz? They are but varieties of sapphire, consequently are wholly aluminous.

What is alum? It is a salt. Its proper name is sulphate of alumine, being composed of alumine; (which is its base,) united with sulphuric acid.

Which is the most abundant, and generally diffused of the metals—and where found? Iron; it is an ingredient in almost every rock, from the oldest to the newest; and is also found in many earthly and metalliferous minerals and in all soils.

In what state (however otherwise combined) is iron usually found? Mostly in the state of an oxide; except when combined with sulphur.

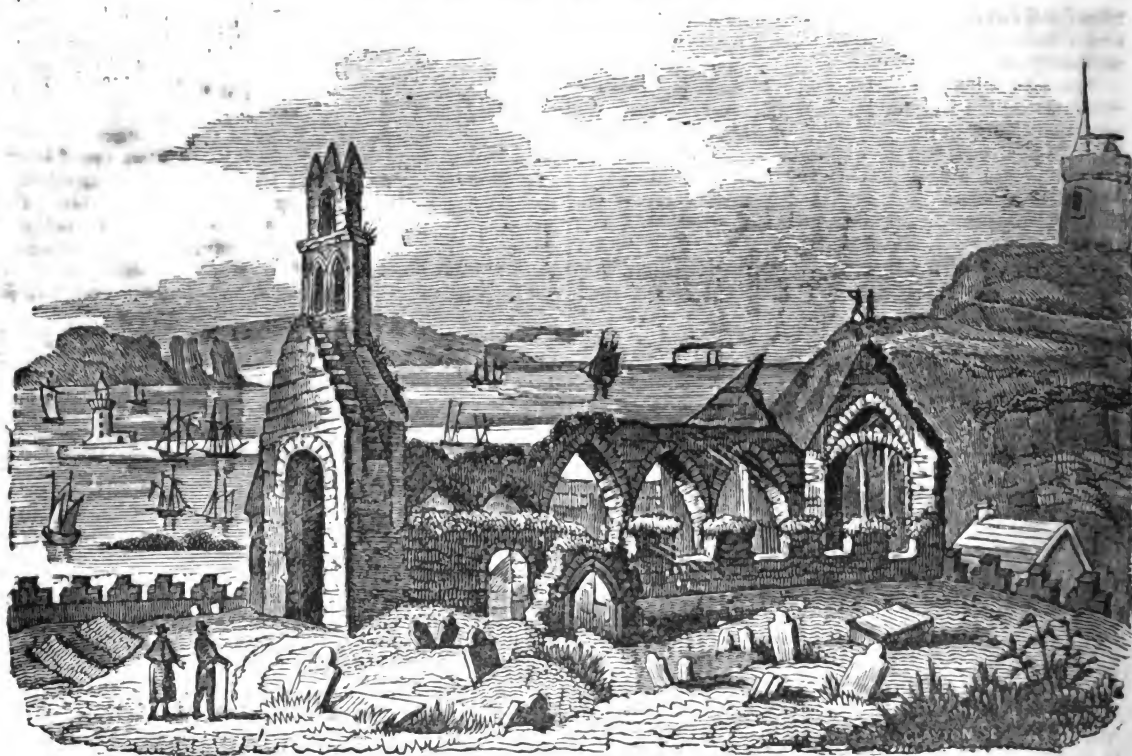
What is this combination called? Pyrites: common pyrites, is composed of iron and sulphur, nearly half and half.

What is glass? A compound of *silex*, and one of the fixed alkalies, completely fused, (i. e. melted) and then suddenly congealed. *Silex* alone, not mixed with an alkali, could not be completely fused. The fixed alkalies are soda and potash.

Glass is the only known instance of a substance perfectly transparent, produced by the union of two dissimilars and entirely opaque bodies.

ROMAN CEMENT.

By a recent analysis of Parker's Roman Cement, by Monsieur Berthier, he finds that its constituents are of chalk and common clay, and he proposes the manufacture of a similar Cement, by the mere mixture of them in certain proportions:—One part of the clay, and two and a half parts of chalk, sets almost instantly, and may, therefore, be regarded as Roman Cement.



ABBAY OF HOWTH

THE ABBEY OF HOWTH,
WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE FAMILY OF
ST. LAURENCE AND SIR JOHN DE COURCY.

On landing at the Harbour of Howth, the first object that attracts the attention of the tourist or traveller, particularly if infected with the antiquarian mania, is the Ruined Abbey, which directly fronts him, (by the way, although generally called an Abbey, the claims of this building to that distinction are dubious—we find no mention of it in the Monasticon—and in early days it was only known as a Prebendal Church, dedicated to the Virgin Mary.) Placed on a precipitous bank, considerably elevated above the water's edge, and surrounded by a strong embattled wall, it presents a striking evidence of the half-monk, half-soldier character of its founders, and a specimen of the general state of society at the period of its erection, when it was not unusual, or considered particularly unbecoming, for the professed minister of peace to join the ranks of war and distinguish himself in the sanguinary mêlée—or to find the prior or abbot of a monastery, the ostensible temple of religion, and the calm, quiet retreat of meditation and virtue, marshalling his vassals for the onset, or fortifying his sanctuary by fosse and battlement.

This building, which, from its natural situation and artificial defences, may be considered half temple, half fortress, was erected a short time after the establishment of the noble family of St. Laurence at Howth, early in the thirteenth century, and in the year 1235, as mentioned in a former paper, was constituted a Member of the Chapter of Saint Patrick's, Dublin. It owes its origin to that noble house, and was endowed by Almericus, the ninth baron, with thirty acres of arable land in Howth, which he gave to the vicar, William Young, and his successors, for ever: it still continues to be their cemetery, and within its mouldering walls repose the mortal remains of many by-gone generations of the family. Their tombs occupy a considerable portion of the interior, and the sight of these narrow tenements is calculated to carry the mind back to the times when the dust which now occupies them was animated with life and energy, and the empire filled with the fame of their martial achievements, and the renown of their wisdom.

The circumstances which led to the establishment of this noble family here are most romantic and interesting. History informs us that the name of this ancient noble family was originally Tristram, and changed to St. Laurence on the following occasion:—One of them being on that saint's day to command an army, near Clontarf, against the Danes, the common invaders of the realm, made a vow to Saint Laurence, (as was customary in those days before any great or hazardous attempt,) that if he obtained the victory he would assume his name, and entail the same on his posterity. After a very hot, but successful engagement, he performed his vow by taking the name, which has ever since continued the family surname; and to perpetuate his victory, the sword where-with he fought is still hanging in the hall of Howth, the residence of the family since their first arrival in Ireland.

Without doubt the family was of note in England long before the Norman Conquest, for we are told that Sir Tristram, one of the knights of King Arthur's round table, was the predecessor of Sir Amoricus, Almericus, or Amorey Tristram, who came into Ireland in the reign of Henry II. being induced to accompany his brother-in-law, Sir John De Courcy, in his expedition hither from the following circumstance:—

In the year 1177, when Sir John De Courcy was commanded into Ireland by the king, he had a grant, under the great seal, that he, and the friend he should chose to prefer, should enjoy all the lands he should win by his sword in that kingdom, exempt from charge or tribute, saving his homage to the king as supreme and absolute lord of the land. Sir John being in strict friendship with Sir Amoricus Tristram, who was a worthy knight, and had married his sister, had proposed to him, in the church of Saint Mary at Rouen, that whatever they should win in any realm, either by service or otherwise, should be divided between them—Sir Amoricus closed with the proposal, and they continued inseparable; and Sir John being sent out into Ireland, their first landing was at Howth, where, their passage being disputed, a very sharp battle ensued, and Sir John being detained on board ship, by sickness or some other impediment, the command devolved on Sir Amory, and the victory being mainly attributed to his valour and conduct, which were conspicuous, the title and lands of Howth were allotted

nim for his share of the conquest, and dearly did he purchase them, as he lost, on that occasion, seven sons, uncles, and nephews.

Soon after this they proceeded northward, and by several skirmishes reduced the maritime parts of the province of Ulster, in the performing of which, after the first battle near Down, Sir Amorey for some time was missing, but at length was found leaning on his shield near a hedge, from whence he had plucked some honeysuckles and wild roses to refresh and support him under the loss of blood from three large wounds, such as caused his life to be despaired of for nine days, and probably from this circumstance the family bear the roses in a bloody field in their coat of armour.

In 1189, upon the removal of Sir John De Courcy from the government of Ireland by Richard I. and the appointment of Hugh De Lacy the younger in his room, the Irish no sooner heard of the change than they resolved to regain their country from De Courcy, now divested of his power. Sir Amorey being then in Connaught, was advertised, by letters from De Courcy, of his removal and danger, and desired to hasten to his assistance; accordingly he set out, attended by thirty knights and two hundred footmen, in order to join him, but O'Connor, king of Connaught, understanding his design, assembled all his forces to intercept his march, and, unperceived, surrounded his devoted band. Sir Amorey animated his men resolutely to attack the enemy, but the horsemen seeming inclined to preserve themselves by flight, he cried out, "Who will may save his life by flight on horseback if he can, but assuredly my heart will not suffer me to leave these, my poor friends, in their necessity, with whom I would sooner die in honour than live with you in dishonour." At the same time he thrust through his horse with his sword, saying, "He should never serve against them with whom he had so worthily and truly served before." His example was followed by all the horsemen, except two young gentlemen, whom he ordered to stand on the next hill to see the battle, and after it was over to carry the news to his brother, which they accordingly did, and testified all the circumstances of this transaction.

This done, he engaged the enemy, said to be twenty thousand strong, so desperately, that one thousand were slain, but being overpowered by numbers, he and his party perished to a man. "Thus," say the old chroniclers, "thus died Sir Amorey Tristram, who, among a thousand knights, might be chosen for beauty and heroic courage—for humility and courtesy to his inferiors—yielding to none but in the way of gentleness."

By the sister of Sir John De Courcy, Earl of Ulster, he left three sons, the two younger of whom were slain on Good Friday, while assisting their uncle De Courcy against De Lacy's men, who fell upon them, when unarmed, in the churchyard of Downpatrick; and Sir Nicholas Fitz Amorey, the eldest, was sent to England upon his father's death, to inform the king of the situation of affairs, whence returning to Ireland he was obliged to content himself with the lands of Howth, and give up the conquests of his father in Ulster to monasteries and abbeys. He was a man of great resolution and bravery, and is thus described with his father by Galfridus Rodebuc, (Walter Roebuck)—*St. Laurens fuerunt viri strenui atque fortis et robustissimi in Bello*. He was so desperately wounded in Ulster, in nine several places, that he was left for dead, but at length recovered to continue the family, being father of Almericus, the third baron, to whom King John, while Earl of Morton and Lord of Ireland, confirmed the lands of Howth by charter; to him may be attributed the change of the name from Tristram to St. Laurence.

It may not be here irrelevant to give some notice of Sir John De Courcy. Being removed from the government of Ireland, and superseded by Sir Hugh De Lacy, in his indignation he gave vent to his feelings, and uttered some words disrespectful to the king (John), and reflecting on him for the murder of Arthur, his nephew, Duke of Britaigne; this being reported to the king, it highly incensed him, and he ordered De Lacy to have him arrested and sent prisoner to England. De Lacy,

highly pleased with the command, several times endeavoured to accomplish it by open force, but finding that course ineffectual he had recourse to treachery, and prevailed on some of Sir John's servants or captains to betray him, which took effect on Good Friday, in the year 1203, when the earl, according to the devotion of the time, walking unarmed and barefoot five times round the churchyard of Downpatrick for penance, was attacked unawares, and having nothing better to defend himself with than the pole of a wooden cross, which he probably carried, he was overpowered and forced to yield, but not until he had slain thirteen of his assailants with his uncouth weapon. On this occasion, as before observed, two of Sir Amorey's sons were slain defending their uncle.

Being thus betrayed, he was sent to England by De Lacy, and condemned by the king to perpetual imprisonment in the Tower. But after about a year's confinement a dispute arose between King John and Philip Augustus of France, concerning their respective titles to the Duchy of Normandy, the decision of which was referred to a single combat between two champions. King John appointed the day, against which the French King provided his champion, but the King of England consulting with his council, and strictly enquiring where to find a man who would undertake so weighty and hazardous an enterprise, found none of his subjects willing to answer the challenge, which threw him into great perplexity, until he was informed, by a gentleman of his Privy Chamber, that the Earl of Ulster, then a prisoner in the Tower, was the only man in his dominions to serve him in that exigency, if he would undertake it. The king sent twice to prevail with the earl to accept the challenge, but he refused, saying, "Not for him, for I esteem him unworthy the adventure of my blood, by reason of the ungrateful returns he hath made me for my services and loyalty to the crown in imprisoning me unheard, at the suit of my rival and enemy De Lacy;" but the king, sending a third time, bade him ask what he would it should be granted to him and his friends, adding, *that the honour of his country depended solely on his accepting the challenge*, which when he heard he returned this answer—"As for myself, the king is not able to grant my request, which is the freedom of heart I want by his unkind dealing, which I never after look to obtain; as for my friends, they are all slain in his service, having a few, by reason whereof I never mean to serve the king more; but for the honour and dignity of the realm, in which many an honest man lives against his (the king's) will, I shall be contented to hazard my life, and defend it to the utmost of my power, so I may have such things as I may call for."

The particulars of this singular combat are thus quaintly given in one of our old chronicles:—"The day came, the place and lists were appointed, and the scaffolds were set up. The princes, with their nobility on both sides, waited the issue of the battle. The French champion first sallied forth, gave a turn, and rested in his tent. De Courcy was sent for, who was trussing himself up with strong points, and answered the messengers, that if any of their company were to go to such a banquet, he would make no great haste. He soon after came forth, gave a turn, and went into his tent. When the trumpet sounded the charge, the champions issued out, and viewed each other. De Courcy eyed his adversary with a wonderful stern countenance, and passed by. The Frenchman, not liking his grim look, and strong proportion of his person, stalked still along; and when the trumpets sounded to battle a second time, De Courcy drew his sword; upon which the Frenchman put spurs to his horse, broke through the barrier, and fled into Spain; whereupon they sounded victory, and the people threw up their caps, and clapped their hands. King Philip desired King John, that De Courcy might be called before him, to show some proof of his strength. A stake was set in the ground, and a shirt of mail and an helmet placed thereon: De Courcy drew his sword, looked wonderfully stern upon the princes, and cleft the helmet, shirt of mail, and stake so far, that none were able to pull out the weapon but himself. The princes then asked him, why he looked so sour at them? He said, if he had

missed his blow, he would have cut off both their heads; but all was taken in good part. King John gave him great gifts, and restored him to all his former possessions." An immense sword, said to have been used by De Courcy on the occasion, is deposited in the Tower of London; and the Lords of Kinsale are possessed of the right of wearing their hats in the king's presence, on account of the exploit, real or supposed, performed by their ancestor.

He made, it is said, no less than fifteen several attempts to return to Ireland, but was always prevented by contrary winds or other impediments; he then desisted, and retired into France, where he died about the year 1210.

R. A.

THE EFFECTS OF FEAR,

A NARRATIVE OF FACTS.

The circumstances which give rise to fear are of very dissimilar natures—sometimes the cause is ludicrous, often, too often, serious. Sometimes fear arises from a natural cause, and not unfrequently from a supposed supernatural; but arise from what cause it may, ludicrous, serious, natural, or supernatural, it is admitted by all, that fear is a very unpleasant sensation to the person labouring under its influence—has frequently led to very serious results, and the paroxysm has often ended in the most lamentable manner. Fear we believe to be as inherent a principle of nature, and as closely bound up with humanity as the passion of love, or any other of the many feelings that either honour or disgrace human nature: it is an involuntary convulsion; and an individual could as easily prevent a fit of coughing while labouring under influenza, as an attack of fear when induced by time, place, circumstances, and matter.

It is not our intention to enter into a philosophical definition of the passion of fear. There are none who do not know what it is; and, therefore, without further preface, we proceed to give a practical illustration of its effects.

John M'V—, or, as he was familiarly called, Tippy Bobby, not many years since carried on the business of a barber in the town of D—. In person he was rather diminutive, not exceeding four feet eight inches; but in his youth possessed as great a share of life, and as high an opinion of himself as ever was contained in a body twice the dimensions; for as he was wont to say, if he had a small body he had a large soul, and, "it is not the size of a man, but the spirit of a man that constitutes the man;" and certainly as he bustled through the street, with head erect and elbows squared, to attend the many calls on him to beautify the person, and bedizen the locks of his numerous fair customers, his appearance proclaimed his self-sufficiency and the consequence he attached to his office in no very small degree.

But it was within the walls of his domicile that John shone forth in all his glory, while operating on the visages of his penny-a-shave customers; and to do him justice, few could equal him in the ease, smoothness, and rapidity of his shave. Light and steady was his hand as he mowed down the chevaux-de-frize of a week's growth, followed the windings of every description of jaw, or dug into the recesses of a deeply pock-pitted countenance. Obligated to use a stool to reach the elevation of the chin, which he mounted with the air of a Cicero ascending the rostrum, he tucked in the napkin in the most scientific manner, and flourished his razor and applied his brush with inimitable grace—filling the ears with his oratory, as he occasionally did the mouth with his suds; for John thought, that as he had a prescriptive right to take every man by the nose, he might, without offence, be indulged in a joke; and being on the whole a very useful member of society, and withal a right merry little fellow, he was indulged; and his shop was the resort of all those who duly appreciated the luxury of an anodyne shave, heightened and seasoned by a sprinkling of news, flattery or scandal.

Thus John's bachelorship rolled on;—but man is not born for a life of enjoyment; and these palmy days of his

existence could not last for ever. Goldsmith says in his *Vicar of Wakefield*, that "the fortunate events of a man's life are generally those of his own procuring," he might have added the unfortunate also, so it proved at least with John. In an evil hour he took unto him a wife—and verily she was a Tartar. The perfect reverse of himself—coarse and bulky, strong and lusty, an Amazon in her appearance, and a tefmagant in her manner; before the influence of her malignant star John's sun quickly set. She soon began to assert her superiority; and after a few inefficient kicks, the meek and gentle spirit of the little man quailed beneath the lightning of her frown, and gradually but surely his spirit was broken, and the poor fellow settled down despondingly into that most abject object of humanity—a hen-pecked husband.

In addition to her other good qualities, Mrs. M'V. was a confirmed drammer; and I still can fancy her fiery, bloated overgrown appearance, as she filled with arms akimbo the door of John's once happy home, and poured forth her vituperation and abuse on all who came within the range of her discursive fancy. Her unfortunate helpmate, of whom perhaps you might catch a glimpse under her elbow, generally came in for the largest share; while crest-fallen and chop-fallen, only the shadow of what before was scarcely more than a shadow, he would listen in silence until the tempest would exhaust itself. Occasionally, when beyond the shot of her battery, a flash of his native fire would break forth—his tongue would become unchained—his elbows would again mechanically square, and his head would erect itself as of old; but a single twinkle of her basilisk eye was sufficient to recal him to a sense of his hopeless situation, dispel his day-dream of happiness, cast a blight on his enjoyments, and crush him into hopeless nothingness.

"Tis a long lane has no turn." So says the proverb. After a few years thus spent in *conubial bliss*, the native fire of her temper, aided by the artificial fire of whiskey, kindly came to John's relief, and drying up the springs of life, inflammation of the liver took her off, with the unanimous consent of all her friends. She left a few pledges of her love behind, and John felt himself again a man, and once more began to breathe freely. But, reader, have you ever observed a high mettled horse, or perchance a pony, his native fire subdued—his will conquered and kept within bounds by a strong rein and powerful hand—he becomes submissive to the will of the rider; suddenly the rein snaps, and all his former impetus returns; on he dashes, heedless of consequences, and reckless of danger—and proud in the consciousness of regained liberty, perhaps rushes madly over a precipice—just so it was with poor John; his drag being removed, and freed from the incubus that so long incumbered him, the recoil of his spirits hurried him beyond the bounds of propriety; he plunged eagerly into company, drank deeply of the liquid poison, neglected his family and business, and was hastening rapidly to ruin.

His friends beheld with pain the course he was pursuing; they expostulated with him on the folly of his conduct, they set before him the melancholy consequences, but without effect; and knowing the instinctive dread of his wife which still hung about him, they determined to try an experiment to fright him into propriety. Accordingly, one night, after he had as usual retired to rest in a state of intoxication, he was suddenly roused from his slumber, and beheld a figure enveloped in white, the face as far as was uncovered deadly pale, standing by his bed, which announced itself to the terrified man as the ghost of his dear, departed Mary Anne.

John's teeth chattered, and a cold sweat bedewed his forehead as he gazed on the apparition, which commanded him in a hollow voice instantly to arise and fall on his knees; always accustomed to obey, he mechanically crept from his bed and did the spectre's bidding. Faithfully did he promise that he would no more offend, and dreadful were the denunciations of wrath should he break his promise; and the scene was closed by swearing him, that he would not for twelve months drink more than a naggin of spirits per day, to wit—one half in the morning, and the other at noon; after which he was ordered to bed, and the ghost departed.

In the morning he awoke to a full consciousness of the

terrible events of the past night; he would willingly persuade himself it was all a dream, but even a dream in which his wife was a party was not one of the most agreeable description; and to avoid as much as possible, a recurrence of one of the same nature, he arose, determined to fulfil to the letter the import of his oath, and to commence the world a new man; but, alas! little did he reckon on the frailty of human nature. On entering his shop, his friends were there to see how their plan worked. Unfortunately they could not keep their own counsel, but too plainly betrayed by their enquiries and suppressed mirth, the hoax they had played. The truth flashed upon his mind; and from sheer vexation that he should be made the object of their sport, and the butt of their ridicule, he plunged deeper into the mire, and that evening was put to bed in a state of perfect insensibility.

Determined not to be foiled by the failure of their first attempt, and foolishly wishing to enjoy the terror and perplexity of their unfortunate victim, they that night made a second attack. Roused from sleep by the most alarming noises and rough usage, poor John was horrified at beholding not only the spectre of his wife, but several others around him. In a voice of fury she upbraided him with the breach of his oath in the most cutting terms; she rehearsed the various acts of her love and kindness to him while on earth; and finally declared, that as there was no hope of his recovery here, she was determined to bring him with her. John listened with a vacant stare to all that was said, his teeth were clenched, his eyes were set, he neither spoke or moved; but when they proceeded to put her threats in execution by pulling him forcibly by the heels out of bed, his whole frame became convulsed; he gave a piercing scream of agony—it was his last. They had carried their joke too far, human nature could not bear it. Poor John was seized with a fit in the hands of, shall I say, his murderers, and before morning he was a corpse.

The matter was hushed up; it was supposed he had died of apoplexy. The unlucky actors in the tragedy certainly made the only reparation in their power, by protecting and providing for his family; and at the present day, his son occupies his shop, and fills his former situation in society.

R. A.

PADREEN MAC FAAD.

A most daring act of robbery, and one most skilfully conducted, occurred somewhat more than eighty years ago, in the County of Derry, near the town of Dungiven; it was committed by a maunder commonly called Padreen Mac Faad, and two brothers of the name of Crossagh. Between that village and the mountain named Carn Togher, there was formerly a sort of country inn, kept by one Fowler, which was generally supposed to be a receptacle for robbers. Hither Mac Faad and the Crossaghs used to resort; and were said to have had for their use a private apartment, near the place where the guests were entertained, in which they could hear their conversation, and adjust their predatory plans accordingly. It happened at that time, that General Napier, at the head of a detachment of cavalry, (the number of which is not ascertained,) halted at Fowler's for a night, on his way to Londonderry. He had heard of Mac Faad's party, and how frequently they laid travellers under contribution; and, while he was sitting at supper, expressed great indignation and contempt at the magistracy for suffering such maunderers to exist in the country. Mac Faad, being in the adjoining room, overheard him; and, it is said, made a most solemn and tremendous vow, that the General should feel his vengeance soon, for the infamous epithets with which he had honoured him. He laid his plan accordingly; and, knowing that the General was to march, next day, over a long narrow bridge, in a valley where the current had failed, took his station, with his associates, near the bridge, and some of them under the arches. The General, at the time expected, advanced, at the head of his troop, at a brisk trot; and when they got on the bridge, his horse was suddenly shot under him; and Padreen Mac Faad appeared. A show of resistance was attempted; but one of the Crossaghs roared aloud

in their rear, and presented a blunderbuss, with which he swore to do bloody execution on the man who would put hand to holster or sword. Padreen, in the mean time, stood before them in no very inviting attitude, a pistol in each hand, and his belt stuck full of daggers.—When thus completely jammed in on each side by the curtain walls of the bridge, and attacked front and rear, Mac Faad informed the General who he was: and commanded him, on the peril of his life, to give orders to his troop that they should suffer themselves to be tied, one after another, by his associates, who had ropes prepared for the purpose. The commander was obliged to give orders accordingly: and the men were compelled to submit to inglorious bonds till all were firmly secured. The banditti began the business of plundering the superior officer in the sight of his soldiers; and it is reported that they shared a large booty, as he had a considerable sum with him, under what he thought a sufficient guard. This, however, did not satisfy the marauders, who stripped the General of his coat and hat; and, when the business was completed, found means to escape among the winding glens, and left their military victims to be loosed by the hands of their valorous commander. The place has since been called the General's Bridge. The hardihood of the robbers, and some political reasons now unknown, induced the Grand Jury to throw out the bill of indictment against Mac Faad; and he was actually suffered to plead his pardon, dressed in the regimentals of Napier. He was made a sort of ranger of the country, in the old manner of "set a thief to catch a thief." But after a short time he was convicted and executed for some new enormities.

Oh fair was the morning, and bright was the day,
When General Napier made his guardsmen array,
To hold on their journey to famed Derry town—
And gaily they galloped o'er mountain and down;
Their hearts in their bosoms sat lightly and glad,
For little they thought to meet Padreen Mac Faad.

Their steeds were high-mettled, their trappings were gay,
And their armour flash'd bright in the brightness of day,
Their rings and their jewels were gallant and fine,
(Och! I wish that such rings and jewels were mine);
But ere the night came, they were sorry and sad,
For they chanc'd on their way to meet Padreen Mac Faad.

"Come bustle, come bustle, O'Crossagh the bold;
There's prey on the mountains, there's spoil in the wold;
Come bustle, come bustle—high deeds must be done
In the face of the day, in the glare of the sun;
For wealth for the fearless in store may be had,
And gold for the winning!" quoth Padreen Mac Faad.

Out sallied the rapparees, firm in their might;
Their word "the strong hand, and pillage our right:"
Their pistols were loaded, their carbines slung;
Like the wolf-dog on track, they rush'd fiercely along;
So reckless the spirit, in good cause or bad,
Of wild Shane O'Crossagh and Padreen Mac Faad.

Now high o'er the land blazed the bright lamp of day,
And the toil-stiffen'd reapers rejoiced in its ray,
When the General and comrades came gaudily on—
They stayed not for rock, and they stooped not for stone—
Their swords and their trappings were rattling like mad;
"Och, you'll soon quit your capers!" quoth Padreen Mac Faad.

One flash of his carbine—the General wheel'd round,
And his steed and his rider both roll'd on the ground;
His guardsmen they gaped with a panic-struck stare,
When the voice of O'Crossagh roar'd loud in the rear—
"Surrender, ye knaves, to true knights of the pad;
The strong hand for ever, and Padreen Mac Faad!"

Now oaths wildly sounded, and pistols were flashing,
And horses high bounding, and broadswords were clashing;
The demon of plunder in glory did revel,
For Shane and stout Padreen laid on like the devil;
Till at length, fairly routed, the whole scarlet squad
Were tied neck and heels, by brave Padreen Mac Faad.

Their rings and their watches, and jewels so rare,
And bright store of gold, and fine raiment to wear,
Were seiz'd by the victors, who strutted so gay
Round the crest-fallen cravens in martial array;
And throughout the wide country there ne'er was a lad
Could match Shane O'Crossagh, or Padreen Mac Faad.

Belfast Magazine

TOMB OF THE ST. LAURENCE FAMILY, IN THE ABBEY OF HOWTH.



In the south aisle of the Abbey of Howth, near the east window, stands a tomb, on the slab of which are represented, in a recumbent posture, in high relief, the figure of a knight, and by his side that of a lady. The heads of both are supported by tasselled cushions; the feet of the knight rest upon a dog, and those of the lady on a cushion similar to that under her head. The hands of both are raised and laid flat on the breast, the palms inwards; the countenances are peculiarly placid and agreeable. The knight is in complete armour from crown to heel, and belted with his trusty sword. His lady love is attired in a fanciful head dress, a close bodice, wide sleeves, terminated at the wrists by cuffs, and from the waist is enveloped in an elegantly plaited tunic, the train of which descends in graceful folds below her feet; a nondescript ornament hangs in front, on which a cross may be traced. On the levelled edge of the slab there has been an inscription now defaced; the sides and ends are beautifully sculptured; the head and foot represent the figures of saints in Gothic niches; and on the sides the armorial bearings of the family and its connexions are displayed, surrounded by rich and florid tracery: among these escutcheons the arms of St. Laurence and Plunket are the most conspicuous.

There is a peculiarity in this tomb I have not seen generally noticed—the lady on the slab and the Plunket arms occupy the place of honour, namely, the dexter side. Can this be satisfactorily accounted for?

There are some other monuments, but none of any particular interest. On the floor, close by the south wall, are two freestone flags, with ornamented crosses in relief; they, perhaps, mark the graves of some of the ecclesiastics.

R. A.

TERREAN ABSORPTION.

Pliny tells us the mountain Cymbotus, with the town of Eurites, which stood on its side, were wholly absorbed into the earth, so that not the least trace of them remained; and he records the like fate of the city Tantalus in Magnesia; and after it, of the mountain Sypelus, both thus absorbed by a violent opening of

the earth. Galanis and Garnatus, towns once famous in Phœnicia, met the same fate; and the vast promontory called Phlegium, in Ethiopia, after a violent earthquake in the night time, was not to be seen in the morning, having wholly disappeared, and the earth closed over it. These and many other histories attested by authors of credit among the ancients, abundantly prove the fact, in the earlier ages; and there have not been wanting, too, many instances of more modern date. Amongst the latter, in the year 1702, the noble family seat of Borge, near Fredericstadt, suddenly sunk, with all its towers and battlements, into an abyss of a hundred fathoms in depth; and its site was instantly filled with water, and formed an immense lake. This melancholy accident, by which 14 people and 29 head of cattle perished, was occasioned by the foundation having been undermined by the waters of the river.

ALLITERATION.

THE BATTLE OF THE PIGS.—A Latin poem was published at Niverstadt, in 1669, consisting of three hundred and two hexameter lines, comprising one thousand five hundred words, which, with the title page, author's name, &c. began every one with the letter P. It is called, "Pugna porcorum per Petrum Porcinum, Paraclesis pro potatore." It takes for its motto—"Perlege porcorum pulcherrima proclia, Potor, Potondo poteris placidam proffere poesin." It commenced with the line—"Plaudite porcelli, porcorum pigra propago." The whole is correct Latin, the verse perfect in its quantities, and the fable conducted on the best rules of Aristotle. It is, perhaps, the greatest literary curiosity in existence.

QUID NUNC.

There is a word in the English language, to which, if you add a syllable, it will make it shorter—and that word is, *short*. This is a paradox: for the word being actually made longer, becomes really *shorter*—and now, *vice versa*, there are words which, by being made shorter in one sense, become longer in another—*plague* is a word of one syllable; take away the two first letters, and there will be a word of two syllables remaining; by which it appears the *ague* is four-sixths of the plague. We have three words of this kind, *league*, *league*, and *frague*. There is also a word in the English language of five syllables, from which if one syllable be deducted, no syllable remains—*monosyllable*. The two longest monosyllables in our language are *strength* and *straight*, and the very longest word *honorificabilitudinitas*; but this is an obsolete phrase, and is not to be found in any vocabulist I know of, Bailey excepted, who has borrowed it from the Latin, in which language it has a letter more, viz. *honorificabilitudinatas*.—Heroine is, perhaps, as peculiar a word as any in our tongue. The two first letters are male, the three first female, the four first a brave man, and the whole word a brave woman; it runs thus—*he, her, hero, heroine*.—We have a term for a beggar, which may be divided without the transposition of a single letter, with only the addition of an apostrophe, so as to complete a simple sentence, and such a sentence as a person of this description may generally address himself withal. The term is *mendicant*, and the sentence arising from its division—*mend I can't*; which most of them may truly assert.—We have several dissyllable words, which read the same backwards and forwards, such as *aga, ala, leal, &c.* But we have very few which constitute a different word by reverse reading. There are these, *lever, ever, repel, sever*, which read backwards make *revel, reve, leper, reves*; an æra, by dissolving the diphthong, when retrogradely read, will be *area*. Of trisyllables there cannot be expected so many; *animal*, it is true, will be found to make the Latin, and by adoption, English word, *lamina*.

DUBLIN.

Printed and Published by P. D. HARRY, 12, Temple Lane, and 3, Cecilia Street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.
Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.
In Liverpool, by Willmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Gray; in Birmingham by Drake; in Nottingham, by Wright; in Edinburgh by R. Grant and Son; in Glasgow, by J. Niven, Jun. and in London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Fannyer-alley, Paternoster-row.

THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 62. Vol. 11.

P. D. HARDY, 3, CECILIA STREET.

SEPTEMBER 7, 1838.



CLONDALKIN TOWER.

Drawn by Hutchinson.

The picturesque and interesting village of Clondalkin is situated about four miles from Dublin, on the Naas road. It was originally a camp or settlement of the Danish invaders, who, we are informed, erected a palace in it, named Dun Awley, from the name of its founder Awliffe. This palace was burned by the Irish about the year 832,* when one hundred of the principal Danes were slain. In revenge the Danish chief surprised, by ambuscade, a body of two thousand men, most of whom were either slain or taken prisoners. About this period many of the Oestmen, then in Ireland, had embraced the Christian faith, and some have imagined that among their earliest religious works were the singular pillar towers, relative to whose actual use there is so much diversity of opinion among the learned, and which are said to have served the double purpose of a belfry, and a refuge in times of danger. Many incline to this opinion from their ever being the accompaniment to some church or monastery. Of the abbey, to which this tower was an appendage, there now exists scarcely a vestige. In the burial ground there is a stone cross, bearing evident marks of great antiquity. Mention is made of one Cathald† being the abbot and bishop so early as 859, A. D. and of its being dedicated to St. Cronan‡ Machude as the patron saint.

During the struggles between the Irish and their Danish invaders these edifices were frequently pillaged, but from the perfect state of preservation in which we now find the tower, it is to be inferred that it sustained little damage.

The height of the pillar is eighty-four feet, the diameter fifteen feet; the door-way is twelve feet from the ground. To this, some years since, a flight of steps was erected. Ladders have also been put up, so as to enable the curious to reach the uppermost story. The view of the surrounding country, from the apertures or windows, is ex-

remely fine. Nearly opposite to where the ancient abbey stood are the ruins of a castle; and in the village there is a monastery, a school-house for male and female children, a widow's alms-house, and a charitable repository.

We were not able, during our cursory visit to this neat little village, to learn precisely the particular fraternity to which the monastery is attached, but from the various trades carried on in it, and the constant employment of the inmates, we were forcibly reminded of the monastery of La Trappe, in Dorsetshire.

The monastery of La Trappe lies between Lulworth castle and the sea coast, but secured from storms, and sheltered on all sides. Soon after the commencement of the French revolution, when the religieuses of all kinds were obliged to seek this country for protection, some monks of La Trappe found an asylum at a Mr. Weld's, and, as they increased in number, he erected the present building for their habitation, which is quadrangular, with a schilling in the inside, forming the cloisters, and in the area a depository for the dead. Seven graves are observable, to each of which were added a wooden cross either at the head or feet. A grave is always left open for the reception of the next that dies. The cloisters are used for air and exercise in bad weather, having a large cistern at the end for the monks to wash. Not a word is spoken. The refectory is a long room, containing a wooden bench extending on each side; upon the tables were placed a wooden trencher, bowl, and spoon, with a napkin for each monk, and the name of each inscribed over his seat. The dormitory extends the whole length of the building, and on each side are ranged the cells of the monks, in which they recline themselves on wood, with one blanket and a coarse rug; it has a window at each end to ventilate and air the room, which is dark and gloomy, and a clock at one end, to warn the monks of the hour of matins.

* Archdall's Monas. Hiber. † Grose's Ant. p. 16. ‡ Archdall's Monas. Hiber.

The community rise at one o'clock in the morning, winter and summer; the choir brothers then begin their devotions, and continue in the chapel till nine o'clock, when each goes to some manual labour in the garden, on the roads, or in the grounds, (about 100 acres,) till eleven, when there is a short service, which lasts half an hour, then to labour again till half past one, when they return to prayers for half an hour, and are again summoned to their frugal meal; they then retire to meditate till the day is nearly over, and retire to their dormitories at eight o'clock, having spent the whole day in abstinence, mortification, labour, silence, and prayers, and every succeeding day like the former, continually hastening to the grave that is open. They abstain wholly from meat, fish, and fowl; and, during Lent, from butter, milk, eggs, and cheese: but they seem perfectly content. They observe perpetual silence, scarcely ever look at each other, and never speak but to their prior, and that on urgent occasions; they never wander from their convent without permission of their superior, and go each morning cheerfully to such work as they are directed to perform.

MARY CARR,

OR THE ABDUCTION AND RESCUE.

Is there a human form, that bears a heart—
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray a maiden's unsuspecting youth?—BURNS.

The brilliant sun of a fine morning in August was beaming into a cabin that stood on the side of a retired road. A pole stuck in the thatch, from which depended a rusty horse shoe, indicated the trade of the owner; and in a small hole, intended to represent a window, a fractured jug and footless glass, as plainly as hieroglyphics could do, told that the weary traveller, or determined sot, might be accommodated with mountain dew—in plain language, potent whiskey.

On this morning the smithy exhibited, in a more than usual degree, the want of regularity. There had been some merry-making in the neighbourhood, at which the heads of the house spent the previous night, and every thing, to use a common phrase, was through other. The master of the house had, after a short sleep in his clothes, arisen, and since that more than once paid a visit to the spirit store of his prudent wife. Some young men, who had been of the night party, dropped in; spirits was called for, as the prelude to a regular drinking bout, when the tramp of a horse was heard, and a loud call, "Is there any one widin'," brought the smith to the door.

A man on horseback, with a female seated on a pillion behind him, required to have a shoe made for his horse, who stripped one, and, in consequence, was lame. But the smith had no coals, therefore how could he make a shoe. The man said he must proceed on his journey, when Vulcan, in a voice rendered almost inarticulate by inebriation, declared, "that the poor baste would be entirely knocked up afore they had thravelled a mile iv ground."

"No help for that same," replied the other; "sure I I can't be stanin' here all day wid a finger in my mouth—I must be goin' to the next smith."

"Faix, an' ye'll have a long ride," said one of the men from within.

"Is id far off?" asked the equestrian.

"Far off!" growled the smith—"sorra dacent workman, barrin' myself, widin tin mile iv ye."

"Well, I must only put up wid a botch," said the other.

"Sure, iv I had a handful iv coals, the ne'r a minit I'd be makin' a beautiful new shoe," returned the smith.

"That's live horse an' ye'll get grass," muttered the horseman—"but where could ye get coals?"

"Hooch, isn't there lashins an' lavins iv coals in the town there beyant," replied Vulcan, staggering towards the horse.

"Musha, and what news ye tell the dacent man, ye drunken brute," exclaimed the mistress of the smithy, rushing out and giving her good man a push towards the door; "golong into the house, doesn't himself know there's plinty iv every goodness in that place, but that wont

put a shoe on his cliver baste, God bless id, an' send him safe over his journey. Ye dirty omodhaun, (fool,) ye couldn't think iv sendin' to them that stud yer frind many's the time, and when ye wor on the shaughran.* God look down on me this day, but I'm in a poor way wid ye." Then elevating her voice to a higher key, added, "here, Judy Casey, cum here, acushla—slip over to the still-house, an' Fardy 'ill give ye as much coal-turf as 'll make a shoe for this honest man's baste."

The appearance of the horseman did not warrant her using the epithet gentleman, and she was obliged to pause literally for lack of breath. Judy Casey, a bare-legged, half-clad girl, with staring fiery looks, emerged from the cabin, and set off across the fields in a sling trot, but had not gone many yards when the mistress hallowed after her not to be a minute away, and then begged the equestrians would alight until a shoe could be made.

The man appeared fatigued, and, besides, the cravings of appetite began to annoy him; he, therefore, gladly availed himself of the opportunity to rest—but, previous to alighting, he said, in the Irish language, to those assembled at the door, that the young girl behind him had run away from her parents; he was now bringing her back, and that they should not mind any thing she might say to the contrary.

This was sufficient to attract all eyes to the female, and the young men of the party openly expressed their admiration, exclaiming, "Nough gan nule a colleen ee"—"is she not a handsome girl?" Her conductor, who liked not these expressions, replied, in the same language, to this effect—"handsome is that handsome does;" and Mrs. Vulcan added her mite, saying, "daughters were ever a trouble to their parents," as she led the girl to a little gloomy space, partitioned off the kitchen, dignified by the title of the room. The man, knowing he should have to wait some time, enquired whether he could have breakfast, adding—"Faix, thravellin' in a raw mornin' 's a hungry thing."

"Sorra doubt," replied an old woman, who sat smoking in the corner: "maybe ye'd take a blast iv the pipe, 't'll draw the win' (wind) aff yer stomick."

"It's little goodness in one house wid me," said the smith—"but, any way, ye'll be welcome to share iv what we have."

"God look down on the poor, it's little they have in this world at all," rejoined the old woman.

"Thru fur ye," said the horseman—"the poor is hard crished—God reward them that laves them so."

"Och, amin!" was the response of the woman.

"The times is bad enough, to be shure," said a fine intelligent looking young man, who was leaning against the wall, "but there never was a time, iv one was willin' to work, that he wouldn't be able to keep himself above want, an' iv they don't work they have no one to blame."

"Work!" repeated the equestrian, contemptuously—"many's the man lives well an' docsn't do a turn iv work."

"Nera one says agin that," replied the young man, who was called Willy Dolan, "but them is gentlemen."

"No, sorra bit—no more nor yerself."

"Then, barrin' they robbed or stole," said Willy Dolan, "what way could they do it, an' then shure it's hung they'd be."

"There's many's the way iv makin' money widout workin' or robbin' either," said the horseman.

"Bethershin (maybe so)," replied Willy, "but ne'r a one iv them can be honest ways, afther all."

"Be gaura, Willy, it's a murdher yer mother didat make a priest or a counsellare iv ye—sure enough ye'd be a great one," remarked the smith.

"Musha, then, Willy," said the old woman, "but I wondher at ye—what do ye know, that never was tin mile from home, comparin' wid this honest man."

"Every one can tell honesty from roguery, Nelly," replied the young man, "an' it would be well for the world iv every one like us was content to earn his bread in honesty, an' not be lookin' for it in any other way. I say that man 's a rogue in his heart that would advise a poor

boy to the gontreary," and looking defiance at the stranger, he left the house.

"Monam ayeah, but Willy Dolan's grand the day—any way, it is a fine thing to have the larpin'," was the remark of the mistress, as she bustled about preparing the breakfast.

James Carr was what is called a man well to do in the world; he held a large farm, and was competent to manage it. He had married early in life, and when in more humble circumstances, a person superior to himself in birth and education, who, nevertheless, made an excellent wife, and brought up their only child, a daughter, much better than girls in her rank usually are brought up. Mary Carr was, indeed, deserving of the admiration she excited in all who beheld her; a very beautiful and modest girl—the delight of her parents and neighbours.

James Carr's landlord was an absentee, and when Mary was about seventeen his son came to the country to transact some business. He saw Mary, and was charmed by her extreme beauty; he went frequently to her father's, and, on conversing with her, found, that though very diffident, she was superior to her young companions. He became much attached to her, and sought every opportunity of explaining his sentiments, but Mary never remained an instant alone with him. He then had recourse to a servant woman of Carr's, whom he bribed liberally to plead his cause, but she was not more successful. Owing to the good instructions of her mother, Mary Carr was well aware that the son of her father's landlord could scarcely be honourable in his intentions to her, and, when pressed by the woman to give him a private meeting, she replied—

"I told you often, Peggy, that it's not right for me to be listening to the like of this—he's not fit for me, nor I for him. What would his father and friends say if they heard it?"

"Hoo, an' what cud they say, an' let them do their best; shure many's the betther nor him marret a counthry girl; an', the heavens may bliss yer purty face, ye're a wife for the fill of his masher. Shure, any way, it's no harum to spake civil to him, God help the poor boy, but he has a sore heart."

But this, and many such speeches, were of no avail. Mary would not see him except in her parents' presence. Peggy, afraid her gains would cease if she gave not the young man some hopes, told many lies; and one night, when Mary was asleep, the wretch cut off a lock of her hair,* and gave it to the lover as if sent by her. Transported by this apparent proof of her affection, he determined to brave the displeasure of his family and marry her. He mentioned this to a confidential man who lived on the property. This man was named Paddy, and the bitter enemy of James Carr. He expressed the greatest surprise and sorrow for what his young master was meditating, saying it would surely break the ould master's heart. He used many arguments to convince the young man that the Carr's were taking him in, and that he might have the girl on easier terms than matrimony. In fact, Paddy worked so much on him, that he consented to give up his honorable intentions, and agreed to a plan, proposed by his adviser, namely, that a horse and pillion should be ready on a certain night, at the end of a wood beyond her father's. "An," added Paddy, "I'll engage to make Peggy decoy her out, ready to travel—ye'll not appear at all—I'll take her to the place ye know, an' thin I'll warrant she's yer own in spite iv the watch."

It is needless to enter into further particulars—the stratagem was successful, and it was the ruffian Paddy, with Mary Carr strapped round his waist, who arrived at the smith's, in consequence of his horse having stripped a shoe.

The breakfast was ready, and still the girl with the coal-turf did not make her appearance, though the mistress declared she would be back in a minute—it was time enough—the day was long, and the young girl was tired, a trifle of sleep would do her good. But, notwithstanding this, while bustling about, Mrs. Vulcan more than once muttered, "Sorra be in me, Judy Casey, but iv I had a hand on yer lug, I'd put the life in ye." At length

the messenger arrived, and, when taxed with delaying, swore, most vehemently, she did not delay one minute; but the mistress sprung across the floor, and would have laid violent hands on her, did not the bystanders interfere and push Judy out of the house.

Mary Carr was invited to partake of the breakfast, but declined; and when, after many delays, owing to the badness of the fire and the drunkenness of the smith, the shoe was fastened on, she was led to the door by the mistress. Paddy, having already got on horseback, desired the smith to put the girl up behind him. While a chair was bringing out to facilitate her ascent, Mary, with a blanched cheek, and a voice tremulous from excess of agitation, exclaimed—"Ah, for the love of God, good Christians, help—will you see a poor girl dragged from her family by a villain?—oh, you couldn't be Irishmen and stand by to see it done. Help me, and may the great God be on your side in time of need!"

"Hould yer prate," roared Paddy; "don't b'lieve a word she says, boys, it's all lies—put her up behind me."

The smith was about to do so, when Willy Dolan, rushing from the crowd, laid his hand on Vulcan's arm, saying—"Mick Kelly, iv you wish for whole bones, don't put a hand on that girl."

"Why so?" demanded the smith.

"Every why," was the answer.

"I tell you, boys, not to heed her," cried Paddy.

"An' I tell ye, boys," exclaimed Willy Dolan, "that's the liar, and the black villain into the bargain; I tell ye she'll never sit on one horse wid ye while I can handle this," and he flourished a stout shillelah with great dexterity.

"An', wid the help iv God, that wont be long," said Paddy, pulling a pistol out of his bosom, and, ere any person was aware of his intention, firing at Dolan, but, missing the object of his aim, the shot took effect on a young man standing at the extreme edge of the crowd, who, with a loud scream, fell to the ground. For an instant the people appeared as if paralysed, so sudden had been the shot, but they soon rallied.

"Revenge, revenge," shouted Willy Dolan, and in an instant half a dozen cudgels were raised against Paddy, who wisely considered it vain to contend, and, setting off at full gallop, was soon beyond the reach of his enemies.

On hearing the shot Nelly left her place in the corner, and, running up to where the young man was lying, called out that the decent boy was killed, and, clapping her hands, set up the usual cry, in which she was joined by the mistress and Judy Casey.

"Is there any life in him?" asked one of the men.

"Sorra dhrop—he's dead as mutton, an' bleedin' like a pig," replied Nelly.

"Oh, wirra, wirra, what luck my poor cabin had the day," said the hostess; "sorra's name the murderin' ruffian didn't go some other place an' get a shoe made."

"Ye may thank nobody for that but yerself," retorted her husband.

"Don't bother us, ye brute," she continued, "there's throuble enough at our dour; och, och, who'll tell Nanny Gilaspy that her little boy's a stiff corps."

"An' more was the pity," replied Nelly; "lowersha,* it's himself was the clane boy, an' the fine dancer, sorra his equal ever stud on a flure. O, weera deelish, thanks an' praise be to ye, sweet Saver, but it's a little thing knocks the breath out iv a poor sinner, the Lord prepare us for that minit, amin, a chiernah."

"Where did the fire hit him, Nelly, dear?" asked one of the people who were collected in a ring about the fallen man.

"The ne'r a ha'porth myself sees an him," she answered, "only a little cut in the side iv his neck, God bless the mark."

"Why but ye bring him into the house?" said another.

"Maybe ye want us to be mad," answered Nelly; "no one can tich him till the corner (coroner) cums to hould a jury on him."

"Glory be to God," remarked one, "but death's a poor thing. It's little Barney thought this mornin' the minit was so near."

* Fact.

A strong affirmative.

"Thru fur ye, Pether; no one knows what's afore him in the mornin'; little fear but ids the young id go—there's Lucause bockagh (lame Luke) that'd be no loss, an' shure he wasn't tuk, glory be to ye, sweet Saver," and Nelly gave three distinct knocks on her bare breast with her clenched hand, while with the other she reached a pipe to the girl, adding—"Judy, alanna, run an' put a bit iv a coal in the pipe, the heart is sore widin me."

All this time the smith and his wife were in consultation at the door, she rocking backwards and forwards; at length they seemed to agree, for she called—"Here, Judy Casey, why but ye go in an' rendy the house, sorra good ye'll do stanin' there. Ah, boys, dear, isn't it a wondher but one iv ye steps over for Nancy Gilasp—Lord comfort her sore heart the day. An' shure another of yeas ought to run for the corner, an' not let the poor boy, God rest his sowl, be lyin' an the ground all night."

Having issued all these orders in a breath, she turned to Mary Carr, who had sunk on the chair, almost unconscious of what was passing round her, so much had she been terrified. The hostess came close to her, saying, "Ah, thin, that was an unlucky man that cum a near my poor cabin the day, Lord reward him." Mary enquired whether any person was hurt. "Hurted?" exclaimed Mrs. Vulcan—"hurted ye say?—faix, there's a dacent mother's son kilt, an' the like never happened at one dour wid me afore."

"Are you quite certain he is killed?" said Mary.

"Seein' 's bleevin'," replied the other, catching Mary's arm, and dragging rather than leading her to where the body lay, surrounded by the people, Nelly smoking and talking vehemently. Mary, on not perceiving Paddy, gained more presence of mind, and said, "Why don't you stop the blood?"

"There's no use in id an' he dead," replied Nelly, with a deriding sneer.

But Mary was not deterred; she prevailed on the smith's wife to get cold water and cloths to stop the blood, Nelly all the while growling, "Don't make a fool of yourself, Hetty, sorra dhrup in him more nor a stone."

On cleansing the wound it appeared little more than a scratch. They bathed his face plentifully with cold water, and raised his head to the air; still Nelly said—"Let to yer nonsense, the boy's kilt out and out, he'll never stan' on the green grass agin."

However, in a short time, to Nelly's utter amazement, the young man was restored to animation, and was walking towards the house, when his mother rushed up, like a person deranged, followed by men, women, and children. The young man was not injured; the ball slightly grazed his neck, the shock of which, and extreme terror, deprived him of animation. Many were the exclamations of the crowd on Mary's cleverness, and Nelly was loudest in accusing him of being so weak as to be killed by such a trifle.

When Willy Dolan had left the house, as before mentioned, he went to where the aperture that gave light to the room opened. In fact, he was smitten by the beauty of Mary, and thought, "iv she run away afore, maybe she'll cum wid me." Mary was leaning with her face at the window, and in tears; she was almost in despair, and did not move on seeing him. He said—"Don't cry, Miss, don't be afeard, yer people wont be angry now yer goin' back agin."

"My people!" exclaimed Mary. "What do you mean?"

"Spake say," said Dolan—"arn't ye goin' back to yer frinds, afther runnin' away from them?—but never heed, ye're not the first that done the like, an' no one 'll cast it up to ye."

"And is this the story the villain invented to destroy me," cried Mary; and in a few words she gave an account of the real state of the case. Such is the force of truth, and perhaps coming with more force from the lips of a beautiful girl, that Dolan gave implicit credit to every word, and exclaimed—"Well, well, the thief iv the world, I knew he wasn't good—he'll pay for this," then, after a short pause, he added, "Iv ye'll depind on me, Miss, I'll do my best to help ye."

"There's something in your face that tells me you will

not deceive a poor girl; I will depind upon you, and may God reward you as you deal with me. Only I trusted in God I wouldn't be able to speak to you now, praise to him, he helped me to go through last night."

"May I never sin, iv I could desave any girl, an' ye above all the world," in saying so Willy Dolan's fine face was lighted up with a glow of honest affection; he continued, "When they want to put ye up behind the villen agin, go quietly (quietly) to the dour, ax the boys to help ye, an' lave the rest to me; I must be goin' now." He then went among the young men, and put them up to the rescue, which, as has been seen, was happily effected.

We are limited, and therefore cannot dwell much longer on the affairs of the interesting Mary Carr. It was determined she should proceed back to her parents, accompanied by Willy Dolan, of whom Mrs. Vulcan said—"An' ye needn't be afeard, dear, to go wid Willy Dolan, sorra quiter nor dacent boy in the country, for discreetness an' modesty."

However, before the horse could be got, Mary was overjoyed by the appearance of her father and some of his neighbours. Peggy, on seeing the distraction of Mary's parents when she was missed, repented, and acknowledged her share in the transaction. In consequence, a pursuit was instituted, and, happening to take the same road, they intercepted Paddy in his flight from the smith's, which led to the discovery of Mary.

Paddy was tried at the assizes, and punished for his part in the abduction of Mary Carr; and, in the end, she was married to Willy Dolan. W.

SEAL OF ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.



THE above is an exact representation of the Seal of the chapter of the cathedral church of Saint Patrick's, Dublin. It is the size of the original seal, and a correct copy; the device appears to be taken from the barren fig tree; in the upper part are the royal arms, France and England, quarterly—the date 1574, and the badges of the house of Tudor—the rose and portcullis; the base is occupied by the bust of a bishop placed in a tabernacle or pulpit, on the dexter an escutcheon, containing, per pale, a saint or bishop and a plain cross, probably the ancient arms of the cathedral; and on the sinister side, the arms of the bishopric of Dublin, impaled with those of the then bishop: on a scroll encircling the

head of the figure, in the chief device is the motto, *Noli Altum Sapere*.—Be not high minded : and round the seal is the inscription in ancient roman characters, *SIGILLVM COMMUNE CAPITVLI ECCLESIE CATHEDRALIS SANCTI PATRICII DVBLINIE*.

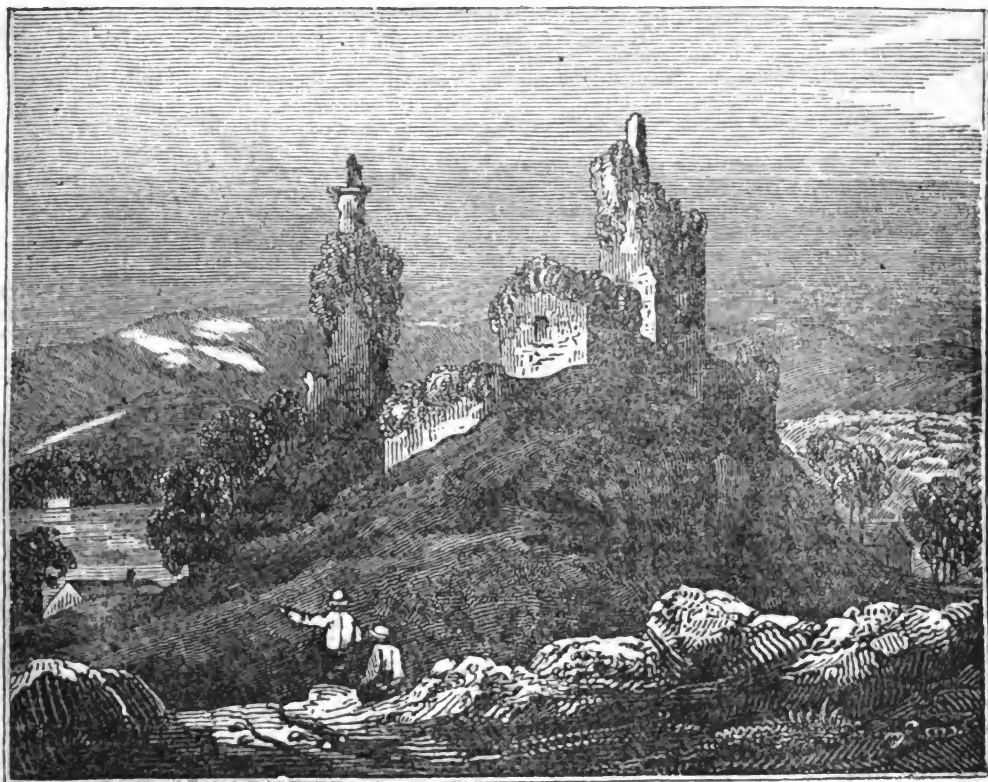
The following concise history of St. Patrick's is from *Malton's Views in Dublin*, A. D. 1794 :—

"Saint Patrick, the great Irish apostle, after breaking up the synod held in Armagh, in the year 448, is said to have travelled towards Leinster, and came to Dublin, then known by the name of Bally-aith-claath, where in a fountain of fine water he baptized the people, and Alpin the son of Cochaid, king of the place, near which fountain he built a church called after him ; on the foundation of which, the present pile of building was erected by John Comyn, archbishop of Dublin, A. D. 1190, who succeeded the gallant Laurence O'Toole, Prelate of Dublin. In this cathedral archbishop Comyn placed thirteen prebendaries, which number was afterwards increased to twenty-two. This church was collegiate in its first institution and erected into a cathedral, about the year 1225, by Henry de Londres, successor to archbishop Comyn, united with the cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Christ's Church, Dublin, into one spouse, saving unto the latter the prerogative of honour. William Fitz Grey was constituted first dean of it, and a chanter, chancellor, and treasurer were appointed, and lands and rectors allotted, conformable to the rules of the church of Sarum. The

chapter of this church is composed of 26 members, of which number the prebendary of Cullen is united to the archbishopric, and the revenues of Tymothan were swallowed up and became lay fee in the time of archbishop Loftus, the title still remaining.

The see of Dublin was united to that of Glandelagh, in the year 1214, which union still subsists, and both at that time were divided into ten deaneries ; at present there are 12. This see was very largely endowed, when John Comyn was archbishop ; it was possessed of 37 manors, besides endowments in England confirmed by king John, and different popes, particularly in Staffordshire, which continue, as to right, in the archbishopric of Dublin to this day ; the archbishop of Dublin was anciently of the king's privy council in England, and had the right of a prince Palatine in his own liberties. His seneschal holds his court in Kevin-street, a little to the east of the cathedral."

The question of precedence between the sees of Dublin and Armagh, had been agitated for centuries with the greatest violence, and both pleaded authority in support of their pretensions ; it was at length determined in 1552, that each should be entitled to primatial dignity, and erect his crosier in the diocese of the other. That the archbishop of Dublin should be titled the "Primate of Ireland ;" while the archbishop of Armagh should be styled with more precision, "Primate of all Ireland," which distinction continues to the present day.



CARRIGALINE CASTLE.

Six miles from Cork, on the Onbouy river, (so called from the peculiar yellowish colour which its waters assume during the winter) is situated in the village of Carrigaline. Though now a place of no great importance, it was once apparently destined to rank higher. The first Earl of Cork, out of pique to the Corporation of that City, (who felt so suspicious of him, as to enter in their council books a law, that no citizen should sell any lands or estate to that nobleman) proposed to build at Carrigaline a town to rival Cork, over which it should have had the advantage of being much nearer to the sea ; and had so far proceeded as to have marked out the ground plan of a very extensive city. The rebellion of 1641 put a stop to the undertaking, and it was finally abandoned on the death of the Earl.

Carrigaline was one of the many parishes with which the College of Youghal was endowed at its foundation, but in these, our times, has no connexion whatever with it.—The parish church, though of small dimensions, is a very chaste specimen of Gothic architecture, and was lately built by G. R. Pain, Esq.

Near the west end of the church is a tomb of the Newenham family ; it was ornamented with a number of figures, designed in good taste, but owing to the frail material in which they were executed, (lead) and the neglect of those who were most interested in its preservation, it has been so battered and bruised, that little more than the inscription now remains to be admired.

Close by the church is the ruined castle, more interesting from its picturesque appearance than from any archi-

tectural remains which it possesses. However, though it is now a desolate and time-worn pile, it was once the pride of its owners, and in Queen Elizabeth's time could boast of being impregnable—a circumstance not altogether unlikely, judging from its natural situation and from the extent and character of the works. It is built on the summit of an immense rock of limestone which rises abruptly at the river side, but gradually slopes towards the land, as shewn in the sketch. The castle is said, by Doctor Smith, (in his History of Cork) to have been built by the family of the Cogans, and afterwards to have been possessed by the Desmonds, but he does not add at what period either of those circumstances occurred.

In the year 1589, the squadron under the command of Sir Francis Drake having been chased by a large Spanish fleet, entered Cork harbour, and sailing up the narrow creek, at the upper end of which the castle is built, took shelter not far from its walls. The Spaniards quickly followed, but not knowing the harbour, sailed round and round its shores in search of them, but in vain, Sir Francis lay at anchor in perfect safety in the calm waters of a sweep of the river which has been since called Drakespool.

The destruction of the castle is, by popular tradition, ascribed to a family feud. The wife of Desmond, the lord of the castle, complained to her father, who was one of the M'Dermott's, of ill treatment, who immediately, aided by his vassals, stormed the castle, rescued his daughter, and finally reduced the fortress to its present condition.

H.

COLLIERIES IN IRELAND.

SIR—As you seem desirous of making your little vehicle of useful information, mainly subservient to the advantage of the country, I wish to draw your attention as much as possible to the important subject of the Collieries of Ireland: and sure I am that this island contains sufficient stores of fuel within its bowels to save us from the necessity of importing any.

One of the first Collieries discovered in Ireland was at Ballycastle, in the county of Antrim: this was in the year 1721—and Mr. Stewart, the gentleman in whose estate it lay, obtained a grant from the Irish parliament of £2000 to assist him in working it. He obtained £2000 in the next Session; and £2000 more in the one following:—but all this money was expended in making shafts, and other works necessary, all which was sufficiently advantageous to the landlord and neighbourhood, but of none whatever to the nation, unless a proper harbour and quay could be formed for exporting the coals coastwards. This being represented to parliament, £5000 was granted in one session for this purpose, and £5000 in another. These sums being found insufficient, £10,000 was granted, and then Mr. Boyd, to whom the property descended, entered into security to complete the work, without further aid. Mr. Boyd had, however, to contend with obstacles which Providence often throws in the way of all human exertions, as if to prove the weakness of the most mighty, by the most insignificant (to our finite judgments) of impediments; for a worm, common in the West Indies, but hitherto unknown here, got into the frame work necessary to unite the masonry of the quay, and totally destroyed the timber, so that the dreadful gales, usual in that part of the coast, soon destroyed the work, and when I last saw it, which was so long ago as the year 1798, it was a perfect ruin. Since that I saw nothing of the Ballycastle Colliery; but if I recollect right, the coal was more of a smelting quality, than otherwise. It appears from Parliamentary papers which I have had access to, that in the year 1762 fourteen thousand tons of coals had been shipped at Ballycastle for Dublin, and elsewhere.

In the year 1796 I went to live in the county of Tyrone, and soon found that coal was to be had in the neighbourhood where I resided; after a short time I ordered some, but so abominable was it, and so slovenly and carelessly did it appear to have been raised, that I soon gave up the use of it; indeed wherever I visited, I found the same objection, and an old and most estimable gentleman, Mr. Stewart, of Killymoon, for many years, in the beginning of the last century, representative in parliament for that county, (as was his son and grandson after him) on my complaining of their bad quality, observed that they might

be of considerable value, on a contingency; “for if your house took fire, they would serve to extinguish it. Every prudent man, Sir, said he, ought to be provided with a ton or two of the Dunganon coal, in case of such accidents!”

But how stands the case now? This very colliery, or if not that identical one, another very near it, namely, at Drumglass, produces some of the finest fuel possible; so good, in fact, that I would not give half-a-crown a ton between it and the very best of Wigan. It is worked by an English company, denominated the Hibernian Mine Co.; and steam engines of considerable power being in constant use, the supply to the north of Ireland is constant, abundant, and most valuable—they are sold in three denominations; the first called riddled coal, is sold at 8d. the cwt.; the second, which is excellent for general use, and that which I myself use, is called “screened coal,” at 5½d. per cwt.; and is, as I said before, excellent, and the slack cakes as hard as rock. My carriers tell me that the demand is astonishing, inasmuch, that unless they are in the yard before six o'clock in the morning, they have no chance; and even then dozens are always before them.—I wish I could state the number of tons raised and sold in a day; but some one else will, I hope. I sometimes think I would not give anything between Wigan and Drumglass coal. I have now been burning it for above five years, indeed almost since it has been raised, though I have a good turf bog of my own, within musket shot of my house; and I do so upon principles of economy, though I draw it thirteen miles, and pay 5½ per cwt. for the carriage.—But in truth, Tyrone abounds with coal; and I remember the first Lord Castlestewart showing me some coal, so perfectly like Kendal coal, that there was no knowing the difference. He told me that he had long given up the idea of working it, from the expense, and I presume the want of skill of those employed, and concluded with saying, “Sir, my colliery is at your service, if you work it.”

It is often curious to mark to what opposite uses things are applied, to those for which they were originally destined. About ninety or one hundred years ago—I will not say I am accurate as to date—a certain cavalry officer quartered in Newry, and knowing, even then, how fertile the county of Tyrone was in collieries, suggested to government the plan of forming a canal, which would connect Lough Neagh with the sea, and so prove the means of supplying the city of Dublin with Irish coal, and enable the citizens to fulfil most of Dean Swift's advice, of “burning everything English, except their coals.” But how has it served? Why, Sir, many a ton of good Liverpool coals have I seen consumed on the banks of Lough Neagh, fetched by that very canal! I believe, indeed, that now it is otherwise, for I have lately seen lighters laden with Tyrone coal at the quay of Newry; but up to this, the great and principle use of the Newry canal was to supply all the neighbourhood of that inland sea with English coal!

I may, perhaps, furnish you with a few more reminiscences, mean time wishing you prosperity,

I am, &c. &c.

• • P.

We most willingly give insertion to the foregoing, as bearing directly upon a subject which we are most anxious to bring prominently forward, namely—“THE WORKING OF THE MINES OF IRELAND.” There cannot be a question that our island is not only—

“Rich in store,
Of veiny silver and of golden ore,”

but that within its bowels are also contained almost every description of metals and ores in requisition amongst us.

Of the mines already known, it is only necessary to state, that coal is found in almost every county in Ireland. We have it in Leitrim; in the county of Tipperary; in many parts of Munster, particularly in the county of Cork. In Connaught bituminous coal of a good quality is found; and the Ulster Coal district, which is also bituminous, contains many valuable beds. Besides these coal districts, we have iron of a very superior quality; and as if nature seemed to invite us to industry, it is situated in the midst

of a country the coal of which is peculiarly adapted for reducing the metal. Yet, we import our coal, and we import our iron from England.

To the coal and to the iron of Ireland, we would particularly allude; because these substances are powerful engines to promote the most important branches of manufacture; but there are other mines deserving of attention. The copper mines in the south of Ireland are already known as extremely productive, and affording employment to some hundreds of people: but copper is not confined to the south; but will on examination be found in many other districts.

There is no denying that attempts have frequently been made to work mines in different parts of Ireland, and that those attempts have failed. But there are two ways of doing things—a right way and a wrong one, and unfortunately the wrong way, has chiefly been chosen in Ireland. Many of the mines were opened with an insufficient capital, and consequently the proprietors failed before any profits could be drawn from them; the first working of a mine is all outlay, and generally, the more that is expended in the first instance, the more profitable will the mine become.

To notice one cause of failure which has sometimes occurred in the working of the mines of Ireland—the injudicious manner in which the shafts were sunk, and the operations otherwise carried on from not employing, or at least consulting proper engineers; this has caused mines to be given up in despair, which might otherwise have proved productive, and we should hope, therefore, that some of our intelligent correspondents, interested for the welfare of their native land, will, from time to time, favor us with articles which may be calculated to remove erroneous impressions on this very important subject—or to suggest such methods of operation as may facilitate the exertions of those who are disposed to co-operate in the patriotic undertaking of *working the mines of Ireland*, in the way and manner best calculated to benefit the country. Nothing could more materially relieve our daily increasing population.

BALLYCASTLE COLLIERIES.

A more than ordinary interest is attached to the mines referred to in the preceding article, from a discovery accidentally made about seventy years since by some miners employed in the works. It is thus related by Mr. Hamilton, in his *Letters on the Antrim coast*:—About the year 1770, the miners, in pushing forward an adit toward the bed of coal, at an unexplored part of the Ballycastle cliff, unexpectedly broke through the rock into a narrow passage, so much contracted and choked up with various drippings and deposits on its sides and bottom, as rendered it impossible for any of the workmen to force through, that they might examine it farther. Two lads, were, therefore, made to creep in with candles, for the purpose of exploring this subterranean avenue. They accordingly pressed forward for a considerable time, with much labour and difficulty, and at length entered into an extensive labyrinth, branching off into numerous apartments, in the mazes and windings of which they were completely bewildered and lost. After various vain attempts to return, their lights were extinguished, their voices became hoarse, and exhausted with frequent shouting, and at length, wearied and spiritless, they sat down together, in utter despair of an escape from this miserable dungeon. In the mean while, the workmen in the adit became alarmed for their safety, fresh hands were incessantly employed, and, in the course of twenty-four hours, the passage was so opened as to admit some of the most active among the miners; but the situation of the two unhappy prisoners, who had sat down together in a very distant chamber of the cavern, prevented them from hearing altogether the noise and shouts of their friends, who thus laboured to assist them. Fortunately it occurred to one of the lads, (after his voice had become hoarse with shouting) that the noise of miners' hammers was often heard at considerable distances through the coal works; in consequence of this reflection, he took up a stone, which he frequently struck against the sides of the cavern; the noise of this was at length heard by the workmen,

who, in their turn, adopted a similar artifice; by this means each party was conducted towards the other, and the unfortunate adventurers extricated time enough to behold the sun risen in full splendour, which they had left the morning before just beginning to tinge the eastern horizon. On examining this subterranean wonder, it was found to be a complete gallery, which had been driven forward many hundred yards to the bed of coal: that it branched off into numerous chambers, where miners had carried on their different works: that these chambers were dressed in a workmanlike manner: that pillars were left at proper intervals to support the roof. In short, it was found to be an extensive mine, wrought by a set of people at least as expert in the business as the present generation. Some remains of the tools, and even of the baskets used in the works, were discovered, but in such a decayed state, that on being touched, they immediately crumbled to pieces. From the remains which were found, there is reason to believe that the people who wrought these collieries anciently, were acquainted with the use of iron, some small pieces of which were found; it appeared as if some of their instruments had been thinly shod with that metal."

Taking every circumstance connected with the civil and political state of this country into view, Mr. Hamilton inclines to think, that this colliery must have been worked at a very remote period—at all events, more than one thousand years since; and from this argues for the civilization of the inhabitants of Ireland at a period long antecedent to that at which it is generally considered the arts and sciences were first introduced here.

These collieries were some years since worked to a far greater extent than they are at present. The coals are found about 120 yards from the entrance, which is formed, not in the shape of a pit, as is usually the case, but by cutting into the face of the freestone rock, near the sea

SIMPLE SCIENCE.

Nature presents us with numerous instances of minute subdivisions, which utterly baffle our powers of conception.

Thus human hair varies in thickness from the 250th to the 600th part of an inch, and yet each one is a capillary tube. The fibre of the coarsest wool is about the 500th part of an inch in diameter, and the finest only the 1500th part. The silk line, as spun by the worm, is about the 5000th part of an inch thick; but a spider's line is, perhaps, six times finer, or only the 30,000th part of an inch in diameter, insomuch, that a single pound of this attenuated, yet perfect substance, would be sufficient to encompass our globe.

Animalculæ are so small, that many thousands together are smaller than the point of a needle. Leewenhock says, there are more animals in the milt of a cod-fish, than men on the whole earth, and that a single grain of sand is larger than four thousand of these animals. Moreover, a particle of the blood of one of these animalculæ has been found, by a calculation, to be as much less than a globe of 1-10th of an inch in diameter, as that globe is less than the whole earth. He states, that a grain of sand, in diameter but the hundredth part of an inch, will cover 125,000 of the orifices through which we perspire; and that of some animalculæ, 3,000 are not equal to a grain of sand.

It is ascertained by the microscope, that the smallest insects with which we are acquainted, are themselves infested with other insects as much smaller than themselves, as those are smaller than the larger animals that they infest. How inconceivably small then must be the parts of such organised creatures! But by analogy we may carry our reasoning still further by conceiving that even these creatures may again be infested with others proportionally smaller, till we are as much lost in the scale of descent, as we are in that of ascent through the regions of the universe.

Hence this part of the creation, and the laws or organization, confound the inquiries of men even more than the vastness of the universe; for our most powerful microscope enables us to magnify with effect only 40 or

50 thousand times, whereas the atoms concerned in producing the phenomena of nature, are doubtless millions of times less than the smallest object which can be seen with the naked eye.

Odours are capable of a much wider diffusion, if we are to ascribe their action to the radiation of atoms, and not, as many suppose, to any affection of the medium by which they are surrounded. A single grain of musk has been known to perfume a room for the space of twenty years.

And a piece of wire gilt with eight grains, or the sixtieth of an ounce of gold, may be drawn out to a length of 13,000 feet, the whole surface of it still remaining covered with gold.

A grain of gold may be beaten to cover 50 square inches, which is then only the hundred-thousandth part of an inch thick; and still it maintains all its qualities as gold.

If a grain of gold be melted with a pound, or 5,760 grains of silver, and a single grain of the mass be dissolved in diluted nitric acid, the gold, though only the 5761st part of a grain, will fall to the bottom and be visible; while the silver remains dissolved in the acid.

A grain of silver may be beaten till a microscope shows 1000 distinct parts; if one of these be then dissolved, it will tinge 18,000 grains of water; a grain is, therefore, divisible into 18,000,000 sensible parts!

A pound of cotton has been spun so fine, that it would extend 168,000 yards, or 25 miles.

A quantity of vitriol being dissolved and mixed with 9000 times as much water, will tinge the whole; consequently it will be divided into as many parts as there are visible portions of matter in that water.

If a candle be lighted, it will then be visible about two miles round; and, consequently, were it paced two miles above the surface of the earth, it would fill with luminous particles a sphere whose diameter is four miles, and before it had lost any sensible part of its weight.

It is not, however, to be hence presumed that the space is filled with luminous rays, for rays of light travel 200,000 miles in a second, and 20 per second produce continuous vision. Hence, if we divide the circumference, 12 miles, or 7,200,000 tenths of an inch, there will, at one time, be but 1,440 rays emanating from the candle, so as to produce distinct vision two miles distant in every tenth of an inch.—The effect of odours may be similar. Indeed, a candle fixes oxygen while it parts with light.

GAMBLING.

The fashionable absurdities in these matters are equally amazing and destructive. Do not we see men passing their best hours, and their prime of life, in these scenes of folly, whose rank, fortune, and natural abilities, might entitle them to the highest offices in the Commonwealth? Degrading themselves to the low level of professed gamblers, and herding with these, as their chief intimates, their bosom friends: blind to every kind of merit, but that of the learned artist, whose boasted qualification is, that he is both able and willing to ease them of the useless burthen of an estate. Yet, fond as they are of this mad extravagance in theory, the practice of it is attended with the most consummate misery. As the tide of fortune ebbs, at least, as often as it flows, so the sad reverse, to which every adventurer is exposed, awakens by turns every gloomy and accursed passion of the soul. Here we may often see a numerous assembly of both sexes, chained down by the magic of the fatal circle; the sorcerer seated triumphant in the midst, with his instrument of deceit before him; at length the spell begins to work, and the engine of falsehood is put in motion; the enchanted crowd stand fixed with anxious eyes and beating hearts, till, in the end, fate proclaims the magician victorious; who, by secret and unsuspected arts, hath conveyed the wealth of his followers into his own pocket; leaving them nothing in return but the just reward of grief and vexation, indignation and remorse. Here one may often see the fairest faces dimmed with envy, or kindling into rage; by turns distracted with the tyranny of every vile affection; squandering those fortunes, which their provident and indulgent parents had bequeathed them, with

far other hopes and expectations; setting to the hazard the very means of their future support.—Here, then, behold the wretch completed! Surrounded by a train of inextricable miseries! his fortune vanished beyond redemption! He cannot work; and to beg he is ashamed: he hath disgraced his ancestors, and ruined his posterity: behind him he sees nothing but guilt and shame; before him, nothing but misery and despair. What then remains, but that he throws the last fatal dye for eternity, and conclude the horrid scene by a halter, a dagger, or a pistol! Or if his fury, horror, and despair, break not forth upon himself, they are sure to discharge themselves on his fellow-creatures. His intemperance wants call aloud for gratification; and force must restore what folly deprived him of. Hence the spirit of violence hath gone out among us, and the land is filled with robbery and murder.

THE TERM RILIVIO.

This term, improperly spelled *relievo*, as applied to sculpture, signifies the representation of any object projecting or standing forth from the plane on and commonly out of which it is formed. Of rilievos there are three kinds, *basso*, *alto*, and *mezzo*—the first is when the projection is less than one half of the natural thickness, such as is seen in coins and medals—the second, when one half of the figure emerges—the third, when the figure is so completely salient, that it adheres to the plane only by the narrow strip. *Cameos* are semi opaque gems, consisting of two or more coats of different colours, and of sufficient thickness to admit of shaping the uppermost into a figure in *basso relievo*, which is thus made to rest on a ground of a different colour.

A BROTHER'S LAMENT.

On the 18th of February 1782, I saw a young man, said to be deranged, standing on the sea shore, watching a spot where his sister was drowned five years before, returning from Ireland.—*Sinclair's Norway.*

That ocean wave, that ocean wave,
It rolls above my sister's grave,
Hymning a requiem deep and dull,
O'er her who once was beautiful.

When last yon harvest moon was bright,
She roved in thought beneath its light:
Yon harvest moon is waning low,
And Isabel where is she now?

I saw her die, I saw her die,
She fixed on me her closing eye,
In fond farewell I rush'd to save,
But she was in her ocean grave.

She passed away, she passed away
Like sunshine on an April day;
The harvest moon looked down from high,
But she was in eternity.

When life, when love, when all was o'er,
The wave crept gently to the shore;
The winds slept, and the sullen sea,
Seemed weeping for its cruelty.

But all too late, I wandered home,
Hopeless as tenant of the tomb,
For I had not one friend to bless
My cottage hearth of loneliness.

The bee hummed by my silent bower,
The thrush sung blythe to shrub and flower,
And summer wind came laughing by
As if to mock my agony.

They felt not grief, they could not know
A sister's death, a brother's woe;
They could not,—but my brain—my brain—
'Tis phrenzied, racked, and scared again;

So fare thee well, so fare thee well,
My sister—ocean rings thy knell,
And sea nymphs in their cavern's rude
Keep sacred thy sweet solitude.

DUBLIN.

Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 12, Temple Lane, and 3, Cecilia Street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.

Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.
In Liverpool, by Willmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Gray; in Birmingham by Drake; in Nottingham, by Wright; in Edinburgh, R. Grant and Son; in Glasgow, by J. Niven, Jun. and in Lou, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Faneuil-alley, Paternoster-row.

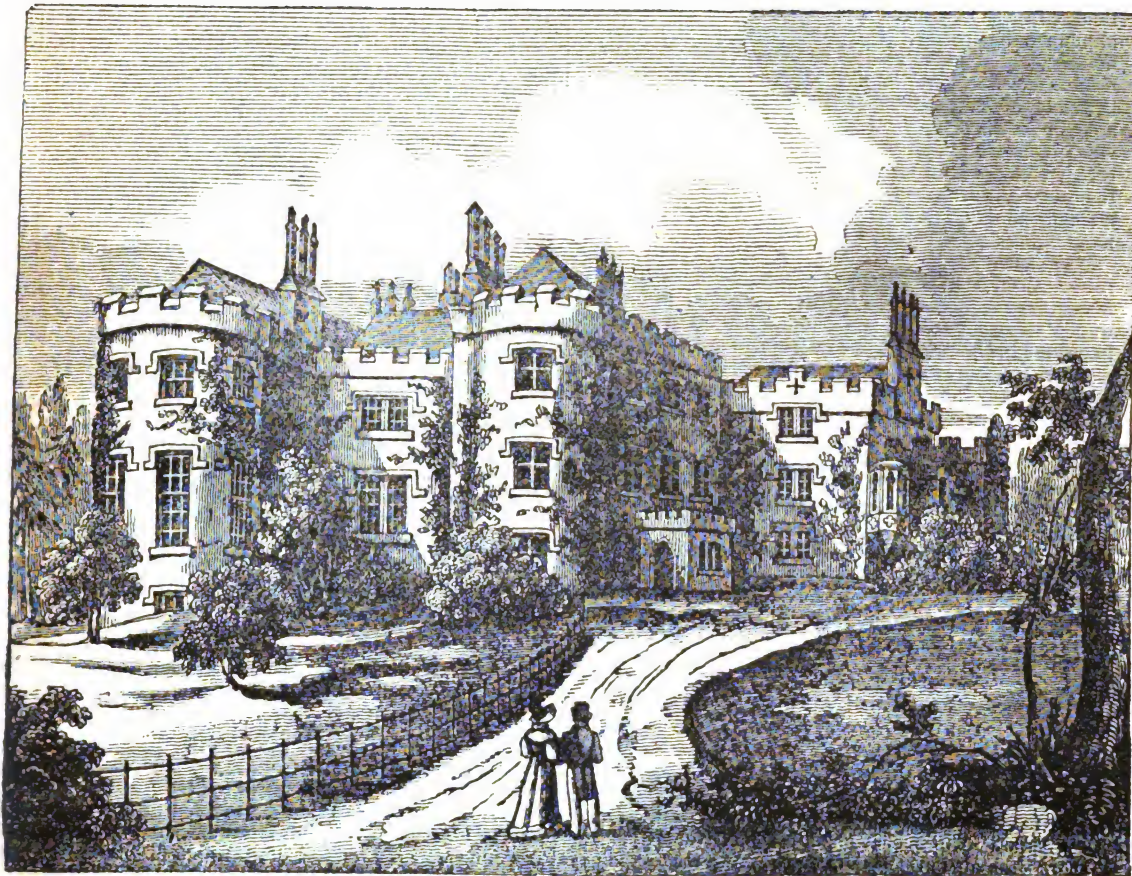
DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 63. Vol. II.

P. D. HARDY, 3, CECILIA-STREET.

SEPTEMBER 14, 1833.



RATHMINES CASTLE.

It is universally acknowledged that there are few cities can boast of such environs as the metropolis of Ireland. The natural features are of the most varied and agreeable description; for while to the north the level plains of Fingal stretch luxuriantly forth, seeming to bask in the invigorating beams of the sun, or opening their bosoms to receive the genial shower, and teem with fertility; to the south the landscape, first rising in gentle undulations, gradually swells into hills, and at length bursts forth into the bleak and heathery mountain; while eastward is the bay—"the beautiful bay"—with all its ever-changing, never-ending, never-fading, succession of enchanting scenery.

Still the beauties of nature are not the only charms of the environs of Dublin. Man, proud man, lord of the creation, has also done his part; and, taking advantage of every circumstance favourable to his views, has gradually increased his dominion and reared his habitation—thus giving life to inanimation, and ornamenting the entire scene with splendid tokens of his taste, industry, and perseverance.

A great portion of the improvements that are now perceptible, are the growth of the last few years; nor are they confined to the country—even the city has, within a very short period, advanced far beyond its former bounds, and nearly doubled its circumference. Several places known to our fathers, and even by ourselves in early life, as villages, at a distance from the metropolis, are now swallowed up in the vortex of improvement, and become part and parcel of the mighty whole; and if

the magnitude and splendour of a capital may be taken as an evidence of the prosperity of a kingdom, we may say, in defiance of every other proof or assertion to the contrary, that the condition of Ireland, as a nation, is improving.

On the south side this appearance of improvement is most striking; here the eye is fatigued with the endless succession of new buildings; and although "all is not gold that glitters," and we are compelled to acknowledge, from symptoms of premature decay, or tokens of overstrained ability, that many of the edifices in this direction are rather the result of building speculations than the effects of a legitimate desire of improvement; yet we find, in the almost interminable maze, many to admire, and not a few tokens of genuine taste.

Scarcely a dozen years since Rathmines was only known as an obscure village, a mile and a half from Dublin; it is now a beautiful suburb, commencing at Portobello Bridge, and extending, in a continuous line of handsome boxes and splendid villas, nearly two miles in a direct line. It is divided into upper and lower, the old village, where the road branches to Rathfarnham, forming the dividing point. And here, along this line, may be discerned every description of fancy edifice, from the castellated mansion or Italian villa, to the modest cottage orné.

At the upper end of Rathmines stands, on the left, a white house, with an observatory on the roof, and immediately beyond may be perceived a length of blank wall, overhung by venerable trees, and, at its nearest extremity,

entered by a dingy gate and wicket; within that wall, completely secluded from observation, and (except that the hum of the city occasionally reaches it,) as perfectly silent and retired as if in a wilderness, stands the subject of our sketch, Rathmines Castle. It presents a very antiquated appearance: round Norman towers, connected by curtain walls, embattled parapets, mullioned windows, with label and hood mouldings, oriels, and machicolations, all speak of other days; but it is only an imitation, although a happy one. It was erected, or the original house enlarged and altered to its present appearance, not many years since, by Colonel Wynne; has subsequently been the seat of Sir Jonas Green, the late City Recorder, and is now the villa of the Rev. Thomas Kelly, of Kellyville, Queen's County. The walls are covered with creepers and trained plants, both foreign and domestic; the polished ivy spreads luxuriantly over a great part of it; and the monthly rose, in bleak December, intrudes its blushing head into the attic windows.

The ancient Castle of Rathmines, lying a little more to the south, is an irregular, uninteresting building, so far modernized as to have the appearance of an old white-washed farm-house. It is now occupied as a boarding house for invalids, and, unfortunately, is seldom empty.

There are few spots in Ireland that have not, at some period of our history, been the theatres of contention and bloodshed; even Rathmines, placid, quiet, and retired as it now appears, has had its share—both the church and the castle are erected on what are, to this day, called the “bloody fields,” for here occurred that slaughter of the early English colonists of Dublin by the Irish of Wicklow, which gave name to Black Monday; and on these plains, in the year 1649, the stern republican, Colonel Jones, attacked and defeated an army of nineteen thousand men, who lay encamped here under the Marquis of Ormond, killing four thousand, and taking three thousand prisoners.

R. A.

PROCESS FOR SWEETENING WATER AND OTHER LIQUIDS.

This process consists simply in forcing a stream or streams of air through foul or tainted water, intended to be rendered sweet, and is particularly applicable to sweetening water on board ships, which has become tainted in water casks. The means employed are either pumps or bellows—the air must be forced so as to pass to the bottom of the cask, and the effect will be, that the offensive gas, held in solution in the water, and which on board ship is generally *hydrogen*, will be expelled from the water, after which the water must be left at rest for the impurities to subside.

THE FAIRY WOMAN OF BALRATH.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT

The midnight spell—the moonlight charm—
These were her weapons, good and ill.

It is truly lamentable to behold what a firm footing old superstitions and absurd customs have obtained in the minds of our Irish peasantry. There is not an ill which happens to them but is ascribed to some evil influence in which invisible or mystical agents are concerned. Not an accident occurs either to their persons or properties but has for its director some spiteful fairy or malignant witch, and instead of applying the proper remedies to an injury or a disease, they have recourse to counter charms and incantations to circumvent the spells of their magical or invisible enemy. In such cases, the general result, as may be expected, will be loss and misery, and as the worst passions of human nature are enlisted in support of their wicked and superstitious practices, more desperate consequences often follow. Every district has its witch, fairy-man, fortune-teller, or prophet, and in parts every village is supplied with its own *wis* man*, or *knowing woman*, and in these ignorant, though cunning wretches, the most implicit faith is placed by the misguided and deluded people.

I remember one old beldame who was the terror of my boyhood, and who possessed the most horrible character that ever fell to the lot of human being to be burdened

with. It was said that when she was young she caused the death of a false lover by some horrible process. She was accused of depriving several farmers of their butter, and of causing their cows to run dry. The poor man's pigs could not be troubled with the measles or his children with the mumps, but Madge Moran was the author of the affliction. His heifers could not be seized with the black leg, or his wife with the weed, but “the ugly ould witch, bad scan to her,” was always venting her spite and malice on him, and a present of propitiation was usually made to render her more friendly in future. No misfortune, either natural or accidental, that befel the young or the old; but was laid at her door; still she was respected from her dread—her wants supplied, and her comforts attended to from very fear—she was hated, feared, shunned, obeyed, dreaded, sought after, and consulted—all but despised or loved—the prophetess, physician, and magician of Balrath. She was old and small in stature, but invariably appeared dressed in a clean white cap, and short red cloak. Her hair was white, carefully and smoothly turned back on all sides, forming what was called a *Tate*, leaving the wrinkled forehead completely bare, and exhibiting with singular effect her thin shrivelled countenance. There was a spiteful expression about the puckered mouth and peaked chin, and a designing glance from the bleared eye, well calculated to impress the ignorant with a repulsed feeling.

Our village of Balrath was a sweet quiet spot. The road sweeping round the base of a wooded hill, and plunging into the gorge of a tangled glen, was lost in the deep shade of the trees, among which you could distinguish the sound of a stream as it struggled to force its way to the still smooth lake below. On a barren moory spot beside the lake, at the skirts of the village, resided Madge Moran.

Even in a secluded rural village, you will meet with almost all the characters, and in all their variety of shade and mingling, to be found in the wide and crowded city.—The rake, the profligate, the fool, the knave, the worthless and the abandoned, and perhaps the good and the honest man. Terence Magrath, the only son of a respectable farmer, reserved for himself the character of the rake.—The favourite of indulgent parents, he was allowed at an early age to follow the bent of his own inclinations. Supplied with the little means which they could afford for his amusement or gratification, he was enabled to pursue the path of his passions without interruption or hindrance.—A young man allowed to run the round of folly and extravagance, taking counsel alone for his high coloured fancies and passions, is a melancholy object. A young tree may be permitted to spread its branches high and wide in green and wild luxuriance, but it must undergo the cultivating hand of the pruner to make it bear beautiful blossoms, or yield a profitable return of wholesome fruit.—Terence was a laughing, careless, good-natured, frolicsome young fellow; on Sundays and holidays he was to be seen at the dance in the village, the blythe of the thoughtless throng. He was seldom guilty of a malicious or ill-natured wickedness, but ready to run first into any thoughtless freak, and consulting but his own pleasure and amusement for the moment. He was early led into riot and dissipation, and still though a “devil may care,” he was generally beloved. He was also a special favourite with the fair—the most lively and agreeable companion, the best dancer, and the handsomest young man within miles, and then so off-handed, liberal, and pleasant!

Terence Magrath could not be supposed to exist without being in love. Love is the life, and inmost soul of an Irishman; his day-dream and his bliss, his happiness and perfection. Terence therefore selected for his heart's idol the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, who though not so wealthy in the estimation of his neighbours as the parents of Terence, was yet comfortable and independent. She was very young, innocent and engaging; and it would be paying a bad compliment to the taste of Terence if I could not say that she was handsome. She was lively, and Terence loved her deeply and sincerely; and in return Alice Moore loved him tenderly and truly, and with all the enthusiastic devotedness of woman's young love. At first the parents of Terence did not notice their son's attentions to the fair Alice, thinking it but the casual gallantry usual among young people. As time passed, however, it

seemed but to encrease their affection, and their attachment became the topic of village gossip; they then took Terence severely to account on the subject. "You must," said his keen old father, "look a peg higher than Alice Moore, and have the spirit of the Magrath's in you; what signifies what she could bring you to what I could give you. Do you think that the careful gatherings of my long life will go to make a beggar rich? No, I'd sooner see my only child a lifeless corpse under me." The obstacles thus thrown in his way served but to inflame his ardent mind, so unused to meet with contradiction. Private meetings in secret places were agreed upon, and the lovers enjoyed one another's society unknown to the world. The privacy of their stolen interviews carried a fascination into their very souls. The knowledge of being obliged to enjoy in secret their deep-rooted love, brought added and heightened delight, but it was doomed to end in misery. One error—one unguarded moment of passion and crime overwhelmed both with calamity and unquenchable destruction.

The tale of shame was soon noised about with busy tongue. Poor Alice Moore could not show her face out of doors. The hearts of her miserable parents were filled with anguish and affliction, and every one pitied them for having so unfortunate a daughter. Terence still promised to marry her, and when after dusk he could contrive to steal to the little window of her chamber, he would use all his endeavours to solace and comfort her. His parents became more anxious than ever, and proposed that he should marry a young woman who lived some miles off, and who was said to possess what to them would be a large fortune. It was even reported that the marriage was about to take place immediately, though Terence remained firm in his refusal. When poor Alice heard this, she grew distracted, and what served to confirm her worst suspicions was, that for two evenings past he had not paid his accustomed visit. At last she determined to prove the skill of Madgy, the fairy woman, and one evening after the dark fell, she proceeded by a circuitous route, and alone, to the lonely cabin of the witch. The door was closed, but a faint stream of light came from the window. Alice entered—the hag was seated before the embers of a small turf fire, and alone. She was smoking, and her face was scarcely visible from the dense cloud that issued from her mouth, and slowly rolled round her head. She saluted poor Alice with a cackling chuckle. "Cha ha! cha ha! I knew you'd come," said she, "I was thinking you'd soon pay me a visit; but sit down, it does not answer you to stand long, sit down *achorra*."

"Oh, Madgy *avourneen machree!*" said the heart broken Alice, "what'll become of me? Oh, *asthore mavourneen*, can you do any thing for me at all?—I'll do anything in the world for you. I'll give you any thing you ask that I have if you but help me in my desolation. Oh, Terry, Terry! little I thought you'd do the like after all your oaths and promises."

"Cha ha! cha ha! aye, aye," again cackled forth the old wretch, "every one comes to me when they get into misfortune; and thin its oh, Madgy, what'll I do—ah Madgy won't you do this, and oh, Madgy, won't you do that, as if I could find remedies for every bad thing they think well of doing."

"Madgy, jewel," answered Alice with streaming eyes, "don't talk that way to me, my heart's sore enough already, God knows; and indeed I am hardly to blame.—Oh, if I took my mother's advice I wouldn't now be a daughter of shame to her grey head. But sure I never considered that he could deceive me or give me up for another after the *hand and word** he gave me so faithfully."

"Ah! that same Terry Magrath," said Madgy solemnly, "was always a jackeen since a yard made him a coat. When he was a little boy he killed my ducks and worried my cat, and threw stones at my cocks and hens; when he grew older he'd laugh and grin and sneer at me, and ask me what were the fairies doing last night, and make fine fun for himself and his companions of poor ould Madgy."

"Oh God may convert and forgive him," replied Alice, "but here's two shillings and six pence, and give me your advice and good will, and tell me what's best for me to do."

The old hag grinned with delight at the sight of the money, and taking her pipe from her mouth she dashed the ashes from it, and laid it carefully by; she then turned the money over in her hand and deposited it in her pocket. "I'll tell you what, Alice Moore," said she brightening, "I'll just prove your friend and settle the villain that desaved any honest man's child."

"May the holy virgin and her blessed son reward you," said the stricken young creature, eagerly catching at the faintest gleam of hope.

"I'll do it—I'll do it for him, for he deserves it this long time, and I'm long watchin to ketch him," said the old one.

"Oh, its the blessin of the distressed and heart broken, may attend you," fervently ejaculated Alice.

"Well now listen, and don't tell the mother that bore you, or the priest that christened you, what passed betune us this night; swear that for me," said Madge with earnestness.

"I do—I do," said Alice alarmedly.

"Swear it," said the beldame.

"I swear," said Alice, "I'll never tell it."

"That'll do," she replied apparently satisfied, "now mind what I say well. Bring me to-morrow night a sheaf of clean corn,* bring three wannel sheets and three mould candles, and as we must stay up all night, maybe you'll bring something to keep the sleep off us, and to comfort our hearts through the night."

"I will, I will," said Alice, "is there any thing more that we'll want?"

"Yes," said the hag, "there is one thing more, iv you have the courage to go through with it, which can't be done 'thout."

"I'll do any thing—there's nothing in the world too hard for me," said Alice.

"Then listen to me *alanna*," said Madgy in a half whisper, "you must bring a spade and go to the churchyard at *twelve o'clock and dig the grave!*"

Alice started with horror—she comprehended the full extent of Madge's designs, and she shuddered as the sensation awakened by the diabolical plan crept over her body; "oh no, no," she exclaimed, "I don't wish to see his death. I wouldn't for the ransom of a king that anything bad should come on him—oh no, Madgy, I can never injure him."

"Well then what do you want me to do?" said the old one sulkily, "go and see him married to another, and watch them as they drive to 'the dragging home,' and admire the fine clothes of the bride; and say she's handsome, and see the father of your child made another's for life—while every one points to you and sez, there's the woman without modesty."

"Oh, Madgy, you break my heart," said the sobbing Alice, "I couldn't survive that day—but even then I couldn't hurt or harm him; try some other remedy for the mother of glory!"

"Aye, aye, fools will be fools still," said the old wretch, "I wasn't that full of nonsense when I was like you. No, no, revenge was sweet; but no matter, there is only one other trial for you now, and—"

"And what, *avourneen*?" said the poor Alice.

"Twill cost more money," said Madge, "nearly as much more as what you gave me."

"I don't care for that," said Alice, "so you can do any thing to relieve me."

"I'll do my best," said Madge, "send me two shillings to-morrow morning, and come to me to-morrow evening,

* There is a superstition among the Irish, that if you seek a person's death, and apply to certain fairy people they can procure it for you. The plan said to be followed is this:—a sheaf of corn is made to undergo certain spells, known only to the initiated; it is then waked with all the formula, sheets, candles, keening, &c. and buried; as the sheaf rots, the marked person decays and dies.

* The pledging of a *hand and word*, in love affairs, among the Irish peasantry, is considered as binding as the most solemn oaths and, almost in every instance, as inviolably preserved.

and I'll give you a powder* which you must make him drink, and then never believe me again if he doesn't leave the whole world for your sake."

Alice's blue eyes sparkled with joy at this declaration, she looked her heart's warm gratitude to old Madge, and the delight of her soul shone in her flushed and anxious countenance.

"Are you in earnest?" she said, "or do you only flatter my weakness?"

"He'll quit the Queen of England for your sake," said Madge, assuringly.

"May Heaven bless you," replied the now relieved and confiding girl.

The powder was procured next evening, and a private message despatched to Terence. He came after dark—Alice in tears upbraided him with his neglect and breach of promise, while he assured, and explained, and vowed eternal truth over again.

A servant girl brought in a warm posset to Alice, which she divided into two portions, taking care, while her lover looked another way, to slip the powder into the one designed for him. She prevailed on him to drink it, with the qualification of a glass of whiskey. It had no immediate effect, and Terence departed in some short time after. Alice felt her heart at rest, and retired to sleep with a mind more at ease than it had been for some time before. Terence awoke in the middle of the night from an uneasy and painful slumber. His head was reeling and aching, and his senses were bewildered and confused. He tossed about in a wild manner, and spoke incoherently of Alice Moore and his father. The morning came, but it brought the parents a miserable sight—their only son a murmuring idiot—his eyes gazed with the vacant unmeaning stare of a fool—and when spoken to, he answered wide and without a comprehension of the words uttered. When alone he raved incessantly, and appeared to suffer much from pain. Physicians were sent for, and remedies applied, but in vain; they declared it was no common disease, and acknowledged it was beyond their skill.

Time and medicine relieved the pain, but he was a confirmed maniac, and ranted and raved at times with all the blind fury of one in violent madness. At other seasons he was dull and mopeish, and silent and moody; but at all times he was fond of rambling, and whenever he could, would break away and ramble for miles through the country, and from town to town. The parents beheld the wreck of their hopes with tearful eyes and breaking hearts; they blamed themselves and blamed Alice; they applied to Madge, but the old one told them with a sneer, "she could not assist him, nor was she willing to do it if she could." Alice! the news fell on her like a thunderbolt. Her expectations were crushed for ever, and she accused herself in all the bitterness of despair. The health of the maniac, after about four months, appeared to decline rapidly; he grew easier, but as his mind settled into gloom, his frame rapidly gave way. He no longer was watched so carefully, nor did he ramble past the little village, for he seemed unable to venture on long journeys. One night, however, he stole out unobserved, and proceeded towards the habitation of Alice Moore. There was light in the house, though it was late, and he entered. Alice was sick—the midwife in attendance, and all was hurry and bustle about the house. Terence proceeded to the little chamber where Alice was on her bed of agony, and quietly seating himself on a chair, he looked anxiously at the poor sufferer. She turned and beheld him, and she shrieked with terror and surprise. His wild eyes were fixed on her—in his haggard and emaciated countenance there was a strange expression of idiocy and affection. He started not at her shrill scream but, smiling faintly, he said—"Alice won't you come now and get married—'tis time—dress yourself, my love—see, I have brought the ring:" and

he produced a ring, which, it appears, he had purchased before the fatal dose was administered, for the special purpose of being united to Alice, and had preserved in all his madness and misery. The attendants rushed in; they were surprised to find the maniac so quietly seated by her bedside. They endeavoured to remove him by force, but he dashed them aside, and again seated himself beside the bed. "Alice," he said, "you ought to remember your promise. There'll be a fine dance to-morrow at the cross roads, mind you musn't dance with Jem Reilly. But won't you marry me, after all? My father sez he's sorry now he said anything agin us, so you know we will now be happy."

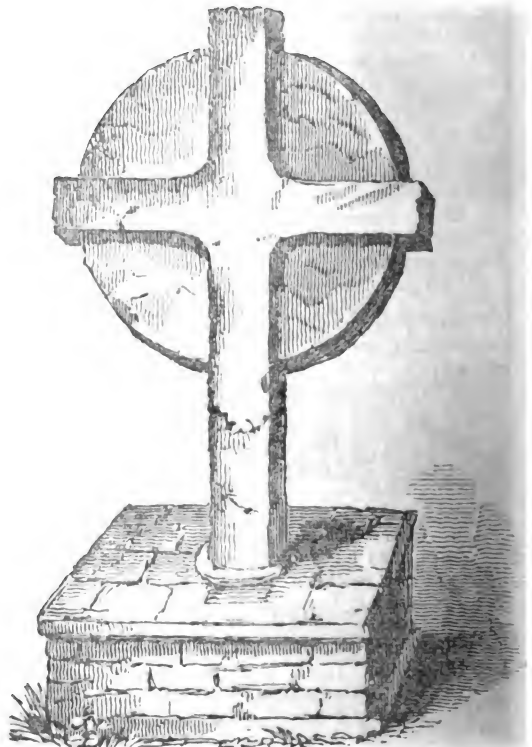
"For heaven's sake," said Alice, with agitation and feeling, "take him away, but don't hurt him—coax him out, he'll do anything for kindness, but don't speak cross to him."

They began by promises and kind words to draw him away; still he gazed at Alice with unheeding earnestness, until a sudden pain seemed to shoot through his brain.—He raised his hand to his brow and uttered a short cry; he remained motionless for a time, yet it could be observed that the features of his face seemed moving as in agony.—He withdrew his hand—"oh, God!" he exclaimed, with a deep-drawn and convulsive sigh, and slowly tottered from the house.

Early next morning, as some labourers were going to work, they observed a human figure lying in a dry ditch, not far from the house of Alice Moore. They approached, and beheld, cold, still, and dead, the body of Terence Magrath; at the same time the mournful wail for the dead arose on their ears from the habitation of the unfortunate Alice. She too had departed—the shock of his appearance at such a time was more than her exhausted frame and bursting heart could bear.

J. L. L.

ANCIENT CROSS OF FINGLAS.



It is generally known, that Finglas was the reputed residence of St. Patrick, who conferred upon it many endowments and privileges. He blessed a well, which is said to have singular virtues in healing diseases and there are, to this day, to be seen, on the bushes about, various bits of cloth, said to be the cast-off bandages of those who were healed, which they hung up as *votive tabulae*, to commemorate their cure. He also prophesied, that

* There is great faith placed in "love powder;" but it is supposed, if administered in too large a quantity, or too strong a dose, it will bring on madness, which, in a short or longer period, according to the constitution of the patient, terminates in death. I have had pointed out to me several sufferers from this cause. *Cantharides* is said to be the principal ingredient.

his favourite residence should be, hereafter, an eminent city, and, according to Joceline, "should be lifted up into the throne of the kingdom," and so become the future capital of Ireland.

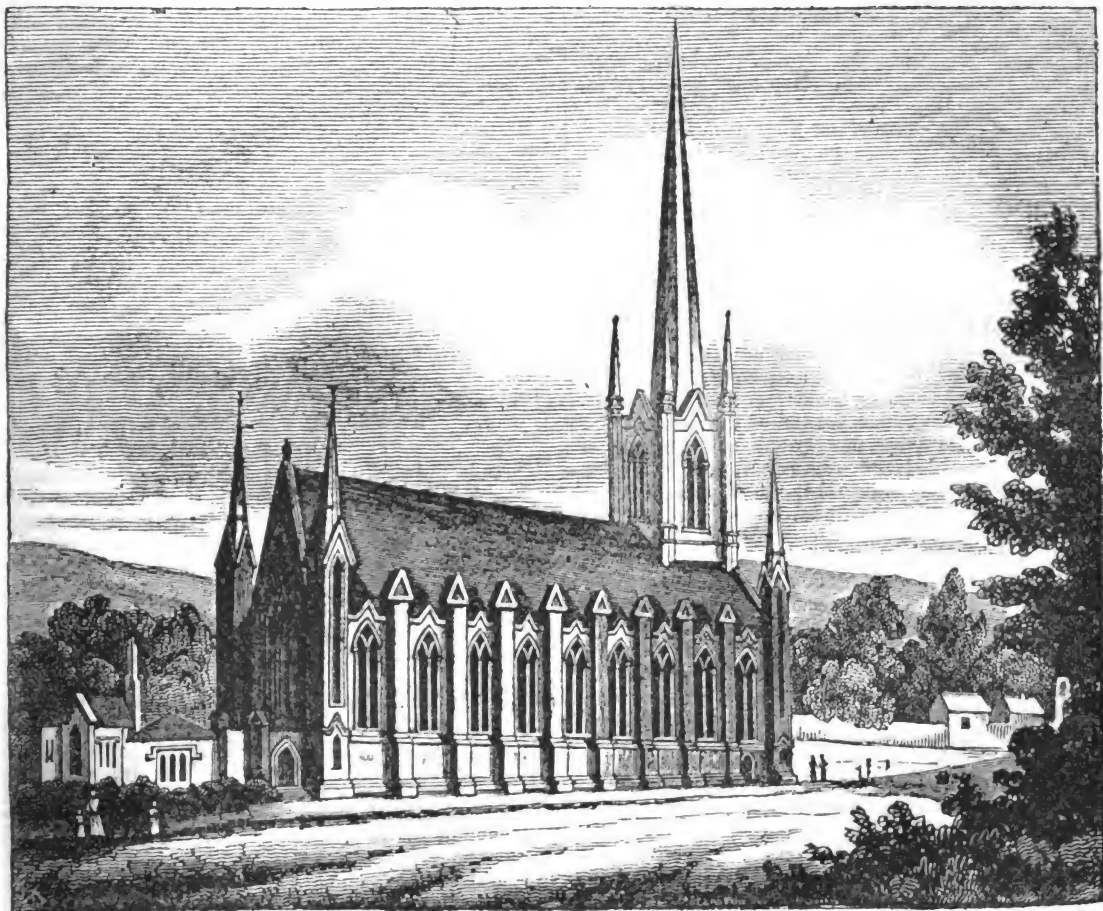
To commemorate these, and sundry other important benefits, a cross was erected, at a very early period, in this village, to his memory, and held in such estimation, that two baronies of the county, Upper and Nether Cross, were denominated after this famous monument, in one of which it stood. It was set in a romantic glen, called the Watery Lane, and resorted to by all the country.

When Cromwell's army were proceeding to the siege of Drogheda, they passed through Finglas, and observing the cross, they cast it down and broke it. The people of the parish, anxious to preserve it from further violation, secreted it by burying it in consecrated ground; so it disappeared, and the memory of it alone remained among the traditions of Finglas. In the year 1816 the Rev. Robert Walsh, then curate of the parish, was much interested about this cross, and made enquiries into the truth of the tradition. There was in the parish an old talkative man, named Jack White, who, amongst other stories, frequently mentioned this, and to him Mr. Walsh applied. White informed him, that he had heard from his father, who was a very old man, that his grandfather had pointed out to him the spot where the cross was actually buried, and offered to show him the place, which was within the precincts of the present churchyard. Workmen were

immediately procured, and, after some labour, the cross was actually found, buried in the spot which the traditions of the village had pointed out, and disinterred, after it had remained concealed in the earth, if the tradition be equally true, for one hundred and sixty-eight years.

The cross is of granite, being, with the plinth or pedestal, about ten feet high. It is formed of arms, issuing from a circle, like that at Clonmacnois, but it is not so highly ornamented with sculpture. On close inspection it appears as if the stone was decomposed on the surface, leaving indistinct indications of figures, among which fancy has traced serpents and dragons, as if in allusion to those venomous reptiles which St. Patrick had banished from the country. The cross at Clonmacnois is supposed by Ledwich to have been erected in 1280; judging from the different state of preservation, and ruder structure, it is probable that the Finglas cross is much more ancient.

When it was found, the shaft was broken in two, occasioned, apparently, by violence, and also, perhaps, because it was thin and weak, and not proportionate to the great weight of the head of the cross. The parts were re-united by iron cramps, and the whole was re-erected near the place where it had been found. It was a time of scarcity, and the parishioners entered into subscriptions for the poor labourers of the parish, and this was one of the works on which they were employed.



RATHMINES CHURCH.

A handsome church, in the Gothic style, has been recently erected in the neighbourhood of Rathmines. The architecture is peculiar; and although the dark colour of the stone used causes rather a heavy appearance, upon the whole it has a pleasing effect. The architect has built for posterity; and this edifice, and other similar

structures, although cavilled at by superficial observers, may justly claim precedence over the many gim-crack structures of modern times, mis-called Gothic: in his design he has approximated to the ancient roofed crypts, the roof being a solid arch, and the walls and ceiling in the interior forming a continued vault.

THE FARMER'S REMEMBRANCE FOR SEPTEMBER.

September is the *seed season for wheat*, and the sowing should be as *early* as possible—the summer fallow will be the first ready, to which the potato ground will succeed—the ground should be uniformly reduced into proper tilth, as it is a gross error to sow wheat, or, indeed, any other grain, on rough sods. Great attention should also be paid to the *quality* of the seed, and its *species*, as suited to different soils. Saving, in this respect, is miserable economy. *Steeping* can be but of little use, as far as it respects the preventing the ears from being blighted by airs and dews that are to fall nine months after, but *washing repeatedly in water* has the beneficial effect of detecting the light and barren grains, which should never be sown; what sinks will be productive. *Winter fallows* should now be put in a state of preparation.

All the *cattle* stall fed, or otherwise, and fat pigs which are marketable, should be, generally speaking, disposed of in the course of this month; prices will, after this period, probably decline—nothing, if possible, should be kept, that will not go on to February; *store cattle*, of all kinds, should now be purchased. From the abundance of potatoes, *pigs* will be a great object with the intelligent farmer, who may profitably employ this vegetable for still more general purposes of improving his lean stock, if he will but consult his own interest by adopting the system of *stall feeding*. As the great hinge upon which husbandry turns is the *production of manure*, and to this effect nothing so materially contributes as *the housing and home feeding cattle*—great as has been our produce in corn and cattle, there does not exist a doubt, that, by a proper system, it might be increased *ten fold* in a very short period. It should be one of the first objects with the farmer, to take care that nothing is, on any account, wasted or thrown away that can possibly be converted into manure; he should, therefore, construct his farm-yard in such a manner that every thing with ease may be converted to the purpose. Every vegetable matter, such as the waste of hay, straw, fern, leaves, rushes, coarse grasses, flags, should be preserved and collected, turned with small portions of quick lime, and so gradually reduced; or they may be strewn over the farm-yard, eight or ten inches thick, and submitted to the treadings of the cattle. *With manure*, even on the most unpromising soils, the greatest advantage may be secured; *without it*, the whole system of farming languishes, and loss and disappointment must be the inevitable portion of the farmer.

The work of cleaning nursery grounds of weeds, of planting out young fir and ever-greens, and preparing and laying cuttings, is still to be carried on; this, also, is the proper season for sowing all sorts of seeds, which are in the rot heap, with the exception of elm seeds, which should be deferred till April.

A taste for planting seems to be very generally prevalent, and, we trust, it will be sedulously cultivated, for there is not one in the whole circle of rural improvements which confers more real delight on the cultivator, or promotes more beneficially the salutary principle of *local attachment*. Who is there, who has a heart, that does not, after a long absence from his native country, look for the tree under whose branches he enjoyed his boyish sports, and for the stream where he bathed, and feels, when he contemplates them, an access of all those soothing recollections, associated with the season of joy, hope, and innocence.

The *fruit in orchards* should now, also, be particularly attended. This subject, so thoroughly understood in England, seems here but little known, yet the produce is highly valuable; when the leaf begins to wither, and the pips to become brown, the apples and pears should be gathered with as little bruising as possible. In various parts of Ireland we have seen, with great regret, many parcels of ground, under the name of orchards, in a state of mere waste, the trees old, decayed, and nearly useless, and the fruits of inferior sorts; instead of which, at a very slight expense, the best species might be secured, by removing the unproductive stocks, employing

care in the culture, particularly in stiff retentive soils, where the bottom is wet, in which the trees soon begin to grow mossy, and decline in the course of a few years. The best mode of planting is said to be in rows, and the same species of fruit, if possible, in each row, that no one, by possessing greater vigour and luxuriance, might overgrow and shade another; this arrangement also facilitates the collection of the fruit. They should also extend from north to south, as in this direction each part of every tree will receive the most equal proportions of light and heat—if crops are taking from the surface, they should be light and not exhausting. As no farm can be said to be complete without an orchard, we would direct the attention of the farmer to this point, in the hope that we may, at no distant period, rival the sister country in the excellence of our cider.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

Beginning of September.—Sow a few sugar loaf, early Battersea, and early Yorkshire cabbages, for a nursery, in a warm sheltered situation, to supply vacancies in the spring; sow winter spinnage, and carrots, in a warm border; make mushroom beds.

Middle of September.—Cut down asparagus-haulm; earth up cardoons; put out the last celery to blanch; sow radishes and lettuces in borders and frames.

End of September.—Transplant cauliflowers into old cucumber beds; transplant your last brocoli, blanch celery; gather seeds carefully, if dry.

FLOWERS.

Plant hardy flowers; prepare beds for bulbous roots; slip polyantheses, primroses, &c.; sow the seeds of bulbous rooted plants, as tulips, ranunculeuses, crocuses, and fritillarias; transplant flowering shrubs, and make layers of them; transplant jonquils, plant crocuses, snow-drops, and paceses.

CURE FOR THE DISEASE IN APPLE TREES.

Brush off the white down, clear off the red stain underneath it, and anoint the places infected with a liquid mixture of train oil and Scotch snuff.

SIMPLE SCIENCE—GOLD.

SIR—Having been exceedingly pleased with some interesting remarks on chemistry in your two last journals, I have thought a short paper on each of the various metals would not be uninteresting to some of your readers. I therefore have made a beginning with gold, and shall send you weekly a similar account of the other metals if this be approved of.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

E. B.

There is not perhaps an idea more generally believed by mankind, than that gold is the heaviest as well as the most valuable metal known. However correct this idea may have been some seventy or eighty years back, the increasing light and knowledge poured upon the science of chemistry, has raised a successful rival for these peculiarities in a metal discovered by Dr. Lewis, and called platinum. Gold is about nineteen times heavier than water, while platinum is twenty-two times as heavy, and more valuable.

Gold is generally found in a metallic state, alloyed with silver or copper, and commonly in grains; it exists principally in the warmer climates of the earth; has been found in the sands of many rivers of India, Africa, America and France, and has been collected in moderate quantities in both Scotland and Ireland, in which latter place it has been found in grains from the smallest size up to two or three ounces—only two grains having been found larger, the one five and the other twenty-two ounces in weight. Near Pampeluna, in South America, single labourers have collected upwards of £200 worth of wash gold in a day; and in the province of Sonora, the Spaniards discovered a plain fourteen leagues in length, in which they found wash gold, at a depth of only fourteen inches, in such quantities that in a short time, with a few labourers, they collected gold to the value of £31,229 10s.; some of the grains weighed seventy-two ounces, and one which weighed one hundred and thirty-two is deposited in the royal cabinet of Madrid, and valued at £500. When a projecting

part of one of the highest mountains in Paraguay fell down about thirty years ago, pieces of gold weighing from two to fifty pounds each were found in it. In the vice-royalty of La Plata alone, there are no less than thirty mines now at work.

Gold seems to have been employed by the monarchs of antiquity in much greater quantity than any of the modern nations have been accustomed to. From 10th chapter of 1st Book of Kings, it appears that Solomon received twenty seven tons of gold in one year, and in the same chapter it is said, "and all King Solomon's drinking vessels were of gold; and all the vessels of the forest of Lebanon were of pure gold, none were of silver; and it was accounted as nothing in the days of Solomon." The lavish employment of gold by the nations of antiquity, is recorded by Rollin and other early historians.

Gold forms alloys with almost all other metals, and is very seldom seen in a pure state. In jewellery it is mixed with a small portion of copper, which gives it an additional hardness and durability, and in guineas, sovereigns, &c. there are twenty-two parts of pure gold to two parts of copper. Such gold is called "gold of twenty-two carats fine." Such is the ductility of this metal, that Doctor Black has calculated that it would take fourteen millions of films of gold such as is on some fine gilt wire to make up the thickness of ONE INCH, whereas fourteen million leaves of common printing paper would occupy *three quarters of a mile*; and that one ounce of gold is sufficient to gild a silver wire of more than thirteen hundred miles long. Although gold possesses this superior ductility to all other metals, such is its tenacity that a wire one-tenth of an inch in diameter, will support a weight of five hundred pounds. As no acid can possibly dissolve gold it is often used to solder the joints of platinum stills for mineral acids. It was also formerly used in medicine under the name of "potable gold." In those days of credibility it was generally prescribed to patients who could furnish the apothecary with gold enough to make as much of the medicine as he should pronounce sufficient to insure the cure. Fulminating gold is a precipitate of this metal, and when dried on a filter forms a powder which detonates by heat or friction. A shocking account is given by Maquer of a person loosing both his eyes by the bursting of a phial containing fulminating gold, which exploded by the friction of a glass stopper against a minute quantity that adhered unobserved to the neck of the bottle. Another instance of its destructive power occurred in the London Post Office a short time ago; a person thoughtlessly put a letter into the office containing a small quantity of the powder which he wished to transmit to a friend; in placing the office stamp upon the letter the contents exploded, blowing away the hand and arm of the clerk stamping it. These accidents ought to deter any from making incautious experiments with this dreadful compound.—Unlike most other things in nature, gold is not diminished or evaporated by heat; Gustavus Clavius put one ounce of pure gold in an earthen vessel into that part of a glass house furnace where glass is always kept melted, and continued it there in fusion for two months together; and Knuckel mentions a like experiment made in a glass furnace of the Duke of Holsatia, in which the gold was exposed to the fire for thirty weeks; these continued and vehement degrees of heat it sustained without any sensible alteration or diminution of quantity. One of the principal advantages in the use of gold is that it does not oxidize, as iron and many other metals do. If iron be exposed to the air, and water in the way of damp or rain be allowed to touch it, it will decompose the water and combining with the oxygen contained in it forms what is commonly called *rust*, and chemically, *oxide of iron*; but neither air nor damp will effect any change on gold, which still preserves its wondrous lustre and brilliancy whether in a dry or humid atmosphere. E. B.

ROT IN SHEEP.

A strong decoction of Elderberry, well sweetened with honey, and given every morning in about a naggin at a time, or if very bad, night and morning, will, it is said, speedily bring about amendment—their pasture, if possible should be changed.

THE CORK HARBOUR WATER CLUB.

SIR—The following extract from a little work which fell into my hands after the perusal of Part 12, of your instructive periodical, may, perhaps, be acceptable to your readers as a corroboration of the very interesting history of the *Cork Water Club* which appeared in that number.

The work is entitled "Letters written from Liverpoole, Chester, Corke, the Lake of Killarney, Dublin, Tunbridge Wells, and Bath, by Samuel Derrick, Esq. Master of the Ceremonies at Bath," was printed in London, A. D. MDCCLXVII.

"This harbour (Cork) is large enough to contain the whole navy of Great Britain; the entrance is free, open and bold. When you are in, you come to anchor off a village called Cove, where you are land locked, and secured from all danger. Here are two islands called Spike and Hawlebowlis, that serve as bulwarks to protect vessels riding at anchor, from being damaged by the tide of ebb, or floods off the land. On the latter of these islands are the remains of an old fortification, erected about the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and which commanded all vessels of burthen passing up to Corke. Under this island we saw several elegant yachts and pleasure boats, belonging to a society formed by the neighbouring nobility and gentry, who meet here every Saturday, during the summer half year, to dine and make merry, in an apartment which they have fitted up, for that purpose, very commodiously, among the ruins of the buildings. Broderick, Lord Middleton, the Earl of Inchiquin, and many other people of consequence and fashion, have seats bordering upon the harbour, and they exhibit a most pleasing appearance," &c. Vol. 1, pp. 49, 50.

I take this opportunity, Mr. Editor, of congratulating you upon having brought the 1st volume of the Dublin Penny Journal to a successful close. It must be regarded as an omen of great good to Ireland, as a proof that her rich stores of literature and science have been reopened—that her highly gifted sons have responded to the call which have been made upon their acquirements by your useful Journal, and as an undeniable testimony of the increasing mental cultivation of the country at large, and consequently of the improvement of its moral condition. V.

ON TRAINING COUNTRY HORSES.

The training of our country draught horses is very defective. After having been handled, (as it is termed,) they are put into harrows, ploughs, and carts. We all see how awkwardly a pair of horses turn at the end of a furrow; how difficult it is for the animals to do so; and how often this excites displeasure. The shaft horse of a cart has many a sad and painful struggle to make, when he is compelled either to *turn hastily* or *upon little ground*; but all this is not the fault of the animal, but of his master, who knows well, in such cases, how often his horses receive incurable injury, and who yet never thinks of making them do better.

The education of every horse should begin in the *longe*; he should be made, by little and little, and by the *most gentle* means, to move in a circle; first to one hand, and then to the other. The circle should be at first large, and *gradually* contracted to the *smallest* size. Two grand objects are attained by this: first, his shoulders are supplied, and he is taught to cross his legs readily, so as to enable him, with the greatest ease, to turn upon little ground:—and he learns to lead off with the proper foot, in making these turns; and add to this, his docility is improved. A stiff horse is apt to slip his shoulder when forced to turn upon little ground; and the shaft horse of a cart, carrying round a heavy load with them, is very apt to fall if he leads off with the wrong foot. The *longe* teaches him which foot to employ; and, after being so taught, he knows too well the *value of the lesson*, either to *neglect* or *forget* it.

SINGULARLY USEFUL PROPERTIES OF GARLIC.

The smell of garlic, which is formidable to many ladies, is, perhaps, the most infallible remedy in the world against the vapours, and the nervous disorders to which women are subject.

WALTZING.

As many of the retired matrons of this country unskilled in "gestic lore," are doubtless ignorant of the movements and figures of this modest exhibition, I will endeavour to give some account of it, in order that they may learn what odd capers their daughters sometimes cut, when from under their guardian wings. On a signal being given by the music, the gentleman seizes the lady round her waist; the lady, scorning to be outdone in courtesy, very politely takes the gentleman round the neck, with one arm resting against his shoulder, to prevent encroachments. Away then they go, about, and about, and about—"About what, Sir?" About the room, Madam, to be sure. The whole economy of this dance consists in turning round and round the room, in a certain measured step; and it is truly astonishing that this continued revolution does not set all their heads swimming like a top; but I have been positively assured, that it only occasions a gentle sensation which is marvellously agreeable. In the course of this circumvolution, the dancers, in order to give the charm of novelty, are continually changing their relative situations:—now the gentleman, meaning no harm in the world, I assure you, Madam, carelessly flings his arm about the lady's neck, with an air of celestial impudence; and anon the lady, meaning as little harm as the gentleman, takes him round the waist, with most ingenuous modest languishment, to the great delight of numerous spectators and amateurs, who generally form a ring, as the mob do about a pair of amazons pulling caps, or a couple of fighting mastiffs. After continuing this divine intercourse of hands, arms, &c. for half an hour or so, the lady begins to tire, and with "eyes upraised," in most bewitching languor, petitions her partner for a little more support.—This is always given without hesitation. The lady leans gently on his shoulder; their arms entwine in a thousand seducing mischievous curves—don't be alarmed, Madam—closer and closer they approach each other, and, in conclusion, the parties being overcome with ecstatic fatigue, the lady seems almost sinking into the gentleman's arms, and then—"Well, Sir! what then?"—"Oh, dear, Madam, how should I know?"

BY LORD BYRON ON SEEING A LADY WALTZ.

What! the Girl I adore by another embraced!
What! the balm of her breath shall another man taste!
What! touched in a swirl by another man's knee!
What! panting recline on another than me!
Sir, she's yours; from the grape you have press'd the soft blue,
From the rose you've shaken its tremulous dew,
What you've touch'd you may take—
Pretty Waltzer, Adieu!

IRISH MELODY.

Oh! harp of my country, too oft have thy numbers
Awoke but to discord, thro' mischief and strife;
Dear symbol, for ever remain in thy slumbers,
Or burst with fresh impulse, fresh feeling to life.
Around thee assemble those spirits so daring,
Whose hearts burn for glory—whose deeds all untried,
Shall yet be the theme of thy song and thy story—
Shall add their fresh laurels to Erin their pride.
Oh! teach them that mild, as their own native climate,
Their ranks may not cherish one venomous soul;
Oh! teach their kind hearts to contemplate and aim at
A time not far distant when all shall be whole.
Then, then, shall thy sons and thy daughters inherit
The blessings that virtue and honor can yield;
Then, then, shall they shine in their own native merit,
The first in the senate, the first in the field.
And the lays of thy glory once more be resounded
In halls filled with beauty, and valor, and worth,
Whilst thy peace-pealing notes shall be wildly rebounded
From the vales of the south to the hills of the north.
Then, harp of my country! again shall thy numbers
Re-peat in the cottage, the castle, and hall,
Whilst thy soul-stirring music shall wake from their slumbers

The bards of old Tara—the sons of Fingal!
"SIMPLE FIDELIS."
Arragh.

DUBLIN SIXTY YEARS AGO.

Dublin was at that day the most jovial and joyous city in the King's dominions! There was nobody in it sick, sore, or sorry! Trade was good, taxes were light, and provisions cheap. A gentleman could import for his own use the best claret the cellars of Bourdeaux could supply, and drink it at his own table at the rate, in price, of six pence a bottle. The innkeeper, who paid a duty, could afford to sell it at from two shillings to two and six pence; and excellent port at eighteen shillings or a guinea a dozen. During eight months in the year, Dublin was filled with a resident nobility and gentry, liberal, and hospitable, and expensive in their habits; and scenes were then and there acted, in which individuals of the first class in society were the performers, that might challenge comparison with the most whimsical freaks of the Second Charles and his favourite Rochester, or even rival the adventures of Prince Henry and the fat knight of Gads-hill. Absentees of large property were comparatively few. They did not then, as now, crowd the streets of Florence, Rome, and Naples. Paris was the principal resort, and the *ultima Thule* of their foreign travels. How limited in distance were their excursions may be inferred from the wonder excited in Dublin by a voyage made to Jerusalem by the late Mr. Thomas Whaley, the brother of the Countess of Clare.—Mr. Whaley boasted his intention to visit that city, but his friends, although aware of the eccentricity of his character, were incredulous. An aeronaut now taking flight to the moon, would not be considered more frantic or extravagant. One of Mr. Whaley's friends proposed a bet of £500 that he would not complete this extraordinary, and, in his opinion, dangerous and impracticable journey. Mr. Whaley accepted the bet, went and returned from Jerusalem, won the £500, and with it a title.

APHORISMS.

The child that is permitted to run a pin through a fly, is already prepared to run a dagger through the heart of his fellow-creature.

Nobility may exist in name—the sovereign may confer titles—the herald blazon out the descent—but solid glory, and real greatness, are inseparably connected with virtue.

The wealth I require is the wealth of the heart—

The smiles of affection are riches to me. OPIE.

Those only who have felt what it was to have the genial current of their souls chilled by neglect, or changed by unkindness, can sympathize in the feelings of wounded affection, when the overflowsings of a generous heart are confined in the limits of its own bosom.

The spider's most attenuated thread is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie of earthly bliss—it breaks at every breeze. YOUNG.

EUROPE IN 1833.

STATES.	Surface in Square Miles.	Population.	Revenue in Pounds Sterling.	Public Debt in Pounds Sterling.
EUROPE N. EUROPE			£	£
British Empire, ..	121,200	23,400,000	63,000,000	838,000,000
Sweden and Norway, ..	297,000	3,866,000	1,792,000	8,248,000
Denmark, ..	22,000	1,950,000	1,650,000	11,134,000
EUROPE E. EUROPE				
Russian Empire, ..	1,997,000	52,625,000	16,495,000	55,608,000
Poland, ..	48,800	3,900,000
Cracow (Republic) ..	496	114,000
Turkey in Europe ..	180,000	8,200,000	10,310,000	4,134,000
Greece ..	58,750	3,400,000
Ionian Islands, ..	1,000	247,000	151,000	..
EUROPE S. EUROPE				
France, ..	205,000	32,000,000	40,784,000	190,680,000
Austrian Empire, ..	258,000	32,000,000	14,433,000	60,206,000
Prussia, ..	107,000	12,464,000	8,866,000	29,966,000
German Confederation ..	91,810	13,612,000	11,020,000	28,494,000
Netherlands, ..	25,000	6,143,000	6,674,000	156,700,000
Swiss Confederation, ..	14,900	1,980,000	412,000	..
S. EUROPE				
Spain, ..	183,000	13,900,000	4,454,000	164,948,000
Portugal, ..	38,800	2,530,000	2,231,000	6,508,000
Naples, ..	42,300	7,420,000	3,464,000	20,519,000
Sardinia, ..	28,000	4,300,000	2,680,000	4,124,000
States of the Church, ..	17,000	2,590,000	1,237,000	21,742,000
Tuscany, ..	8,430	1,275,000	701,000	..
Other Italian States ..	4,782	979,000	452,500	245,000

DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by P. D. HARVEY, 12, Temple Lane, and 3, Cecilia Street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.

Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Panyer-alley, Paternoster-row; in Liverpool, by Willmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Gray; in Birmingham, by Drake; in Nottingham, by Wright; in Edinburgh, by R. Grant and Son; and in Glasgow, by J. Niven, Jun.

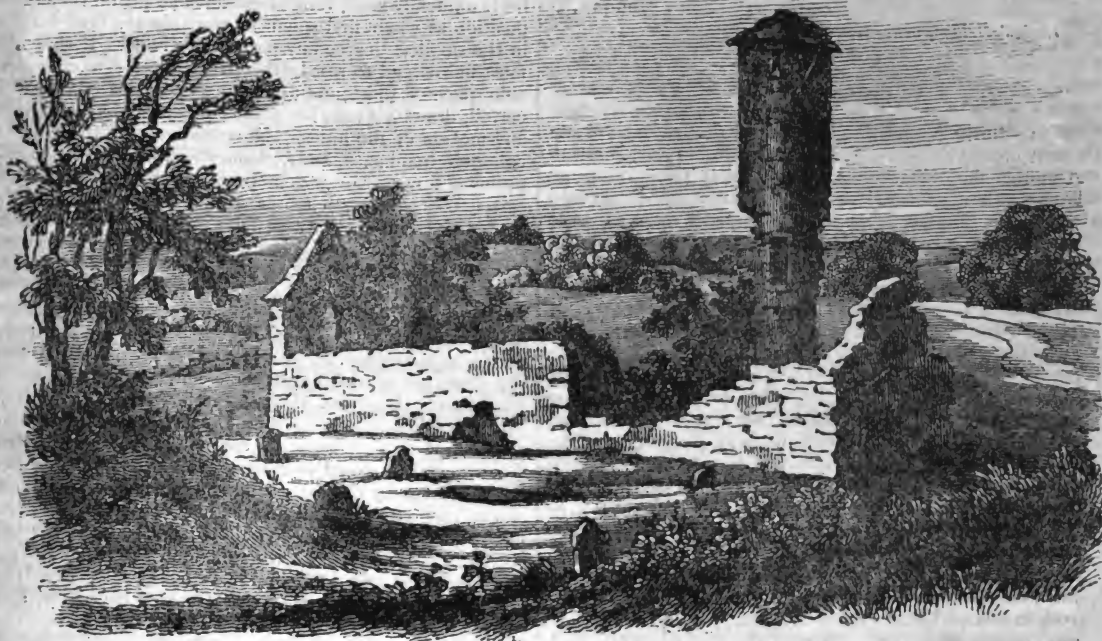
DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 64. Vol. II.

P. D. HARDY, 3, CECILIA-STREET.

SEPTEMBER 21, 1883.



CLAYTON S^c

TRUMMERY ROUND TOWER, COUNTY ANTRIM.

Drawn by A. C. Walsh.

In describing this interesting monument of antiquity we shall have occasion to mention the old church. These ruins are forty-eight feet long by fifteen, inside. They, indeed, present nothing worthy of notice with regard to architecture. The west gable is almost entire, in which was the only window the church possessed, having a high pointed arch. The door was near the centre of the south side, as a broken choked-up archway clearly demonstrates. A few feet of the east gable only remains, to which is attached the ruin of a small apartment, cross-ways; this was, perhaps, a confessional, though tradition says a vault or crypt. Behind the gable, at its junction with the corner of the church, rose the tower, a cylinder of graceful proportions, about sixty feet high, tastefully crowned with a cupola, curiously raised on a frame of basket-work, the rim of which had fitted the circumference, the diameter being nearly five feet; over the frame was spread a deep covering of mortar, in which were closely laid thin flags of limestone, regularly decreasing in breadth from the wall up to the centre, forming a light and firm arch; over this was a covering of mortar, well paved with coarse limestone gravel; lastly, a coat of strong cement completed the crown. There were two great entrances into the tower—the first, a low, narrow, strong archway of red freestone, opening on the south, through which you first enter the church; at the east gable a door led to the apartment alluded to, and from thence into the tower. The second entrance or doorway was right over the archway, about five feet high by three wide, handsomely cased with yellow and red freestone,* at the height of six feet from the floor.

* The church and tower must have been built about the same period, as large portions of the same freestone are indiscriminately used throughout the work of both—the smaller pieces used for what masons call hearting the wall.

To the right of the arch, as you entered, several stones, connected with the wall inside, led up to the door. A few feet from the ground were two loop holes, one due east, the other north west, well cased with freestone. About three feet under the crown were two square holes, east and west,* over each jutted a flag of freestone, for the purpose of preventing the rain that fell on the crown trickling down and injuring the ends of an oak beam that crossed the tower: the beam fell in the memory of two respectable men yet living in the neighbourhood, it was called the bell tree. About the middle of the tower, inside, were some square holes, but from their scattered situation they could not have served the purpose of joists. The outer work of the tower was of undressed, but well-chosen land stones—that rule by masons called breaking the joint, quite neglected—yet the inside wrought with the strictest order, and a considerable quantity of freestone used; perhaps this has led some into an error, who have asserted the tower was composed of a double wall, but it was no more than the common thickness of such works, scarcely three feet.

In the adjoining townland, at a short distance, was the Fort of Innislochlin, which commanded the oft disputed pass of Kilwarlin; it is said this fort was garrisoned by an army in 1641: about equi-distant is the hamlet of Soldierstown, which had a barrack, in that year, for two companies of foot soldiers and a troop of horse. Tradition says, those troops, bringing some field pieces to an adjoining eminence, beat down the church; from the situation of the tower there was no possibility of escape, consequently a great breach was made in the side next the church, but only in the outer half of the tower wall.

Nature, as if willing to hide the breach from the eye of the curious visitant, bestowed on it a strong covering

There were two others facing the north and south.

A. O. W.

of ivy, which gave it a truly romantic appearance; about twenty years past a wretch wantonly cut the roots, the ivy died, and tearing it off for fuel many of the stones were loosened; these were beat out by mischievous boys, still loosening others till the breach almost met round; yet a few straggling stones seemed struggling to support the mighty mass, until the latter end of October, 1828, a thoughtless youth beat out these supports; a short time after, this venerable monument of antiquity, that for generations arrested the eye of the traveller, became, what it now appears, a heap of ruins.

JOHN ROGGAN.

Ladies' Bridge, near Moirs.

FOSSIL DEER.

SIR—In the seventh number of our Journal a short account of the Fossil Deer, in the Dublin Society, is given. A more enlarged account of it having fallen into my hands, I thought many of our readers would be pleased with it, particularly as we feel a degree of national pride that our native institutions, for the encouragement of the arts and sciences, should have been the first public body in Europe to obtain a perfect skeleton of one of the most remarkable animals that ever existed.

"A subject of infinite importance to the science of comparative anatomy has been recently made in the discovery of a complete skeleton of this stupendous animal, by the Rev. Mr. Wray Maunsell, Archdeacon of Limerick. The valley in which the remains were found contains about twenty plantation acres, and the soil consists of a stratum of peat, about a foot thick; immediately under this a stratum of shell marl, varying from one and a half to two and a half feet in thickness. In this many of the shells retain their original colour and figure, and are not marine. Under the marl there is a bed of light blue clay; through this one of the workmen, employed in digging out the remains, drove an iron rod, in several places twelve feet deep, without meeting any opposition. Other bones were found with marl, eight in all; in one place two heads were found, with the antlers entwined in each other, and immediately under them a large bone; in another a large head was discovered, and, although a most diligent search was made, no part of the skeleton found within some hundred yards; in another the jaw bones were found, and not the head.

"The archdeacon, in a letter on this subject he lately addressed to the Right Hon. C. Knox, Vice-President of the Royal Dublin Society, in whose museum the skeleton is placed, says—'A question naturally arises how it happens that the fossil remains of no other animals were found. When the same fate (the deluge) overwhelmed every living creature, could deer have been the only living beings at that period? Was Ireland part of a continent when this catastrophe occurred? and were these unfortunates the first emigrants to our isle, from that great centre from whence the globe was supplied with occupants? and did they perish before other animals, less influenced by enterprize, and less endowed with physical strength, could have followed their example.'"

Yours, &c. W. T. W.

HUNTING IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

The Highlands of Scotland are famous for their abundance of Game of all kinds—hares, partridges, snipes, moor fowl, &c. Foxes are also numerous, and commit great devastation among the immense flocks of sheep, with which that part of Scotland is covered. The Highlanders are still famous for their great dexterity in hunting. The means they employ to obtain a proper opportunity to shoot the deer is somewhat remarkable; requiring not only great patience and perseverance, but also a very great portion of fatigue. This particular species of sport is termed by them *stalking*, and the manner they execute it is thus: the deer being an animal of the most jealous, quick, and watchful kind, it is extremely difficult to come within shot of him unseen; and the instant he spies any person, he immediately flies. The

reader must not imagine that the deer spoken of are the same as those termed in England "the fallow deer;" the deer I speak of are not confined to any particular spot by water, or the works of art, but roam at large on the mountains as every other kind of wild game. Sometimes there are large herds of them seen together; and it has often been remarked that there are generally a few on the watch to give the alarm to the rest, if they perceive any object capable of injuring them. Now the great art rests in approaching the deer without being discovered. To effect this, the Highland sportsman, when he is unluckily seen, remains immovable in the very same position as when first spied by the animal; not stirring in the smallest degree any part of his body. Perhaps he must be obliged to rest in this situation for a considerable space of time, and always until the deer, being deceived, draws his eyes from him; because not perceiving any motion of the hunter, he considers him to be some common inanimate body, from which he needs not apprehend any danger. Sometimes the sportsman is perceived by the deer, when crossing a stream, perhaps up to the waist in water; and if he wants to gain his point, he must remain there till the animal does not distinguish the deception. In this manner he is obliged to conduct himself with the utmost precaution and circumspection, till he arrives within shot of his object, when he seldom fails doing execution—the Highlanders being naturally excellent marksmen. The most frequent places to find the deer are in the vallies and narrow passes of the mountains: they hunt them sometimes with a kind of very large dog, of the greyhound species, remarkable for its strength and swiftness. I have often heard that when the former is pursued so close as to be in danger of being overtaken by the latter, he courageously turns about and fights his enemy, till he is either shot by some of the hunters, or killed by the dog alone; and that despair has been known to arm him with sufficient resolution to attack the sportsman himself. It is observable, that the deer constantly adhere to the tract of the wind, and the Highlanders know how to take advantage of this circumstance.

The chieftains hunted formerly in the following manner:—Several distinguished chiefs met at a proper spot. Their vassals and clansmen, a part of whose feudal duty it was to attend upon such parties, appeared in such numbers as amounted to a small army. These active assistants spread through the country far and near, forming a circle, technically called *tiachel*, which, gradually closing, drove the deer in herds together towards the glen where the chiefs and principal sportsmen lay in wait for them. In the meanwhile these distinguished personages rested among the flowery heath, wrapped up in their plaids—a mode of passing a summer's night on such occasions by no means unpleasant. For many hours the mountain ridges and passes retained their ordinary appearance of silence and solitude, and the chiefs, with their followers, amused themselves with various pastimes, in which the joys of the shell, as Ossian has it, were not forgotten.—"Others apart sat on a hill retired," probably as deeply engaged in the discussion of politics and news, as Milton's spirits in metaphysical disquisition. At length signals of the approach of game were descried and heard.—Distant shouts resounded from valley to valley as the various parties of Highlanders, climbing rocks, struggling through copse, wading brooks, and traversing thickets, approached more near and near to each other, and compelled the astonished deer, with the other wild animals that fled before them, into a narrow circle. Every now and then the report of musquets was heard repeated by a thousand echoes. The baying of the dogs was soon added to the chorus. At length the advanced parties of the deer began to shew themselves; and as the stragglers came bounding down the pass by two or three at a time, the chiefs shewed their skill by distinguishing the fattest deer, and their dexterity in bringing them down with their guns.

But now the main body of the deer appeared at the head of the glen, compelled into a very narrow compass, and presenting a most formidable halanz, their antlers appearing at a distance over the ridge of the steep pass, like a leafless grove. Their number was very great, and

from a desperate stand which they made, with the tallest of the red deer stags arranged in front, in a sort of battle array, gazing on the group which barred their passage down the glen, the more experienced sportsmen began to angur danger. The work of destruction, however, now commenced on all sides. Dogs and hunters were at work, and muskets and fuses resounded from every quarter. The deer, driven to desperation, made at length a fearful charge right upon the spot where the more distinguished sportsmen had taken their stand. The word was given in Gaelic to fling themselves upon their faces; when the whole herd fairly run over them, dashing down upon them in an irresistible tide; the Highlanders, however, accustomed to such incidents, and prepared for them, suffered no harm.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

In Ireland there are few traces of skill or contrivance in farm-houses—no regard to a central situation, nor to a dry spot, nor to ventilation. The farm offices are set down straggling and confused, as if by accident; here a barn, there a stable, cow-houses so awkwardly formed, as that in order to clean them the cattle must be turned to the door, and so confined, that they must dung on one another. To a stock yard, dryness of situation and free ventilation, are essential; yet so little are these circumstances attended to, that it is generally adjacent to the dwelling house, whether the spot be wet or dry: it is often also surrounded with trees, as if to prevent ventilation, and as if water, dropping from the branches on the corn-stacks were salutary to them. A kitchen-garden is of importance to a farmer, but this is very little attended to, so as to render it really productive. The chief attention is to surround it with trees, and yet the necessary effect of excluding free air is to dwarf the plants, and to give them a bad taste.

It seems to be the opinion of our farmers that a dunghill cannot be too moist, for it is commonly put in a hole, and consequently surrounded with water: the richest parts are imbibed by the water, and both evaporate together, leaving the dunghill little better than a *caput mortuum*—water, at the same time, in any quantity, is far from contributing to putrefaction. I have seen a sheaf after lying a long time in water, so tough as to be fit for making ropes.

The race of our labourers are becoming daily objects of the most important and increasing care; and when it is considered how materially their *health* and *strength* depend upon the *comfort* and *cleanliness* of their habitations, those who have the means and opportunity, will assuredly spare no effort in promoting the well being of their workmen, by an attention to these essential particulars. If the poor man's dwelling was made convenient and cheerful, he would have a strong inducement to remain at home with his family, instead of flying to the shebeen-house, as a refuge from the cold, filth, and melancholy of his own miserable hovel.

The residence of the wealthy is as essential to the prosperity of a country, as the distribution of the blood by the heart to the health and strength of the body. No Agent can effect these salutary purposes—the countenance of the master, and the sweet conciliating benevolence of his wife and children, that anticipates with considerate kindness the wants of the tenantry, can alone render Ireland what it might and it ought to be, and superadd to the natural advantages of its fertility, the blessing of civilization, and all the minor comforts and decencies which flow from its diffusion.

ON SHOEING HORSES.

Professor Coleman has demonstrated, upon principles clear as noon day, that a shoe cannot remain on a horse's foot above twenty-eight days, without doing injury; and yet the object of farmers generally appears to be to shoe as seldom as possible, and with this view it is the practice to weld into the point and heels of the shoes, pieces of cast iron, and to place nails all round; so that a shoe in some instances, is

known to have remained on the foot six months, producing a variety of evils, which farmers little think of. The foot of a horse has a constant tendency to *increase in circumference*. When it is bound round with iron the tendency is obstructed; and the solid part of the foot must, of consequence, press upon the inner tender and sensible part, viz. the internal frog, which readily yields to the external force; the moment that such pressure takes place there, is seen by the heels closing, and the clefts of the outer frog filling up; and hence obviously arise lameness, trushes, and a variety of other evils.

The high heels given to draught horses are also productive of great mischief; they are given to form a stop for the horse; but the frog is his natural stop; and if his foot is managed in the modern manner, by the frog being brought down to the surface of the shoe, it will in all cases, for the fore feet at least, prove a stop sufficiently powerful) these high heels throw the knee of the horse forward, and, of course, prevent the great back tendons from ever performing their office in a perfect manner; they are never upon the full stretch as nature intended, but always loose, and hence without strength. When horses, having these high heels, are suddenly stopped upon a pavement, it may be seen how much their fore limbs are distorted, by the shock they receive; the knee is seen tremulous for a minute or two, and pain is evidently diffused throughout their whole body. A horse, pulling a draught up an inclined plane, can never exert his full strength, unless his heels, (and frog of course) come full to the ground; the simple observation of a careless spectator will satisfy him of this. But the greatest benefit arising from the modern plan of shoeing is, that a horse, whose foot has been treated with skill, will suffer no inconvenience from the loss of a shoe, even if he has some miles to travel.

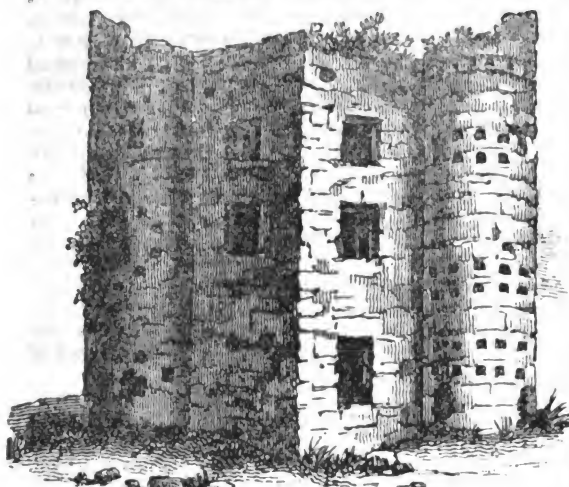
ADVICE SUITED TO THE AGED AND TO THE YOUNG.

Wait not till your children are grown up, before you think of their education. The younger they are, the more their minds are (as it were) new, tender, soft, and susceptible of impressions: consequently, if you neglect their education, their minds will be influenced by all the examples which may present themselves before them; and as there are more bad examples than good ones—and as the former bear a greater conformity to the perversity of the nature with which we are born, than the latter—the soul imbibes corruption, in proportion as it enters into life. Begin, therefore, to think of bestowing a good education upon them, so soon as they come into the world, if you are desirous that they should reap, with greater ease and certainty, the benefit of the instructions which may be afterwards given them.

That mind which will not be contented with its condition, is its own tormentor. Persons are miserable, only because they are not in the place where they want to be; are not employed in the things they would gladly be busied in; or do not enjoy what they desire. But do you continue with pleasure wherever you are obliged to be. Perform, without repining, all that it may be requisite for you to do; be satisfied with whatever you possess, and you will then be as happy, (not to say happier,) than those who command over, and exceed you in wealth and in power.

With virtue, with capacity, and good conduct, a man may yet be unbearable. Certain ways of behaviour, which may be neglected because thought too trifling, will frequently make the world judge well or ill of us. A slight endeavour at civility and politeness may prevent their thinking unfavourably of us. An insignificant matter, an almost nothing, will cause us to be thought haughty, uncivil, contemptuous, disobliging: and, far more than all this, may make us to be considered as the very opposite.

BURT CASTLE, COUNTY DONEGAL.



Western View.

Whoever has visited Lough Swilly has seen and admired the romantic tower-capped promontory on its southern shore, distinguished by the name of Castlehill. The last time I entered the singular edifice from which the hill is named, was in company with an esteemed friend; the weather was delightfully serene, and the surrounding scenery, glowing with the hues of cultivation, and diversified with mountain and valley, water and woodland, brightened by the mellow radiance of a July eve, was such as in a dream of music might have been conjured up before the mind's eye of Poussin or Claude Lorraine. The hill is conical, and may be seen from an immense distance, as it rises nearly seven hundred feet above the level of the sea. Having climbed this ascent, and passed over a fosse of extraordinary dimensions, which must have been accessible only by means of a draw bridge, you enter the outer area, and pause a moment to contemplate the venerable pile. It is a quadrangular structure, with circular towers at its alternate angles, and was evidently a place of some strength, as there are many embrasures for cannon, and the walls are from four to five feet in thickness, while the merlons of blue porbeck stone are perforated for musquetry. You enter, by a ruined archway, what was once the great hall—once, perhaps, the scene of feudal splendor, garnished with the trophies of warfare or the chase, and resounding with the revelry of wine and wassail. The vaulted ceilings of this, and all other apartments immediately above it, have fallen in, rendering the chambers of the northern tower inaccessible, except by means of ladders. Turning to the left, you ascend by a spiral stone stair, at each winding of which there is a circular room, lighted by a few embrasures, and vaulted with stone, for no wood has ever been used in any part of the building. There is a breach in the casement wall of the third story, where persons of sensitive nerves usually pause.

Having reached the top, you perceive that what you mistook for the roof is only the floor of another range of apartments, for two more stories formerly rose majestically from what is now the top; these, as well as the eastern front, were probably much injured in the storming of the place, which followed the attainder of its last proprietor, as a shattered bomb, of about nineteen pounds weight, was found a few years since in the ruins, and another portion was thrown down, to furnish materials for building, by a rustic vandal, who was only deterred from his work of dilapidation by the tasteful and spirited interference of the late Earl of Wicklow. Another turret, of eighteen feet high, from which the banner of the chieftain flaunted, or his beacon watchfire flung its lurid gleam upon the night, was overturned, in the summer of 1825, by a thunder storm. Up to that period Burt Castle was sixty feet in height, at present it is only forty-two. From the top the prospect is uncommonly grand and expansive, extending over a space of not less than

fifty miles by thirty-seven. Within the circuit of five miles from its base, stood the ruins of several religious edifices, besides another castle at Rathmelton, one at Drumbooy, and one at Castleforward; but the castles at Inch and Ailagh, with Burt Castle, were border fortresses of "the O'Doherty," the strength of which availed more than the justice of the tenure in preserving their patrimonial territories to the chieftains of that noble house. Of these Ailagh, situated within three miles of Derry, was by far the most ancient and important, a sketch of which, and of the Abbey of Killydonnell, I reserve for a future communication.

Burt Castle was most probably erected during the commotions that ensued during the vice-royalty of Kildare, in the reign of Henry VIII. A medallion of that date, with the armorial bearings of "the O'Doherty," and a coin dated from the accession of Edward VI., have been found in its vicinity; the latter is now in the possession of the Rev. James Coneglan, of Ballyscullin, in the County of Derry.

In the year 1818 we find the chieftain of Ennishowen affianced to the daughter of the grand northern dynast, O'Neil, as a reward for his services during the invasion of Ireland by Edward Bruce. Again we find the name of O'Doherty in the list of those chieftains who perished at the battle of Knockore, in 1492. Thenceforward there is little mention of that family, till Sir John began, in the reign of Edward the VI., to offer a resistance to the measures of the English government as determined as it was unavailing; and dying, he bequeathed his estates and his misfortunes to his son and successor, Sir Cahir, who saw the impending ruin of his house, and vainly laboured to avert its fall. His estates were confiscated in 1608, and he went down, after a fearful and unequal contest, like a stately bark, foundering amid whirlpools and quicksands; and many a tear bewailed his doom, but not one hand recorded his expiring struggle. Of the particulars of his death there are many conflicting traditional narratives, one of which nearly corresponds with that given in your seventh number.

This is a neighbourhood rich in historical associations. About a mile distant lies the Canon Isle, once the site of a monastic establishment, and, till of late years, a cemetery; and two miles from hence, in a deer park, is a druidical cromlech, from which an urn has been lately extracted—but of this hereafter. These, with the edifices I have enumerated, present a scene than which Glendalough or Lindisfarne scarcely furnish a richer field for the historian or the antiquary.

I love to contemplate these hoary fragments of feudal towers—these mouldering monuments of days gone by. Whatever flings the mind forward to futurity, or makes it revert to "the deeds of days of other years," improves at once the understanding and the heart. "That man," says Johnson, "is not much to be envied for his stoicism, whose patriotism would not be warmed upon the field of Marathon, or his piety exalted and inflamed amid the ruins of Iona." The elevated situation of Burt Castle prevents ivy, or other perennial plants, from growing around it; the wind hums dolefully through its vaulted chambers and ruined portals; and not all the æolians in the universe could so abstract the mind for contemplation, or so mould it for moody melancholy.

The view of Derry, which is only seven miles distant, is partially obscured by the lofty intervening hill of Grynian; on the top of which, nearly one thousand feet above the level of the sea, stands an ancient temple of the sun—perhaps the most complete in the kingdom, resembling in shape the old Roman amphitheatre. It is built of flag, and limestone, seems uninjured by time, and interspersed with pieces of quartz. The wall of white stone is about one hundred and eighty yards in circumference, and contains a subterranean passage of the same length. What were the superstitious rites performed here, it were vain to conjecture—why it was built on a site so inaccessible, it were folly to enquire—what reason did not dictate, reason never can explain. This we know, on the concurring testimonies of Keating, Valencey, and O'Connor, that the Phenicians and Celts brought into this country the sun worship of their own.

This was undoubtedly one of their temples, and the very etymology of its name strongly corroborates the opinion, for the Celtic name of the sun is *GRYAN*, and *ANE* is a temple; similar names have been given to other places dedicated to the same divinity. Strabo, confirmed by Pausanius, mentions a *grynium* at Eolis, and describes it as a temple and grove of Apollo (or the sun.) Euphron of Chalais, writing on the origin of oracles, describes a circular *grynium*, sacred to Apollo. So Virgil, in his sixth bucolic—

"His tibi *GRYNAI* nemoris dicatur origo
Ne quis sit lucus, quo se plus jactet Apollo."

What a train of awful reflections presses on the mind while contemplating this time-defying structure. In truth, it is a homily of fine moralities. The mind seems to shrink within itself, and shudders with instinctive awe as we cast a retrospective glance up the tide of life that has rolled by into eternity. How forcibly does it remind us of our fleeting and ephemeral mortality. This ancient ruin—compared with its duration how transitory is our

own. Erected at a period antecedent to the time of Confucius or Lycurgus, or his greater cotemporary, Ollamh Fodhla, it has survived the system of its founders, as well as the more mysterious and sanguinary rites of druidism. It has outlived the rise, the glory, and the decline, of the Greek, and Persian, and Roman empires. It has witnessed the rise and progress of Christianity—the feudal system—the impostures of the Koran—the extension and the decay of the empire of Charlemagne—the age of chivalry—the invention of printing, and consequent revival of modern literature. More antique than Stonehenge or Palmyra, and, perhaps, coeval with the mounds of Tartary, or the labyrinths of upper Egypt. The dark blue vapor that, while I write, sweeps around this rocky turban of the hill, and shrouds it from my view, is not more impervious to mortal vision than the sombre mists of time that will for ever veil the period of its rise from the scrutiny of the antiquarian.

PETER M'LOUGHLIN.

Castleforward.



TOWN OF LARNE

Nothing can exceed in grandeur and boldness the scenery which occasionally bursts on the view of the traveller as he proceeds along the Antrim coast, on his route from Belfast to the Causeway. In some places the rocks are of the most stupendous description, formed into precipitous cliffs, jutting headlands, noble promontories—again, sloping down into beautiful bays and quiet harbours; the prospect to the right being one continued sea view, with the Scottish coast, the Isle of Arran, and other lesser islands, in the distance;—that to the left pleasingly diversified with hill and valley—here a spot well cultivated, and occupied with comfortable cottages—and this again, succeeded by a barren mountain, with scarcely a cabin, even of the most miserable description, to show that it is inhabited by beings of the human kind.

About midway between Belfast and the Causeway lies the town of Larne, the subject of our sketch. It is a small sea port, containing rather more than 3000 inhabitants. The district called the *Old Town* is straggling and irregular—that called the *New Town* has a much better appearance. It contains several very good houses, a parish church, four meeting-houses, and a Roman Catholic

chapel. Although containing, in itself, nothing very interesting to the traveller, it is worthy of notice as being surrounded with scenery of a varied and picturesque character. The entrance of Larne Lough, with the Nine Maidens or Whillan Rocks in the offing; and the peninsula of Curran, where Edward Bruce landed in the year 1315, and on the extremity of which, in a fine commanding situation, stand the ruins of the castle of Olderfleet, forming the northern side of the harbour—and, a little more to the north, Black Cave Head frowning darkly on the ocean beneath;—while the southern side of the bay is bounded by Island Magee, which from this point appears to very considerable advantage, being well cultivated, and enclosed by "the bright blue sea," over the beautiful expanse of which the eye passes with pleasure, until it rests upon the rocky hills and varied isles that skirt the Scottish coast, and which, in the distance, assume a soft and smiling aspect.

Stretching along the coast from Larne to Glenarm, a distance of about thirteen miles, to the left is seen a range of precipitous mountain, called Agnew's Hill, rising 1500 feet above the level of the sea; about four miles forward, the fine bold promontory of Ballygally-head,

formed of enormous basaltic pillars, several joints of which measure from eight to nine feet in length, is observed to the right—underneath which, on an isolated rock, standing out in the sea, are the ruins of *Carne Castle*—while, on the very verge of the coast, appears an old castellated mansion, built by a family of the name of *Shaw*, in 1625. Again, to the left, the *Sallagh Braes*, a range of high land, consisting of limestone base, capped with basalt, form a termination to the prospect.

HINTS FOR PRESERVING HEALTH.

THE PREVENTION OF CONSUMPTION.

(From The Doctor.)

Every person suspicious of predilection to pulmonary consumption ought at all times, but especially in cold weather, to wear a quantity of woollen clothing sufficient to obviate any approach to the perception of chilliness.—Independently, however, of the actual presence of obstinate hoarseness or cough, I am disposed to think that the requisite quantity of flannel is more advantageously worn over the usual shirt, than in immediate contact with the skin.

If the presence of the symptoms which have been already described as characterizing this disease renders its existence no longer equivocal, the person so affected ought, without delay, to migrate towards a warmer climate. Should circumstances render this expedient impracticable, the next best plan a phthisical person can adopt is to remove into a low and rather damp situation. The fatal event of pulmonary consumption is uniformly accelerated by residing in an elevated region.

If practicable, let the supposed individual reside in a part of the country where the soil is chalk or limestone, and the air pure. Let him be abroad all day, and during every kind of weather, provided he is employed in active exercise; let him be guarded against suddenly approaching or sitting much over the fire, even in winter. Let the habit of retiring early to bed and leaving it early in the morning be strictly enforced. Let him wear no more clothes than are requisite to guard against cold; and plunge into the sea or a river for a moment, daily, during the three warmest months of summer. The phthisical habit is in general attended by a precocity of intellect, which it is of more importance to check than to encourage. In such instances, the improvement of the mind should be considered as a secondary object, and may well be postponed till a certain share of robustness of constitution has been ensured.

But precautions against this insidious disease are rarely had recourse to at an early period of life. The buoyant spirits and active propensities of its destined victims rarely excite suspicion, either in themselves or their friends, of the approaching mischief. As the age of puberty approaches, other indications of the propensity to phthisis are developed:—the narrow and elongated form of the chest becomes more apparent, and is chiefly indicated by the prominence of the shoulders, which stand out from it on each side, somewhat like wings.

Where consumption is likely to occur, the individual should adhere to a diet of farinacea and ripe fruits.—Animal food and fermented liquors ought to be rigidly prohibited. Even milk often proves too nutritious. Exercise should be regular, but gentle: sudden and violent exertions are extremely hazardous. Riding on horseback is preferable to any other kind of gestation. Such efforts of the voice as are required in singing, or playing on any wind instrument of music, frequently produce discharges of blood from the lungs; but the practice of reading or reciting for some time together in a moderate tone of voice, tends to strengthen these organs, and to diminish the danger of pulmonary hemorrhage from any sudden exertion.

ON EATING SUPPER.

In the time of Elizabeth, the nobility and gentry were accustomed to dine at eleven, to sup between five and six, and to go to bed at ten. It is therefore evident, that any argument in favour of this meal, founded upon the healthy condition of our ancestors, must be fallacious.—By supper, in modern times, we understand a late meal, just before bed-time. But as sleep is not favourable to

every stage of digestion, it is very questionable whether retiring to rest with a full stomach can, under any circumstances, be salutary. During the first part of the process, or that of chymification, a person so situated may perhaps sleep quietly, unless indeed the morbid distention of the stomach should impede respiration, and occasion distress; but when the food has passed out of the stomach, and the processes of chylification and sanguification have been established, the natural propensity of the body is for activity, and the invalid awakes at this period, and remains in a feverish state for some hours. Upon this general principle, then, suppers are to be avoided; that is to say, *hearty suppers*, which require the active powers of the stomach for their digestion. The same objection cannot be urged against a light repast, which is generally useful to dyspeptics; and it has been truly and facetiously observed, that "some invalids need not put on their night-caps, if they do not first bribe their stomachs to good behaviour." An egg lightly boiled, or a piece of dry toast, with a small quantity of white-wine negus, will often secure a tranquil night, which would otherwise be passed with restlessness. Amongst the intellectual part of the community, there has ever existed a strong predilection in favour of suppers; the labour of the day has been performed; the hour is sacred to conviviality, and the period is one which is not likely to be interrupted by the calls of business. To those in health, such indulgences may be occasionally allowed; but the physician should be cautious how he gives his sanction to their wholesomeness. The hilarity* which is felt at this period of the day must not be received as a signal for repairing to the banquet, but as an indication of the sanguification of the previous meal.—Dr. PARIS.

ON EATING TOO FAST.

The most common cause of morbid distention of the stomach is eating too fast; for the appetite only subsiding in proportion as the food combines with and neutralizes the gastric fluid previously in the stomach, when we eat too fast, before this combination is completed, so much is taken that the whole gastric fluid, which the stomach is capable of supplying during the digestive process, is not sufficient to effect the due alteration on it; whereas when we eat slowly, the appetite abates before the stomach is overcharged: for while digestion is going on, and the gastric fluid is only supplied in proportion as fresh food comes in contact with the coats of the stomach, it combines with the food as it is formed, and never excites the appetite.

Every one has occasionally observed that, if his meal be interrupted for ten or fifteen minutes after he has eaten perhaps not more than half the usual quantity, he feels that he is satisfied. The gastric fluid which had accumulated has had time to combine with, and be neutralized by, the food he has taken. It is for the same reason that a few mouthfuls taken a little before dinner will often wholly destroy the appetite, especially in delicate people, in whom the gastric fluid is secreted in small quantity, or of a less active quality. Frequent interruptions in eating would be injurious, because we should thus be prevented from taking the proper quantity of food—for digestion seems chiefly performed by the fluid which is secreted, as fresh food comes in contact with the stomach; and the time which that which has accumulated requires for its neutralization—which of course must be greater or less according to the accumulation which has taken place, that is, generally speaking, according to the length of our fast—is the proper measure of the quantity which ought to be taken, provided we continue to eat, without devouring, our food.

LOSS OF APPETITE.

The causes are numerous which may produce a loss of appetite; such as the immoderate use of strong liquors, tobacco, opium, or other narcotics; immoderate repletion, deficiency of the secretion of bile, &c. &c.

A gentle emetic may be taken, in the first instance, to remove the crudities of the stomach; after which, to

* BREAKFAST has been considered the meal of *friendship*; DINNER that of *etiquette*; and SUPPER the *seasoning* meal.

correct the morbid acidities, the following may be taken twice a day:—Solution of potass, one drachm; lime-water, seven ounces.—Mix. A table spoonful each time.

Should the patient feel pain, attended by flatulency, he may take prepared chalk, twelve grains: peppermint water, half an ounce; pure water, one ounce; spirit of pimento, two drachms; tincture of opium, twelve drops.—Mix. This draught to be taken three times a day, with any gentle laxative, should the patient require it.

COMMON COLDS.

Illness of various kinds proceed from what is generally termed a cold, which almost in all cases proceeds from a stoppage of perspiration. Of course, whatever will promote a return of that necessary evacuation, will be most likely to benefit the patient; lying longer in bed in the morning, drinking warm tea, or some other mild liquor, bathing the legs and feet in warm water, will most probably succeed; but care should be taken, on the first appearance of it, as it will then be the more easily eradicated.

HOT PUNCH AT NIGHT TO CURE A COLD.

This remedy, from its agreeable qualities towards the palate, is a frequent one. A more dangerous cannot be. What is called a cold is always depending upon partial inflammation, and as ardent spirits increase the action of the arteries, the inflammation may extend; and, if to the lungs, may prove fatal. In slight cases, however, a perspiration, induced by the punch, may relieve, but it is a dangerous experiment; such a remedy will be always esteemed by a certain class of people, and those will always have an excuse for it. If they get better the next morning, after this dose of delight, they extol to the skies its medicinal qualities—and if, on the other hand, they are worse in the morning, they tell you that if it were not for the hot punch which they took the night before, they are sure they would be still worse—if not gone altogether!—"How fortunate!"—It is more dangerous than opium. A hot drink of *whisky* is a true remedy.

HOW TO SPEND THE WINTER EVENINGS IN THE COUNTRY.

In the evenings, the regular domestic arrangements might be agreeably varied, for the entertainment and instruction of the younger people, by lectures in astronomy and geography—the instruments for this purpose are by no means expensive; but if the amount was found to be inconvenient, the money might be easily procured, if families in the country would subscribe, and associate themselves for the purpose of procuring what was necessary—a good *Encyclopedia*, which contained the modern improvements and discoveries, would be an incalculable acquisition to a neighbourhood, and would serve as a text-book, for an endless series of instructive and most interesting experiments; an orrery might be purchased from the same fund, for two or three guineas, which would explain to a number of children the causes of day and night, the succession of the seasons, the changes of the moon, the tides, twilight, and the nature of eclipses—a small manual orrery, consisting of the sun, earth, and moon, is best adapted for this purpose, because the revolutions of the earth are more clearly shewn in these where the earth is sufficiently large to have the different countries delineated upon it—this could be easily carried from house to house. Instead of the small brass sun in the centre, a wax candle, or patent lamp, with the glass round it, may be substituted—and by darkening the room, the illuminated parts of the earth and moon may be easily distinguished. The revolutions of the planets are of much less importance than those of the earth, but they may be easily explained to young people by the following plan:—Let the orbits of the planets be chalked out on the floor, and set a lamp on a table in the middle of the room, to represent the sun—then place twelve chairs round the room for the signs of the Zodiac, and let seven children of different sizes represent the planets—a child of four years old might be called Mercury—one of six, Venus, and a grown person, Saturn. The children may then be taught to move round the sun in the orbits of the planets they are to represent, observing the relative pe-

riods of time in which each makes its revolution. To render this *walking orrery* the more entertaining, the whole procession may move to slow music, and as the heads of the children should be considered as representing the bodies of the planets, the Herschel, Saturn, and Jupiter may fix balls round their heads for the satellites. The child who represents the earth may, in like manner, carry a moon.

To a practical survey of the heavens, which may succeed this, or other preliminary instruction, *Friend's Evening Amusements* will be found peculiarly subservient; and with the aid of a telescope, the planets may be observed, and their positions with regard to the fixed stars ascertained;—a more delightful contemplation cannot be conceived, or one that more directly leads the faculties to the noblest objects of their exercise. As a previous step to his more complicated enquiry, a favourable spot may be chosen from whence, of a summer's evening, to observe the setting sun, and to remark any object by which the pupil may mark the exact point where it sets: the next morning return to the same spot before sun-rise—he will of course observe that it rises at nearly the opposite part of the heavens—it will be easy then to explain the phenomena of the rising and setting. If he does not know how the sun passes from sun set to sun rise, he at least knows how he travels from the rising to the setting point: the former can be explained by the latter—nor is it possible that the analogy can escape his observation.—Having marked the rising of the sun at midsummer, he must be brought to contemplate it at Christmas, from the same spot: he will then find the phenomenon to take place in a different part of the heavens, and this will give further opportunity of explanation.

Geography is the easiest of all sciences, and the best adapted to the capacities of children; it may be an useful and agreeable method, when young people learn the situation of any important country, to join with that knowledge some one or two leading facts or circumstances concerning it; so that its particular property may always put you in mind of the situation, and the situation, in like manner, put you in mind of the property. The ancient and modern names of the most important countries should be learned at the same time, and they should be fixed so strongly in the mind, that the ancient name should always call up the modern one to the memory, and the modern the ancient. In learning geography, the frequent and attentive inspection of maps will be of the greatest use. Whenever the name of an unknown place occurs in reading, let the student mark it down in his pocket-book, to be searched for in the map at a convenient opportunity; it is not expedient to turn immediately from the book to the map on every occasion, because it will interrupt the course of reading, divert the attention from the main subject, and be the cause of losing some idea, or some improvement of greater value than the knowledge of a local situation.

EXPEDIENCY OF ATTENDING TO THE EYE-LASHES.

It is no less strange than true, that European beauties are quite inattentive to the growth of their eye-lashes; though in Circassia, Georgia, Persia, and Hindostan, it is one of the first objects of a mother's care to promote the growth of her children's eye-lashes. Hair left to itself seldom grows long, but either splits at the top into two or more forks, or becomes smaller and smaller until it ends in a fine gossamer point. When it does so, it never grows longer, but remains stationary. The Circassian method of treating the eye-lashes is founded on this principle;—the careful mother removes, with a pair of scissors, the forked and gossamer like points (not more) of the eye-lashes, and every time this is done their growth is renewed, and they become long, close, finely curved, and of a silky gloss. This operation of clipping may be repeated every month or six weeks. The eye-lashes of infants and children are best tipped when they are asleep. Ladies may, with a little care, do the office for themselves. This secret must be invaluable to those whose eye lashes have been thinned and dwarfed, as often happens by inflammation of the eyes.

SIMPLE SCIENCE.

ATTRACTION AND REPULSION.

Besides the inactive principles of matter, there are certain active powers or principles of motion whereby bodies are carried from or towards each other, according to fixed and determined laws, which may be termed the laws of *attraction* and *repulsion*.

By attraction is meant the tendency that bodies have to approach each other, whatever be the cause.

There are five kinds of attraction :

1. The attraction of *Cohesion*.
2. The attraction of *Gravitation*.
3. The attraction of *Electricity*.
4. The attraction of *Magnetism*.
5. The attraction of *Chemical Affinity*.

The attraction of *Cohesion* is that by which the particles of bodies are made to *adhere* and preserve their unity.

If two pieces of lead be scraped very clean and pressed closely together, the adhesion will be so great as to require a considerable force to separate them.

The attraction of *Gravitation*, or *GRAVITY*, is that force, by which distant bodies are drawn towards each other.

By Gravity, a stone dropped from a height falls towards the surface of the earth.

All heavy bodies near the earth tend to its centre with a force proportional to their quantity of matter, and in all places equally distant from the centre of the earth the force of gravity is equal.

The force of gravity is strongest of all at the surface of the earth ; for below the surface it decreases with the distance, and above the surface it decreases, as the squares of the distance increase.

The attraction of *Electricity*, of *Magnetism*, and of *Chemical Affinity*, seems to be of a like nature with these principles.

Where the force of attraction ends, a new force, called *REPULSION*, begins.

If the distance of two particles be so great that the sphere of attraction cannot reach from one to the other, they will fly from, or *repel* each other, with a force that increases as the distance of the particles decrease.

When a particle that is repelled is forced within the sphere of attraction, it will be *attracted* ; and when a particle that is held by attraction is thrown off by some superior force beyond the sphere of attraction, it will be *repelled*.

Those particles that are attracted most strongly when within the sphere, will be repelled most forcibly when without it.

Water will repel most bodies till they are wet. A small sewing needle will swim in a basin of water—and from the same cause flies will walk on it without wetting their feet.

It would, in strictness, be right to simplify these principles by the illustrations which experiments afford ; but we conceive them to be so plain and comprehensible, that we have purposely abstained from doing so. The mind, with a little reflection, will easily be able to supply them ; and we must not, unnecessarily, swell our papers upon one subject, when the amplification would only go to the exclusion of others.

CAUTIONS IN VISITING SICK ROOMS.

Never venture into a sick room if you are in a violent perspiration, (if circumstances require your continuance there) for the moment your body becomes cold, it is in a state likely to absorb the infection, and give you the disease. Nor visit a sick person, (especially if the complaint be of a contagious nature) with an *empty stomach* ; as this disposes the system more readily to receive the contagion. In attending a sick person place yourself where the air passes from the door or window to the bed of the diseased, not betwixt the diseased person and any fire that is in the room, as the heat of the fire will draw the infectious vapour in that direction, and you would run much danger from breathing it in.

WOMAN.

POUR ET CONTRE.

HE.

Like the Moon is Woman's heart,
Still with borrow'd lustre shining ;
Like the ivy, Woman's love,
Where it fastens, undermining ;
Like a rock, you may defy,
Truth to shake, or reason move her ;
Like the rainbow in the sky,
Smiling when the storm is over.

SHE.

Woman's love is like a rock,
Firm it stands, tho' storms surround it ;
Like the ivy on the oak,
Even in ruin clinging round it ;
Like the Moon, dispelling night,
Woman's smiles illumine sorrow ;
Like the rainbow's pledge of light,
Harbinger of joy to-morrow.

HE.

Shrinking from the wintry blast,
Bird of passage, like the swallow,
When the sunny season's past,
Woman's love will quickly follow.

SHE.

Like the swallow, when she's seen,
Pleasure's blossoms never wither,
Herald of a sky serene,
Woman brings the summer with her.

HE.

Like the roses of the brake,
Thorns in every blossom shrouded ;
Like the bosom of the lake,
By each passing shadow clouded.

SHE.

Like the roses of the brake,
Precious, tho' their bloom be faded ;
Like the bosom of the lake,
By reflected darkness shaded.

HE.

Like a picture, where you find
Truth and nature's fair resemblance,
So, deceitful woman's mind
Mocks us with their mimic semblance.

SHE.

Like a picture truly fine,
Half her beauty distance covers ;
Touches of a hand divine,
Every nearer view discovers.

HE.

Like the reckless mountain tide,
Every breeze the surface changing ;
Like the bird which must be tied,
If you would prevent its ranging.

SHE.

Like the stream upon the hill,
Unconfined, it runs the purer ;
Like the bird, a cage will kill,
But kindness win, and love secure her.

HE.

Like the harp of Erin's sigh,
Woman wakes the soul to madness,
Wild and doubtful in its joy,
Fatal in its dang'rous sadness.

SHE.

Like my country's minstrel lyre,
Wak'ning many a soft emotion,
Kindling in the breast a fire
Of heav'nly, heartfelt, pure devotion.

HE.

Like the sun, who sheds his light
On the fool and wise in common,
Undistinguishingly bright,
Is the smile of faithless woman,

SHE.

Like the sun, dispensing light,
Life and joy on all that's human,
Ever fix'd, and warm, and bright,
Is the love of faithful Woman !

DUBLIN.

Printed and Published by P. D. HARVEY, 12, Temple Lane, and 3, Cecilia Street ; to whom all communications are to be addressed.
Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.
In Liverpool, by Willmer and Smith ; in Manchester, by Gray ; in Birmingham by Drake ; in Nottingham, by Wright ; in Edinburgh by R. Grant and Son ; in Glasgow, by J. Niven, Jun. ; and in London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Panyer-alley, Paternoster-row.

DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 65. Vol. II.

P. D. HARDY, 3, CECILIA-STREET.

SEPTEMBER 28, 1833.



SHANE'S CASTLE.

Situated on the north-east shore of Lough Neagh, in the vicinity of the town of Antrim, are the magnificent ruins of Shane's Castle, the princely residence of Earl O'Neill, we believe the only remaining descendant of that noble and once-powerful family. It was for centuries the residence of that noble house, but was burned to the ground by an accidental fire, in the year 1816. An extensive library and many valuable paintings were wholly consumed in this awful conflagration; the green-house, or grand conservatory of rare and foreign plants, being the only thing that escaped. From the ruins which remain, it is evident that it was a fine spacious building: the vaults, which are still entire, and extend to the very verge of the lake, merit the particular notice of the curious traveller, both from their spaciousness and rather extraordinary construction. Several turrets and towers are still standing; and from their tops a fine view of the interesting scenery, amid which the ruins lie, may be obtained. A number of cannons are still mounted on the fort, which is boldly situated. Some of the buildings which formed a part of the out-offices, have been fitted up by the noble proprietor, as a temporary residence. We have heard, with pleasure, that it is his Lordship's intention to erect a castle, if not on the ruins of the old one, on some spot in the immediate vicinity. The following lively representation of the feelings which this romantic scene is calculated to awaken, is taken from a very interesting and able paper, read before the Natural History Society of Belfast, in 1824, by Robert Patterson, Esq.—

"It fills one with melancholy ideas of departed grandeur—where the stately pile has gradually crumbled beneath the touch of time—where the fox-glove, the moss,

the lichen, the thistle, the long luxuriant grass, and the ever-verdant ivy,

Group their wild hulls with every stain
The weather-beaten walls retain,

the moralist may find a pleasing object of contemplation—the painter a glowing subject for his pencil; but here where the ruin is not sufficiently old for this—where time has not wrought the fall—where the white walls, stained occasionally by the dark smoke-wreaths, alone meet the eye—one cannot but deplore the untimely fall of the noble and venerable palace. Some slips of ivy have been planted about it; but, as yet, the cultivated spots around render only more striking the ruined mass in the centre."

It is rather extraordinary, that at the moment the fire broke out, there was a very large party on a visit with the noble proprietor; but every exertion to extinguish the flames proved unavailing.

It may, at present, appear matter of surprise, that such a battery of cannon, as was erected here, should be placed in a situation of the kind. The following interesting particulars, relative to an engagement which took place on the lake, in the year 1642, will serve to show that in former times such a parade of strength was not a mere ornamental appendage to the castle of a chieftain, but was actually necessary to the maintenance of his rights and privileges:

"A spirited and adventurous garrison of Irish troops occupied Charlemont. These men, not satisfied with carrying on a merely defensive war, built a little fleet of boats, with which they sailed down the Blackwater, into Lough Neagh, and plundered the adjacent country.

Their predatory excursions were observed by Sir John Clotworthy's regiment which had erected a fort at Toome. Immediately they built a boat of twenty tons burden, and furnished it with six brass guns. This was accompanied by seven smaller boats, and the whole flotilla was manned with three hundred men, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Connolly and Captain Longford. Thus prepared, these officers sailed over the lake, landed at the mouth of the Blackwater, raised and manned two small forts, and then returned. The Irish, however, contrived to pass the forts in dark nights, and plunder the country. Nay, they rapidly erected a fort at Clanbrassil, to protect their fleet in any sudden emergency. To counteract these measures, Connolly and Longford manned their little navy, and met the Irish flotilla near the shore of Clanbrassil. A naval battle ensued. The Irish were routed, driven on the shore, and there compelled to surrender. Sixty of them were slain, sixty more taken prisoners, and their fleet itself was captured, and brought by the victors in triumph to Antrim.*

The family of O'Neill are of Gothic descent, having sprung from Belus, a Gothic king of the Orkneys. They came into Ireland in the latter part of the ninth century, and were then called Nial, O'Nial, or Hy Nial, which signifies a chief or prince. Having married into the family of some Irish prince, they soon became paramount chiefs of Ulster, and the most powerful opposers of the invaders of the country. In 1165 they defeated the Danes, and for several centuries they bravely opposed the ambitious encroachments of the English, with various success, and were never completely subjected to that power, until the latter part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, at which period the celebrated Shane O'Nial flourished. This chieftain was a man of singular character. "Proud of his hereditary descent, and tenacious of his chieftaindom in Ulster, he not only deemed himself the genuine sovereign of the country, but vaunted that the Magennis, the Mac Guire, O'Reilly, O'Hanlon, O'Cahan, Mac Brien, O'Hagan, O'Quin, Mac Kenna, Mac Cartan, and all the Mac Donnells, whom he styled 'Gallowglasses,' were his subjects and vassals.—O'Nial was subtle in mind, alert in action, quick in expedient, haughty, vindictive, and unrelenting in disposition. He was magnificent, social, and hospitable, but frequently intemperate at table, * * *, and, if his enemies may be credited, a persevering votary of Bacchus. His cellar is said to have usually contained at least two hundred tons of wine, of which, as well as of usquebaugh, he was in the habit of drinking to excess. When, by copious libations to the jolly god, he became intoxicated, his attendants placed him chin-deep in a pit, and then cast earth around him. In this clay bath he remained, inhumed as it were alive, until the velocity of his blood had abated, and his body had attained a cooler temperament.† O'Nial's tenantry or vassals were habituated to the use of arms. Six hundred soldiers constituted his body-guard; and he was master of an army of four thousand foot and one thousand horse. His father, Con O'Nial, had surrendered his territories to Henry VIII. and renounced the name of O'Nial. On this submission, he had been appointed Earl of Tyrone, with remainder over to his reputed son Matthew, who was then created Baron of Dungannon." Subsequently, however, Shane asserted his independence, and at the head of a considerable force burst into the English Pale, invading also the territories of the Irish chieftains. To check these proceedings, the Lord-Deputy Sussex marched against him; and as further reinforcements were expected by the Deputy, O'Nial was advised to make his submission to the Queen in person. This, after various delays, he consented to do, and preceded to

London, where he appeared rather in the style of an independent prince, than of a vassal of the English crown. "The citizens of the British capital beheld with lively emotion the Ulster chieftain, accompanied by a splendid train of Irishmen, arrayed in the costume of their country, on whom they gazed with surprise, as on the natives of another hemisphere. A body guard of Gallowglasses, armed with battle-axes, marched with O'Nial. Long curled hair descended from their uncovered heads; their linen vests were dyed with crocus; long sleeves, short tunics, and shaggy cloaks, rendered the whole dress more singularly conspicuous. Regardless of the law which prohibited the use of the national Hibernian costume, O'Nial appeared at the head of his guards, as if he came in a genuine spirit of conscious independence, to treat on equal terms with the sovereign of the British empire, in her own capital. Having been greatly distinguished by royal favour, O'Nial returned triumphantly to Ireland, and for a short time acted with apparent zeal for the Queen, as he deemed himself her chosen champion."

Not far from the castle, in a small burying-ground, is the cemetery or vault of a branch of the O'Neill family. On a stone in the gable end, the following inscription is rudely engraved:—

This vault was
built by Shane Mac
Brien Mac Phelim Mac
Shane Mac Brien Mac
Phelim O'Neill, Esquire,
in the year
1722, for a burial-place
to himself and family
of Clanboy.

There is no other monument of the family in the demesne. A neat village once stood close to this, called also Shane's Castle, or more anciently Edenduff Carrick. It was removed by the late and present Lord, and the inhabitants accommodated with houses on other parts of the demesne;—not a vestige of it now remains.

PHELIM O'NEILL.

In th' historic pages of Erin's green Isle,
How bright shines the name of old PHELIM the brave,
Who lived where the groves of Shane's Castle now smile,
And Neagh's crystal waters the green meadows lave.

His vassals a province—obey'd at command—
In peace he was gentle—terrific in war;
As a crest on his standard display'd the Red Hand,*
An ensign of glory!—Insult it who dare?

Where the green top of Slernish salutes the gay morn,
To hunt with his vassals would PHELIM resort;
And there oft at dawn has the loud sounding horn
Invited the Chieftains of Ulster to sport.

The sons of Clanboy† often hasted along—
The mighty O'Caghan‡ ne'er failed at the call;
How great, how terrific appeared the throng
Which oft issued forth from Shane's Castle's long hall!

The chase being o'er, on the green spreading plain,
The hearty repast still profusely was laid,
Whilst oft on the flowery banks of the Main,
The loudly-ton'd bag-pipe enchantingly played.

With huge joints of meat were the chieftains regal'd—
The stout aqua-vite in madders flow'd round—
The wild-sounding drone of the bag-pipe ne'er failed
To make every valley near Slernish resound.

In peace, or in warfare, or rude recreation,
High, high in our annals old PHELIM arose:
Whilst living—the glory and pride of a nation—
In death—e'en his name long the dread of his foes.

Talk yet of old PHELIM—then mark the bright fire
That darts from the eye of each son of the clan!
All his mem'ry revere—as their king, as their sire,
Their leader—a mighty, invincible man!

* Stuart's Armagh, p. 374.

† "This singular practice of earth-bathing was imitated, about the year 1793, by one Graham, known in London by the name of the 'Celestial Doctor,' from a certain bed, styled 'the celestial bed,' in which he electrified barren married patients, to render them prolific. Afterwards he adopted O'Nial's earth-bath, as a powerful tonic and restorative; and on this subject he delivered various lectures to the credulous citizens of London."

* The Red Hand is still the crest on the arms of the noble family of O'NEILL.

† Clanboy was the more immediately related connexion of PHELIM O'NEILL.

‡ O'Caghan, a celebrated Irish Chief.

Now dreary and dark is the lone habitation,
Where moulder the bones of old Ulster's great King !
Each heart feels a throbbing, a pensive sensation,
As his praises sound forth from the harp's loud-toned string.

Long, long shall his name be recorded in story—
A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war !
And O'NEILL still displays, as an emblem of glory,
The Red Hand of Erin !—Insult it who dare ?

Ballymena.

J. S. M. C.

THE PIDGEON HOUSE.

A STORY OF THE LAST CENTURY.

The improvements made in the harbour of Dublin, within the last sixty years, (or thereabouts,) cannot fail to fill the beholder with admiration. Every way the eye turns the taste and spirit of our fellow-citizens are displayed—beauty is combined with utility. The feeble citizen of fourscore, as he saunters along the quay of the north or south wall, recalls to his memory, that in his boyhood those beautiful walks which he now enjoys were swampy impassible strands—that from Ballybough to Ball's Bridge, and from Mark's Church to Ringsend, were under the dominion of the waves of the Atlantic. Ringsend might then be deemed an island, for, before the Dodder River was enclosed by banks, the sea rolled over where rich pastures now relieve the eye in the vicinity of Irishtown; though it is to be regretted, that of all places round the harbour Ringsend is the least improved—it is, in fact, disgusting in its appearance, while some of its ruinous buildings seem to threaten destruction to the unwary passenger.

In this place there is, at present, living, an individual who has resided there nearly a century—who remembers the situation of the harbour upwards of seventy years ago—and who gives the following account of the origin of Ringsend and the Pidgeon House. Speaking on the subject some short time since, he observed—"I well remember the harbour of Dublin destitute of a light house, save one on Howth. Vessels of all burden were obliged to remain beyond the bar after nightfall, owing to the vast shoal shore lying north and south, called the north and south bulls. When they entered the harbour, the first place of security they met was Ringsend, so called from many score rings of a prodigious size fastened in beams of wood, protruding from this neck of land; other rings made fast in enormous rocks, brought for that purpose, the bottom being too soft for anchorage. Thus, from the end of land with rings, it was called in time Ringsend; its original name I leave to the antiquarian to discover. A wall was then begun by the Corporation of Dublin, to where the Pidgeon House now stands, to make some shelter for the shipping; but this did not, in the least, remedy the danger. A wall farther out was considered indispensable; piles were sunk for the undertaking, and a wooden house, strongly cramped with iron, to serve as a watch-house, store-house, and place of refuge for any that might be forced there through stress of weather.

Large sums of money were collected from the citizens by the Corporation;—the work went on with spirit for about two years, when all on a sudden it stopped, and remained so for a long time, until the Ballast Office Company was established, who took it on themselves to finish it. To return to the building of the old wall, as it is now called: there were a number of boats plying from Ringsend to the pile-ends, where the new wall to the Light House commences, and which by many is called the Pile-ends to this day, and not without cause, for still the piles or stakes are to be seen. In those days the Black Rock, or clean kitchen of Dunleary, was not heard of. During the time the works were going on, the word was, of a Sunday—'Where shall we go?' 'To the Pile-ends, and take our dinner in Pidgeon's house;'—alluding to a man that lived in a large wooden house, as before described, at the Pile-ends. This man was left in care of the workmen's tools and works. He had one son, two daughters, and wife. Pidgeon finding the great resort to his house in the summer, spared no expense to make it neat for their reception;—had bottled ale, and several other kinds of drink, for public accommodation. He

next fitted out a boat, in a tasteful style, which himself and son rowed. He plied with none but the most respectable companies, of which he had a great resort.

From this man the Pidgeon House took its name, though some will have it that from a battery that was, afterwards built of an hectangular form, with loop-holes, which, to all appearance, represented, at a distant view, a pidgeon house, such as we see in some of our farm-yards, elevated on poles; while others affirm that from the carrier pidgeons resting here it took its name; but all the old inhabitants of Dublin and Ringsend contend for the first.

It may be interesting to the reader to follow up the history of Pidgeon and his family.

For two summers Pidgeon was doing well, having a yearly salary for minding the works. One night, however, four men came under the window in a boat and pleaded distress—they got admission, but as soon as they regaled themselves, all started up, every man with a sabre in his hand, and seizing the old couple, tied them back to back. The young man (Ned Pidgeon) snatched a hand-spike, and courageously attacked them; but, unfortunately, one of the ruffians directed a deadly blow at his sister, which he prevented by seizing the sword, which the ruffian drew through his hand, and cut some arteries that disabled him for life. However, in this wounded state he fled to another hut, lately built, to call the assistance of two men who lived in it, but, in his short absence, the ruffians plundered the place of every valuable article they could lay hands on, and would have put the old couple to death were it not for the tears of the two girls. Ruffians as they were, they paid regard to their intreaties, and offered them no improper violence, save pulling off a ring from one of their fingers.

Ned Pidgeon returned with the two men, and was overjoyed to find all alive—and might have been in time to prevent the robbery was it not for the dressing that his hand required, which was done in a hasty manner. Finding the robbers gone, he ran out with the two men, who had each a brace of large pistols, and himself a smaller one, in order to make chase; but when they got down to the boats, they found them disabled, by means of boat-hooks driven, in many parts, through them, and they filled with water; so they were obliged to return. Pidgeon's boat, in particular, was stoved to pieces.

The whole family now sat bewailing their losses, except, at intervals, the old man would raise his eyes to heaven, and thank Divine Providence for having preserved their lives.

This afflicting circumstance took place on a Saturday night. The next day some of the citizens, who used to resort to Pidgeon's, were alarmed as well as disappointed by not finding his boat as usual in waiting; however, they too soon were acquainted of the sad affair. Boats were hired at Ringsend, and soon a crowd assembled at the Pile-ends—every one sympathised in poor Pidgeon's distress. As the heart of an Irishman is ever open to feel for the misery of others, his eye swims with tears of joy as he opens his purse to relieve it. A collection was instantaneously set on foot, and as much as might serve his immediate wants presented him. Against the following Sunday he had another boat in readiness, when another sum was given him, which nearly made up his losses.

His poor son, Ned, was no more able to pull an oar; however, with one hand he kept the tiller. A few days after the outrage, as himself and his father were out some short distance catching fish for dinner, the old man's hooks fastened in something at the bottom, which, by a gentle pull of his line, seemed to yield to him. His first conjecture was, that it might be a piece of a thick rope, so he drew in the line with caution lest he would break his hooks—but mark his terror when the face of a man appeared under the surface of the water. The moment Ned saw it, he exclaimed, with horror in his countenance, yet mingled with marks of exulting joy—'O, father, father, that's one of the villains who robbed us—O yes, yes, father, and the very wretch that disabled me.'

Poor old Pidgeon looked as terrified at the body as

if the act was to be performed over again, and was about to let it go, when Ned reminded him that some of his property might be found about him, but when they towed it to shore they found nothing, save an old silver-cased watch that hung over Pidgeon's fire-place. In a few days more another body was washed upon shore, which proved that the boat had been upset, and that the vengeance of heaven paid them the wages they so justly earned.

The following winter old Pidgeon died, leaving two daughters, a disabled son, and a poor old helpless wife. By the kindness of the commissioners they were allowed to retain the house, but having no one to row the boat, they had to hire two men, while Ned managed the tiller and received the money from the passengers.

It happened one day, while he was ashore, that one of those oarsmen drew out some cold meat and bread for his dinner, forgetting to take up the knife with which he cut it from off the seat, Ned, stepping into the boat, saw it, and exclaimed—'Good heavens!' snatching it up as he spoke, 'how came my father's pearl handled Jack-o'-the-leg here—the very knife he was robbed of last season.' As he said this he looked, with frantic stare, at the two men, one of them immediately betrayed symptoms of guilt, and, with a volley of curses, exclaimed—'Do ye think there's no more knives in the world of the same sort?'

'Oh, then,' replied Ned, 'twas in your possession, I see.'

'Aye, that it was,' said the other, 'and shall be there again.'

'Well, then,' roared Ned, 'I claim it as my property, and you are my prisoner,' holding it to the fellow's breast—'stir one inch till we get to shore and you meet your fate.'

Fortunately for Ned, the other boatman had a falling out with this fellow, and would be glad to see him put out of Pidgeon's employment. Ned ordered the boat to where the military were stationed, and just as they approached the landing place, the fellow made a sudden spring, and thought to have snatched the knife out of his hand, but he was on his guard, and made a thrust at him, which to avoid the fellow leaped over board; on rising to the surface of the water his hat fell off, and exposed a large wen on his head, that convinced Ned he was one of the ruffians who plundered his father, on the night referred to.

Ned had him now fully in his power, as the fellow had on a large pee jacket, which prevented him swimming. Fixing a noose to a line, he threw it over him, and caught him by the wrist, and then fastened him to the stern of the boat in such a manner that he could not extricate himself. He was brought immediately a prisoner into Dublin;—Ned swore to the knife and his person;—he was sentenced to die. In prison he confessed the whole affair, viz.—a dispute arising in the boat, at the dividing of the booty, himself and another of the gang threw the other two over board. After committing this horrible act he had a similar quarrel with the other fellow, who, in the heat of his wrath, threatened to inform when he would get ashore. 'This so enraged me,' said the prisoner, 'that I snatched up that very knife that discovered me, and stabbed him, and threw him overboard. The unfortunate wretch rose over water, screeching and seizing the gunnel, endeavouring to get in again, when turning to the same side to shove him off, a wave came and upset the boat—I saw him no more. The keel of the boat showed uppermost, which I mounted, still holding the knife; there I sat until day was breaking, when I was picked up by a smuggler, who supposed all came by accident; she continued her voyage, and I was held by my policy in great trust: we made three voyages. One night, while landing some hogs-heads of tobacco in the dark, my foot came between two of them, which so disabled me that the crew carried me to another part of the coast, and there left me ashore, that there might be time enough to convey the goods out of sight, least, when I afterwards, I might inform. There I was left on the shore, far away from any house or hut, which, indeed, was too good for such a wretch. With all the horrors of a guilty mind, and the screams of the

wretch that I stabbed in my ears, I was about to end my existence with that very same knife, when an old man arrested my arm, and brought me to his cabin. I soon got well, but unfitted any longer for sea, was obliged to turn myself to rowing a ferry boat, until hired by Pidgeon. I cannot tell the reason why I kept the bloody knife, often was I going to throw it into the sea, but something always prevented me.'

Soon after the execution of this fellow, Ned Pidgeon complained of a pain in his disabled hand—a visible sore appeared: at last a mortification set in. In spite of all medicine or ointment it spread—amputation was the only remedy to save his life, but, alas, it had not this effect, for the poor fellow died in the operation.

The two poor girls, Mary and Rachel, were now left without any human being to protect them save a poor feeble mother who only survived her son six weeks.—'Tis true that their boat was plying, but they did not receive from the fellows that rowed it one third of the money, besides they were rude and uncivil to the passengers, which made many that used to frequent Pidgeon's house, withdraw their visits.

In this uncomfortable state they consulted each other on what plan they could procure a livelihood. They were about to sell the boat and go into town, but what could they do there? They were as great strangers to the land as the fish of the sea.

At last it was agreed, that as they had learned to handle the oar in amusement on fishing excursions with their father, they might now turn it to advantage, as it would be a novelty, and excite the pity of the citizens by seeing two tolerable handsome females manage a boat, which they could do well. Their design had the desired effect. The boat was newly painted—a suitable and yet becoming dress made for the fair mariners—in a short time their boat was more frequented than ever—men of all ages and rank were contending for the oars, nor were they allowed, except on some extraordinary occasion, to give a pull.

It chanced about the beginning of October, that a very respectable party visited Pidgeon's. The two girls threw off their amphibious costume and appeared in their gayest attire to wait upon them, which they did in a most graceful way. The company had their own boat in waiting, which made them indulge their delay later than they otherwise would have done. Having, at length, taken their departure, Mary and her sister sat down to take some refreshment, when, all of a sudden, a violent storm arose. By and bye they hear a gun of distress: every candle that their small windows could hold were lighted to serve as a beacon for such as might escape the fury of the storm. Three long hours they sat expecting every moment to be called on to administer comfort to some exhausted being. About midnight the storm died away, and the sky became lightsome. Mary went to the door to look over the sea, when calling to Rachel she said, 'I see something black, do you Rachel? I think it a boat at no great distance—Oh! I shudder for the people that were with us to-day.' 'Where do you see it?' replied Rachel—'oh, aye, I see it now—I think it more like a barrel.' 'No Rachel,' said Mary, 'I think not, fetch me the glass.' The glass was brought, when she exclaimed, 'Oh! Rachel, Rachel, I see a man on a plank, the sea is not too rough—out with the boat, out with the boat.'

Their light pliant oars were soon put in motion with more than usual exertion. Their little boat, skipping from wave to wave, soon reached the plank, where they found two men and a child, one of them lying on the broad of his back almost exhausted, and the child on his breast, while his feeble and wearied hands endeavored to keep its little head erect, as now and then a light wave broke over them. The other man sat astride, keeping his feet in motion in the nature of paddles.

The boat soon came up with them, but so exhausted were the men that they had lost all power of speech. The child was the first relieved from danger, next the two men were placed at the stern seat of the boat by the intrepidity of those courageous girls; and, after about twenty minutes rowing, were landed, and safely conveyed to the warm shelter of Pidgeon's house—put into warm beds and some warm drink administered, which soon threw

them into a sound sleep. The child (a fine boy of five years old) was looked to with still greater care, as its age demanded.

When morning broke, the two girls went out to see from what wreck they had escaped, when by the assistance of their telescope, they discovered two vessels on the north bull; one seemed to have received little damage, save her rigging, but the other suffered much. The strangers now awoke, and scarcely could persuade themselves but that they were brought there by something supernatural. However they were soon convinced to the contrary; their fair deliverers paid them a visit, and brought to their bed side a comfortable breakfast. The man before described as paddling with his feet on the plank, was master of one of the vessels from New York, the other, a gentleman passenger whose wife had died in America when the child was but one year old, and was coming to Ireland to place it under the care of some of his wife's relations. The master of the vessel soon found himself strong enough to look after his wrecked vessel, but the gentleman, having three of his ribs broken, was confined to his bed. Medical men were sent for, who declared if he was removed from where he lay it would be dangerous, so he composed his mind to remain under the care of his deliverers.

In a few days after he got an account that almost all his property was saved from the wreck, which with the thoughts of his child being safe, in some degree alleviated his pain of mind and body; and under the care of Mary Pidgeon he speedily recovered. Every thing she gave him seemed to possess a charm; his child clung to her where-soever she moved, and the stranger looked on Mary with more than ordinary affection.

Being perfectly recovered, he presented her with

three score pounds, and was about to bid her a long adieu; but neither coaxing or threatening could induce the child to part with Mary—so great was the attachment he had formed for her. The stranger now altered his mind with respect to leaving his son in Ireland, so bidding Mary farewell, went to see his relations who lived about sixty miles from Dublin, and left his son in her care till his return.

In about a month he came back, and if his son loved Mary, he himself appeared to have caught the pleasing infection to a greater degree. He found it as great a difficulty to leave her as to get his son away; so to set all at rest, he took lodgings in town, and had the ever binding seal of matrimony impressed upon her. He also promised Rachel a good husband as soon as they would reach America; so purchasing some merchandize he embarked with a larger family than he brought with him. On their arrival he was as good as his word, Rachel was married to a very respectable man in trade.

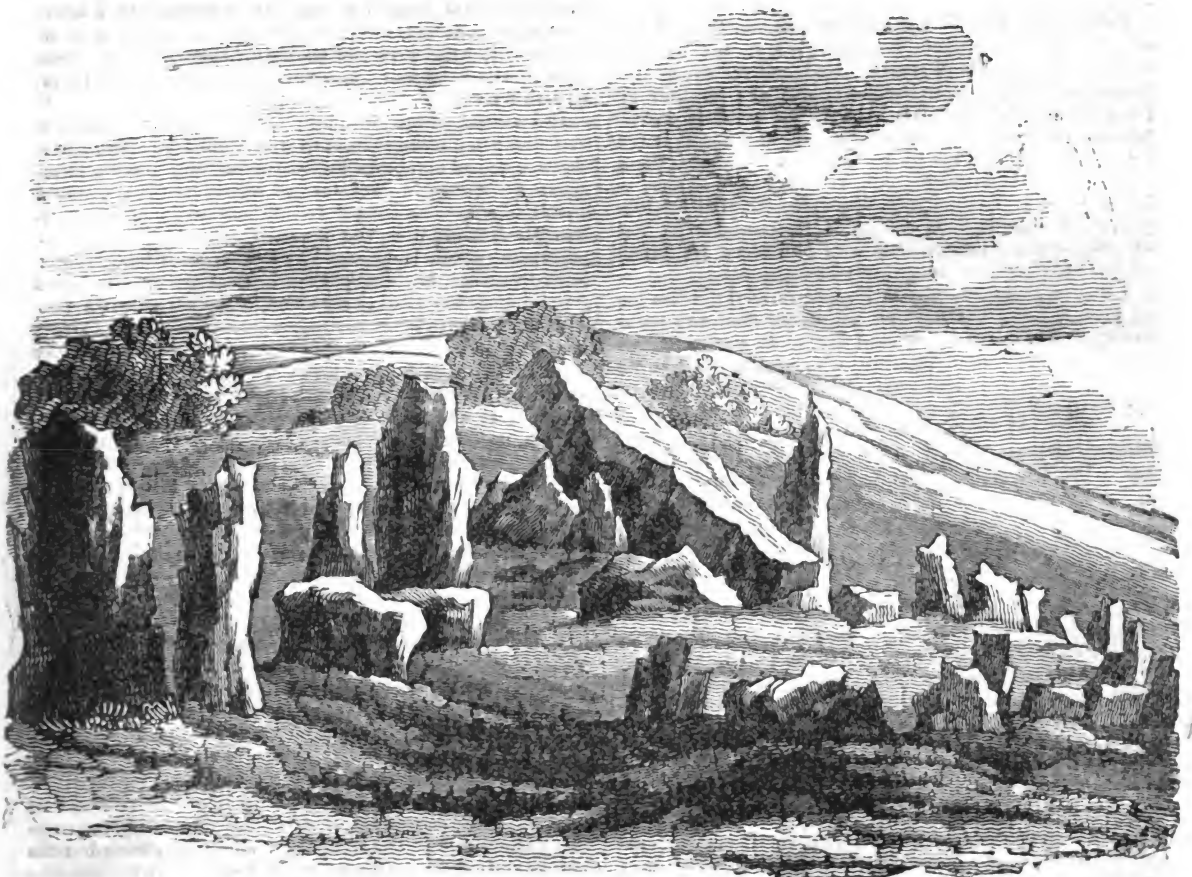
After they left the pile ends a stone house was erected on the spot, which remains to this day and has been ever since a kind of an hotel, and place of refreshment for people in stress of weather, but since the new harbour of Kingstown, has been finished, and steam navigation become so general, it has been shut up, as no vessel now puts into the Pidgeon House.

T. E.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

A year of pleasure, when once past,
Appears as transient as the blast;
Let pain but for a moment rage,
It seems the torment of an age!

N. O. B. P.



CEANORTH'S WA'S (WALLS.)

About four miles west of the town of Larne, and in the parish of Raloo, county of Antrim, are sixteen large stones standing closely together, called in the scottish idiom of the neighbourhood, *Ceanorth's Wa's*. They are situated on a swelling eminence; and from several stones of a similar size lying about, and others removed within

memory to the adjoining fences, it is evident that formerly a considerably greater number stood here than at present;—and from an examination of their probable number, it is certain there could not have been less than thirty. The greatest height of those remaining is about four feet and a half above the ground; and on these rested

a stone about six feet in length by four and a half in breadth, which many years ago was cast from its level position by the lovers of destruction and mischief. A few years ago, on removing some large stones on the east side, whitish ashes were found underneath, and amongst these were numerous particles of a dead white colour, which fell into dust on their being exposed to the air.—These particles were supposed to have been bones in their last stage of decay.

The original names of these stones has fortunately been less corrupted than those of numerous other relics of antiquity; from which circumstance we may fairly conclude, that such monuments were temples of the sun.—*Ceas grioth*, from which the present name is evidently derived, literally signifies *the head of the sun*, the worship of which great luminary being prior to the introduction of Christianity into this kingdom, the great object of pagan adoration.*

At some distance is a hill encompassed by an earthen embankment and a trench, in digging within which there have been found stone hatchets, with spear and arrow heads made of flint. These last are called *elf stones*, and are generally believed to have been discharged by fairies at cattle, against whose power charms are still used by the credulous. A little northward are two rows of large grey stones standing upright; the rows are about sixteen inches asunder, and a few inches between each stone. In an adjoining field are several caves, believed to have been the winter habitations of the ancient inhabitants of the country, who were called *Pekts* (Picks.)

Curricjergus.

S. M'S.

SIMPLE SCIENCE—SILVER.

Silver was in very early use amongst the ancients; the first notice of it we find in Genesis xxiii. 16, where "Abraham weighed to Ephron, in the audience of the sons of Seth, four hundred shekels of silver." This was 1800 years before Christ, and eleven hundred before the foundation of Rome. Pliny says, such was the luxury of the Romans, that it was simply reckoned a piece of elegance (not extravagance) to consume in the ornaments of coaches and the trappings of horses, metals, which their ancestors could not use, even in drinking vessels, without being astonished at their own prodigality. Nero and his wife shod their favorite horses with gold and silver. Silver was formerly of more value when compared with gold than it is at present; Herodotus tells us that in his time, the relative value of gold and silver in Greece and Persia was 13 to 1. Plato, who flourished fifty years after him, says the value of gold in Greece was to that of silver as 12 to 1; and Meander, who wrote about three hundred years after Christ, estimates the value of gold to silver as 10 to 1. Calculating from the current coin of Great Britain, the value of gold is now rather more than fifteen times that of silver. It is generally supposed, that when metal was first employed as an instrument of barter, those who wished to purchase goods carried a mass of it about with them from place to place, and provided themselves with instruments to cut off a sufficient quantity for their purpose; but they soon felt the necessity of having pieces ready cut and weighed; and as knowledge increased, men found a way of enriching themselves by amalgamating silver and gold with less precious metals; and it is probable that to prevent frauds of this kind the rulers of different states placed their stamps on these pieces of metal to attest their purity.

Silver is about ten times as heavy as water; and is found either in a native state—as ore—or combined with other metals; and is chiefly brought from Mexico and Peru, though it is found in every quarter of the globe. The silver mines of Mexico and Peru far exceed in value the whole of the European and Asiatic mines; for we are told by Humboldt, that in the space of three centuries they afforded 316,023,133 pounds troy of pure silver; and he remarks that this quantity would form a solid globe of silver 91,206 feet in diameter. Mr. Helms is of opinion that the Andes if properly examined would afford silver enough to overturn our present commercial system, by making silver as common as copper. Not-

withstanding the immense quantities which have already been extracted from these mines, they still continue to repay the miners' toil; but instead of finding the ore near the surface as formerly, the workmen are obliged to descend to prodigious depths to obtain it. So poisonous are the exhalations which arise from them, that the cattle grazing on the outside are affected by their pernicious fumes, and many thousands of indians have perished in them; nevertheless, such is the effect of avarice, that prodigious numbers of them are still sacrificed year after year. Although the exhalation of the mines are so poisonous, silver is thought the most wholesome of all the metals, and therefore forks and spoons are made of it. Native silver is mostly found in the mines of Potosi; though some of it has been lately found in a copper mine in Cornwall. In the Museum of the Academy of Science at Petersburg, there is a piece of native silver from China, of such fineness, that coins have been struck from it without its having been passed through the crucible. Silver has been found in many parts of the United Kingdoms; in Aberistwith a mint was established in the year 1637 for coining *Welsh* silver: and by the silver produced in his lead mine in Cardiganshire, Sir Hugh Middleton is said to have cleared £2000 pounds per month, and thus was enabled to bring the new river from Ware to London, by which a great part of the inhabitants of that Metropolis is supplied with water. In the County of Antrim there is a mine so rich, that every thirty pounds of lead ore is said to produce one pound of silver. Silver is the most brilliant metal we have, nothing surpasses its splendour except steel when highly polished; it possesses more hardness than gold, tin, or lead, but is softer than iron, platinum, or copper. In ductility it is next to gold, fifty square inches of silver leaf weighing not more than a grain; and the silver wire used by astronomers being no more than half the thickness of a fine human hair. Gold thread is only silver wire gilt: an ingot of silver, usually about thirty pounds weight, is made into a roll an inch and a half in diameter, and about twenty-two inches long. From one to two ounces of gold leaf are sufficient to cover this cylinder: but this thin coat of gold must be yet vastly thinner; the ingot is repeatedly drawn through holes of the several irons, each smaller than the other, till it be finer than a hair, every new hole diminishes its thickness, but what it loses in circumference it gains in length, and consequently increases in surface, yet the gold still covers it. How great must be the ductility of both the gold and silver, when the latter is drawn by this process into a thread nine hundred times less than it was at first, and the gold still covers it. Silver readily combines with sulphur; Mr. Hatchett says, those who rob the public by diminishing the current silver coin, expose the coin to the fumes of burning sulphur, by which a black crust of combined sulphur and silver is formed, which by a smart blow comes off like a scale leaving the coin so little affected, that the operation may sometimes be repeated twice or thrice without much hazard of detection.

Silver is, like gold, a perfect metal—that is, it is not volatilized by heat, some of it having been kept in a glass-house furnace two months, with a diminution of only one twelfth in weight; it has, however, been proved, that if heated in a stream of oxygen gas the whole may be volatilized. All the imperfect metals may be either volatilized or reduced to a cask by heat, and thus is virtue spoken of as "gold or silver tried in the furnace." Silver is used chiefly for domestic utensils and current coin, but for these purposes it is generally alloyed with copper, without which it would not have sufficient hardness to sustain much wear. Our standard silver is formed of about thirty-seven parts pure silver and three parts copper; and one pound of standard silver is coined into sixty-two shillings. The indelible marking ink, usually sold by druggists, is composed of silver and nitric acid; and the lunar caustic, which is the most active escharotic known, is also prepared from silver. There is likewise an article called fulminating silver procured from it, of so dangerous a character, that a minute quantity only can be made at a time with safety, and even that could not be removed to a phial without the utmost risk of shattering the glass into ten thousand pieces.

E. B.

* See Ware's Antiquities, vol. i., p. 122.

HOW TO KNOW A GOOD HORSE.

The circumstances which denote a good horse, whatever the nature of the breed or variety may be, are, that the head be suitably small in proportion to the animal, the nostrils expanded, the muzzle fine, the eyes bright and prominent, the ears close, small and erect; the neck proceeding with a gentle curve from between the shoulders, so as to join gracefully to the head; the shoulders well thrown back, imperceptibly sinking into the neck at the points; the arm or forehigh muscular, tapering so as to meet a fine sinewy, straight bony leg; the hoof circular, and wide at the heel; the chest deep and full at the girth; the loin or fillets broad and straight; the body round, the hips or hooks not wide, the quarters long, the tail set on so as to be nearly in the same right line as the back, the thigh strong and muscular, the legs clean and fine boned, the leg bones rather flat than round.—For the use of husbandry, the chief properties to be considered are, however, those of strength, activity, hardness, and true draught.

DISEASES OF HORSES.

The neglect of acquiring sound practical knowledge, upon points that particularly attach to the pursuits of agriculture, is materially injurious to farmers—there are excellent treatises upon many important subjects of this description, which might be studied with great effect—from the want of this information, the most valuable part of the farmer's property is often consigned to the very lowest, and uneducated people, who torture his horses and black cattle with the vilest quackery, while he stands by and sees his stock fall victims to the cow doctor and the farrier. The slaughter perpetrated by these pretenders, is not to be calculated, and though the natural force of constitution sometimes carries the animal through the ruffianly discipline to which it is exposed, it but too often remains weakly for the rest of its existence, and absolutely incapable of thriving. Surely some of the time devoted to cockfighting, cards, and whiskey punch, might be more profitably employed in adopting a few accredited receipts, for the removal of some of the maladies of cattle, which are simple, and from the habits of animals at all times easily removable—immense sums of money would be saved by a slight exertion of this kind, and farmers would be no longer at the mercy of the audacious impostors, who profess to cure diseases of which they know neither the nature nor the remedy.

The diseases of horses are numerous, and there is no animal so cruelly exposed to the ignorant and savage experiments of farriers. Their cures, as they term them, are compounds of the most violent and dangerous drugs, generally combined in such a way, that the ingredients are calculated to counteract each other.

In common recent wounds, the best method of treatment is to bring the sides of the divided parts immediately into contact, when it can be done, keeping them in that situation by slips of adhesive plaister, as by this means they are generally most expeditiously healed.—When there is much laceration of the parts, after such of them as can be brought into union have been washed and cleaned with a soft sponge, and placed in their proper situations, and confined, if absolutely required, by stitches; if on the first removal of the dressings, which should not be for a day or two, any part remain unhealed, it should be dressed with lint, moistened by the tincture of myrrh, adhesive plaister being laid over it—if the granulations of the new flesh rise above the surface, they must be kept down by the use of blue vitriol. If the destruction of parts be considerable, the application of warm saturnine fomentations or poultices may be useful. Inflammation should be guarded against, by bleeding, and the use of nitrous mashes—where circular bandages can be applied, they will be found useful.

Colds, and complaints of that sort, may be best removed, when mild, by rest, and the use of mashes of bran, two or three times a day; and when more violent, by bleeding, but by no means to such an excess as is generally practised; and the giving of balls, composed of calomel and antimonial powder, each one drachm, powdered nitre one ounce, and treacle sufficient for making

them up, which should be washed down with warm oatmeal gruel—the bowels being emptied by means of clysters. In colics, when of the spasmodic kind, advantage may be derived from the use of balls, composed of one ounce and a half of Venice turpentine, and one drachm of purified opium, with two drachms of powdered ginger, the bowels being occasionally cleared by the use of clysters of gruel, in the proportion of three or four quarts. The staggers is a disease which is much relieved by bleeding; after which, a purgative ball, composed of two drachms of calomel, with an ounce of aloes, and two drachms of powdered ginger, made up with honey may be given; strong clysters may be had recourse to with benefit, or frequent mashes of bran, oatmeal, or malt.—Where worms prevail in horses, whatever the kind may be, great advantage may be produced by a powder composed of a drachm of calomel, with half an ounce of powdered anniseed, given in the evening, in a little treacle, and the following morning a bolus, formed of an ounce of aloes in powder, with two drachms of powdered ginger, and a little treacle. With these remedies there is little danger of the horse being injured by cold, or occasion for alteration in his food.

ON PLANTING WASTE LANDS WITH ALDER.

Alder thrives wonderfully in swampy grounds, and its uses are so various as to adapt it to an almost endless variety of purposes. The wood of this tree is in great esteem and demand for machinery; the cogs for mill wheels formed of it, being proved by experience to be superior to any other. It is commonly used for bobbins; and the country people wear shoes, or as they are generally termed clogs, made of it. Its excellent quality of resisting injury from water is universally acknowledged; hence its great value for pump trees, pipes, drains, conduits to reservoirs, piles under water, and all kinds of wood-work which is kept constantly wet. It is much to be lamented, that the valuable properties of its bark should be so little known, that in most instances it is buried with the tree. The black dyers of cotton stuffs know its value, and make much use of it; they purchase it at the rate of seven to eight pence the stone, laid down at their dye houses. It is not chopped, but sold as it is stripped from the tree, after it has become moderately dry; so that there is no expense in chopping it, as is the case with oak bark. It might be used to great advantage as an excellent substitute for many woods used in dyeing, which we have from abroad, and on which we expend considerable sums.

METHOD OF PRESERVING ASPARAGUS FOR WINTER.

The asparagus for this purpose should be carefully washed, and well dried on a linen cloth, so that no sand or earth may be left upon it. This being done, some flour perfectly dry must be mixed with one-sixth part of salt dried and pulverized, and with this mixture each head of asparagus should be separately sprinkled, observing that the end where it is cut must be entirely covered.—the heads must then be tied up in bundles, 50 each, according to their size, with bass. The bundles must be again sprinkled with salt and flour, and each be separately enveloped in a paste made of brown flour, which must be well kneaded, and rolled to the thickness of a knife—they must then be left in the air to dry, and afterwards ranged in small casks, or stone jars, and melted fat be poured upon them; the vessel must be kept in a dry place, and in winter the asparagus may be taken as wanted. When used, the heads must be soaked in water an hour before they are cooked, and then treated in the same manner as when they are cut in spring—there will be scarcely any difference in the taste.

Look upon a field of corn. The ears which lift their heads the highest, have the least in them. It is the same with men. Be assured that the heads of those, who are most elated by vanity, have the least judgment, merit, or capacity.

ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES OF MATRIMONY.

SIR—Reading the lines in your last Journal "Woman; *pour et contre*" it occurred to me that the following extract from a latin work, published three or four hundred years since, on a similar subject, might not prove uninteresting to your readers. It is entitled,

Jacobus de Voragine's twelve Motions to mitigate the Misery of Marriage.

1. Hast thou money? You have one to keep and increase it.
2. Hast thou none? Thou hast one to help thee to get it.
3. Art in prosperity? Thy happiness is doubled.
4. Art in adversity? She will comfort—assist to bear a part of thy burthen, to make it more tolerable.
5. Art at home? She'll drive away melancholy?
6. Art abroad? She looks after thee going from home, wishes for thee in thy absence, and joyfully welcomes thy return.
7. There's nothing delightful without Society; no society so sweet as marriage.
8. The bands of conjugal love is adamant.
9. The sweet company of kinsmen increaseth; the number of parents is doubled, of mothers, sisters, and nephews.
10. Thou art made a father by a fair and happy issue.
11. Moses curseth the barrenness of matrimony: how much more a single life.
12. If nature escapes not punishment, surely thy will shall not avoid it.

AN ANTIPARODIA.

1. Hast thou means? Thou hast one to spend it.
2. Hast thou none? Thy beggary is increased.
3. Art in prosperity? Thy happiness is ended.
4. Art in adversity? Like Job's wife she'll aggravate thy misery, vex thy soul, and make thy burthen intolerable.
5. Art at home? She'll scold you out of doors.
6. Art abroad? If thou be wise keep thee so; she'll perhaps graft horns in thy absence, and scold on thee coming home.
7. Nothing gives more content than solitariness; no solitariness like a single life.
8. The band of matrimony is adamant; no hopes of loosing it—thou art undone.
9. Thy number increaseth; thou art devoured by thy wife's friends.
10. Thou art made a cornuto by an unchaste wife; and shall bring up other folks children instead of thine own.
11. Paul commends marriage; yet prefers a single life.
12. Is marriage honourable? what an immortal crown belongs to virginity!

ON THE EDUCATION OF YOUNG FEMALES FOR GOVERNESSES.

A very severe observer upon life and manners, remarks, "that *governesses* are persons who are to have every possible recommendation, and to suffer every possible indignity;" that this is an exaggerated statement, the instances of kindness and consideration, shown in some families to governesses, are proofs. It must, however, be allowed, that in many cases their situation is uncomfortable, and of a description which, while it must render them ill at ease, prevents their being of that use to the persons committed to their care, that they might otherwise prove—there cannot, however be a doubt, that if they possessed in general more solid information, they would be more respectable and respected—to possess accomplishments in a showy superficial way, is not sufficient for instruction; to teach is a very serious and sacred duty; and before we undertake to inform others, we should be informed ourselves. In fact it is very few female seminaries that the pupils are grounded in useful learning, and a school expressly instituted for the education of governesses, is still a desideratum. To be able to translate *French*, is an easy task, but to *write* and *speak* it grammatically,

correctly, and elegantly, is an attainment possessed by very few, and yet without it, of what avail is the *accomplishment*—but setting aside this exactness in a *foreign* language, how few are there thoroughly acquainted with *our own*—to make history palatable or useful, a dry series of names and dates, is by no means sufficient—those observations which spring out of a knowledge of contemporary events and characters, is essential to render it profitable. How few know any thing of the common principles of *drawing* and *perspective*, or can do more than make a bad copy, from a tolerable original—but these are minor deficiencies, compared with ignorance in other departments of information, on a knowledge of which religion, morals, and health, materially depend.—But to enable young and respectable women, to acquire the requisite instruction, they must be taught differently at school, and meet with higher pecuniary emolument, when they enter families—as to their treatment there, it would be materially improved, by the very circumstance of superior information; it would give them that just confidence in themselves, which creates respect in others, and they would feel themselves, and be of real consequence. To render, however, any plan of this nature feasible, it should be begun in the minds and determination of the parents of young women destined to this pursuit, at an early period—in most cases, it is an after-thought—an expedient resorted to, under the infliction of some unforeseen calamity, the death of a parent, or great distress of circumstances—this necessarily produces two serious inconveniences, deficiency in learning, and an acute feeling of the want of those minute observances of tenderness and attention, which none have a right to look for, but from their own immediate family—on the contrary, were young women fairly embarked in the undertaking, they would be told, along with what it was necessary for them to *know*, that also which they had a right to *expect*—their feelings would be disciplined to the treatment they were likely to receive, and all romantic expectations, which contribute so much to profitless misery, would be circumscribed within the boundaries of reality—the time misemployed, in enduring and disgusting mortifications, would be redeemed for more useful purposes, and life would flow on in that quiet current, which contributes so much to our own felicity, and that of others.

THE DYING ROSE.

The breath of spring call'd forth thy leaf,
Spring showers nurs'd thy bloom,
The summer came, 'twas all too brief
To save thee from thy doom;
Thy drooping head was sick and faint,
By turns thy sweet leaves fell;
Thou shalt not die without complaint—
My dying rose—farewell!

I watch'd thee in thine earliest hours,
The first young dewy smile,
That beam'd upon thy sister flow'rs,
Was mark'd by me the while;
I saw thee in thine hour of pride,
Full blown thy beauties swell,
And must I mourn that thou hast died?—
My dying rose—farewell!

Alas! that Genius is like thee,
A rose-bud fresh and fair,
Design'd our fond delight to be,
But fleeting as the air;
I need not on the truth dilate,
When broken hearts can tell,
The loveliest ever share thy fate—
My dying rose—farewell!

BETA.

DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 12, Temple Lane, and 3, Cecilia Street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.

Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Panyer-alley, Paternoster-row; in Liverpool, by Wilmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Ambery; in Birmingham by Drake; in Nottingham, by Wright; in Edinburgh, by E. Grant and Son; in Glasgow, by J. Niven, Jun.

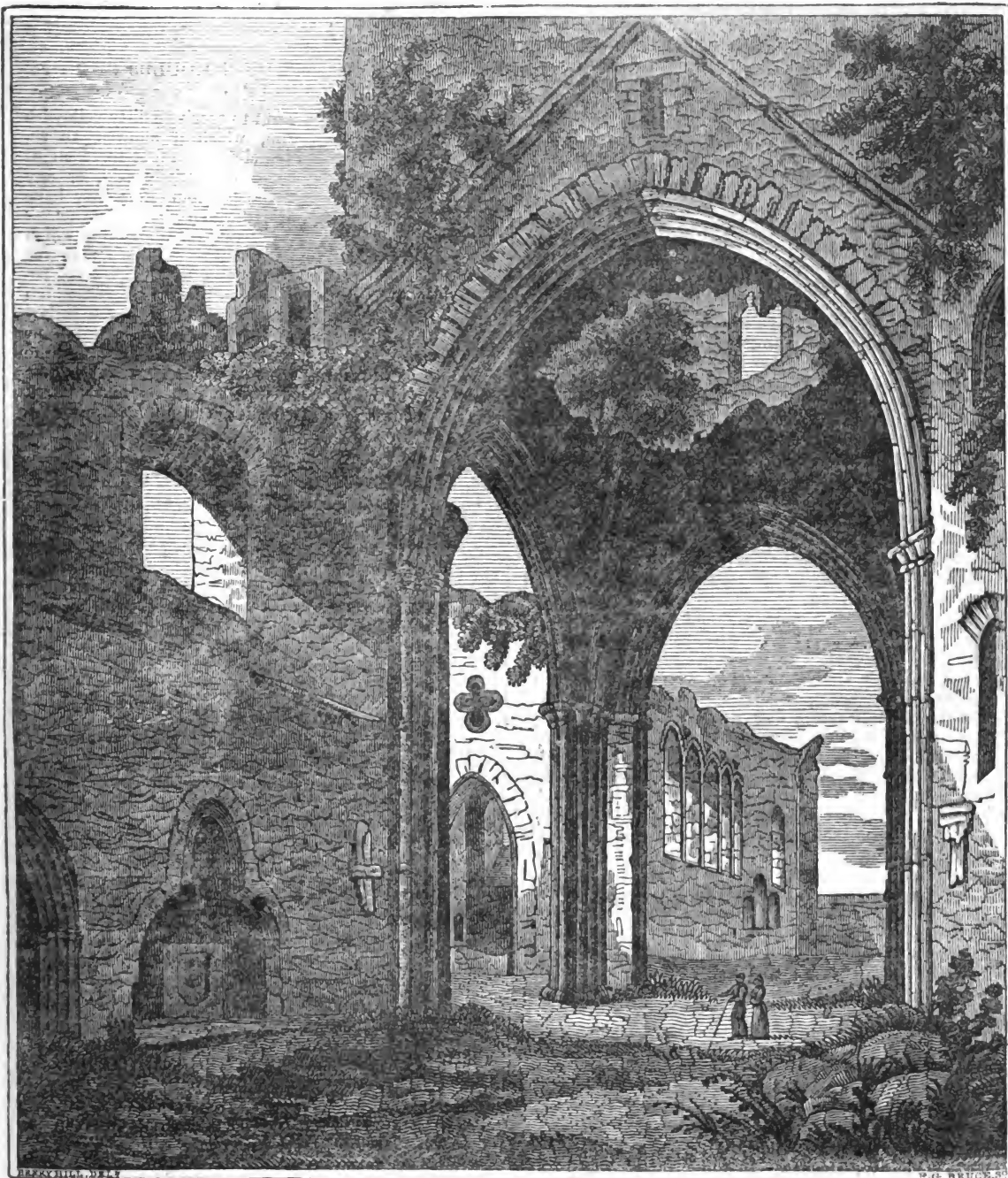
THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 66, Vol. 11.

P. D. HARDY, 3, CECILIA STREET.

OCTOBER 5, 1838.



RUINS OF THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

It has been remarked, by a recent traveller, well acquainted with the history and antiquities of Ireland, that in no other part of the country is there to be seen such "a magnificent display of every variety of ecclesiastical architecture, round and square towers, stone roofs, crypts and shrines, arches, Saxon, Roman, and Norman, all in one common ruin, as the Rock of Cashel displays to view." It certainly presents as many objects worthy the investigation of the antiquarian as any other spot we know of; and it possesses, besides, this

additional feature of interest—its history is closely connected with the fortunes of a line of native princes. It has been looked upon, from the most remote period, as a place of extraordinary sanctity. A legend in Keating's History gravely informs us that the site of the place was first pointed out to the herdsmen of Corc, King of Munster, by a heavenly messenger, who foretold the coming of St. Patrick, and that the King immediately erected a Royal Palace on the spot now called Carrick-Phadrug or Patrick's Rock; and from

receiving here the rent or revenue of his kingdom, it was called Ciosoil (since corrupted into Cashel) *Cio* signifying Rent, and *Oil* a Rock.

The remains of the old cathedral, which overlook the town, prove that it must have been a very extensive and beautiful Gothic structure, boldly towering on the celebrated Rock of Cashel, and forming with it a magnificent object, bearing honourable testimony to the labour and ingenuity, as well as the piety and zeal, of its former inhabitants: it is seen at a great distance and in many directions. The extent of the nave and choir, from east to west, is about two hundred feet, and the steeple is in the centre of the cross. Divine service continued to be performed in this venerable cathedral till 1752, when Archbishop Price unroofed the choir, and it was speedily converted into a ruin. Archbishop Agar endeavoured to restore it to its pristine glory, but its dilapidated condition rendered the attempt fruitless, and a new cathedral was soon after erected. Near the east angle of the north aisle of the old cathedral is a round tower, from which to the church there is a subterraneous passage. This tower is supposed to be the oldest structure upon the Rock of Cashel, from this circumstance, that all the erections upon the Rock which is limestone, are built of the same materials, except the tower, which is of freestone. It is fifty-four feet in circumference at the base, and the height of the door from the ground is eleven feet. It consists of five stories, each of which, from the projecting layers of stone, appears to have had its window. The stone on which the ancient Kings of Munster were crowned still remains near this spot.

Connected with the cathedral, on the south side of the choir, is King Cormac's chapel, by some supposed to be the first stone building in Ireland. Dr. Ledwich considers it one of the most curious fabrics in the kingdom, and its rude imitation of pillars and capitals makes it appear to have been copied after the Grecian architecture, and long to have preceded that which is usually called Gothic. This chapel is fifty feet by eighteen in the clear, and of a style totally different from the church. Both on the outside and inside are columns over columns, better proportioned than one could expect from the place or time. The ceiling is vaulted, and the outside of the roof is corbelled so as to form a pediment pitch. It is very probable it was built by Cormac on the very foundation of the church originally erected here by St. Patrick.

Hore Abbey, called also St. Mary's Abbey of the Rock of Cashel, was situated near the Cathedral Church, and originally founded for Benedictines; but the Archbishop, David Mac Carhuil of the family of the O'Carrolls, disposed of their houses and lands, and gave their possessions to a body of Cistercian Monks, and at the same time took upon himself the habit of that order. The noble ruins of this edifice still remain. The steeple is large, and about twenty feet square on the inside; the east window is small and plain, and in the inside walls are some remains of stalls; the nave is sixty feet long and twenty-three broad; and on each side was an arcade of three Gothic arches, the north side whereof is levelled, with lateral isles, which were about thirteen feet broad: on the south side of the steeple is a small door leading into an open part about thirty feet long and twenty-four broad; the side walls are much broken, and in the gable end is a long window; there is a small division on the north side of the steeple, with a low arched compartment, which seems to have been a confessional, as there are niches in the walls with apertures.

A monastery called Hacket's Abbey was founded in Cashel, in the reign of Henry III. for Conventual Franciscans, by W. Hacket. In the night of the 14th of February, 1757, the lofty and beautiful steeple of this friary fell to the ground. The edifice was situated at the end of Friar's-street, but is now so much gone to ruin that it is difficult to trace its divisions.

Amongst the ruins many ancient pieces of sculpture, containing interesting inscriptions, have recently been discovered.

About the close of the thirteenth century Cashel must have become of considerable importance, for, in 1256, we find no less than thirty-eight brewers were cited be-

fore an Assize by the Abbot of St. Mary's, of the Rock of Cashel, for not paying to the church two flagons of ale, at each brewing, for the support of a Lazar House, founded by David Latimer. In the year 1647, during the civil wars between the Parliament and Charles I. Lord Inchiquin approached Cashel. The inhabitants deserted the city, and fled to the cathedral, which had been lately well fortified, and Lord Taaffe had placed a strong garrison in it; but Lord Inchiquin took it by storm, when great slaughter was made of the garrison and citizens among whom were many priests and friars. Cashel is still a tolerably well built town, containing about six thousand inhabitants.

METHOD OF TAKING IRON MOULDS OUT OF COTTON.

Cottons of all kinds are apt to receive a dirty yellowish or orange stain from iron, which if allowed to remain, gradually corrodes the cloth. At first these stains are easily removed by means of muriatic acid, or any other diluted acid, except vinegar; but after they have remained for some time, acids have no effect upon them—the iron is then in the state of the red oxide, for which cotton cloth is found to have a greater affinity than for the black oxide. The object then to facilitate the removal, is to bring it to the state of the black oxide, which may be done by touching the mould with the yellow liquid, formed by boiling a mixture of potash and sulphur in water, the mould immediately becomes black, and the action of diluted muriatic acid immediately effaces it; or if the mould be touched with ink so as to render it black, the muriatic acid takes it out as in the former case.

TO CURE HAMS IN THE WESTPHALIA FORM.

The method of doing this is, to sprinkle the ham over with salt, and let it lie for twenty-four hours; then take out any blood that may be in it, and wipe it dry. Mix a quantity of brown sugar, half a pint of bay salt, and three pints of common salt, (proportioned to what quantity of hams are used,) well stirred together in an iron pan over the fire, till it is moderately hot, and let the ham lie three weeks in this pickle, frequently turning it; after that dry it in a chimney.

HEARTBURN.

This is an uneasy sensation of heat about the pit of the stomach; sometimes attended with flatulence and difficulty of breathing, with retching. It generally proceeds either from bile, debility of the stomach, or a too frequent use of acid food which ferments on the stomach. Those, therefore, who are subject to heartburn should avoid all fat substances, acids, &c. Violent exercise, after a full meal, is also injurious. If it arises from indigestion, a dose of rhubarb will be necessary, and afterwards the Peruvian bark, or any stomachic bitter infused in wine or brandy, and taken as a strengthener. When the disorder arises from acidity in the stomach, two teaspoonfuls of magnesia in a cup of mint water will generally alleviate the pain; but a larger dose will not be hurtful should that not prove sufficient.

EAR-ACHE.

The ear-ache proceeds generally from inflammation, and is often attended with some degree of fever. A little laudanum dropped into the ear, or occasionally filled with tepid water, will often relieve the pain; but, should that not succeed, a blister should be applied behind the ear, and kept open till the pain abates. In all slight affections this will be found efficacious; but, in some cases, when the inflammation is very violent, recourse must be had to bleeding or cupping.

Should the pain proceed from any insect, or hard substance, getting into the ear, a few drops of olive-oil should be dropped into it, and the patient made to sneeze by taking snuff. Should not this succeed, recourse ought immediately to be had to a surgeon aurist.

BOTANIC GARDENS, GLASNEVIN.

The Botanic Garden at Glasnevin, formerly the residence of the poet Tickel, Addison's friend and secretary, is now more than thirty years the property of the Royal Dublin Society. There is no spot, perhaps, in Ireland possesses so much of classical interest as the neighbourhood in which it is situated; where Addison, Parnell, Sir Richard Steele, Swift, and the no less celebrated Stella at different periods resided. Here some of those powerful satires were composed which held such sway over the opinions of the age, and held the authorities of the day in awe. (The "Drapiers Letters" were even printed in the demesne of Delville.) Here the "Hermit" received its imaginative colouring and its profound morality; and among the shades of what is now the Botanic Garden, the illustrious author of "Cato" may be imagined to have breathed those inspirations which gave to the "Voice from Utica" its oracular spirit and its philosophical poetry. But all those celebrated men were either dead or departed from the scenes they had consecrated, before the demesne was converted into a national garden. In 1790, the first grant was allotted by the Irish Parliament for its establishment, which was repeated several times before the year 1800, when it was completed on a plan laid out by the late Dr. Wade, Professor of Botany to the same institution.

No place could have been more happily selected for the purpose than the demesne of Tickel; besides its immediate vicinity to the city, and yet being placed in an unfrequented suburb, by which too great a concourse of idle and uninterested visitors is excluded, the beauty of the grounds themselves have rendered it almost unrivalled by any Botanic Garden in Europe. Much, however, of its value has in latter years been lost to Botanical students by neglect and want of cultivation. Its stock of plants appears to be diminishing every year, and several of the original compartments are now almost totally obliterated; as the Hortus Medicus, the Hortus Tinctorius, and the Hortus Jussæensis, or natural arrangement of families, which was situated in front of the lecture room. But still there is enough in this garden to reward the attention of the Botanist or the lover of the picturesque, although he would look in vain for the valuable collection of plants and high cultivation which the College Botanic Garden has received from its active and enlightened Curator, Mr. J. T. Mackay. However its trees are in general remarkably fine, especially the Beeches and Horse Chestnuts; and in autumn, when each species begins to assume its own peculiar aspect of decay, nothing can be more beautiful than the diversity of tints that appear at a single glance from the high grounds over the pond, from the dark unchanging green of the common Yew to the "last red leaf" of the Sycamore, the first of all our deciduous trees, to warn us by its fading hue that summer is not to last for ever. The most important division, and the only one to which any attention seems now to be bestowed, is the Hortus Linneæensis, subdivided into the Herbaceous and Arboresecent, arrangements which occupy about one-third of the garden, (consisting of about thirty acres) and contain almost all the plants laid out according to the Linneæan classification, which the Botanist can find of any value there. The arboresecent subdivision stretching along each side of the principal walk, begins with the Phillyrea and the Lilacs near the gate, and terminates with the Maples at the further extremity of the garden. At different intervals, according to their respective places in the system, may be seen the various species of Holly, the Fruit Trees, the Pines, the Oaks, the Willows, &c., and in a little secluded spot behind the Genus Esculus, are contained the Heaths, the Bog Plants, and (although not a shrub) the Yucca Gloriosa, or Adam's Needle, with its superb pyramid of large white flowers. The Herbaceous subdivision lies in front of the Conservatories, and stretches as far beyond them as the place called Addison's Walk, which is formed of two rows of tall Yews, said to be planted by that celebrated man himself.

The Irish Garden is situated at the back of the hot houses, but indeed we have little reason to be proud of the display which it exhibits of our native plants, consisting of a few miserable weeds scattered over the

naked beds, and quite inadequate to assist the field Botanist in his researches. The Hortus Esculentus or Kitchen Garden, lies in that part of the ground adjoining the new Cemetery, and beside it is the Grass garden, which would be very useful to any farmer who wished to make himself acquainted with the different genera and species of Grasses. We cannot say so much for the Hortus Medicus and Hortus Ovinus, or Sheep's garden, situated in the same part of the garden, which contain few plants worthy of notice, and occupy but a small portion of ground. The Conservatories, the greatest attraction to the generality of visitors, do not at any season present that display of flowering exotics which may be often met with in those of private individuals, but they contain many rare foreign shrubs, which flourish there in great luxuriance, especially the Passion trees and several species of Palms; as the Screw Palm, the Chæmrops Numilus, the Phoenix Dactylifera, &c. The Pelargoniums are contained in the low Conservatory, nearest the entrance gate, and they at least have the appearance of being skilfully cultivated, as we may judge by the profusion of fine flowers which they produce in spring. The tall round glass-house, so conspicuous in all views of the garden, as seen from the neighbourhood of Dublin, was erected for the reception of a magnificent Dombeya or Norfolk Island Pine, the finest specimen of the tree in Great Britain, but owing to some unskilful management, I believe by pulling down its old habitation before the new was entirely built, that tree was destroyed, which would have been the pride of the garden if taken proper care of; there is a small specimen of the Dombeya in another of the houses, but it still retains all the character of a branch, and in all probability will never arrive to a sufficient size to give an idea of the natural appearance of the tree. Several small divisions of the garden are inclosed for the purpose of cultivating some rare plants which require peculiar care, and for the propagation of varieties and double flowers; but these are properly the gardens of the Florist rather than the Botanist, and in general are not open to the public.

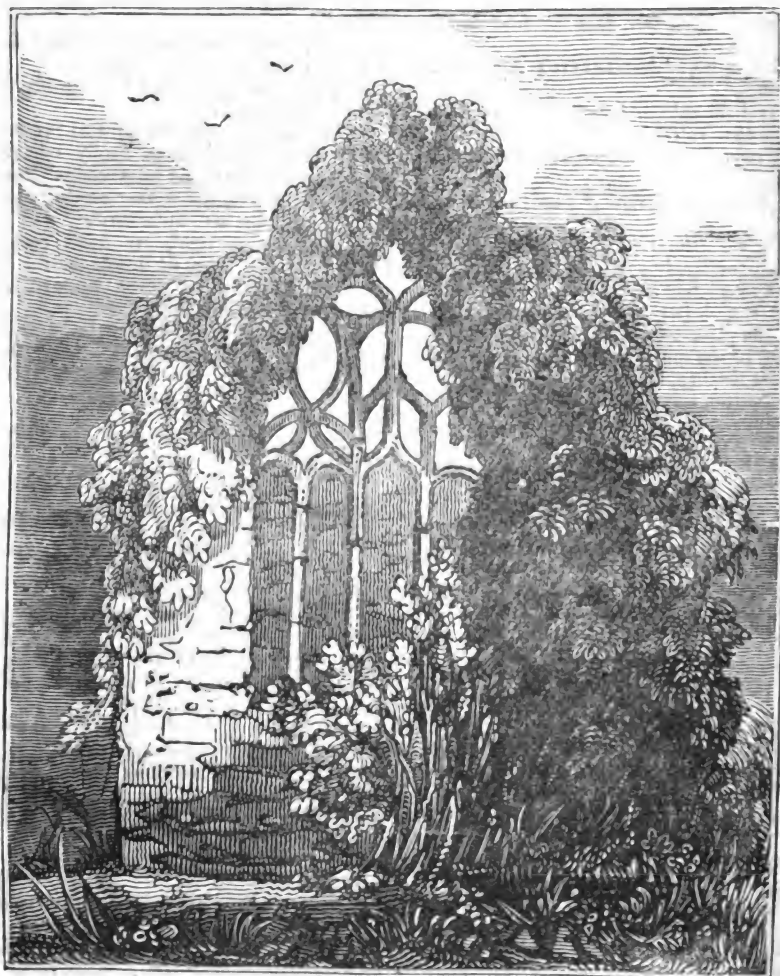
So far we have given a candid description of the Botanic Garden as it at present stands, where if there is much to find fault with, there is still more to admire; and we cannot but lament that grounds so beautiful in themselves should be so little assisted by cultivation, and should cause a feeling of disappointment in those who go for the mere purpose of seeing the plants, and who in finding the flower-beds bare and unfurnished, will see no beauty in the sloping banks or almost consecrated trees. But we must hope that some consideration will soon be given to furnishing it again with plants, and enlarging the sphere of its utility; even in these humble pages it may not seem irrelevant and presuming in us to offer some hints on the subject to the notice of the Dublin Society, who at least, in one instance, have shown an interest and a desire to promote the advancement of Botany in this country, by their election of the present Professor, whose eloquent and instructive lectures have done much to render the study of Botany as it should be, an attractive and interesting, as well as an useful and practical science. If we were to stand up as advocates for the universal dissemination of learning, we might be answered in the spirit it not in the words of the comedy, "Vous êtes Orfevre Monsieur Josse," but we think that every person will agree with us that a knowledge of gardening and horticulture should be widely spread among the lower orders in this country, who are naturally so intelligent and capable of proficiency in much more difficult branches of art. If public schools were appointed for Irish gardeners, and proper teachers to instruct them in its different branches, the gentry of this country would not be under the necessity of exclusively employing the Scotch, who are considered with justice as superior horticulturists to any other nation; but there is no reason why the Irish, if properly instructed, should not become equally good, and it would be an object worthy of the zeal of the society if they wish to be national, to promote as much as possible the advancement of their countrymen in the scale of general intelligence and practical information.—To this purpose the garden in Glasnevin might be applied without derogating in the least from its dignity as the

sanctuary of Botanical science; experiments might be there practised which are too tedious for private persons to undertake, and by educating those students to become the managers of gentlemen's gardens, their own would evidently be improved by the superior skill which they would acquire during their apprenticeship. As to their teacher no person could be more adequate to fill that station than one who is residing on the spot, and who has long been connected with the establishment, Mr. John White of the Glasnevin Botanic Garden. Thirty years of unwearied research and zealous devotion to the pursuit have rendered him if not unrivalled, at least unsurpassed as a Botanist and a gardener by any person in the kingdom, and although he had not the good fortune to be the means of preserving the garden from the state of neglect into which it has fallen, that must be entirely imputed to his want of power or authority over its management, and his not having liberty of ordering such arrangements as his skill would direct. His merits indeed seem not to be sufficiently known to the world or he would not have been suffered to remain so long under gardener to the society, when he is capable of filling much higher and more honorable situations; but if the present suggestion should ever be carried into execution, and the Botanic garden ever become a school for horticulturists, then, at least, it is to be hoped that Mr. White will have the opportunity of exerting his active skill, and applying his extensive information to the instruction of his countrymen. To the students themselves

medals or other small premiums might be given as rewards for superior skill and diligence, public examinations might be held at stated periods, and they should be allowed diplomas when considered perfectly capable of the management of private gardens. Mr. Knight's successful culture of fruit trees is one example out of a thousand proving the valuable results which might attend a similar course of experiments in the Botanic Garden; it is not a matter of theoretic speculation, or one whose *cui bono* could be canvassed for a moment, but it would be the means (along with the *Irish Gardener's Magazine*, if it fulfils all its promises) of rescuing the Irish from the still unremoved censure of *Cambrensis*, who declares us "*Ignaros esse cultores.*"

But still more for the sake of Botany than of Horticulture do we call on the society to use some exertion towards procuring collections of seeds and plants from foreign countries, or other Botanic gardens to supply their own. It is impossible for the attention of gardeners to keep unimpaired the generation of exotic plants, when every season of this climate is tending to decrease their health, and render them less able to bear the severity of the next: a garden if once well stocked cannot remain so for ever, but if now again properly filled, it is to be hoped the increasing spread of cultivation in this country will never more suffer its national garden to fall into neglect and decay.

Z.



DOMINICAN PRIORY, CASHEL.

This Priory was founded by David M'Kelly, or Mac Kerroyll, or Mac Carroll, Archbishop of Cashel, in 1243, and supplied it with Dominican Friars from Cork. General Chapters of the order were held here in 1289 and 1387. It was destroyed by fire, and rebuilt by John Cantwell, the Archbishop, about the year 1480. Edward

Brown, the last Prior, surrendered the Priory to Henry VIII., and was valued at 51s. 4d. Irish currency. On the 5th May, 1544, it was granted to Walter Fleming, of Cashel, merchant, at the rent of 2s. 6d.

This Priory was considered the finest building of the Dominican Order in Ireland.

ANDREW MURRAY,

OR THE EFFECTS OF GAMBLING.

"A, then, isn't id a great wondher fwhat keeps the boys so long the night," said Molly Sheeran to her husband, as they sat by a brilliant fire on a frosty December evening.

"It's arly yet," was his reply.

"Faix, mysel thinks ids far in the night," she continued: "childer, fwhy but ye wash your feet an' go to bed, an' not be fallin' in the fire wid sleep," and she gave four children, who were lolling in the corners, each a shake to rouse them, but they soon relapsed into sleep again without minding her.

"Is all ready fwhen they do cum, Molly?" asked the husband, who was describing figures in the ashes with a bit of stick.

"To be shure I'm ready," she replied.

"I doubt the money's low enough wid some iv them, an' they're in no hurry," remarked the man, after a pause.

"The nera bisness they have here 'idout money, Bryne—arrigedh sheesh (money down) for me," replied Molly.

"Stick to that," said Bryan, "an' we'll see more afore mornin'."

"Spake iv the divle an' he'll appear," muttered Molly, as footsteps were heard approaching the door, which she opened.

"God save all here but the cat," said the first of two young men who entered.

"God save ye kindly, boys—but fwhere's Andy Murray?" replied Bryan.

"He's comin'," said the other; "he had to steal out unknowst to the mother an' wife. Happy for them has no wife, an' doesn't care for the mother, he may go out an' cum in as he likes."

"Thure fur ye," remarked Bryan. "Molly, will I fix the place?"

"Fwhy wouldn't ye," she replied, sharply, adding, "monam own dhou, childer, iv yees don't go to bed this minit but I'll smash every one iv ye."

This threat sent the drowsy children off, and made more room round the fire, to which Molly invited the young men. Bryan, in the mean time, began to fix the place. On the most level spot, near the fire, he placed a basket, with the bottom upwards, on which was laid a door—this was to answer for a table; three stools and two baskets were to form seats for the party. On the temporary table he put a very small candle, in a most primitive candlestick, viz. a large potatoe made steady; a bit of chalk, and a small parcel, like a soiled book, completed what Bryan termed fixing the place. He then joined the party around the fire, and put a coal in his pipe.

"Have you any thing for us the night, Molly," asked one of the young men.

"Arra, musha, Tim Casey, did you ever see me empty," she replied, with a sneer.

"Och, glory to ye, Molly," said the other, "it's yer-sel's the posy."

"I'm thankful t'ye, Jem; troth I wouldn't doubt yer good word; my mother, God rest her sowl, said always a good providher (provider) was before an arly riser," replied Molly.

"Iv that's the case," said Tim, "giv us a naggin iv the first shot, afore it was christened, Molly, thigendhou (do you understand)."

"Bad scan t'yer impudence, fwhen did I ever do the like—musha, are ye listenin' t'im, Jim."

"Never heed him, Molly, shure he knows ye'd scorn to do sich a turn."

"Nera word of lie ye say, alanna, it's yer own mother cud tell ye the way I was reared, hot an' warm."

"Fwhat a beau yer granny was," interrupted Tim; bring in the fwhiskey, agus bhe dhe hush (and hold yer tongue)."

Another knock at the door prevented Molly's ready reply, and two men were admitted.

"Welcome, boys, welcome," said Bryan; "cum by the

fire—Denis, sit here. Andy Murray, I thought ye wouldn't cum the night."

"Iv I was sed by others I wouldn't," returned the person addressed, a fine looking handsome young man.

"No doubt the women was for keepin' ye," said Tim Casey, "but Andy, a mock (my son), never heed them—here's that ye may win, boy," and he tossed off a glass of spirits to the sentiment.

This was a challenge; each of the guests called for spirits, and success to Andy Murray went frequently round—the young man could not avoid returning those pledges, and others equally friendly. While the glass went round, Molly had lit the candle, and Bryan, seating himself at the table, called out, "cum, boys, will ye thry yer luck the night," and taking up the soiled parcel, which was a pack of cards, he began to shuffle them.

"Fwhat's to play for?" asked the man called Denis.

"Yer choice thing," replied Bryan—"there's a good fat turkey, or a goose, or the herrins, or a piece iv the sheep."

It may here be necessary to explain that rustic gambling is conducted something on the plan of a lottery. The woman of the house has generally one or more of such articles as those above mentioned, which are purchased by the party to play at a price far above their intrinsic value; each purchase is paid for in equal shares, and the winner of one or more games, at five and twenty, or first fifteen, as is previously agreed on, carries off the prize, which, in some cases, is sold again to the original proprietor, and again purchased by the gamblers.

"Well, boys," said Denis, "turkey or goose, herrins or mate, most wotes wins the poll?"

"Maybe we'll play for all—best begin wid the first," replied Tim Casey.

"Dun wid ye," was the general response. The turkey was pronounced middling, Molly named a high price, some objected, and she answered—"Pooh, fwhat signifies id betune five, the winner needn't care, an' the losers, dacent boys, doesn't vali a thrifle."

"Right, Molly, right, we don't care a straw," said Denis. "Cum, boys, sit down, here's Kelly the rake, the raal gambler, that never stopped at nothin'—faint heart never won fair lady."

All took their seats, settled the game, and were about to begin, when Molly spoke—"Asy, boys, avourneen, fwhere's the money—nera card 'll be pled until I get id; arrigedh sheesh, Loughrea usage, ever an' always in this house."

"The world for ye, Molly," said Tim Casey, "I warrant ye'll mind yer own."

"Small blame to me for that same," she replied, "iv I don't sorra one iv ye'll do id for me."

"O wirra, fwhat a fool ye are," cried Denis.

"Sorra keeroge (beetle) I'll ate any way, avourneen," returned she, while pocketing the money.

The play then commenced, and there was silence, save the regular knocks on the table as each put down their cards. During the second deal Andrew Murray remarked—"Sorra card I'll play in one house wid ye, Bryne, afther the night, iv you don't get a claner deck (pack)—nera one can see the spots—I was near throwin' away the five fingers badly." Amongst rustic gamblers the five of trumps is so called.

The fate of the turkey was soon decided—Denis won. Next came the goose, and it was carried off by Tim. After this a second edition of whiskey went round, and then a lot of herrings were set up.

"Well, Andy, you an' me has no luck at all the night," said Jem.

"The worse luck now, the better agin," replied Denis.

Andrew Murray spoke little, but the variations of his countenance showed how much he was interested. When he held good cards it was announced by a flushed cheek and sparkling eye, and when the contrary, he became pale as death.

"Hurrah, boys, the fish is mine," exclaimed Tim Casey—"here's the red rogue, let me see who'll bate it," and he threw the knave of diamonds on the board, with such a thump as sent the potatoe which held the candle dancing on the floor, and left them in darkness.

"Ye'd better play no more the night, Andy," said Denis, "ye have no luck, an' maybe the women wouldn't look pleasant at ye the mornin'."

"Never heed me," replied Murray, "I'm a willin' to lose as any one here, an' as able too—no one can hinder me."

"That's a boy," cried Tim, clapping him on the back, "never knock undher to the women, any way."

"Maybe a woman id crow over ye yet, as great a brag as ye are," answered Molly from the corner.

Another and another stake was purchased and played for, still Murray lost; nor would he accede to the proposal of stopping, he must, he said, have another chance. Now Murray held better cards, and at the commencement of the last game for the stake, Denis and he were equal—in fact, the contest was with them, for the others could have no chance. It was plain to see Andrew held good cards from the glow of his countenance, and the nervous haste with which he played them. When each had but one card to play he said to Denis, "Come, I'll lay any bet I have the game."

"Maybe so," replied the other coolly, "I'm not fond iv swaggerin', but fwhat'll ye hould?"

Murray pulled out five shillings, saying, "There's all I have, put as much agin it, an' Jim keep it tal the game is done."

"O wirra, we're not rich like ye, Andy; that's too much entirely," said Denis.

"I coud ye any way," cried Murray exultingly.

"That's fwhat no man done, or woman either," said Denis;—"here Jem, hould this agin his five shillings, tal we see who'll win."

And now came the tug of war.—Bryan played a heart, spades, hearts, trumps,—Tim the king of clubs—Jem the ace of hearts.

"Not bad, faix," said Denis.

Murray's turn came next, and he thundered down the knave of trumps, crying, "That's yer sourt—that'll take the pearl off the piper's eye, I b'lieve." He was gathering up the trick, which would have won the wager and the game, when Denis said, "Asy a begar, asy; I didnt play yet?" and laying down the five of trumps, quietly took up the trick.

It would be impossible for words to depict the dismay, of Murray at the issue of the game. He remained as if entranced, with his eyes fixed, and his hand in the position he had placed it when about to take the trick.

"Heads up, Andy," said Tim Casey, "it's all luck boy—yer turn'll come, out here—never fret."

But Andy did not answer—he appeared to be deep in thought: at length, in a low husky voice, he asked who had played the five?

"Is id who pled the five fingers?" repeated Tim. "Ah boys dear d'ye hear that? musha is id dhramin' ye are, Andy. Shure didnt Denis; an' be the same token won yer five shillings."

"I'm not dhramin'," said Murray, with self-possession, "I say it was pled before."

"Nouagh (certainly) it was, many's the time the night," replied Bryan.

"But in this last hand I mane," cried Andrew.

"Arra tunder an eges listen t'm, boys," said Denis; "fwhat makes ye say it was pled in this hand?—that couldnt be."

"It was, and ye're a rogue and a cheat," replied Murray. "Ye're a liar," exclaimed Denis, turning quite pale.

"No but ye're the grey-headed liar, an' sounce (cheat) to boot," shouted Andrew, starting up in a rage; "ye med me beggar my family, ye villen; be this an' be that, iv ye don't give me back my money and the herrins, I'll not lave a whole bone in yer skin afore I quit the house." All this was uttered in the highest tones of passion, and catching up a stick that lay near him, he flourished it over his head.

Jem, who was next him, held his arm, saying, "Are ye mad, Andy? shure it was all fair play."

"It was not, Jem; I must have my own, or—and he added a dreadful imprecation—I'll make him an example on this flure."

"Never heed'm boys," muttered Denis, with blanched

cheek; "he's mad or drunk; go home to bed boy, an' ye'll be quieter in the mornin'."

"I'll never quit this tal I get my own," cried Murray.

"Ye'll have a long stay then," returned Denis with a sneer.

"Hand out my money this minnit, or I'll be beatin' ye fwhile I'm able to stan'," roared Andrew, elevating the stick.

"A then Andy Murray," said Molly, catching his arm, "isnt id a burnin' shame for ye to be afther risin' sich an alligation in any dacent house; go home avick (my son) an' God bless ye."

"I won't go home tal I have satisfaction out iv that ould rogue;" and before any one was aware of his intention, he had thrown Molly off with such violence as laid her flat on the ground—struck Denis such a blow on the head that he fell backwards insensible, and, in the confusion that ensued, repeated the strokes several times. The table was upset, the candle put out, and even in the dark Murray continued to beat the fallen man. At length, by main force, the stick was wrested from him, and Tim said, "Bryne light the candle; ye kilt the man, Andy: ocht murder, murder, he's dead out an' out—keep the door shut Jem."

After a little the candle was again lit, which revealed a most confused scene. On one side lay Molly, half stunned by the fall, groaning with all her might.—In another place Denis was extended, really insensible, and bleeding profusely, Tim holding one of his hands, and exclaiming, "O wirra, wirra, sorra d'hop in him good or bad."

"Fwhat's that you say, Tim Casey," cried Molly, starting up; "id can't be there's a man kilt on my flure—och hone, I'm smashed entirely;" and clapping her hands, set up a loud cry.

"Sorra choak ye," said Bryan, "it's not bawlin' we want now. Ye med a nice hand iv my place the night, Andy Murray—looka fwhat ye dun."

But there was no answer, and on looking up they found the person addressed had left the house, laying Jem, who guarded the door, also prostrate near it.

Andrew Murray was the only child of his parents, an honest, hard-working couple, who endeavoured to do the best they could for him; but being an only child, he was indulged in every possible way, and particularly by his mother. While his father lived the young man was kept pretty much from bad company; but on the old man's death, which happened when Andrew was about the age of seventeen, though he did not neglect his business, yet he indulged more in rustic dissipation than his mother wished; but she comforted herself with the idea that as he got older he would be more settled. She used to say,—"Young boys is ever so—he'll be settled out here fwhen he's marret."

Andrew was very handsome, possessed an unbounded flow of spirits, was good tempered, (rather an uncommon quality for a pet,) and, as his fond parent constantly affirmed, "as fine a dancer as ever stud on a flure;"—so that he was a welcome guest at every merry-making—the result of which was, that he married before he had completed his nineteenth year, and his mother boasted that her hopes were realized, for some time afterwards he remained more at home, and was attentive to his business. However, before the birth of a son, which took place in less than a year, to the keen eyes of affection Andrew Murray was not what he had been. He began to go out at night, first for short periods—but by degrees his stay was lengthened, so that it sometimes approached the dawn of day when he returned. The consequences of this were obvious: he could not be so regular at work, and his farm suffered. Conscience would frequently interfere, and resolutions of amendment were confidently made. But alas! how frail are the unassisted resolutions of men. They have been beautifully likened to "a morning cloud and the early dew," dissipated by the first rays of the sun.

The downward course is rapid, and so it proved with Andrew Murray; though really attached to his domestic circle, yet he could not resist the lures that were spread to tempt him from home. He got among a set of gam-

blers who mei nightly at Bryan Sheeran's, where, regardless of his mother's advice, his wife's tears, and the endearments of his infant, he continued to dissipate his substance, neglect his business, and let his farm run heavily into arrears. Such was the state of his affairs on the night the catastrophe above mentioned occurred at Sheeran's.

While Andrew Murray was enduring the alternations of hope and despair at the gambling house, his mother and wife were sitting at their spinning wheels, near a dull fire; the season had been broken, and their turf was badly saved. After a long silence, only interrupted by the hum of their wheels, the mother, heaving a deep sigh, said—"The Lord look down on us the night, an' save my poor boy from harum—Jenny dear, there's somethin' over me,—the weight iv the world is on my heart."

"Ye're tired spinnin'," replied Jenny, "time for ye; throw by the wheel—take a blast iv the pipe—it's far in the night—go to bed."

"I'm not tired, avourneen; I don't care for the pipe; och, och, the great God save ye, Andy, a vick ma chree (son of my heart.)"

"Amin, amin," repeated the wife, "wid the help iv God nothen 'ill happen him."

"Maybe so, acushla; the Lord is stronger nor man—but O wirra, I'm in dread—I had a dhraime las night, an' id always cums for bad."

"Dhramies is nothin', mother," said Jenny, "sorra heed I'd give them—go to bed now an' sleep; ye'll be the better iv it."

"Up or down, dear, it's all one; there's throuble greater nor ever afore us—it was a poor day t'ye, alanna, ye joined us at all."

"I never rued it yet, mother; and iv it's allotted for us to have more throuble, welcome be the will of God—I can put up wid it: och, God knows I'd walk the world wid Andy an' ye;" and the poor young creature, for she was not yet eighteen, took up her apron to dry the tears that were streaming from her eyes.

"The King iv heaven give ye the worth iv yer goodness an' save ye the last day, ashore machree, (pulse of my heart)" was all the old woman could utter; and throwing her arms around her daughter's neck, they wept long and bitterly.

At length footsteps were heard at the door; Jenny hastened to open it, but, to her utter dismay, it was not her husband who entered. Jem came apparently in search of Murray, but, in fact, to warn him to leave the country, saying, "that Denis was kilt outan' out."

We shall not attempt to pourtray the misery of the wife and mother on hearing those dreadful tidings—the strongest words could scarcely convey an idea of their agony—and succeeding days but added to its poignancy, for Andrew returned not, nor could they hear of him in any quarter. Denis was not killed, but for some time his life was despaired of. During this period Murray's landlord sold every thing on the premises for the rent due—dispossessed the women, and they were thrown on the world penniless, and almost naked, in the depth of winter, when the ground was covered with snow. As they were much respected by their neighbours, they might have been supported by them, but this they would not accept, and, after a short time, they left the place—

"The world was all before them, where to chuse
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide;"

but before their departure they had the consolation of knowing that Denis was recovering.

It was towards evening, on a cold November day, the east wind blowing bitterly, and the sky having all the appearance of snow, that two females were dragging their weary way across a bleak country, in the direction of a few cabins that were seen in the distance. One was old and the other young, and both were faint, and the younger, particularly, was scarcely able to walk; they were clad in the miserable remnants of what had once been decent clothing. Having with difficulty got over a high ditch, the young woman broke a long silence, saying—"Mother, dear, I must sit down—I hav'n't a bit iv breath, an' there's heat at the back iv this ditch—the cowl'd is goin' through me."

"We'll rest a little, a lanna," replied the elder, "only

don't stay long, ye'll only get worse; the houses is nqt far off."

"Och, I'm in dread I'll never be able to lave this, the Lord look down on me, an', iv it be his holy will, relieve me."

"Amen, a vourneen; God help ye, only for me an' mine ye might be happy the day."

"I thought nothin' iv losin' my poor child, he was taken to glory, an' now I'd die happy, mother, iv I could see one sight iv Andy; och, och, is he on the world at all," replied Jenny—for the females were Murray's wife and mother.

"Don't sit here, a haski," said the mother, "the cowl'd 'ill kill ye out—get up, dear, an' maybe the Lora id hear yer prayer."

"Asy for a minit, mother, tal I get more breath," murmured Jenny, in a faint voice.

After waiting a short time the mother said—"Rise, dear, ye'll only get waker in the cowl'd."

With some effort Jenny arose, and tottered for a few paces forward, the old woman endeavouring to support her; but she would have fallen had not a man, who came behind, caught her.

"The Lord reward ye, honest man," said the old woman, "an' help this crathur to"—but stopping short, she gave a cry of joy, exclaiming—"Andy, a cushla me chree—Andy, dear, dear, did ye cum to us agin—O wirra, wirra."

On hearing her mother's exclamation, Jenny suddenly rallied—her strength seemed to return—she gazed on her husband for an instant, threw herself into his arms, looked rapturously up to heaven, and her head fell insensible on his bosom. It was her last exertion, for with it her soul was rendered into the hands of its Maker. But why dwell on this harrowing scene? The mother soon followed her affectionate daughter. Andrew Murray did not long survive; and he died solemnly warning those who surrounded him at the moment, to beware of gambling, by which his fair prospect of happiness in this life had been blighted. "I had land, money, an' respect," he would say—"a good mother, a loving wife, an' a fine child; I beggared an' kilt those I loved best in the world; I am dyin' before twenty-one years went over me; I was a gambler. But, thanks be to God, he gave me time to repent, before he tuk me away. Oh, young men, an' ould men, be warned by me, an' see the dreadful fruits of gambling." W.

THE WIND AND THE WEATHER.

Nothing is more difficult than to form any tolerable theory as to weather or wind, and yet it is a most amusing speculation. In Ireland the wind commonly does half the duty of the sun—it dries the ground, and saves the harvest—without it the country would be scarcely habitable—fanned by the Zephyrs, we have the winters of Italy, and the summers of Tempe. Other countries in our latitude are perished in spring and early summer, by east and north winds, caused by the melting of the snows on the continent, or the rarification of the air at the Equator. This we seldom experience to any inconvenient degree.—The Sirocco sometimes visits us—the Bise very rarely. It is true that our Zephyrs are not always of the mildest—when the condensed vapours of the Atlantic are precipitated on the Emerald Isle, there is a pressure of the atmosphere, and a disengagement of air, that often threatens to sweep all before it.

Young trees thrive better in Ireland than in any other country; but when there is not great shelter, they cannot grow large—the oak is twisted, the larch bent, the fir and the elm blown down; yet formerly Ireland was celebrated for fine timber—so she may be again, if we plant largely and in masses. This is not a country for screens and clumps—we want woods. The best places to plant, are the east and north sides of hills, in general the most sterile, though most sheltered part; on the plain the tree is exposed to every blast, on the hill side but to one. If all tenants were obliged to plant a few acres to the west of their farms, (perhaps ten per hundred) it would give ornament, shelter, and firewood. The best timber for Ireland are oak, ash, larch, birch, Canada poplar, timber sally, and the common Norway pine.



An ancient bronze seal, of which the above is an exact copy, was found on the site of "Temple Brigid," which stood where the Catholic Chapel now stands in the City of Armagh. It appears to have been the private seal of one of the deans of the old cathedral of that city; it is in the highest preservation. The device is an eagle, and round it the inscription—S. JOSEPH DECANI ARDMACHANI—the seal of Joseph, Dean of Armagh. From the shape of the letters this seal may be assigned to the end of the twelfth or thirteenth century; they are the same as those that appear on various seals of these centuries, in particular upon one of Roger, Archbishop of York, appended to a deed to Furness Abbey, dated 1154, published in the "Vetusta Monumenta," and also the seal of York City, published in Drake's History of York.

J. C.

THE GOBAN SAOR.

SIR—Having observed some reference, in the late numbers of your valuable Journal, to this remarkable person, I beg to forward a few additional particulars, which you may deem not altogether unworthy of insertion.

I had frequently heard, among other traditional stories, that the burial place of the Goban Saor was an island in the Bog of Allen, called "Deire na Bplannic," about two miles from Killenale, in the County of Tipperary. As I was returning home, on Thursday last, from a visit to the stately ruins of Athassel Abbey, (where I had the pleasure of seeing the effigy of William de Burgo, the founder of this magnificent structure, about the year 1200, together with the fragment of a tombstone, bearing the date, MCCCCIIVI—I suppose 1456—the oldest I had ever met in my researches in Ireland,) I observed, on passing through the bog, at a distance of two miles from the road, a small island, on the summit of which was an ancient ruin of considerable size; it struck me that this might have been the burial place of which I had so often heard, and, on stopping to enquire of a peasant what place it was, received for answer—"That, Sir, is Deire na Bplannic, where *himself* is buried." "Who is buried there?" said I. "What, Sir," said he, "did you never hear of the Goban Saor?" "Indeed," I replied, "I often did—and no later than yesterday read in the Penny Journal, that there were reasons to believe that a celebrated architect, of that name, actually lived in Ireland so long ago as the sixth century; but whom can I get to show me his burial place?" "If you will venture through the bog, I shall accompany you with pleasure, Sir." Upon this, quitting my car, and led by my active guide, whom I found to be an intelligent and communicative young man, what with leaping, picking steps, and occasionally sinking to my knees in the marsh, exposed to a scorching sun, I made my way first to a smaller island, and from thence to the place of my destination; and at the top of the hillock which formed the island, my guide pointed out to me what he called the tombs of the Goban Saor and his twelve journeymen. These consisted of two cairns, and four oblong, and one round stone, which I shall thus particularize:—

No. 1, which my guide called the tombstone of the Goban himself, a very ancient coffin-shaped stone, measuring five feet and a half in length, and one foot and a half in breadth at the upper part, and thirteen inches at

the lower. On the upper part was carved, in relief, but now much defaced, the head and neck of a man; the head is fitted into a separate hollow stone, having a corresponding hollow on the opposite side, as if for another head. The body of the stone is adorned with annulets and other devices.

No. 2, a like stone, four feet and a half by fourteen inches, having also a head engraved on it.

No. 3 is four feet four inches long, and two feet six inches broad at top, and one foot five inches at the lower part. This stone has two heads a few inches apart.

No. 4 is one foot and a half long, and one foot in breadth, having carved on it two heads, with the backs, to use the expression of my guide, "facing each other;" the rest are all placed horizontally.

No. 5 is a large round stone, hollowed on one side, and within the hollow is a human face carved. The tombstones are all laid indiscriminately, without regard to the points of the compass, and have the appearance of great antiquity.

Having remained among the tombs as long as time would permit, for night was approaching, and I had a long journey before me, I paid a short visit to the venerable ruin on the summit of the island, which seemed to have been a small monastery, to which was attached an ancient church, of excellent workmanship, the chancel of which alone remained in a state of tolerable preservation. This was twenty-seven feet by fifteen, having, in the east end, two narrow stone windows, three similar ones in the south, and one in the north; and in the south wall a font for holy water, with a handsome round arch, curiously wrought.

My guide "shortened my journey" by the following story, explanatory of the name of the island, which, indeed, I had heard before among the peasantry:—"Deire na Bplannic means the end or termination of the planks. The Goban Saor having been barbarously murdered, together with his journeymen, by twelve highwaymen, the murderers proceeded to his house and told the Goban's wife, with an air of triumph, that they had killed her husband. She, appearing nowise concerned, asked them to assist her in drawing open the trunk of a tree, which the Goban had been cutting up into planks. They put in their hands for the purpose, when, drawing out a wedge, she left them literally in a cleft stick, and, taking up an axe, cut off all their heads at a blow."

I now leave it to some of your antiquarian correspondents to judge whether the popular tradition has any foundation in truth, which fixes the scene of my Thursday's pilgrimage, as the tomb of the Goban Saor.

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

W. W.

TRANSLATION OF AN OLD IRISH SONG.

Mourn, daughters of Ullin! O cease not to mourn
The fate of young TOSCAR, who ne'er shall return
Awake! my sad harp, let the song of his praise
Descend to the heroes of far distant days!

The sons of proud Lochlin had pass'd the green wave—
He called his companions, their country to save;
A dark mountain torrent, they rush'd on the foe,
And soon was their chieftain by TOSCAR laid low.

Each foe having fall'n or fled the fierce field,
The hero of Ullin reclin'd on his shield:
A dark son of Lochlin lay hid near the plain,
By whose fatal arrow brave TOSCAR was slain.

One stone, with its moss, will to future times tell
Where the youth nobly fought—where the youth so basely
fell.

Mourn, daughters of Ullin! cease, cease not to mourn
The fate of your hero, who ne'er shall return!

Let the tears of your beauty descend on his grave,
'Tis a tribute that's due to the worthy and brave;
From the cloud of his spirit, 'twill sooth his soul to view,
His memory held dear by such mourners as *you*!

DUBLIN:
Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 12, Temple Lane,
Street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.
Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.
In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Panyer-alley, Pater-
noster-Row; by Wilmer and Smith; in Manchester, by
Birmingham, by Drake; in Nottingham, by Wright; in
by R. Grant and Son; and in Glasgow, by J. Nevill.

THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 67. Vol. II.

P. D. HARDY, 3, CECILIA-STREET.

OCTOBER 12, 1833.



CITY OF LIMERICK.*

The city of Limerick is situated in the heart of the most fertile part of Ireland, on the finest navigable river in the British European dominions. It ranks as the third city in Ireland, and contains by the latest census 8,268 houses, and 66,000 inhabitants. The city is composed of the English Town, the Irish Town, and New-town-Pery. The first stands on the Northern side of the river, being separated from the two latter by a narrow arm of the Shannon, which embraces the English town in its entire circumference: and on the N. W. side of the great branch of the river, in the county of Clare, is the extensive and populous suburb of Thomondgate. The English town has all the antiquated appearance of a close built fortress of the latter part of the seventeenth century: its venerable cathedral, narrow streets and lofty houses, chiefly built in the Dutch or Flemish fashion, are said to give it a considerable resemblance to Rouen in Normandy. This gloom is however relieved at various openings by a view of the cheering waters of the Shannon, while the vicinity of the canal, and the verdant fields and gardens which skirt the borders of the Abbey-river, afford a pleasant promenade to its dense population. The ground on which the New Town is built, is rather elevated, and the soil in general gravelly and dry. The streets are spacious, cut each other at right angles, and are occupied by elegant houses and merchants' stores, constructed of brick and lime stone, for which the neighbouring district supplies the finest materials. A more superb city-view can hardly be presented to the eye, than the range of buildings from the New Bridge to the crescent, a distance little short of an English mile, including Rutland-street, Patrick-street, George's-street, and the Tontine; and its interest will be greatly heightened, when

the line of buildings is continued from the crescent along the military road, and the projected square built on its left. Shops tastefully laid out and richly furnished line these streets, while others diverge to right and left, which are chiefly occupied by the residences of the gentry. At every opening to the westward, salubrious breezes from the Shannon, inspire health and vigour, and a walk to the quays is amply compensated by the scenes of busy traffic there presented, and the various enlivening prospects which meet the eye. Here the packet boat from Kilrush is landing her joyous passengers, whose nerves have been braced, and spirits exhilarated, by some weeks residence on the shores of the Atlantic at Kilkee or Malbay. There turf and fish-boats are discharging their cargoes, which are rapidly conveyed by herculean porters to the dwellings of the consumers, amidst various specimens of Munster wit, sometimes delivered in the native language, and sometimes in Anglo-Irish. On the west are seen, the distant towers of Carrigogunnell castle; and the Pool, where the larger ships ride at anchor in perfect security, while many a skiff cuts the blue wave: on the east appear the mill of Curragour, built in 1672, and its rapid current, which roars and eddies amidst rocks of various shapes and sizes—the bridge of Thomond, hoary with age, and the ivy mantled turrets of King John's castle, backed by the mountains of Clare and Tipperary. The city contains nearly fifty public edifices, about one half of which stand on the south-west side of the river.

The old city connected with the County of Clare by Thomond-bridge, one of the most architectural monuments in the south of Ireland, was formerly considered as a principal fortress, and as an important military position; it was called the key of Munster, was surrounded by walls, and defended by a castle, now in ruins.

The liberties comprehend about 16,000 Irish acres extending from three to four miles south, east, and west of the old city walls.

The parish of St. Michael's or the New Town of Lime

* From a drawing originally made for "McGregor's History of Limerick," a work containing much valuable information relative to the ancient and present History of Ireland, and which well deserves a place in the library of every gentleman in Great Britain. The description is from the same work.

rick, is divided from the old city by a branch of the Shannon; it is described as containing 2,000 houses and 1,000 inhabitants, and as comprising "all the wealth and trade of the city."

"From Limerick the Shannon flows in a broad and majestic volume to the sea, bounded on either side by the counties of Clare, Limerick, and Kerry, many parts of which it fertilizes by its tributary streams; and when we contemplate the progress of this fine river from its source to the sea—whether we consider the vast body of its waters; the great extent of rich and highly cultivated country and the populous towns on its banks and its vicinity; the mountains and lowlands which adorn its margin: the extent and value of the mines of iron, lead, marble, coal and slate which abound on its shores; the immense power of its noble falls: or its crystal waters, teeming with the finest fish, we cannot but feel astonishment at the little benefit produced to the country by these many and eminent advantages, where a bounteous providence has scattered blessings with so liberal a hand, where nature has done so much and man so little. The miserable and lingering trade which may be said to disgrace this noble stream is one of the many anomalous things we meet with in Ireland, and would require the investigation of those who seem so earnestly interested in the prosperity of our country."

"We would call on the statesmen, the engineers, and the wealthy capitalists of our more fortunate sister isle to come and view this part of Ireland; for we conceive that it affords advantages far beyond what is imagined by the casual and transient visitor. We would call on the gentry and landowners of this favoured spot, to look beneath, above, and around them, for they have immense wealth lying, as it were, within their grasp—we would call on both and all to look to the poor peasantry who are craving for employment, while boundless riches are at hand—let them unite and work this rich mine, and we will venture to predict that a finer country will not be found on the surface of the globe."

TIM ROONY.

"See, ah see! while yet her ways
With doubtful step I tread,
A hostile world its terrors raise,
Its snares delusive spread."

MERRICK.

Tim Rooney was a peasant boy from the wilds of Connamara, and left without home or kindred, he sought the "great city" to look for employment. It was a pleasant morning when for the last time he arose from his straw pallet, in the barn of a neighbouring farmer, to set out upon his journey of adventure. The village cock had sounded his shrill clarion to awake the slumber of the labourer and call him up to his daily toil, to which with a healthy frame and cheerful heart he went jocund along; but not so with poor Tim, he climbed the little eminence at the rear of the cottage, where once dwelt his happy family, but, alas! they were now no more. Famine had taken them all off, and he was the only one that remained: upon that cot his eye loved to dwell, for it brought up to his mind in bright and dark perspective, the joys of his childhood and the griefs of his manhood. As he, with farewell look, gazed on the mountain and the brook, the busy mill, and the green common, where his young footsteps often strayed, and the woody glens around that cot—his heart beat faintly, for he knew he was about bidding them an eternal farewell.

There were none, in all the cabins around, to whom he could sigh one fond adieu; all were in the damp grave whom his heart fondly loved, and the grave yard that lay in its lonely shadow was before him—hither he went.—Five grass overgrown graves lay beside him, and to gaze on these graves he found a something of a pleasurable, though melancholy delight.

There is a something that overpowers the heart as we look on the cold and silent graves of our kindred; a thousand reflections dash at once across our brain, and in the dizzy intensity of the heart's feeling nature sinks, and the tears of reflection steal, whether we will or not, from the heart's fountain into our eyes, that oracle of the heart.—

The rude son of the hamlet felt this, and he sunk silent and sad on the grave that held the mortal remains of his beloved parents.

"Thou art gone—thou art gone from me," said he, "*achorra ma chree*,* and yeess left me alone in the world. Kith or kin I have none, nor house nor home to put my foot in; augh, had yeess died of a natheril sickness twor sometin—bud the hunger and starvation, an' the eeg, brought yeess away. *Augh Dieu ith agus a Vauria*,† an' me, poor boy, wears the *suggaun*,‡ to keep away the hunger. Augh, shure myself left no stone unturned to get a bit for yir mouths; didn't I go seven miles every foot of the road, to the butcher's for the sheep's blood, and the nettles to give yeess; but yeess did not live ivir and always on nawthin', a *hudgeens ma chree*;§ an' yeess went off in a han' gallop, an' me, poor *bouchal*, is goin a long ways frum yeess all, in sorra an' grief, widout frind or fella in the wide world to say God speed ye, Timothy Rooney, and luck attend ye an' go in yir road."

As this desolate son of sorrow was thus pouring forth his tears and his wailing, he was aroused by a bland and soothing voice calling him by name.

"Thin, Tim, Tim, acushla, fots come over ye to be in such plight so early this blessed mornin';" he turned round and beheld a female face peeping over a neighbouring head stone. He recognised one to whom his heart had once paid his sincerest devotion—ere famine with its dreadful concomitants had come into his neighbourhood, but now he looked upon that face which used to awake within his young heart emotions of the tenderest kind, with feelings cold and disinterested as they were once warm and affectionate.

"What are ye doin' Tim, *ma bouchal*," said the female? "where in the use is there to be grieved over the dead in that soort ov a way, so early in the mornin', afore the lark is out of his nest."

"Don't make fun ov me, Peggy, ashore, in the place I'm in, for shure myself has reason for grieved, fen all belongin' to me is laid in inunther the sod."

"Shure, man, alive, that won't call thim back, your ballyorin. Come and carry this pail for me, that ye often carried afore now, whin you an' I, you know—come, come along, an' no refusin'."

"Augh, wait, Peggy darlint, till I settle the stones at the head ov the crathurs. It will be a long day afore I see the same place agin, or the face o' clay belongin' to the place. Augh, God Almighty's blessin' about yeess, father, an' mother, an' frins, all, fur ivir more, sweet sayvr o' the world."

Here poor Tim rubbed away with the cuff of his old coat, the falling tears.

"Why, Tim, fots is now in yir head—in regard of what yir just been afthur sayin'—won't ye see thim every day, ye open yer eyes," said Peggy, as they left the church yard."

"Peggy, darlint, it brakes my heart strings across to tell ye, in regard o' the old kindness between us, fots I'm bent on doin' this blessed mornin'."

"An' fots is that, Tim, jewel, might I be afthur axin' ye? Lord stan' between us an' all harm, an' keep us frum an' evil hour, bud yer face is not yer own, or fots it ust to be."

"I'm detarmined on doin' it, an' give us yer han' that I'll never see more, my darlint, for I can't look in yo' eyes that ust to smile on me—'tis the last time we'll meet, my colleen."

"Tim, be easy now, an' don't be afthur f'you an' me wid your *raunish*¶ an' rashness. Don't do not within rash that wid injure yer sowl, ashore; sure soj, e goin' to put a worl' must be misfortunate, we wornt all return of us in this spoons in our mouths, an' Tim, jewel, an' his son wid silver and listen to the clargy."

"Augh, Peggy, the sorta a fare is an meers as to do any thin' out of the way wid myself; ye think in e goin' to put a han' in my own death, but no—I was boi and christened a christin, an' since that hour ye know I e Lane, be ad' m one of God's d. lley, P. easter, Wright say he with you—

* Darlings of my heart. † God and ‡ Suggaun, straw rope. § Charners of. J. Nevins. ¶ Nonsense.

crathurs, although a poor forlorn effigy, an' couldn't dispose ov myself without my poor soul being damned fur atarnity."

"Well, Tim agra, fots come over ye that ye talk as if ye warn't yerself—are ye goin to look for a job ov work at the big house above?"

"No Peggy, honey, I'm not, fur bekase I widn't get it, fur they say I'm not able to work, in regard ov me risin' out of the egy, but my *colleen das*,* in regard of old times, id grieves me to tell ye that I'm goin to the great gran' city of Dublin, away fram ye fur ivir and a day."

"Praise be to God, Tim, but yer out of yer sinses clean—fen' wor ye at yer duty? Augh, Tim, I fare ye worn't under the *sogairli's*† hans' sence yer recovery. Is it to go to that dreadful jackeen place, wher the people are all livin' on their wits; augh, millia murder man, bud fot ivir bit ov cencis ye had ye've lost it in the sickness."

"No, no, Peggy, the *sorra a bolg* is an me; fots to keep me in the cunthry—isn't all belonging to me, above in the holla, in their long homes, an' I havn't kith or kin in the world wide—an' ivery place is all one to me an' there they say iviry man can get somethin' to do, in regard ov work."

"Well, Tim, ye make the poor heart leap widin me at yir quare talk; bud, any how, don't stir a foot till this evenin', in regard ov ould times, an' we'll meet one another at the ivy bush, where I've somethin' to say; an' we can talk over mathurs."

As she spoke she crossed a stile with the pail under her arm, to commence her morning's milking. Tim stretched his hand over to her.

"Biddy, *avournen*, give us the shake ov the hand, fur I'll never see ye more;—come, darlint, an' throw the old shoe afthur me fur luck."

"No, thin, I wont, Tim Rooney; the *sorra* taste ov that sarme, till I see ye agin."

"Ye'll never see me agin, dead or alive, *chora ma chree*,‡ said Tim, as he turned sorrowfully away from the stile.

The sombre clouds of evening were fast falling, and the night hurrying on, long before poor Tim reached the metropolis, jaded and tired. Wearied in body, and oppressed in mind, he trod his weary way; an old black-thorn stick, that had been an heir-loom in the family, his only companion—this he held over his shoulder, and, pendant from it, behind his back, waved to and fro, his old brogues. "God save ye," and "God save ye kindly," were the only words he had spoken since he left home, and these to the villagers as he passed along; and now the sound of his own voice, as it left his dry and parched throat—the very rustling of the leaves of the trees above his head affrighted him; he looked on all as so many indications of the dreadful tales he had heard of the "wicked city."

It was striking eleven o'clock as he got to the suburbs. "Augh thin, afthur all," said he, as he stood in amazement waiting for the post office clock to have done striking, "it's a good sign to hear the joy-bells on the great clock—there's luck I hope afore me, an' here goes for the heart of the big city."

"How are ye, Paddy avick, where are you going?" said a slender voice on his right, and immediately a woman stood before him.

"Fly thin in throth yer out in yer furs offer, honest woman, the name's an me is not Paddy, it's Tim all over the country."

"That same makes no mather Tim, id was the priest that christened ye, an' not me that med the mistake, bud where are ye bound for?"

"Might I be afther axin' ye fots the name is an ye mam that's afthur puttin the spake upon me?"

"Then may be ye don't know, Tim, a *cloun*† iv yer own from the same place, bred, born, an' reared—look at thim purty row of lights on each side of the street."

"Augh, maybe that's fot myself hard talk ov in the country, that goes by the name ov the burnin gas. Augh Dublin city is a terrible place entirely, it'll be apt to go a fire some time, bud how is id at all, does the fire run out ov the grotin' into these iron candlesticks, jewel?"

"Yes, Tim, honey, have ye niver hard ov steem?—well shure the fire goes be steem along in unthur yer feet where ye walk."

"Och, och, Dublin—shure enough it bangs Banaher—what curosities—an' high houses, an' big windies. Lord save us!"

"Come along boy, fast, an' as we met so fortunate, I'll give ye lodgin' in my place to night."

"Augh thin, be all the knobs on a blackberry, ye cudn't do a greater charity, fur myself is murther'd an' kilt wid the fare downright fatague, an' there's blishters as big as yer fist atween my toes savin yer fav'r. Any shake down at all at all will do poor Tim. Bud is there never a sheebien nigh han' where I cud give ye a thraist fur yer kindness?"

"Never mind it Tim, thank ye, I won't keep ye out ov yer bed this cowl'd night, bud yer kindness is all the same. We're nigh han' Mary's Lane, wher I've a dacent place. Its, poor, avick, but any port in a storm: an' it's onestory below the pavement, but any place in Dublin ye know in honesty, an' the rints are so high entirely, it's suppin' an' coolin', an' the last sup the hottest with us, poor people."

Poor Tim was ushered into his lodging in a cellar in Mary's Lane, and slept soundly; but in the morning on drawing towards him his habiliments, he missed the best of them all, a good frize trusty; however he dressed himself, and sat down at the fire in his shirt sleeves, thinking of his coat, and at the same time listening with amazement to the cries of the hawkers as they passed. His friend was no where to be seen. After some time he inquired of an old woman did she see his coat, when she cursed him and pointed to a square piece of paper that was fastened over the fireplace; he took it down, and a man who had just walked in read its contents. It was a duplicate of his coat.

"Never mind it," said the man, "it's only a caper to take a rise out of you, you'll get your coat without any manner of doubt. I suppose you're come to town to look for employment, and if so, I'm your man to a tee to get it for you if you have ever a shilling about you to pay me for my trouble."

"Not a shillin, honest man in me possession, between me an' death," said Tim. "Not as much as wid jingle on a tombstone, the *sorra* a cross, or ye shud have it."

"Well, it's hard to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, I'll lend you a coat till you get your own. I wont be ready till evening—will you come?"

"In troth an' its myself that will, frind, and many obligations to ye beside in regard ov yer kindness, an' me a black stranger."

Night came, and with it Tim's new friend, who brought him out to the country, and told him as he went that he was a dairy man, and wished him to drive home to Fisher's Lane a couple of cows. They came to the field, and Tim readily executed the orders of his friend, who left him when he saw the cows on the road. The unsuspecting Tim whistled as he drove his charge along, but just as he had made enquiries in Camden-street, from a watchman stationed there, his way to Fisher's lane, he felt himself rudely grasped by the back of the neck, and turning round, was met by the blow of a stick which felled him to the earth.

"Get up, you scoundral of a cow-stealer," said the man who had knocked him down.

"Augh thin, yir wrong, honest man," said Tim, struggling to get up, "I'm no thief, nor never was; nobody cud say fite was the black ov my eye."

"Yir the king's presner now; didn't you steal the cows out of the field, you spulspeeh? Newgate and the gallis will be yir fortune my boy."

The unfortunate Tim was dragged along by two constables and lodged safely in prison. The assizes came, and poor Tim was arraigned "before God and his country, for the cow-stealing." The owner of the cattle and his ervant proved the charge home against him, and Tim was called on for his defence.

The artless manner in which he told his tale, and the look of conscious innocence that overspread his weather-beaten countenance, had a strong effect on the entire court; and from the description he gave of the man who urged him to the deed, which was true to the life,

* Young lass. † Priest. ‡ A distant relative.

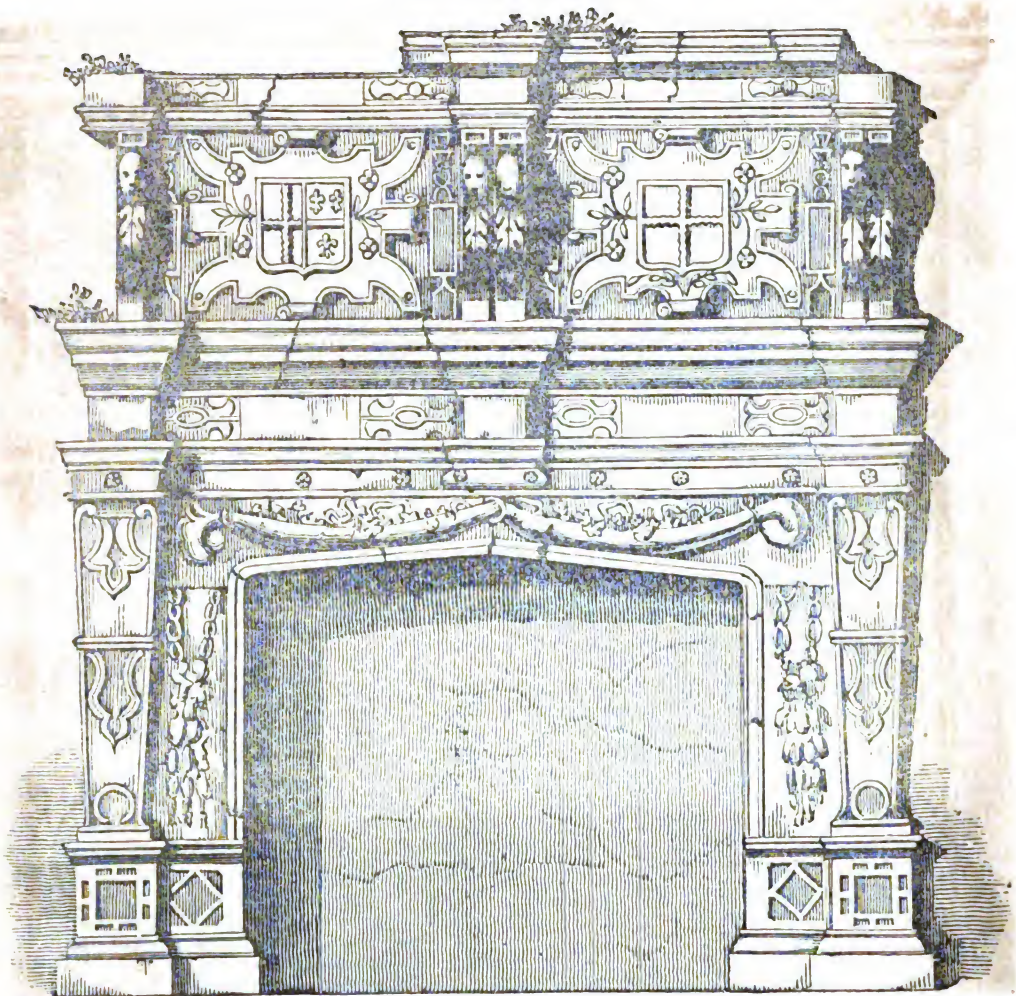
and who was in custody for another offence—he was brought forward and confronted with Tim, and his examination by an able counsel, who took Tim's part, brought a full confession of the entire transaction, when the jury at once returned a verdict of acquittal, which was hailed by a crowded court with demonstrations of the warmest feelings of pleasure; and a subscription was immediately entered into for the "poor Connaughtman," who, glad to be released from "durance vile," never, as he himself expressed it, stopped or stayed till he took his passage for Amerikey, in a ship at the time about to sail; and cautioning his poor countrymen to "mind their hits" when they would come to Dublin, and to eat a peck of salt with a man before they would trust him. He shortly after sailed for America, never to see his native land again.

MAC.

IRISH PEASANTRY.

The state of the habitations of the poor in many parts

of Ireland, is a libel on the humanity of their superiors.—A fine dressed lawn, with miserable hovels on the outside, may be compared to the lace clothes and dirty linen some foreigners were accused of wearing—indeed nothing can be more contemptible and disgusting, or can reflect more discredit on the national character of the better classes, than such a contrast. The mansion house and the park want their most beautiful appendages, when filthy and unwholesome huts are substituted for clean and comfortable cabins; and *pleasure grounds* are *nicknamed*, when at every step of your progress, and at each opening of the prospect, your eyes are pained by dwellings for labourers, not half so convenient as the wigwam of the savage. Setting humanity aside, self interest should prompt such an improvement; for we can never have a hardy and effective race of labourers, while the rain penetrates the roofs under which they sleep, and their limbs, after a hard day's work, are exposed to the damp of a clay floor, saturated with water.



CHIMNEY PIECES IN DONEGAL CASTLE.

Donegal Castle was, for ages, one of the principal residences of the illustrious O'Donnells, the chiefs and princes of Tyrconnell—the *land of Connell*—from Connell, one of the most eminent of their ancestors. In the annals of the Four Masters they are called *siol na Dallagh*, i. e. *the seed of Dallagh*, from Dalagh, another of their chiefs. There was also a celebrated monastery here, in which the aforesaid Annals of the Four Masters were written, and they are sometimes called the Annals of Donegal from that circumstance.

On the fall of that family, in the reign of King James the First, and the attainder of the celebrated Red Hugh O'Donnell, (of whom an interesting account is given in

Sir W. Betham's Antiquarian Researches,*) and of Rory, Earl of Tyrconnell, their immense possessions were sequestered as forfeited to the crown, and granted to English and Scottish settlers, who are the ancestors of the present possessors of these estates.

This castle was granted by patent, dated 16th November, 1610, to Captain Basil Brooke, for twenty-one years, if he should live so long, with one hundred acres of land, the fishings, customs, and duties, extending along the river from the castle to the sea. Captain Brooke

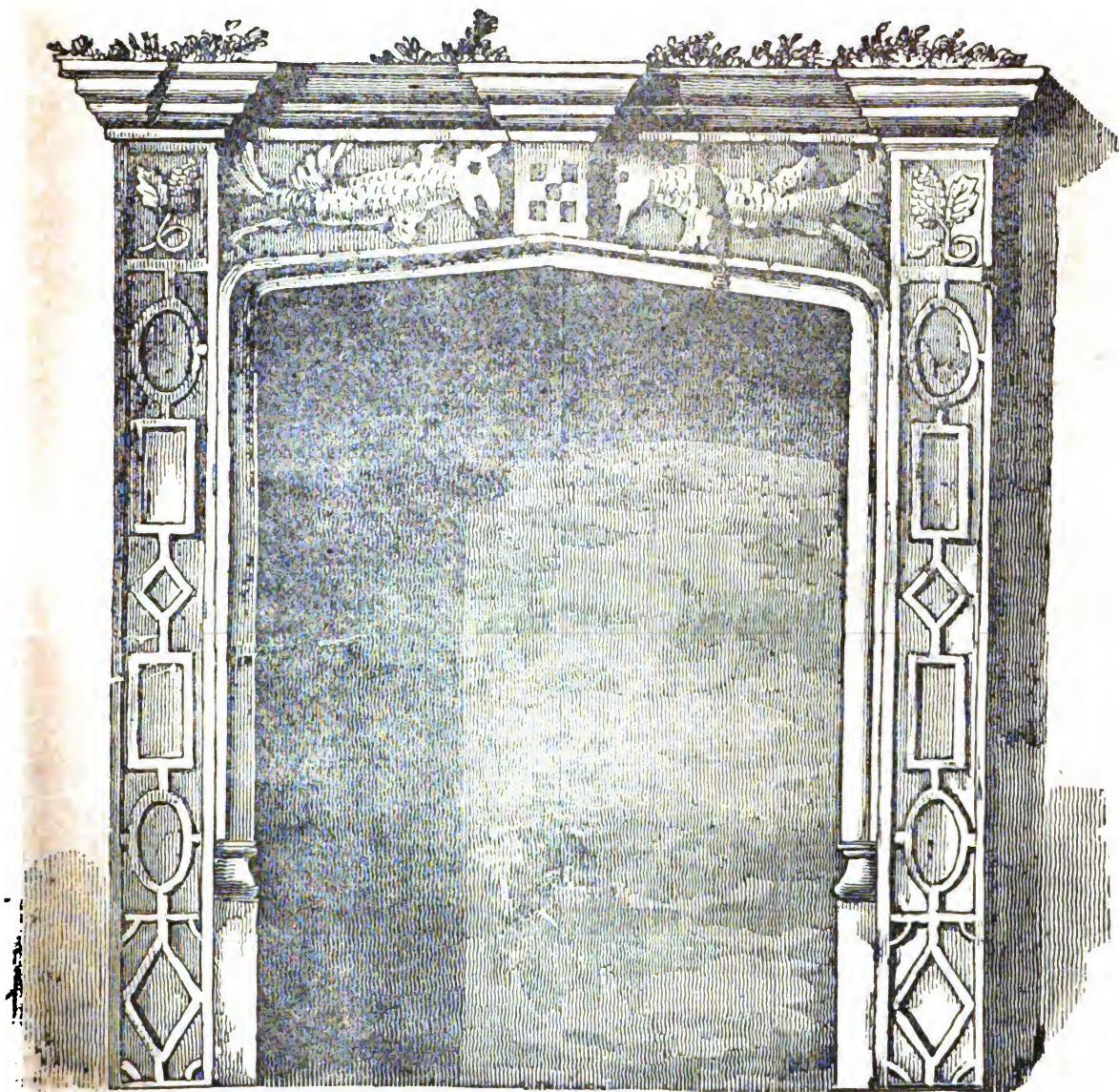
* We purpose giving this story in our next number.

was knighted 2d February, 1616, by Sir Arthur Chichester, Knight, Lord Deputy, and had a regrant of twenty-one years, or his life of the castle, by patent, dated 27th July, 1620; and on the 12th February, 1623, he had a grant of the fee of the castle for ever.

Sir Basil Brooke repaired the castle, and resided in it until his death in 1633. He was a branch of the family of Brooke of Norton, in Cheshire, and his lady was Anne, daughter of Thomas Leicester, of Tost, in that county. Henry Vaughan Brooke, Esq. Member of Parliament for the County of Donegal, was his descendant and heir at law, who left the estates of his family to his nephew, Thomas Grove, Esq. who took the name and arms of Brooke, by royal sign manual, in 1808. He died without issue, and the estates of the family went to Thomas Young, Esq. of Lough Esk, who also took the name of Brooke by royal sign manual, dated 16th July, 1830, and is the present possessor.

The Castle stands close to the side of the river, above

the bridge, and is in tolerable preservation. At present it is surrounded by a garden belonging to the inn, and great care seems to be taken to preserve it from further decay. On entering it, the visitor first comes into a large hall, arched above, and communicating with other apartments on the ground floor. From this a staircase leads to a large room on the second floor, which seems to have been formerly used as a banqueting hall, and still retains some vestiges of its former magnificence. At one end there had been a splendid window, reaching from the floor to the ceiling; but this is now nearly destroyed. The engraving represents a fine old fire place, which still remains entire in this apartment. It is made of freestone, and formed in the fashion of James I. The arms are Brooke empanying Leicester, which identifies them as put up by Sir Basil; the other, the arms of Brooke only. The other chimney piece is ornamented with fishes. They are both excellent specimens of the taste of that day.



The castle is well worth visiting. The family to whom it belonged, though they are now nearly forgotten, or only remembered by those to whom they are endeared by the traditions of the country, or by the few who find a pleasure in dipping into the ancient history of Ireland, once acted a very prominent part in the civil transactions of the kingdom. They received, perhaps, within these walls, embassies from foreign princes, and though it may be said of the last of their race, that

"In the fields of their country they found not a grave,"

yet they long continued to hold a distinguished place in the courts of foreign princes, and graced the hostile camps of Europe while fighting against their native land.

"Compell'd unwilling victories to gain,
And doomed to perish on a foreign plain."

Even as connected with the polite literature of the age, the castle has some interest from the frequent mention made of it in Lady Morgan's *Novel of O'Donnell*.

SIMPLE SCIENCE—IRON.

Of the forty two metals which chemical research has extracted from the bowels of the earth none is so truly valuable to man as iron; its uses are innumerable—every thing we have is manufactured by its means: its hardness and strength renders it a useful auxiliary in bracing wood work, and the peculiar property of welding which, except sodium and platinum, no other metal possesses, renders iron the most suitable of all others for every common purpose. It becomes softer by heat and thus may be beaten into any form by the hammer, and united in as many parts as the workman pleases, without rivets and without solder.—Were it not for this peculiar property of iron many works of the utmost importance could never have been executed. The most stupendous fabric that I am at present aware of as achieved by means of *welded* iron is the Chinese *bridge of chains*, hung over a dreadful precipice in the neighbourhood of Kingtung, to connect two high mountains; the chains are twenty-one in number, bound together by cross chains, so as to form a complete road from the summit of one immense mountain to that of another. Iron is plentifully and universally diffused among nature, pervading almost everything, and is the chief cause of colour in earths and stones.

Native metallic iron has been found in Siberia and Peru, in a state of malleability, and yet in such enormous masses as to preclude the possibility of their being productions of art. Besides they are found entirely insulated and at great distances from any mountain, volcano, or bed of ore, from whence they might have been supposed to be derived. They are so similar in their composition to the meteoric stones that it is probable they have the same origin. Many very eminent philosophers consider these meteoric stones to have been projected from a volcano in the moon; the one which fell in the year 1751, near Agram, in Croatia, consists of 96½ per cent. iron and 3½ nickel. Fragments from the mass which lies in the great desert of Sahara were found by Mr. How, and to consist of 96 iron and 4 nickel, but there is an immense mass discovered many years ago in South America, and supposed to weigh thirty tons, which contained 13 parts of Nickel to 90 of iron. In the museum of the Academy of Sciences, at Petersburg, there is a mass of native iron twelve hundred pounds weight, and in some of the northern parts of the world whole mountains are composed of iron ore. Some idea of the extent and importance of the iron trade may be formed from the fact that when the late Mr. Bacon obtained a lease of the iron and coal mines of a district eight miles long and four wide, near Merthyr Tydvil, that place was but an inconsiderable village; since that time, however, these mines were leased by him to four distinct companies, and produce to his heirs a clear annual income of £10,000. That part occupied by Mr. Crawshaw contains now the largest set of iron works in the kingdom. He constantly employs more than 2000 workmen, and pays *weekly* for wages, coal and other expenses of the works twenty-five thousand pounds. These works have conferred so much importance on the neighbourhood that the obscure village of Merthyr has become the largest town in Wales, and now contains more than twelve thousand inhabitants. That iron was in very early use and considered valuable, may be learned from Deuteronomy, viii, 9, in which Moses describes Canaan as "a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass."

Iron is generally procured from the ore which when broken into small pieces and mixed with lime (which promotes its fusion) is thrown into a furnace, and baskets of coke or charcoal in due proportion are thrown in with it. This being kindled the blast of the great bellows is directed on it, and soon raises the whole to a most intense heat, and the reduced or melted metal drops down and collects at the bottom of the furnace; more ore and fuel are supplied from above, and the operation goes forward until the melted metal at the bottom increasing in quantity, rises almost to the aperture of the blast, it is then let out by piercing the side of the furnace, and forms what are called pigs of *cast* iron. *Cast* iron in this state is easily melted, and hence it may be moulded into any form, and

is employed in the fabrication of a vast variety of machinery and utensils.

To convert this *cast* into *wrought* or pure iron, it is kept in a state of fusion for a considerable time, and by repeated stirring the impurities are evaporated, and the metal becomes more infusible, for *pure* iron is *scarcely fusible*, after some time it gets stiff and thick, and the workmen know by this appearance that it is time to remove it from the furnace; it is then submitted to the action of the hammer, or regular pressure of large steam rollers, by which the remaining impurities are forced out and the metal is rendered malleable and ductile.

To turn this *wrought* or pure iron into steel, it is only necessary to heat it in a proper furnace for several hours with charcoal or any substance capable of furnishing a sufficient quantity of carbon which is absorbed by the iron in the process.

Carburet of iron, very improperly called black lead, is charcoal and iron intimately combined; the best is found at Borrowdale in Cumberland. Besides making pencils it preserves iron from rusting, and is used to rub over wooden machinery to prevent friction, and as it is nearly indestructible by fire, is often manufactured into crucibles.

Iron causes the beautiful colour of many precious stones. It gives the blue to the lapis lazuli, the yellow to the topaz, and in the precious garnet there are 36 parts of oxide of iron in every 100. It gives the character to all our chalybeate waters, and in combination with sulphuric acid, forms the celebrated vitriolated waters at Shadwell and Swansea. In medicine it is generally considered a bracer of relaxed habits; as steel, its flexibility renders it peculiarly fitted for the manufacture of watch springs; and its ductility is so great that the most minute instruments are made of it, and a finer wire may be drawn from steel than from any other metal.

The most peculiar property of iron seems to be its power of magnetism. The natural magnet is a ponderous iron stone of a blackish colour. It is supposed to derive its magnetic power from the position in which it lay in the earth, for even a bar of iron if suspended in a particular direction for some time becomes magnetic. If one of these natural magnets be broken into pieces each piece will have the property of attracting iron and communicating to it magnetic power by friction—thus if a needle be rubbed from its eye to its point a few times over the north pole of a magnet and then stuck in a small cork to swim on water, the eye will veer towards the north and the point towards the south. In this way the Chinese form their mariners compass, a guide on which they can rely at all times with perfect safety.

"The obedient steel with living instinct moves,
And veers for ever to the pole it loves."

The magnet has a power of repulsion as well as of attraction. Each natural magnet has an attracting and a repelling pole, and the space between the poles will neither attract nor repel. Thus when we present the north pole of a magnet, A, to the same pole of another, B, suspended on a pivot, and at liberty to move, the magnet B recedes as the other approaches, and by following it with A at a proper distance, may be made turn round on its pivot with considerable velocity, and this power has been made so great by a proper combination of magnets, that all the force of a strong man has been insufficient to make the two north poles touch each other. The Queen of Portugal was in possession of one of these natural magnets, of so large a size that it was capable of sustaining a weight of two hundred pounds; it was a present from the Emperor of China to John V., King of Portugal. The late Doctor Godwin Knight possessed a surprising skill in magnetism, not only being able to communicate an extraordinary degree of attractive and repulsive virtue to his artificial magnets, but even to alter or reverse their poles at pleasure. This singular man refused every offer that was made him for the discovery of his method and to the last declared that the largest sum should not bribe him to divulge the secret which of course died with him. The advantages we derive from the magnetic properties of iron are incalculable; by it man is enabled to steer his course across the desert deep, and open a friendly and commercial intercourse

with every quarter of the globe. Of all the metals iron is certainly the most important, especially as it possesses so many properties, exists in so many different states, and is capable of being applied to such a variety of useful purposes. E. B.

ON WEARING THE MANUFACTURES OF OUR OWN COUNTRY AS A MEANS OF EMPLOYING THE POOR.

"Every stranger who travels through this beautiful island seldom finds much fault with the farm of a gentleman; but all his sympathies are called forward at seeing the miseries and wretched condition of the Irish cottager. As far as the eye can reach, tracts of ground are in the possession of these poor people, who, having nothing to lay out upon them but the sweat of their limbs, extort by reiterated toil, what will support their families and pay their rents, but are utterly unable to spare from such claims, a shilling to improvement. Persons of this description make the most part of the Irish community, and for many reasons, moral and political, their amelioration ought to be a matter of the first concern." This is the observation of a person generally esteemed an intelligent traveller, and there can be no doubt that the amelioration of the condition of the Irish labouring poor is a matter of prime importance. The most difficult point, however, appears to be how to give those who are capable of working, an alternative from the labours of the field in manufactures, and thus prevent such a pressure upon one source of income, as must inevitably lower the prices of labour, from the multitude of applicants. One great means of amelioration would be to inspire those persons who compose "the greater part of the Irish community" with that proper pride which would prevent their marrying till they have the means of supporting their wives and children upon better fare than potatoes and water. If these and a few other obvious sources of amelioration were assiduously followed up, we should no longer see immense tracts of grounds wasted under inadequate cultivation, and crowds of people in whom idleness engenders the propensity to turbulence, sharpened by that distress which arises from the discomfort of bad dwellings, scanty clothing and wretched fare, the consequences of improvident poverty. It is much to be desired that some person thoroughly acquainted with the subject would point out the particular manufactures that, unpreoccupied by England, could give support to our redundant population, which has increased, is increasing, and ought not to be diminished provided it be employed. It is true amongst individuals as among nations, that idleness is the parent of vice, and that the only lasting cure for disturbance here, will be found in giving occupation to the people, and inculcating upon their minds the principles of industry and right notions of independence.

Employment is always preferable to gratuitous assistance, because it sustains the dignity and independence of the human character, and keeps alive those feelings in the heart of man, which render him honest and useful—but how, will it be asked, is employment to be created? I will answer, *by wearing the manufactures of our own country*. In whatever degree this is done, in the same proportion will our poor be effectually relieved; but if it were *universally* practised, poverty might not disappear, but its worst consequences would vanish, and the face of the country instead of being disfigured and disgraced by swarms of mendicants, would assume a cheerful aspect, and that wholesome hue of industry, which is indicative of national prosperity.

Our linen has acquired perfection in its manufacture, why? because it is *universally worn*. The North exhibits an appearance as different as light and darkness, from the wretchedness of the South and West, why? because its *population is employed*. Such are the effects of using as a small portion of our clothing, the manufacture of our country—if it was entirely composed of materials worked up by our own people, those good effects would be still more widely extended, and every part of Ireland would gradually assume the grateful aspects of the northern districts.

If every man in Ireland determined *this day* to wear Irish woollen cloths, in three years that manufacture

would equal any thing that England can produce; and if every woman came to the same determination, in the same period our cottons, cambrics, &c. would be on a par, if not superior to the British fabrics. That such an universal feeling should prevail, there is little hope; few people act upon system, or feel *rationaly and judiciously* for the poor, though they have a tear for every novel, and a halfpenny for every street beggar; but there are still many who judge more wisely, and act more consistently, and *they* will, perhaps, listen to those suggestions and adopt them. Their example, by a happy contagion, may, perhaps, extend itself, and of this they may be assured, that wherever it prevails, the consequences to the poor and to themselves will be most favourable.

That some general measure of this kind *must* be proceeded upon, in behalf of the poor, there cannot be the shadow of doubt. If there are many *now* who suffer the penalties of indigence from the want of occupation, what will be the state of the country in but a few years hence, when its population may be increased by a third, or eventually doubled? Are the people, according to Swift's modest proposal, to eat one another, or to sit with their hands before them and die of want in the rags and tatters of garments made in another country?

GARDENER'S CALENDAR.

Beans may be planted about the middle or latter end of the month, and if they survive winter, will come in the earliest the next season; the early Mazagan or Lisbon kinds are to be preferred. About the end of this month the crops of red beet should be taken up, and stored for winter use; choose dry weather for this business: among dry sand in a cellar or other house where they may be preserved from frost or wet—if let to stay in the ground, as practised by some, they must be covered with reeds, bean haulm, or the like—but in this way they are apt to rot. The crops of broccoli should now be cleared from weeds, and about the middle or latter end of the month, they should be finely moulded up for winter, observing to chuse a dry day for the operation. Cabbages sown in August, should now be put out in a dry light spot of ground, divided into four beds with twelve inch alleys between them; point over the surface, and break it fine—put in the plants three inches apart—each sort should be planted separately, and not too deep—at the same time a quantity may be planted out on good soil, well dug and manured, which if they weather the winter, (as they will do if not very severe indeed) will come in very early and acceptably in spring. There is another method of obtaining spring cabbages, which is to let the stems of a quantity of the spring or early summer planted ones remain in the ground. If the winter be open there will be a constant supply; the best sort to dress for this purpose are early dwarf or early York, as these cabbages are better and sooner than the other kinds. Carrots should now be lifted and stored for winter use—chuse a dry day for the business; and clean them from earth, then pare off the tops so as to prevent them from growing afterwards, to the depth of about half an inch, as by this treatment they keep better, and do not get soft in spring—they should be laid among dry clean sand, and secured from frost and damp. Put out a quantity of cauliflower plants, sown in August, under a wall or hedge, in light rich earth—point up and form a border for them, two feet broad, and place them three inches apart. Cauliflowers may be stored for winter use, under glasses, or in a common hot-bed frame, well matted over in hard weather—they should be placed closely together, but not touching—exposed on fine days to the air, but covered at night and at all times from rain—or they may be preserved in a ruder kind of frame, made with coarse boards, and dry bricks, and defended from the weather; they may be thus kept if not over the winter, at least during the greater part of it, and will be found a most agreeable accession to the vegetable stores. Parsnips should be lifted and stored this month, as directed for carrots, or for want of room may be pitted in fine sandy earth. Peas may be sown at the latter end of this month they have a chance of weathering the winter—hoe and weed the crops of winter spinage according as they may require, and put them in proper condition before winter.

IRELAND—THE LAND OF POETS.

That the land in which we live is a land of poets as well as of potatoes, is a truth which, we should think, would be questioned by few. Should any have a doubt upon the subject, however, we think their scepticism might very readily be removed by an occasional glance into the letter box of the Dublin Penny Journal. And, really, if some of the definitions of poetry which we have seen be correct, we have no hesitation in saying, that much of what we receive is true poetry, for it is the genuine effusion of the heart—a transcript of the impassioned feelings of the authors at the moment of writing. And were it not that we conceive our columns might be filled with more useful or more generally interesting matter, we should often be tempted to give insertion to some of the pieces we receive, as affording no bad specimen of the talents of some of our correspondents in the more humble ranks of life. From a number of pieces, received during the month, we select the following—one of them a truly graphic description of a wedding, the other a national ballad—and we think our neighbours at the other side of the channel would find some trouble in matching them.

THE WEDDING.

Och! early last Monday, I mean late on Sunday,
We went to the wedding of Darby M'Shawn;
And there with good breeding, good looks and good feeding,
Forgot it was night, 'till we saw the day dawn.

Och! Darby was rather the same as his father,
A gay little man, and his name was M'Shawn;
And Norah his charmer, the niece of a farmer
That lives up the valley in Mahony's bawn.

Cars covered with bedding, brought up to the wedding,
The uncles, aunts, cousins of Darby, "my dear";
Myself too quite gaily, brought Nan and Moll Hely,
She's one of the Helys that lives at Cape Clear.

The bride wore a red dress, her hair was her head dress,
How the girls gazed on her fine bran new shawl.
'Twas all silk and cotton, and won't be forgotten,
For in it she looked the genteeldest of all.

Her cheeks were of cherry, her lips quickenberry,
Her skin a bright brown, both behind and before;
Her eyes were bewildering, like two pretty children,
Like beautiful diamonds we find on the shore.

Her shoes were calf's leather, so that, altogether,
You well may believe that she looked mighty gay:
Now, Darby, my hearty, your own Pat M'Carthy,
Must point out the dress that you wore on that day.

A shirt of good linen, from sweet Ballyfinnan;
A neckcloth of muslin, a waistcoat of green,
A new grey frize jacket,—all made by Tim Hackett,
With buttons as bright as the crown of a queen.

His buckskins were yellow, and looked pretty mellow,
Because for six months they had lain in the pawn;
His brogues were well varnished, and prettily garnished,
More luck to your bit of pride, Darby M'Shawn.

Before they were married, the priest a while tarried,
Teaching the duties of husband and wife;
Then told them quite slowly the sentences holy,
For pledging their troth to each other for life.

Now take one another, the bride's father's brother,
Bold Murtagh O'Donahue gave her away;
And Barney O'Brien, roared out like a lion,
Until our whole parish joined in one hurra!

The bridecake and whiskey, soon made me so frisky,
I called for a dance with a bothering call;
And light master Dooly, quite calmly and coolly,
Ushered us off to the barn for a ball.

The barn was well swept out, and all the fowl kept out,
So that it looked like a dining-room floor:
With benches on barrels of Shemmy O'Carrols,
And all the gorsoons peeping in at the door.

The fiddlers and pipers like so many vipers,
Turned, twined, and twisted, themselves and their tunes;
So that between dancing, and talking, and glancing,
My head grew as big as the man in the moon's.

We were in such clover, the jig was not over
Till night was preparing to start from the sky;
When Skibbereen Mary, came in like a fairy,
And told us that supper was waiting hard by.

Then, not to dishearten her, each boy took his partner,
And marched in to supper by musical rules;
Thus, blooming like roses, we followed our noses,
Until in the kitchen we sat down on stools.

The long kitchen table, was very ill able,
To bear all the load that was laid on its back;
Such ham, beef, and chickens—boys, now the fun thickens,
With cutting and carving,—heigh! whillaloo, whack!

Black Tom took the fiddle, and played toodle diddle,
And long fingered Callaghan handled his pipes;
Cal. humoured his bellows, while Tom grew so jealous,
Then leaving off cat-gut, he touched on some tripes.

Next, old Owen Cusack, gave out some cheek-music,
And played us a lilt on the stirabout spoon;
Then one of the Bradys, and one of the ladies,
Warbled the Couleen, and Ellen-aroon.

Ned Goold from Kilgorey, then told a long story,
About a young king that was hunting one day,
But meeting a fairy, so artful and airy,
Followed her on till she led him astray.

While Time sweetly passes, and boys and fair lasses,
Are thinking of nothing but comfort and glee;
The cook through the clatter, steps in with a platter,
And goes round the table a craving her fee.

I pulled out the money, and said, "Biddy, honey,
If I give the shilling, will you give a kiss?"
But she, like a cat, kissed my face with her fat fist,
And all laughed as long as from that day to this.

And as we were going, with hearts overflowing,
I told my friend Darby and Mrs. M'Shane,
That I would endeavour, to love them for ever,
And come with delight to their wedding again.

H. C.

SONG.—THE PRIDE OF GRANU O.

IN ANSWER TO THE
PRIDE OF CALEDONIA O.

Proud Scotia boasts with flowry pride,
The thistle o'er her vallies wide,
Asserts that Flora like a bride,
Has deck'd her fields e'er any O.

But where's the pride of hill and dale
That decks the mountain and the vale,
The lovely shamrock we will hail,
Unrivall'd badge of Granu O.

The rose may please th' English eyes,
Proud Scotland too, her thistle prize—
But the shamrock tho' it lonely lies,
May be prefer'd to any O.

When honour crowns the battle theme—
When merit courts the aid of fame,
She blends the laurel with the same,
The wreath, the badge of Granu O.

Where—where's the emblem decks the ground,
That blooms thro' all the seasons round,
In summer—winter, it is found,
The king and pride of any O.

So now my "motto" is ordain'd,
Unrivall'd, pure, and yet unstain'd,
When e'en its patrons were restrain'd,
It bloom'd the pride of Granu O.

So let no nation ever boast,
While Erin's shamrock decks the coast;
Let them come forward, join the host,
Of emblems splendid, many O.

For Flora has proclaim'd around,
That Erin's isle, alone, she crown'd,
To yield the pride of rural ground,
The lovely badge of Granu O.

DOUGLAS O'DOHERTY.

DUBLIN:
Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 12, Temple Lane, and 3, Cecilia
Street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.

Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.
In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Panyer-alley, Paternoster-row;
in Liverpool, by Willmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Ambery; in
Birmingham, by Drake; in Nottingham, by Wright; in Edinburgh,
by R. Grant and Son; and in Glasgow, by J. Niven, Jun.

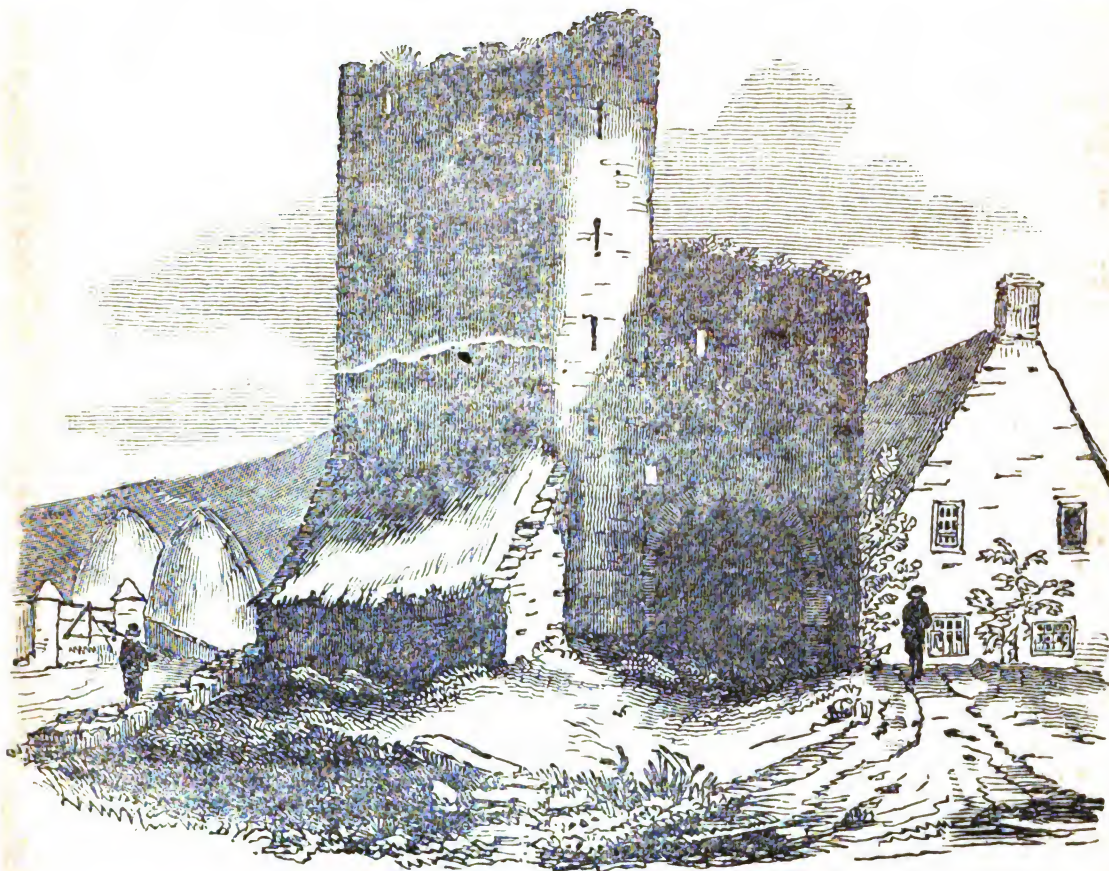
THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 68. Vol. II.

P. D. HARDY, 3, CECILIA-STREET.

OCTOBER 19, 1883.



KILLEEL CASTLE, COUNTY OF KILDARE.

We have been favored with the above sketch, by B. Wright, Esq. of the ruins of one of those monuments of antiquity which, in the olden time, were looked upon as the glory of this our Emerald Isle, but are now fast falling into decay; and which, but for individuals possessing something of the feelings and national spirit of our kind contributor, would, in a few years, be altogether forgotten that they ever existed. And this is one way in which we think the Dublin Penny Journal well calculated to subserve the interests of Ireland, by giving "a local habitation and a name" to some of those ancient buildings which lie scattered over the country, and which the hand of time is fast levelling with the dust.

Killeel Castle, the subject of our sketch, lies about four miles from the village of Rathcool, and fourteen from Dublin, branching off to the left of the Naas road.

It is questionable, Mr. Wright observes, whether the tower (which now forms part of the castle, and serves as a staircase to the interior) is not one of the many specimens of those religious edifices, which are to be found in various parts of Ireland, usually denominated round towers; from the circumstance of there being the remains of an old abbey and church near to the site, as also an ancient stone cross, (in a tolerable state of preservation,) standing in the garden immediately adjoining. The ascent to what were the several floors of the castle, is by stone steps, in the round tower, sixty in number, varying from seven to nine inches in depth.

The remains of the abbey are, at present, unimposing;

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and, with the exception of the gable and ruined doorway, nothing but low and ragged bits of the early walls are left—these, however, are sufficient to show that the original building was one of considerable extent.

In taking advantage of the old foundation stones, &c. for the purpose of building in the neighbourhood, several of the abbey vaults have, from time to time, been opened; and, on those occasions, many specimens of antiquity were found, such as coins, axes, keys, spoons, &c. There are still several vaults unexplored.

We give the drawing, &c. in the hope that some individual, acquainted with the history and antiquities of this part of the country, may be induced, through our pages, to furnish such further information, relative to these ruins, as shall enable those interested in the ancient remains of our country, to form a correct judgment as to the building and its original uses. We understand that a gentleman, who resides in the neighbourhood, was present at the finding of a suit of ancient armour, which was dug up, a few years ago, on some part of the land in the immediate vicinity of the ruin. It has also been mentioned to us, that the same gentleman remembers when there was a way going into a cave or cavern in the neighbourhood, but he cannot, at present, recollect the exact spot in which it was situated. Mr. Wright informs us, that the fact of a subterraneous cavern being in the neighbourhood is, in a degree, corroborated by the statement of a poor man, who, being at the place, states that it is very generally believed that a rising pasture ground, in the immediate vicinity of the castle, is hollow beneath.

RED HUGH O'DONELL.

As Hugh Roe, otherwise Red Hugh, O'Donnell, prince of Tírconnell, was one of the most extraordinary men that Ireland, or any other country has produced, I shall not apologise for entering somewhat at length into his history. It is a part of Ireland during his life; besides, the following account is derived from a Spanish Irish language, written by the historian of the O'Donnells, and consequently to *this account* of those transactions. Red Hugh was born about the year 1550, and given in fosterage to the O'Dogherty of the day, chief of his tribe, who in common with the O'Donnells, and several other illustrious northern families, was descended from Connall Goban, son of Niall of the nine hostages, monarch of Ireland.

In the early infancy of Red Hugh, he displayed considerable signs of genius and independent spirit, which increased with his years. The frame and symmetry of his body was of the finest description; before he attained the age of fifteen, his talents, his spirit, his courage, his literary attainments, and the beauty of his person, were the admiration of all who knew him, and were the subject of conversation all through Ireland. He had also expressed a decided animosity to the English government. This report of the young O'Donnell was carried to Sir John Perrott, then lord justice of Ireland. Jealousy and fear of the extraordinary qualifications of the presumptive heir of the chief of Tírconnell, were excited to the highest degree; and although his father, Hugh, the then chief, was at that time friendly to the English, and their ally against the O'Neills, they determined upon getting young Hugh into their hands, by fair or foul means.—But as they saw no chance of securing him by friendly measures, they devised a plan to seize upon him, by a piece of treachery, unworthy of Sir John Perrott, and disgraceful to his government.

To put this design into execution, about Michaelmas, in the year 1587, they fitted out a ship, in which they stowed a quantity of Spanish wines, and other foreign liquors, and directed the captain to sail to any of O'Donnell's harbours, where they thought they would be most likely to accomplish their object, and there, under the appearance of Spanish merchants, offer their wines for sale, and endeavour to decoy the young O'Donnell on board their vessel, secure his person, and bring him a prisoner to Dublin. In obedience to this command the vessel put to sea, and made a safe voyage to Lough Swilly, in Tírconnell, where they came to anchor, a short distance from the land, opposite the castle of Dundonald, near the church of Rathmullin.

Upon the arrival of the ship, the captain sent some of his people on shore, disguised as Spaniards, with a quantity of wines, which they exhibited as samples of what they said they had on board to dispose of. The people of the fortress proceeded immediately to traffic; they were received in the most friendly manner, and drank until they became intoxicated. The people of the adjoining district followed the example of those of the fortress, and were similarly treated.

While these things were going on, Hugh Roe, accompanied by several young nobles of the country, came on a visit to Mac Sweeney, the lord of the castle. Upon which the spies instantly returned to their vessel with the intelligence. But before their departure, Mac Sweeney, anxious to treat as respectfully as he could the son of his chief, and his associates, sent to purchase some of the wine from the pretended merchants. They replied they had no more wine on shore with them, nor did they intend to land any more; but added, if the young gentlemen who had arrived, would accompany them to their ship, they would receive every respectful attention, and be entertained with wine as long as they chose to remain.

Young O'Donnell was desirous to go on board the vessel, and, as Mac Sweeney had not wine to entertain him, he advised him to do so. This advice was followed, and Red Hugh and his companions, accompanied by Mac Sweeney, took a boat and rowed to the ship. The captain, perceiving that young O'Donnell was in the company, welcomed them, but would suffer him, Mac Sweeney, and a few others only, to go on board. They were brought down to the cabin, and wines and strong drink placed be-

fore them: and whilst they cheerfully regaled themselves, their arms were stolen away from them, the hatches shut down, and being, by a number of well armed men, driven into a corner of the cabin, they were obliged to surrender themselves prisoners. Thus was the design of Sir John Perrott and the English council accomplished. But, though it was lauded by the biographers of the lord justice, as an instance of great wisdom, whereby one, who might be a troublesome enemy to the Queen, was secured and brought under the power of the English government, without any greater expense than a few bottles of wine, it was, eventually, most injurious to the English interest in Ireland, as it was the means of driving them almost completely out of Ulster and the north of Connaught; and the cause of the invasion of Ireland by the Spaniards, in the year 1601.

As soon as the captain had got Red Hugh, then not exceeding sixteen years of age, in his power, he stood out to sea. The people on the shore, having no boats or vessels, were obliged to remain idle spectators of the treachery practised on their beloved young chief; but before they had completely cleared Lough Swilly, Owen Oge Mac Sweeney *na tuagk*, (of the battle axes) sent on board, offering a ransom for O'Donnell, and pledges and hostages for his liberation; but the vessel cleared the harbour and proceeded to Dublin, where she arrived in safety.

Upon the arrival of Hugh Roe in Dublin, he was brought before the council, who had been specially summoned for that purpose. Here he underwent a long examination, after which he was committed a close prisoner to a tower in the castle of Dublin, where he was treated with great severity and loaded with irons.

Young O'Donnell continued in captivity for the space of three years and three months. Towards the end of the year 1591, he, and some of his fellow-prisoners, before they were locked up in their cells for the night, found means to get off their irons, and, by the aid of a rope, descended from the top of the tower down upon the drawbridge, and made their escape. They directed their course to the mountains, and had reached a wood at the foot of the red mountain, *Fassaroe*, (*Fasach ruadh*) before morning. Beyond this Hugh was unable to proceed. His old worn-out shoes had fallen from his feet, which were dreadfully bruised and lacerated by the rough stones, and the furze and briars of the mountains over which he had travelled in the night. Here his companions, for their own safety were reluctantly compelled to leave him.—He had, however, with him a faithful servant who had assisted him and his companions in their escape. This man he sent to a gentleman in that neighbourhood, named Felim O'Toole, who had been a fellow-prisoner with him in the castle of Dublin, but who had made his peace with the English government, and procured his liberty. Before his liberation he had professed great friendship for Red Hugh, and they pledged themselves to mutually assist each other whenever they had the power. From this person O'Donnell now expected protection, and to claim it he sent his servant to him. Felim O'Toole promised the required assistance; but, upon consulting with his brother, they were of opinion, if they assisted O'Donnell, they would bring upon themselves the vengeance of the English government. They, therefore, agreed that it would be better for them to seize upon him, bring him a prisoner to Dublin, and again give him into the hands of the council. This they executed, and poor Red Hugh again found himself in the power of his enemies, who again loaded him with chains, and consigned him to a more rigorous imprisonment.

In this confinement he continued another year; but, at Christmas, in 1592, he again found means to make his escape, accompanied by Henry and Arthur, two sons of John, son of Conn *Bacagh* O'Neill, who were his fellow-prisoners. In this escape they were assisted by a trusty servant who promised to meet them when they should get out of the castle. By the means of this servant they procured a rope, and with it let themselves down through the funnel of the privy, in the wall of the tower, into the Poddle, which river inclosed the castle on that side. On getting clear of the city, they made towards the mountains, and again reached *Fassaroe*; but he took care not to en-

trust himself again in the hands of the O'Tooles. In the darkness of the night, and in the swiftness of their flight, they separated from Henry O'Neill, the elder of the two brothers. Though much grieved at this, they still continued their flight, intending to proceed, if possible, to Glenn Maolughra (Glenn Molaur) the strong hold of Feagh Mac Hugh O'Byrne, then in arms against the English. At night there was heavy rain, which changed to snow, driven by a high, piercingly cold wind. Arthur O'Neill was heavy and corpulent, and became so fatigued that he was unable to walk—young O'Donell and his servant were, therefore, obliged to carry him as far as they were able. But they soon became tired, and were compelled to stop under the shelter of a projecting rock.—From this place they sent the servant to Glenn Molaur to inform Feagh Mac Hugh of their situation. Feagh, upon hearing the servant's report, sent some of his people with clothes and refreshments to their relief; but upon coming to the place where the servant had left them, they could not find them, they being completely covered up with the snow. Arthur O'Neill was dead, and Red Hugh was much exhausted. At length he recovered a little, and O'Byrne's men carried him with them to Glenn Molaur, where he remained for a considerable time before he was able to mount a horse to proceed to his own country; his feet having been so severely frost-bitten he lost the use of his two great toes, which he never after recovered.

When he was able to ride, he and his faithful servant, Torlogh *buidhe* (yellow) O'Hogan, were supplied with horses by Feagh Mac Hugh, who also sent a troop of horse to pass them safely across the Liffey; for the English, to prevent their getting to the North, had placed guards at all the bridges and fords of that river, wherever they could. The fugitives, however, got safely over, and through Meath to the Boyne, near Drogheda, which river they crossed in a fisherman's boat, as the town was in possession of the English. The fisherman, having ferried them over, returned for their horses, which he brought through Drogheda to where he had left them on the north side of the river. After rewarding the fisherman, they remounted, and coming to Dundalk passed through the town at full gallop. They then went on to Dunganannon, the residence of Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tirone, who kindly, but privately, for fear of the English, entertained them for four days and nights. Thence they proceeded to the borders of Lough Erne, to the residence of Hugh Maguire, who was the attached friend of Red Hugh, and his brother by the mother's side. From the mansion of his half-brother, young O'Donell went in a boat to Athseanaigh (now Ballyshannon), in the castle of which his father, Hugh O'Donell, prince of Tirconnell, resided.

Upon the arrival of Red Hugh in his native country, he was elected chief of his name, by the heads of all the different septes of the O'Donells, the O'Dohertys, O'Boyles, Mac Sweeneys, and others, at the request of old Hugh O'Donell, he being advanced in years, and having surrendered the government of his principality in favour of his son.

It would far exceed the limits of an essay of this kind, to enter into a detailed account of the attacks made on the territory of Tirconnell by the English, at the commencement of Red Hugh's management of the affairs of that country, or of the repulses which he invariably gave them, or the assaults he made upon the English and their Irish allies in return.

On the 2d of May, 1592, he was solemnly inaugurated and proclaimed the O'Donell: shortly after which he led his troops three times into Kinel Owen, (Tir Owen) against Tirlogh Luineagh O'Neill, then chief of his tribe, and in favour with the English, who abetted him against Hugh, Earl of Tirone, his kinsman, of whom the English were particularly suspicious. In these excursions O'Donell defeated the O'Neills, and their English auxiliaries, wherever he met them, and carried off great numbers of cattle and other treasures. In the third excursion he burned, on the 18th of July, the town of Strabane, although the castle was then garrisoned by a strong English force, who did not venture out to oppose him.

In the middle of August, 1595, six hundred auxiliaries came from Scotland to O'Donell, under the command of

Mac Leod, the chief of Ara. These troops he kept for the space of three months, and, with his own host, led them into Connaught, where all the castles occupied by the English were obliged to surrender to his power, and they plundered and destroyed the country on all sides.—The governor of the province, Sir Richard Bingham, unsuccessfully attempted to prevent the return of O'Donell to his own country. Finding that he could not effectually oppose the return of Red Hugh, he laid siege to the castle of Sligo, from which he was obliged to retreat with considerable loss. Shortly after this O'Donell razed the castle, lest it should be at any other time seized on by the English. He also razed thirteen other castles, and took hostages from all those that he suspected might be his enemies. After these exploits he returned home, and stopped to refresh himself and his army, until the month of December.

In these excursions O'Donell received considerable assistance from some of the English tribes inhabiting Connaught, who had joined with the Irish, and were persecuted by the English government. Of these the Burkes were the most numerous, as well as the most powerful.

Shortly after the beginning of June, 1599, O'Donell received a messenger from Mac William, to inform him that Sir John Norris, Queen Elizabeth's general, was assembling a powerful army on the borders of Connaught, with intent to reduce the whole province to subjection. Upon this occasion the English were joined by the Earls of Thomond and Clanrickard, with all their forces; and it was said that there never had been assembled against the Irish so powerful a force as was then ready to pour into Connaught. Before the arrival of the messenger, O'Donell had his troops assembled, and upon hearing of the collecting of the English army, he wrote letters to all the chiefs of Connaught, telling them that he would march to their assistance, and requesting them to be ready with all their forces, to co-operate with him against their common enemy. He instantly put his troops in motion, and crossing over the rivers Erne and Sligo, and passing to the left the borders of Slieve Gamb, through Lerighe and Gaileng, he arrived in the neighbourhood of Sir John Norris, and threatened to plunder and destroy the country if the people did not deliver him pledges and hostages for their submission.

Upon O'Donell's arrival, he was almost immediately joined by the principal of the Connaught chiefs, with all their forces, and by the Burkes, and some others of the old English who had joined with Mac William. At length the English general, despairing of success, suddenly retreated.

When the council at Dublin saw that the military skill and confidence of the Irish were increasing, and having heard of their treaty with the king of Spain, and considering on the little probability there was of subduing them by main force, they sent messengers to O'Neill and O'Donell, offering them terms of peace. The messenger sent to negotiate, were Meyler M'Crath, the first Protestant Archbishop of Cashel, and Thomas Butler, Earl of Ormond. These ambassadors proceeded as far north as Dundalk, from which place they sent a messenger to O'Neill and O'Donell, to invite them to meet them in friendly conference, to arrange all matters and to bring about a general pacification, for the mutual benefit of the contending parties. In consequence of this invitation, O'Neill and O'Donell went to Fochart, in the county of Louth, where they were met by the Archbishop and the Earl, who proposed the terms and conditions of the peace: which were, that the English should retain the possession of the part of Ulster lying between the river Boyne and Dundalk, which they had possessed for a long period, but that they should not have any lands further to the north, except Carrickfergus, Carlingford and Newry, then in their hands. In return they stipulated that they should be forever free from any taxation or plunder from the Irish. They also offered to engage, that the English government should not send any officer as governor over the Irish of Ulster, nor in any way force rent or taxes from them, except such as their ancestors used to pay, which the Irish should send to Dublin at the usual time of payment: and for the performance of this no pledges or hostages should be required. They further

engaged that the Irish of Connaught, who had joined with O'Donell and O'Neill, should share the benefits proposed by the treaty.

When O'Neill and O'Donell heard these proposals, they retired to consult; and agreed that it would be better for them, now that they had arms, and were strong and successful, to fight for their independence and that of their countrymen, who looked upon them as the guardians of their civil and religious liberties. This decision and the terms proposed by the English, they submitted to the other Irish chiefs, who had joined with them, and it was the general opinion that no reliance could be placed on the English, who, as usual, would take the first opportunity to break through the treaty; and they therefore advised that an end should be put to the negociation. Some few, however, of the Irish chiefs were for accepting the proposed terms.

The lord justice and council, finding themselves disappointed in the negociation, sent the intelligence to the English council, who mustered an army of twenty thousand men, and sent them well equipped into Ireland. The governor and president of the province of Connaught, Sir Richard Bingham, who was particularly odious to the Irish, was removed from office, and in the month of December, Sir Conyers was appointed in his stead. This gentleman, by his liberal and generous conduct, won several of the Connaught chiefs to join him, and they hired themselves to him as stipendiaries to serve against O'Donell. O'Connor Sligo also came from England, where he was in favour with the Queen, to raise his people to aid the governor.

When Red Hugh heard of the defection of the Connaught chiefs, and the arrival of O'Connor Sligo, he marched into Connaught, plundered his enemies of all their cattle, and encamped in Briefne until his forces came to him from every quarter where they had been dispersed.

Anno 1597. When all Red Hugh's troops had assembled in the month of January, he led them through the country, to the centre of Hy Maine, and sent out scouring parties on all sides, who brought to him, to the town of Athenry, a great number of prisoners, and a vast quantity of cattle and other valuable spoils. Here he was joined by Mac William Burke. The town of Athenry was a place difficult of access, with a strong castle, which he was determined to take. He set fire to all the gates, and raised ladders to the walls, by which his men entered the town on all sides; and although both it and the castle were well defended by the Queen's garrison, the Irish entered the castle, and completely destroyed the interior, having first taken thereout immense treasure, and great quantities of brass, iron, armour, arms, clothing, and every thing that could be useful to those who possessed it, and who had been collecting them for a long time previous. After this, they burned and destroyed all the surrounding country as far as the walls of Galway. Before his return to his own country he fell in with O'Connor Sligo and a strong army of English and Irish, whom he defeated with great slaughter. He then returned into Tirconnell, and dispersed his troops to refresh themselves after their fatigue. After these severities, several of the Irish chiefs who had joined with the English, renounced their connection with them and joined with O'Donell.

In the month of April, a ship arrived in the harbour of Killibegs from Spain, with supplies for O'Donell, and having on board confidential persons to hold a conference with him on the state of Ireland. These he entertained with great honor, and presented them with several valuable horses and hounds. They then returned to their own country, well pleased with their reception.

Thomas Lord Borough, who had come into Ireland in the beginning of June, 1597, as lord justice, brought with him a numerous army. He removed Sir John Norris from the command of the army, and having assumed it himself, sent orders to Sir Conyers Clifford to march into Tirconnell with all his forces, to destroy and plunder that district. The lord justice also sent a great number of his forces to Galway with some cannon, to proceed coastwards and meet Sir Conyers at the Samar. (Erne.)

When the army had assembled at Boyle, the place of

rendezvous, they amounted to twenty-two regiments of infantry and ten regiments of cavalry, armed with coats of mail, and all arms, ammunition, and other necessaries. They laid close siege to the castle of Ballyshannon, but met an unexpected resistance, and had numbers of their best troops and officers killed or wounded. They came before the castle on Saturday, and on the Thursday following were compelled to make a precipitate retreat, with immense loss, and were closely pursued by O'Donell and his friends, who were daily coming from all quarters to his assistance.

Red Hugh, not long after, received intelligence from O'Neill, (the earl of Tyrone,) that the lord justice was on his march with a powerful army to attack him; upon which he again collected his forces, and marched to the assistance of O'Neill, and joined that chief before the English could reach his territories in Armagh. The two armies met at a ford on the Avonmore, where the Earl of Kildare, who was with the lord justice, was killed, and the English army defeated. The lord justice, baffled in his intentions and severely wounded, returned towards Dublin he was carried in a litter, not being able to ride, and died of his wounds in Newry. In this battle was also killed the brother-in-law of the lord justice. After the victory, O'Donell led his troops back to his own country in triumph.

After various successes and defeats, in 1601, O'Donell received intelligence that a Spanish fleet had arrived to the harbour of Kinsale, with troops and arms to assist the Irish. The Spanish troops took possession of the fort of Kinsale, and of Rincorran, on the opposite side of the harbour.—To oppose this invasion of the Spaniards, all the forces of the English in Munster, Leinster, Meath, and Connaught, together with all the forces of their Irish adherents, were mustered by the lord justice, and led by him into Munster, and there joined to the forces under the lord president of that province. The lord justice placed all these under the command of the lord president, to whom, after a short siege, the Spaniards surrendered the castle of Rincorran, after which the English laid a closer siege to Kinsale.

As to O'Donell, when he had received the intelligence of the arrival of the Spaniards at Kinsale, he immediately broke up the siege he had formed against Niall O'Donell and the English in Donegal, and making little of other considerations, besides that of going to the assistance of the Spaniards, he sent notice to all, over whom he had influence, to meet him directly with their forces in Ballinote. His friends assembled at the place appointed, from all quarters, and on the 2d of November, he set out from Ballinote, with his forces, on the way to the relief of his Spanish allies. He proceeded as far as the neighbourhood of Holycross, where he halted for near a month, waiting for the coming up of O'Neill, who was advancing by slow marches. To prevent the further progress of O'Donell, the lord justice ordered the lord president of Munster, Sir George Carew, to advance to meet him with 4,000 armed men. When O'Donell heard from his scouts, that the lord president had advanced as far as Cashel, he led his army through upper Ormond, and by Limerick, until they arrived in Hy Conal Gabhra, where shortly after he was joined by several chiefs of Munster. He then proceeded to Bandon, where he was joined by O'Neill and his army.

They shortly after pitched their camp near that of the lord justice, and reduced him to very great straits for want of provisions; but the Irish had abundance of food of the best kind, in their camp. Thus all parties spent the Christmas, at which time O'Neill and O'Donell received a letter from the Spanish general, requesting them to attack the English camp, on a certain night then appointed, promising at the same time, that he would attack the camp in another quarter, with a party of the Spaniards.

Upon this message the Irish chiefs entered into a consultation, in which O'Neill gave his opinion, that they should not attack the English camp, but continue the blockade which they had formed around it, in length the English should be destroyed by famine and sickness; and, in the mean time, to let the Spaniards defend themselves in Kinsale, as they could. O'Donell, on the other hand, was of opinion, that they should attack the English camp, with the request of the Spanish general, and

him in attacking the English camp: alleging that it would be a breach of their engagement with the King of Spain if they were to refuse giving their most active assistance to his troops, which he had sent at their request, and for their relief and protection against their enemies. O'Donnell's opinion prevailed, and the attack on the English camp was resolved on.

It happened fortunately for the English cause, that a difference had arisen between O'Donnell and O'Neill upon this occasion. Each claimed the honor of leading the proposed attack, and neither would suffer the other to have the sole command, or take precedence. This dispute continued for the greater part of the night in which the attack was to be made, and when they set out, to put their design in execution, each followed his own judgment, and being led astray by their guides, so that they separated in the night, and the sun shone clearly when each party came unconnected with the other, in view of the English camp.

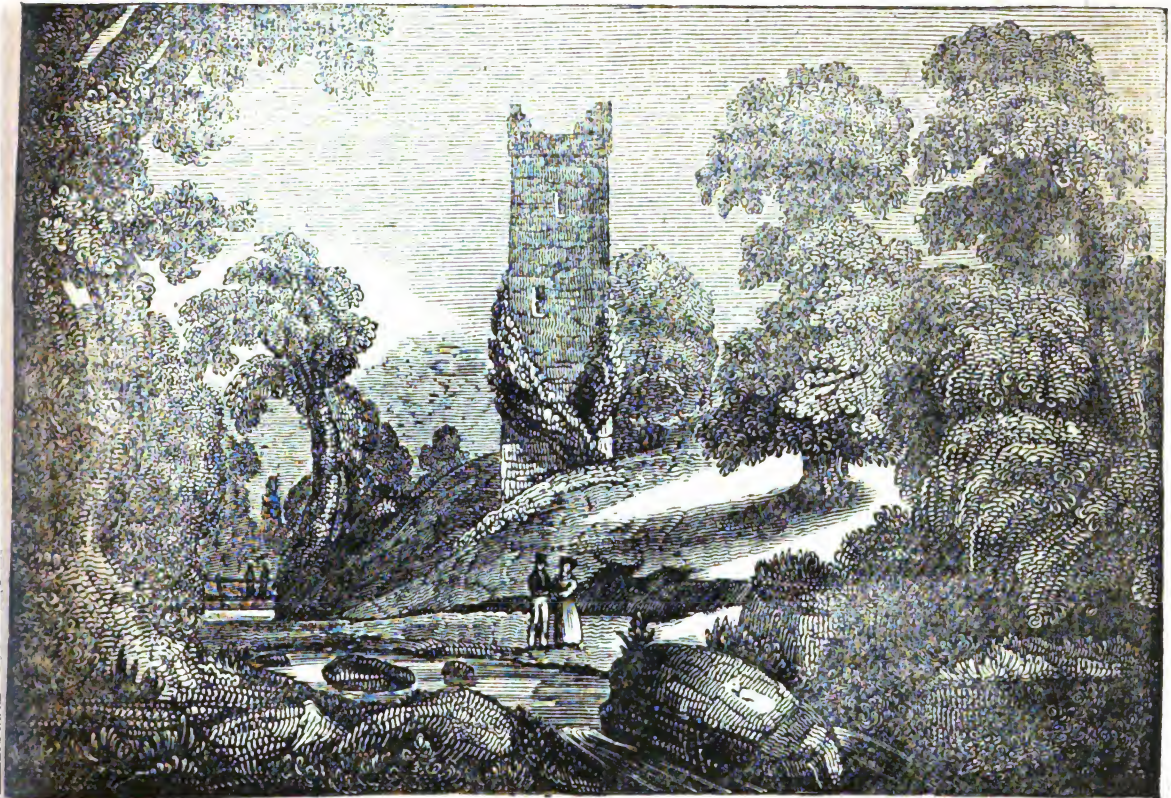
The lord justice had intelligence of the difference between the Irish chiefs, from some person with whom he had a correspondence in the Irish camp. He was therefore well prepared to receive them, and upon their appearance he opened upon them a tremendous fire, from both ordnance and small arms. The Irish, not acting in concert retreated separately, and were pursued by the English a considerable distance with very great loss.

After this defeat, the English returned in triumph to their camp, and the Irish held a council, in which some of them were for again uniting, and attacking the English camp.—Others declared it was their opinion they should separate, and let each do the best they could to defend their respective patri monies against the English. They continued disputing for three or four days, in which they were on the

point of coming to blows. This defeat at Kinsale happened on the 3d January, 1602.

After this decided and complete defeat, O'Donnell considered with himself what would be the best course for him to take, and he concluded upon going directly to Spain, to complain to King Philip, and endeavour to induce him to send a fresh army into Ireland. He embarked in a ship in Castlehaven, on the 6th of January, and arrived on the 14th of the same month at Corunna, in the province of Galicia in Spain. When he had rested for a few days, after the fatigues of his voyage, he proceeded to Zamora, a city in Castile, where the king then happened to be on a progress around his kingdom. The king received O'Donnell with the greatest affability, and graciously gave ear to his requests, which he promised should be complied with in every particular. He then desired him to return to Corunna, and to wait until every thing should be ready for him to return to Ireland with the succours he required. O'Donnell did as he was ordered, and remained in Corunna all the next spring and summer, and until the middle of harvest.—In the mean time he suffered great uneasiness of mind from the thoughts of the situation in which he had left his friends in Ireland. He therefore resolved upon again waiting on the King of Spain, to urge him to give orders for the immediate dispatch of the promised succours. For this purpose he set out on his journey, and had reached as far as Simancas, two leagues from Valladolid, the court of the King of Spain, when it pleased God to visit him with sickness, of which he died on the 10th of September, 1602. His body was removed to Valladolid with great honor, and was interred in the chapter of the monastery of St. Francis in that city, with all the state and religious ceremonies usually observed at the funerals of noblemen of the highest rank.*

*Abridged from Sir William Betham's *Antiquarian Researches*.



OLD COURT, COUNTY OF WICKLOW.

In the reign of Henry the Sixth, Sir Thomas Mulso, an English knight, obtained a grant of a district of land, in the territory of the O'Tools, now the County of Wicklow, then called the Marshes of the County of Dublin, on condition of reducing it to a state of order and obedience to the English government. He accordingly took possession by force of arms, and drove the O'Tools from their strong holds, and built a castle and

town called *Mulso's Court*. It is said he was killed in a skirmish with the Irish, and his followers were expelled from the country. It continued in the possession of the Irish till the time of Charles the Second, when it was granted to Richard Edwards, Esq. a Welsh gentleman, in whose descendant it still remains, by the name of Old Court.

LAMMAS' FLOODS—FINN'S ROCK. A TRUE STORY.

Who, that has travelled the Dublin and Derry road, but must remember the picturesque little town of Newtownstewart, just twenty miles from Derry, with Bessy Bell* hanging over it, in majestic grandeur, on the one side, and the pellucid stream of Mourne rolling rapidly along the other side, threatening, in its circling course, to sap the foundation, not merely of the town, but of Bessy Bell herself. A little above the town are the beautiful vale and glebe house of Moyle, embosomed in the sombre shade of MARY GRAY,† and almost surrounded by the rivers Monterlony and Strool, which uniting—

“Gie a huzzaw,
Wi' joy that they run through the bonny Ardstraw.”

The united river is thence called the Mourne; and if the traveller, by coach or car, can prevail on the driver to slacken pace, about three quarters of a mile below the town, where the river, running pretty close to the road, forces its rapid way through the rocky channel, in a deep ravine of about two hundred yards over, and cast his eye right towards the centre of the river, rather up the stream from the principal ledge of rocks, there he will perceive a single stone, having nearly a cubical form, and which, on account of its size and peculiar shape, was formerly known by the sobriquet of the Giant's Fingerstone, but latterly, from the circumstance which I am going to relate, it has been called Flinn's Rock.

To persons living in the neighbourhood of mountains, the effects of Lammas' Floods are very well known. At that season the rains often come on suddenly, and the mountains, coming in for a large share, and having their surfaces encrusted, as it were, by the summer's drought, frequently send the floods down the glens with such precipitation, and in such vast quantities, that the river bed, which, but a few minutes before, was little more than an empty channel, will present to your view, a roaring torrent, filled from bank to bank; and, very often, to the no small detriment of the farmer, bursting its boundaries—forcing its irresistible course over meadows—corn and potato fields—and bearing along, on its foaming surface, the produce of the holmes.

It was, I think, in the August of 1812, that Charley Flinn, a wheelwright, residing in the town of Newtownstewart, and the subject of my story, was exposed to one of the most singular adventures that the history of Lammas' Floods contains. Flinn had been felling trees in a wood, some distance above the town, and seeing a *fresh* in the river, on this day, he availed himself of it to float his timber down to his own yard, which was convenient to the strand. He had just hauled out a portion, about fifty yards above the bridge, and was in the act of landing a very large tree, when the water, of a sudden, began to extend around him and his assistants; and it was evident, from the dark and gloomy appearance of the atmosphere, in the direction of the river's source, that there was heavy rain in that part. The flow of waters increased, until the spot where they a few minutes before stood, was occupied by a fast increasing torrent. In the mean time the tree, notwithstanding the efforts of a number of men, was floating down the stream, and Flinn, in order, as he thought, to manage it better, threw himself astride over it. The river was still rising very fast—so much so, that poor Flinn had scarcely got himself balanced on the tree, when the men were no longer able to hold it, and away it floated, into the middle of the stream, bearing Charley along with it, in the least enviable situation imaginable.

The alarm spreading over the town, men, women, and children were running in every direction. Many plans were mentioned for rescuing Charley, but the only one considered practicable was to procure coils of ropes—which being done, the bridge afforded a convenience for

extending the rope from side to side, over the river; the rope was then borne along, as quickly as possible, after Flinn, who, not being a swimmer, still kept fast to the tree, sometimes carried to one side of the river, sometimes to the other, according to the course of the stream. The tree was now approaching the rocks before mentioned, and the humane persons, who were hurrying to Charley's relief, were yet far behind. Many and loud were the cries of the spectators as Flinn drew near the rocks, through which it was impossible for him to pass without being dashed to pieces. He was just entering on the scene of horror, and seemed launching into eternity, when the end of the tree struck into a cleft in the Giant's Fingerstone, and stood as fast as if moored by anchors. Now was the time for Charley to attempt escaping from his perilous seat. He crawled along the tree, and, clambering up the side of the rock, got himself safe on the top of it. The men bearing the rope were hastening to his relief as quickly as circumstances would permit, but they had still a considerable way to come, and the flood was increasing so rapidly, that there was every appearance of the rock, on which Flinn stood, being covered before the rope reached him. The shores, by this time, were crowded with people—some projecting schemes, some shouting to the men coming down the river, and a great many offering prayers to heaven for that deliverance to Flinn which no exertion of theirs could effect. At this time Flinn, himself, was on his knees, imploring the assistance of the Most High; and it was evident, from the signs he made to the people on the shore, that he was recommending himself to their prayers—for, from the roaring of the flood, as its waters bounded from rock to rock not a word could be heard, even by those who would speak to each other on shore. The water was now dashing up against his feet, and the next roll was expected to carry him off, when the men succeeded in reaching him with the rope; signs were made to him how he should act, but he could not understand them. The prospect of deliverance brightened upon him; besides, the current was now tumbling over the rock, and he could keep his place no longer; he gave the rope a turn round his body, and consigned himself to the mercy of the boiling surge. The river here was about one hundred yards over, and the rock, upon which Flinn had stood, was considerably towards the eastern shore; but that side being much rougher than the western, he chose the latter, although the distance was much greater. The men on that side kept pulling the rope, but no trace of Charley could be observed from the time he left the rock, and it was thought he had struck against the bottom, and had lost his hold; however, at length he rose to the surface, within about three yards of the shore, but just when his friends were hurrying to take hold of him, and the open arms of his shrieking wife were extended to embrace him—as if fate had decreed that Charley Flinn should be drowned—the rope broke, and he was once more sunk in the raging element. This was the moment for acting, not thinking; as soon as the rope gave way, two men leaped into the flood—one missed, the other succeeded in taking hold of some part of Flinn's clothes, and, by the hold, drew him ashore, but apparently lifeless. Every means which could be applied on the instant were had recourse to, and, in a little time, he began to exhibit signs of life, his strength gradually increased, and, in a few hours, he was so far recovered as to be able to walk home.

E. M.

EMIGRATION TO CANADA

In the year 1832 there emigrated to America, Canada, from Great Britain and Ireland, 31,185 persons. Of these 28,204 were Irish; a number considerably less than their amount in the former year, in which they arrived 34,138 from Ireland. The prevalence of cholera was, perhaps, the chief cause of the decrease. Many of those who sailed in 1832 were persons of a higher class than the generality of emigrants; and these gentlemen who were in possession of some property with which they thought it safer and more

* A mountain, at the bottom of which Newtownstewart is situated.

† A mountain, separated from Bessy Bell by the river Strool.

purchase land in Canada, than to vest it in speculations in Europe, or whose pride prevented them from engaging at home in occupations to which they had no objection at a distance from the observation of the world. It is hardly possible to stop the tide of emigration—to attempt to check it would be useless. But we will say, none can succeed except those who are not only industrious, but resolutely determined to get on;—none should emigrate but those who find they can do nothing here;—in fact, emigration should be looked on as the last resource of the industrious. If the emigrant be such, his condition is generally improved; but he will have to struggle with difficulties for a few years, before he can attain to that independence which he seeks.

Of the 51,185 only 3,346 passed on to the United States, and by far the greater portion of the remainder located themselves in the province of Upper Canada, to which all writers give the preference. Many citizens of the States, leaving their own less fruitful soil, annually cross the lakes to this rich and fertile territory. The climate does not differ much from our own—it is less damp, though the winter is of much longer continuance, and more severe; while the lower province and the States are subject to the extremes of heat and cold. In the latter, particularly, the changes from one to the other are exceedingly sudden, and very trying to an European constitution. The temperature of New York was thus described by an Irish gentleman, who had experienced its effects:—he one night shivered under two pair of blankets, and the next, the heat compelled him to throw off all the bed-clothes, excepting a sheet. Indeed, every circumstance is in favour of Upper Canada; however, all who are determined on emigration, should be well acquainted with the state and respective advantages of the various parts of the country to which they are going. For this purpose the poorer emigrant will find Martin Doyle's little work, or Evans' Directory, best adapted. In addition to these, a gentleman should not neglect to provide himself with the "Authentic Letters from Upper Canada." From this latter work we give the following extract, descriptive of the feelings (and also of their antidote) of the emigrant in a foreign land, when he thinks on the home of his fathers; and his bosom fills with regret for his native country, which few can leave for ever without emotion:

"I have now told you (writes one of the authors of the "Letters") many of the favorable circumstances of the country, which are decidedly very great; still, however, an *Irish* day of recollection, sinking the spirits down, will occur—and sometimes, notwithstanding the outrages and the murders, the politics and the poverty, of that unhappy country, I would give all I am worth to be walking beside you, shooting the Enfield Bottoms, as in those happy days we have spent together; again, these feelings banish, when I look at my rich land, unencumbered by rent or taxes, and ask myself, if I were back again, how could I command such certain independence."

C. H.

ON THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

The migration of birds has been justly considered as one of the most wonderful instincts of nature. It is common to the quail, the stork, the crane, the fieldfare, the woodcock, the nightingale, the cuckoo, the martin, the swallow, and various others, and is, indeed, a very curious article in natural history, and furnishes a very striking instance of a powerful instinct impressed by the Creator. These birds of passage are all peculiarly accommodated, by the structure of their parts, for long flights; and it is remarked, that, in their migrations, they observe a wonderful order and polity—they fly in troops, and steer their course, without the aid of the compass, to vast and unknown regions. The flight of the wild-geese, in a wedge-like figure, has often been observed; to which is added, by the natural historian of Norway, that the tree foremost, who are soonest tired, retreat behind, and are relieved by others, who are again succeeded by the rest in order. But this circumstance had been observed many ages before by Pliny, who describes certain birds

of passage, flying in the form of a wedge, and spreading wider and wider; those behind resting upon those before, till the leaders being tired, are, in their turn, received into the rear. "Wild ducks and cranes," says the Abbe de la Pluche, "fly, at the approach of winter, in quest of more favourable climates. They all assemble, at a certain day, like swallows and quails. They decamp at the same time, and it is very agreeable to observe their flight. They generally range themselves in a long column like an I, or in two lines united in a point like a V reversed." And thus, as Milton says,

— ranged in a figure wedge the way.

"The duck or quail, that forms the point," adds the Abbe, "cuts the air, and facilitates a passage to those that follow: but he is charged with this commission only for a certain time, at the conclusion of which he wheels into the rear, and another takes his post." And thus again, as Milton observes,

— with mutual wing
Easing their flight.

It has been observed of the storks, that for about the space of a fortnight before they pass from one country to another, they constantly resort together, from all the circumjacent parts, to a certain plain, and there, forming themselves once every day into a *dou-wanne*,—(according to the phrase of the people) are said to determine the exact time of their departure, and the places of their future abode.

Where the Rhine loses its majestic force,
In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
By diligence amazing, and the strong
Unconquerable hand of Liberty,
The stork assembly meets: for many a day,
Consulting deep, and various, ere they take
Their arduous voyage through the liquid sky.
And now their route designed, their leaders chose,
Their tribes adjusted, cleaned their vigorous wings;
And many a circle, many a short essay,
Wheeled round and round, in congregation full.
The figured flight ascends; and, riding high
The aerial billow, mixes with the clouds.

THOMSON.

EVIL EFFECTS OF LOVE.

A greater number of young girls between the ages of fifteen and eighteen, and of young men between eighteen and twenty-four, fall victims to what they call *love*, than to any other particular class of disease; and more particularly in England and Ireland than in any other country upon earth. This is from the force of early impressions peculiar to these countries, and of comparatively recent growth, the effect produced by a certain class of romance writers. These writers give an obliquity to the young mind which leads to destruction. Scarcely has a young girl laid down her "*Reading made Easy*," than she becomes a subscriber to some trashy library; and the hours which, in the country, or in a land where education is unknown, they would employ in jumping about in the open air, are now consumed with intensity of thought upon the maudlin miseries of some hapless heroine of romance, the abortion of a diseased brain. Her "*imitativeness*," as Spurzheim would phrenologically observe, becomes developed, and she fixes on her favourite heroine, whom she apes in every thing—sighing for her sorrow, and moaning to be as miserable. She fixes immediately upon some figure of a man—some Edwin, or Edgar, or Ethelbert—which she thinks will harmonize with the horrors of the picture, and she then employs her tears and her tortures to her heart's satisfaction. Languor, inaction, late hours, late rising, and incessant sighing, derange her digestion—the cause continues, the effects increase, and hectic fever puts an end to the romance. We have known a young Irish lady who read herself into this situation. She was, at the age of thirteen, as lively, as healthy, and as beautiful a little promise of womanhood as the country ever produced. When the Leadenhall-street troop of romancers crossed her way, an officer of a very different sort of troop became her hero. She would "sit in her bower" (the second floor window,

and gaze—and gaze—and gaze upon his steed, his helmet and his streaming black-haired crest, as he passed to mount guard, until she sobbed aloud in ecstasy of melancholy. She never spoke to this "knight," nor did she seek to have an acquaintance—lest, perhaps, that a formal proposal, a good leg of mutton dinner, and all the realities of domestic happiness might dissipate the sweet romantic misery she so much delighted in. A year passed over—"she pined in thought, and with a green and yellow melancholy," entered a convent, where she died in a few months!

EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURE.

Louis the Fifteenth despatched into Germany a confidential person on a mission of importance; on this gentleman returning post, with four servants, night surprised him in a poor hamlet, where there was not even an ale-house. He asked could he lodge at the manor one night, and was answered that it had been forsaken some time; that only a farmer was there by day-light, whose house stood apart from the manor which was haunted by spirits that came again and beat people. The traveller said that he was not afraid of spirits, and to show that he was not, his attendants should remain in the hamlet, and that he would go alone to the manor-house, where he would be a match for any spirits that visited there—that he had heard much of the departed coming again, and he had long had curiosity to see some of them.

He established himself at the manor-house—had a good fire lighted—and as he did not intend going to bed, had pipes and tobacco brought, with wine; he also laid on the table two brace of loaded pistols. About midnight he heard a dreadful rattling of chains, and saw a man of large stature, who beckoned, and made a sign for his coming to him. The gentleman placed two pistols in his belt, put the third in his pocket, and took the fourth in one hand, and the candle in the other. He then followed the phantom, who going down the stairs, crossed the court into a passage. But when the gentleman was at the end of the passage, his footing failed, and he slipped down a trap door. He observed, through an ill jointed partition, between him and a cellar, that he was in the power of several men, who were deliberating whether they should kill him. He also learned, by their conversation, that they were coiners. He raised his voice and desired leave to speak to them. This was granted. "Gentlemen," said he, "my coming hither shows my want of good sense and discretion, but must convince you that I am a man of honour, for a scoundrel is generally a coward, I promise upon honour, all secrecy respecting this adventure. Avoid murdering one that never intended to hurt you. Consider the consequences of putting me to death; I have upon me despatches, which I am to deliver into the King of France's hands; four of my servants, are now in the neighbouring hamlet. Depend upon it such strict search will be made to ascertain my fate, that it must be discovered."

The coiners resolved to take his word; and they swore him, to tell frightful stories about his adventures in the manor. He said, the next day, that he had seen enough to frighten a man to death; no one could doubt of the truth, when the fact was warranted by one of his character. This was continued for twelve years, after that period when the gentleman was at his country seat with some friends, he was informed that a man, with two horses, that he led, waited on the bridge, and desired to speak to him, that he could not be persuaded to come nearer.—When the gentleman appeared, accompanied by his friends, the stranger called out, "stop, Sir, I have but a word with you, those to whom you promised, twelve years ago, not to publish what you knew regarding them, are obliged to you for the observance of this secret; and now they discharge you from your promise. They have got a competency, and are no longer in the kingdom; but before they would allow me to follow them, they engaged me to beg your acceptance of two horses, and here I leave them." The man, who had tied the two horses to a tree, setting spurs to his horse, went off so rapidly, that they instantly lost sight of him. Then the hero of the story related to his friends what had happened to him.

CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE.

Historians of credit record that Germentrude, Countess of Altorf, in Swabia, from whom the present royal family are lineally descended in the male line, having accused a poor woman of *adultery*, and caused her to be punished for having *twelve* children at a birth, was herself soon after delivered of *twelve* sons. Her husband, Count Isenberg, being then absent, she in order to avoid the like aspersion she had unjustly thrown upon the poor woman, ordered the midwife to carry out, and kill eleven of them. But the Count meeting with her, before she could execute this order, asked the midwife what she carried in her apron, and not being satisfied with the answer, *Woelpen*, i.e. whelps or puppies, insisted to see them. Upon which she confessed the whole affair; and the Count, enjoining her secrecy, put them all out to nurse. They grew up, and at six years old, were by his command brought out, and presented all in uniform dresses, to him and his Countess before the relations on both sides, invited on this occasion to a feast. Then the Countess acknowledged her fault, and the Count pardoned her; but in remembrance of their accidental preservation, he gave them the name of Guelphe. From the eldest of these was descended Henry Guelphe, Count of Altorf, created Duke of Bavaria, by the Emperor Conrad II.

The following French words will be found an extraordinary anagram, "*La Revolution Francaise*." Take from these the word *veto*, known as the first prerogative of Louis the Sixteenth, opposed to the Revolutionists, and the remaining letters will form "*Un Corse la finira*;" in English, a Corsican shall end it.

TO THE EVENING.

Hail! gentle eve, whose mystic sway
My pensive spirit doth obey,
Whose balmy influence bestows
To anxious thought a sweet repose;
Oh! how I love with thee to stray,
As the last glance of parting day
On dewy plain and flowery dell
Is looking forth its soft farewell;
Or when each star with glistening eye,
Is bursting through the deep blue sky,
And from the ocean's placid bed
The moon uplifts her radiant head.

And oh! sure now is the fittest time
To weave the sympathetic rhyme;
The busy hum of day is past,
And thou, mild eve, art come at last;
And bringest with thee such gentle voice,
As may the poet's breast rejoice.
The streamlet rushing through the glade—
The merry song of village maid—
The breezy murmur of the grove—
The red-breast warbling to his love—
The rippling gladness of the wave,
That seeks its own loved rock to leave—
These, and a thousand sounds like these,
Make up, sweet eve, thy harmonies.

Oh! be it mine, inspired by thee,
To wake the flute's soft melody;
And breathe along the shadowy plain
To fancy's ear the grateful strain;
Or, glowing with a nobler fire,
Pour the full raptures of the lyre,
And to the great Creator's praise,
Devote its bold and venturous lays,
Whose word alone bade those bright words arise
To shed their blazing glories through the skies.

DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 12, Temple Street; to whom all communications are to be sent.
Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.
In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Panyer-alley; in Liverpool, by Wilmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Bingley and Co.; in Birmingham, by Drake; in Nottingham, by W. & A. Green; in Glasgow, by J. Nisbet & Co.

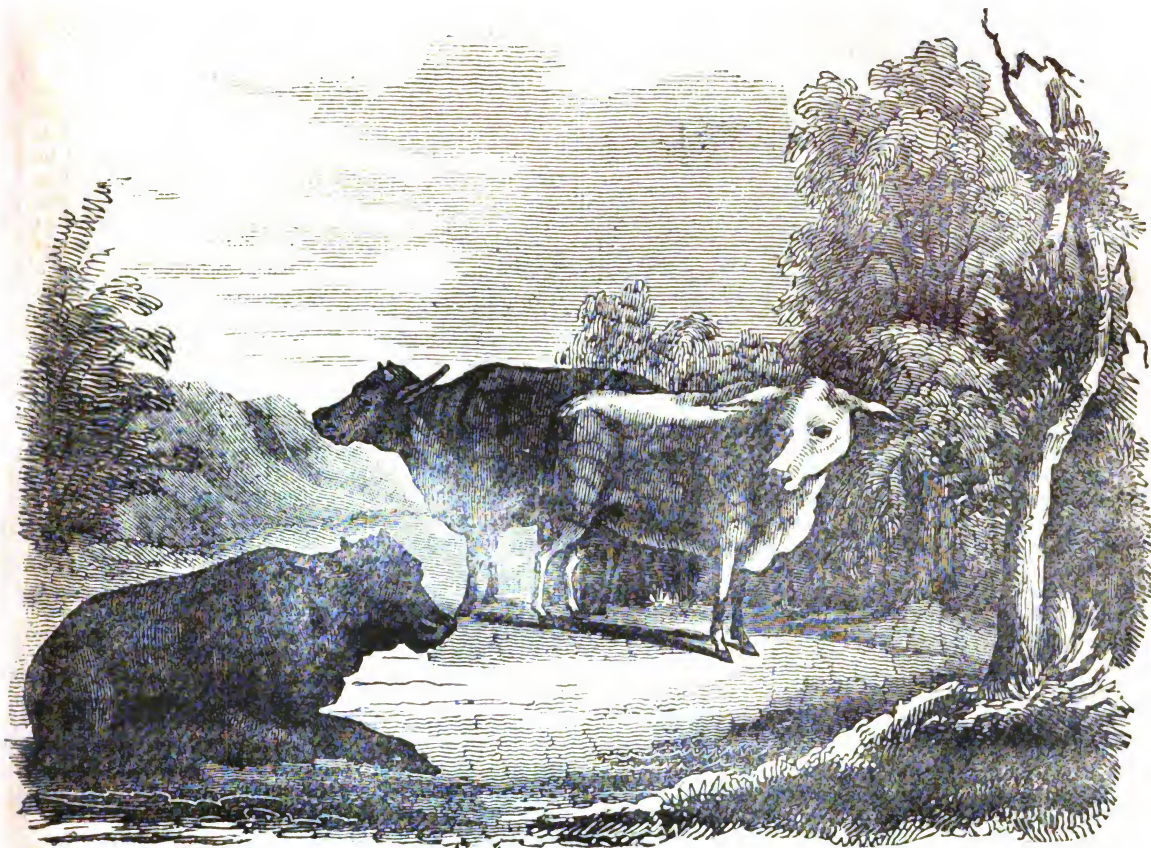
THE
DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 69. Vol. II.

P. D HARDY, 3, CECILIA STREET.

OCTOBER 26, 1833.



CHINESE CATTLE.

The science of zoology has made rapid progress, of late years, in the United Kingdom, and the public have been gratified with the sight of animals of all kinds—not cooped up in unwholesome dens, and in offensive stench, but in well contrived residences, and in a temperature suited to their comfortable residence, as far as the confinement of those who are wild by nature can be so.

The gardens of the Zoological Societies of London are the most interesting and attractive objects of that most amusing metropolis; there various specimens of the living world of nature may be seen, in perfect health and vigour, frequently in the act of enjoying their peculiar habits and propensities. We are indebted to the public spirit, love of science, and unremitting exertions, of the Surgeon General, Philip Crampton, Esq. for having a Zoological Garden in Dublin, which promises to rival the London Gardens in the curiosity and extent of its specimens, and much to excel them in the beauty of its situation, scenery, and convenience.

We have been led to make these observations from a general record our sense of the obligations of the Irish withois to Mr. Crampton in this affair, having, in the of illustrar wood cut, a good opportunity of saying infants nurzoology generally, as one of the most in-same numblightful of the sciences.

The mortaliatate object of this article is to make the this luxurioted with three beautiful creatures, a bull the greatest, lately arrived from China, and now in be reckoned of Sir William Betham, at Stradbroom

House, near the Black Rock. They are, perhaps, the most beautiful and perfect specimens of the tribe. Their limbs are slender and elegant as those of a deer, and their bodies present almost a perfect parallelogram; in fact, there is more beef and less bone than in any of the *bos* species we have ever seen.

They are not two years old, and, no doubt, will grow much larger than they are at present; extremely gentle, and as graceful in their motions as a gazelle.

Without being much acquainted with those matters, we should think the breed of our cattle will be improved by this importation; at all events, if they propagate, and do well in our climate, they will become a great ornament to our parks and lawns.

We understand they are the first specimens of the *Bos Sinensis* ever brought to the United Kingdom.

FRUIT AND TIMBER TREES.

A correspondent recommends to the proprietors of wood-lands, at this season of the year to cut down the ivy which may be found spreading its parasitical branches round the growing timber trees upon their estate. It is astonishing, he observes, what destruction is occasioned among timber, from the want of attention to the baleful effects of the ivy. Similar attention in brushing and rubbing moss from the stocks and branches of fruit and timber trees, cannot also be too strongly recommended.

'CAPTAIN E———'

OR THE MELANCHOLY EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.

J. E———, Captain in one of His Majesty's regiments, was blessed with those scientific tastes which almost insure a fortunate military career; his brother officers lamented their own inferiority, and looked upon him as one whose early diligence and attainments would soon be rewarded with promotion. His success was on the point of realizing all their envious prognostications, when, on a sudden, the road to eminence was barred by a formidable and irreconcilable foe. The bottle offered its enchantments, and he fell before the snares of the insidious seducer. Guarded, at first, as to the extent of his indulgence, he fixed a limit to his potations. By degrees, his want of punctuality—his frequent absence from parade—his neglect of the neatness which so lately distinguished him, and the bloated appearance which he exhibited, eventually stamped upon every mind the conviction, that the once-envied E———, had fallen into the hopeless depth of confirmed intoxication. His society was avoided, and left to himself and his infatuation, he in a very short time was doomed to 'walk, like contempt, alone.' The war-office was quickly apprised of a change so disreputable to the corps, and to an officer who, a short time before, had constituted one of its most prominent ornaments. He narrowly escaped the disgrace of being cashiered, and was permitted, in consideration of his family, to retire on half-pay. With a heart-broken wife and four lovely boys he took up his residence in a provincial town in Ireland, half resolved to economize his now reduced finances. But he had given to the foe strength with which he could no longer compete. Though almost a beggar, he could not abstain from the intoxicating glass; and though his family were actually struggling with hunger, his last shilling was expended for the gratification of his darling passion. The wife of his bosom only served as an object on which to pour forth his execrations, and wreak the hoarded wrathfulness of the tavern; she trembled, as the inflamed brute reeled into his den; and their common offspring, pitying one parent and incensed with the other, sought in sleep a refuge from the horrors of domestic uproar, and the pangs of starvation. His unfortunate partner could bear it no longer; she appealed to her relatives, and they kindly readmitted her into the home, the comforts of which she had resigned for the hand of a monster. A neighbour took compassion on the children, and, on the slightest chance of remuneration, spread a table for them, when they were now, from continued destitution, brought down to the last stage of meagre and squalid penury. Luckily for himself, about this time, he was thrown into prison for the debts which his extravagance had accumulated; and there, confined as he was, to gaol allowance, his health was renewed, and hopes began to be entertained that the sober habits which the prison rules forced upon him, would be persevered in after his liberation. Nor was it a sight void of interest to see him in his cell, of a dreary winter's evening, instructing his group of boys, whom the gaoler allowed to visit him at stated hours; for his lessons were given with all the effect to be expected from the excellent education he had himself received. His sons, under his tuition, were now rapidly advancing. Their faculties strengthened and enlarged, and they looked forward to better days, when the scattered members of the family were to be reassembled, and when, though limited in circumstances, they were to impart mutual consolation and enjoyment. After repeated opposition on the part of his creditors, he was liberated. For some time his promises of reformation appeared to be sincere and well founded; but scarcely a month had elapsed from his liberation, until he had again sunk to the wind all his fair professions of amendment, his concern for his family, and for himself. Worn down by disappointment and despair, his wretched wife made no effort to ward off that death in which alone she could expect relief from her sufferings. She was buried by the parish, and her disconsolate sons 'went heavily' to let fall into the grave the gushing tears of those that mourn for their mother.

The wretched man himself, now given over to a reprobrate mind, appeared insensible to the desolation in which he stood; his children reduced to the alternative of starva-

tion, or begging a morsel from door to door. The brutal father now spurning them as aliens to his heart; his diminished income appearing too little for the gratification of his own maddening passion; and the man of high mind and feeling, is now seen addressing himself to those with whom he was formerly intimate—knocking at their door—intercepting them in the street—endeavouring to flatter or tease them into generosity, that he may purchase an hour's insensibility with the boon they gave.—At length, seized with the awful epidemic which was razing through the neighbourhood, in a few hours he was hurried to an untimely grave unpitied and unblest.

GENUINE INTREPIDITY.

A NARRATIVE OF FACTS.

The courage of the British Navy, has always born the impress of the same spirit, which it manifests in the present day. A century has passed away, and the sentiment of devotion to the cause of their country is unchanged—and unchangeable we are persuaded it will remain through the long lapse of future ages.

The conduct of a British officer, (who commanded the Nightingale frigate of thirty guns, in the reign of Queen Anne,) strongly points out the mighty power of valourous hope. The anecdote may not be uninteresting to many of our readers.

It was on the 5th of September, 1704, when, as the convoy of thirty-six sail of merchant-vessels, from the Texel, this honest seaman was met, nearly at the mouth of the Thames, by Commodore Langeron; who was at the head of six galleys, on his way to burn Harwich. The Frenchman thought the ships a desirable prize; and making all possible haste to ensure his good fortune, gave orders to have them invested by four of the galleys, while his galley with that of the Chevalier Mauvieux, should attack and master the frigate which protected them. The English captain having discovered the intentions of the enemy, directed the merchants to crowd sail for the Thames; and hoping to employ the galleys during this movement, he bore down upon them as if he intended to begin the battle. An officer, who was on board Langeron's vessel, thus describes the scene—

"We were soon within cannon shot; and accordingly the galley discharged her broadside. The frigate, silent as death, approached us without firing a gun. Our commodore smiled at this, for he mistook English resolution for cowardice: 'what! (cried he), is the frigate weary of bearing the British flag? and does she come to strike without a blow? The triumph was premature—the vessels drew nearer, and were within musket shot. The galley continued to pour in her broadside and small arms, while the frigate preserved the most dreadful stillness: she seemed resolved to reserve all her terrors for close engagement; but in a moment, as if suddenly struck with a panic, she tacked about and fled. Nothing was heard but boasting among our officers. All this time the frigate was in silence preparing the tragedy that was to ensue. Her flight was only a feint, and done with a view to entice us to board her in the stern. Our commodore in such an apparently favourable conjuncture, ordered the galley to board, and bade the helm's-man bury her beak in the frigate; but the frigate, who saw our design, so dexterously avoided our beak, as to wheel round, and place herself directly along-side of us. Now it was that the English captain's courage was manifested. As he had foreseen what would happen, he was ready with his grappling irons, and fixed us fast to his vessel. All in the galley were now as much exposed as on a raft; and the British artillery charged with grape shot, opened at once upon our heads. The masts were filled with smoke. A hand-grenade among us like hail: not Edwin fired that did not make dreadful havoc; no one terrified at so unexpected a carnage, no one of attacking, were even unable to make the other galleys, desecrating our distress, quitted their prey, and hastening towards us, surrounded; raked her deck from all quarters. Her longer able to keep their station: this and we prepared to board her. Twenty from each galley were sent on this ser-

Lane, and 3, Cecilia
addressed

Patent-office: by Abilany, in
city in Edinburgh,
John

no opposition at first; but hardly were they assembled on the deck, before they once again received an *English salute*. The officers of the frigate who were intrenched within the fore-castle, fired upon the boarders incessantly; and the rest of the crew doing similar execution through the gratings at last cleared the ship. Langeron scorned to be foiled, and ordered another detachment to the attack; it made the attempt, but met with the same success. Provoked with such repeated failures, our commodore determined that our hatchets should lay open her decks, and make the crew prisoners of war. Thus were all the ship's company prisoners, except the captain. He had taken refuge in the cabin; where from a small window in the door, he fired upon us unremittingly, and declared, when called upon to surrender, that he would spill the last drop of his blood before he would see the inside of a French prison. In this extremity it was thought best to summon the captain in gentle terms; and to promise him the most respectful treatment, if he would surrender. He only answered by firing as fast as possible. At length the last remedy was to be tried—to select a few resolute men, and to take him dead or alive. For this purpose a serjeant and twelve grenadiers were sent, with bayonets fixed to break open the cabin door; and, if he would not give up his arms, to run him through the body. The captain was prepared for every species of assault; and before the serjeant, who was at the head of the detachment, could execute his commission, the besieged shot him dead. The commodore ashamed of this pusillanimity, was forced again to have recourse to persuasion. A deputation was sent to the closed door; and the captain, ceasing to fire, condescended to hear their message. He returned a short answer, 'I now shall submit to my destiny: but as brave men should surrender only to the brave, bring your commander to me, for he alone amongst you has steadily stood his ground; and to him only will I resign my sword.' Everything being arranged, the door of the cabin was opened, and its dauntless defender appeared to us—in the person of a little hump-backed, pale-faced man, altogether as deformed in body as he was perfect in mind. The Chevalier Langeron complimented him on his bravery; and added, 'that his present captivity was but the fortune of war; and that he should have no reason to regret being a prisoner.' 'I feel no regret,' (replied the little captain,) 'my charge was the fleet of merchantmen; and my duty called me to defend them, though at the expence of my vessel.—I prolonged the engagement, until I saw from my cabin window, that they were all safe within the mouth of the Thames; and to have held out longer would have been obstinacy not courage. Your kind treatment of me may meet a return: my countrymen will pay my debt of gratitude; for the power which now yields me to your hands, may one day put you into theirs.' The noble boldness with which he expressed himself, charmed the commodore, he returned his sword to him with these words: 'Take, Sir, a weapon which no man better deserves to wear! Forget that you are my prisoner, but ever rememoer that we are friends.'

CURIOUS CALCULATIONS.

The number of inhabitants of a country or a city is almost renewed every thirty years, and in an age the human race is renewed three times and one-third. If we allow three generations for an age, and supposing that the world was only 5700 years old, there would be 171 generations since the creation of the world to our time, 124 since the deluge, and 53 since the Christian era; and as there is not a house that can prove its origin even the length of Charlemagne, it so follows, that the most ancient families are not able to trace their origin further back than 30 generations—there are even very few who can trace so far, without diving into fiction. But what signifies 1000 years of illustration to 4700 of obscurity? Out of a thousand infants nursed by the mother, three hundred die; of the same number committed to the strange nurses, 500 perish. The mortality of infants has terribly augmented during this luxurious age. Convulsions and dentition carry off the greatest part of them. Among 115 deaths, there may be reckoned one woman in child-bed; but only one in 400

dies in labour. The small-pox, in the natural way, usually carries off 8 out of a 100—by inoculation, one scarcely dies out of 300. It is observed, that more girls than boys die of the small-pox in the natural way. From calculations on the bill of mortality, there are 11 out of 3126 who reach the age of 100. More people live to a great age in elevated situations than those which are lower. The proportion of the deaths of women to those of men is 100 to 108; the probable duration of a woman's life is 60 years. Married women live longer than single. It has been found that the greatest number of deaths have been found in the month of March, and next to that August and September. In November, December, and February, there are fewest deaths. Out of a 1000 deaths, 249 take place in winter, 289 in spring, 225 in summer, and 237 in autumn. More die, therefore, in the spring than in any other season, but in large cities like London or Paris winter is the most fatal season. Why? Because more persons are in town in winter than in summer. The half of all who are born die before they reach the age of 17. The number of old persons who die during cold weather are to those who die during the warm weather as seven to four. The first month and especially the first day after birth, are marked by the greatest number of deaths. Of 2735 infants who die when very young, 1292 die on the first day, and the remainder during the first month.—According to the observations of Boerhaave, the healthiest children are born during the months of January, February, and March. The married women are to all the female inhabitants of a country as 1 to 3, and the married men to all the males as 3 to 5. The greatest number of births are in February and March; which answer to May and June. The number of twins is to that of the whole number of single births as 1 to 65. The number of marriages is to that of the inhabitants of a country as one hundred and seventy-five to 1000. In a country place there are on an average 4 children born of each marriage, in cities it cannot be reckoned more than three and a half. The number of widows are to those of widowers as 3 to 1. The number of widows is to the number of the whole inhabitants 5 to 31, that of widowers as 1 to 15.

Upon an equal space of ground there exists,			
In Iceland	1 man	In Germany	127
Norway	5	England	152
Sweden	14	France	153
Turkey	36	Italy	172
Poland	52	Naples	192
Spain	63	Venice	196
Ireland	99	Holland	224
Switzerland ...	114	Malt a.....	1103
Great Britain ..	119		

What a difference! Iceland is the poorest part of the world as to inhabitants, and Malta the richest. One fourth of the inhabitants of a country live commonly in cities, and three-fourths in villages. Of a thousand living men, there ought to be allowed 28 deaths.

REMEDY FOR THE GOUT.

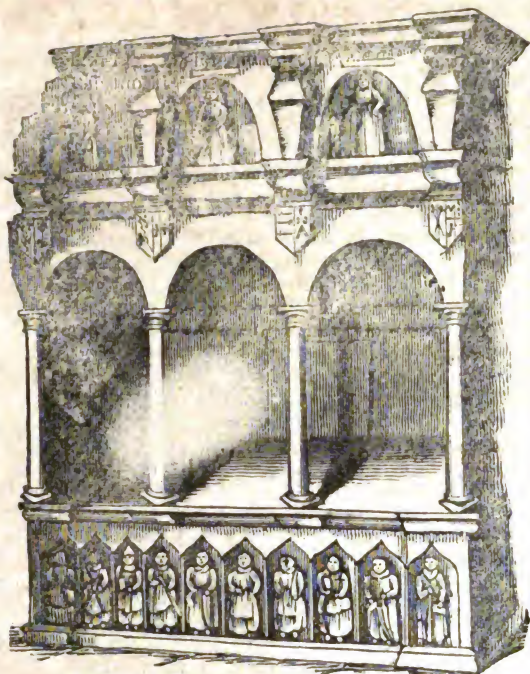
Dissolve two ounces of rosin of guaiacum in three pints of the best French brandy. One or two table spoonfuls of this solution are to be taken every morning fasting, taking afterwards either a cup of tea or glass of water.

CURE FOR DEAFNESS.

Fill a clean stone bottle, about the size of a blacking bottle, with hot water, lay the ear on the bottle as hot as it can be borne, so that the steam may ascend into it, every night when going to bed, for five or ten minutes.

FIRE ESCAPE APPARATUS.

The apparatus consists of three ladders sliding into each other; which are placed perpendicularly in the middle of a framed carriage, mounted on four wheels, which may be drawn by one horse, or six men—by a windlass the ladders wind out, so as to reach to the third story of a building—provision is also made for elevating and lowering a box, for the removal of property from the upper stories of a house, when the lower parts are on fire



SIR RICHARD SHEE'S MONUMENT,

ST. MARY'S, KILKENNY.

Kilkenny is remarkable, among other things, for its stately monuments. The tomb, of which a drawing is here given, is a mural monument, of the early part of the seventeenth century. It is to be seen in the old choir of St. Mary's Church, and, although the building in which it was erected is now in a state of ruin, the monument has not suffered much from the ravages of time. It is eleven and a half feet high by eight and a half. It was built about the year 1608.

The following notices, respecting the founder and his family, may not be uninteresting to some of our readers.

Sir Richard Shee, knight, of Uppercourt, in the County of Kilkenny, and of Cloran, in the County of Tipperary, a member of Gray's Inn, London, the representative of a very ancient Irish family, who became denizens in the fifteenth year of the reign of King Richard II. (1381), died at his Castle of Bonnestown, near Kilkenny, (as appears by inquisition,) August 10th, 1608. In the fifty-third number of this Journal is an extract from his will, which is altogether a very singular document. The following passages are extracted here, as having reference to the monument: "I bequeath my soul to God, &c. &c. and my bodye to be buried in my said ffather's buriall, in my parishe church of our Ladye, in Kilkennye. Executors of this my last will and testament, I doe make, constitute, and appoynte, my sonnes Lucas Shee, Marcus Shee, and John Shee: whom I doe appoynte to buylde a decent monument, of the value of 100 marks ster. over my saide buriall. And a chaplen to be kept, &c. as formerlye I advysed, wishing, if shee (viz. his second wife, Margaret Fagan) shall see allow thereof, that shee and I might be buried together in the new monument, soe to be buylded; and my late deare wyfe, Margaret Sherlocke's bodye, to be brought from the other monument thither with us."

Not far from the monument is Sir Richard Shee's Hospital, of which an account is given by Ledwich, with a long and interesting extract from his will relative to the foundation. The funds of the hospital have been in private hands since the year 1752, notwithstanding a royal charter. It is hoped they may yet be recovered. On the front of the hospital, facing Rose Inn-street, are the arms of the founder, with the following inscription in old English letters—"Insignia Ricardi Shee, Armigeri, qui hoc xenodochium fieri fecit, A. D. 1582;" and on the here are the arms of O'Shee, impaling those of Sherlock, with the inscription—"Insignia Ricardi Shee

et Margaretæ Sherlock uxoris ejus qui hoc xenodochium fieri fecerunt, A. D. 1582;" near which is a tablet, with the following words—"Verba Raphael in Tobias ca. 13. Eleemosina liberat a morte, purgat peccata, et facit viam ad misericordiam et vitam eternam."

The following are the armorial bearings on the several shields on the monument:—

First shield—a quartering the arms of Shee, (viz. argent, 3 pheons sable,) impaling the arms of Rothe, which was the name of Sir Richard Shee's mother.

Second shield—per bend indented, or and azure, two fleur de lys counterchanged, (the original arms of the family of Shee,) impaling the arms of Sherlock, viz. per pale argent and azure, two fleur de lys counterchanged.

Third shield—a quartering of the arms of Shee, (being gules, three swords in fess argent, hilted or, the center sword pointing to the sinister side,) impaling the arms of Fagan, a chevron, and in chief, three covered cups.

Fourth shield—a quartering of the arms of Shee, (gules, two swords in saltire, surmounted by a third point upwards, all argent, hilted or,) impaling the arms of Butler, with four quarterings, alluding, most probably, to the marriage of Lucas Shee, eldest son of Sir Richard, with Ellen Butler, daughter of Edmond, the second Lord Viscount Mountgarret.

Immediately above the shields is the following inscription, beautifully executed in an old and curious character—"Incluta Ricardi sunt hec insignia Shethi. Militis aurati Nobilis atque probi."

All the estates of Sir Richard Shee were forfeited, in the year 1641, by his grandson, Robert Shee, (son of the above Lucas,) in whose house, in Kilkenny, the confederate Catholics held their assembly. Uppercourt and Freshford, containing above two thousand acres, were granted to Roger Asken, in satisfaction of an arrear of two hundred pounds! and, soon after, an attempt was made, by Griffith Williams, Bishop of Ossory, to recover those estates for the church, Sir Richard Shee having procured them, as a fee farm, at a very low rate of rent, from Bishop Thomory, in the reign of Queen Mary, during the life time of Bale, the deposed bishop; this attempt, however, after much litigation, failed, owing, as the bishop complained, to the conduct of the sheriff in packing a jury. The bishop was more successful in recovering for the church Freinstown, a property similarly circumstanced, which Sir Richard Shee had left to his second son, Thomas Shee. A part of Cloran, one of the County Tipperary estates, which had been the inheritance of his ancestors since the eleventh century, was restored to Robert Shee, by the Court of Claims, and remained in possession of his family until disposed of, about the year 1750, by the late Edmond Shee of Cloran, the last proprietor, eldest son of Richard Shee of Cloran, by Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Michael Grace, of Gracefield. About the same period Edmond Shee disposed of the third part of the tithes of Kilmochhill, the property of Sir Richard Shee's Hospital, as has been alluded to before. His father, the last Richard Shee of Cloran, great grandson of Robert, died 30th May, 1743, leaving by his said wife, Elizabeth Grace, five sons and two daughters. His second son, Robert Shee, who married a daughter of Sir Patrick Bellew, was created a Count of France by Louis XVI, and is stated, in the "Memoirs of the Grace family," to have been created a senator by Louis XVIII; but none of Richard Shee's children left issue, except his eldest daughter Catherine, who married John Wright, Junior, of Clonkeen, in the County of Tipperary. She died in Kilkenny, in 1770, and was the last of this family who was buried in Sir Richard Shee's tomb.

It is impossible here to forget the history of the cruel and unmerited sufferings, in the year 1798, of her eldest son, the late Bernard Wright, of Clonmel; for the particulars of which the reader is referred to Plowden's History of Ireland, and to the debates in the Irish parliament for March, 1799, particularly the speeches of Mr. Hely Hutchinson, (afterwards Lord Donoughmore,) and the late Colonel Bagwell, which reflect the highest honour on these distinguished members of the Irish parliament.

There is another monument in St. Mary's Choir, to

the memory of Elias Shee, brother of Sir Richard. He died in 1613, as appears by the following inscription :—

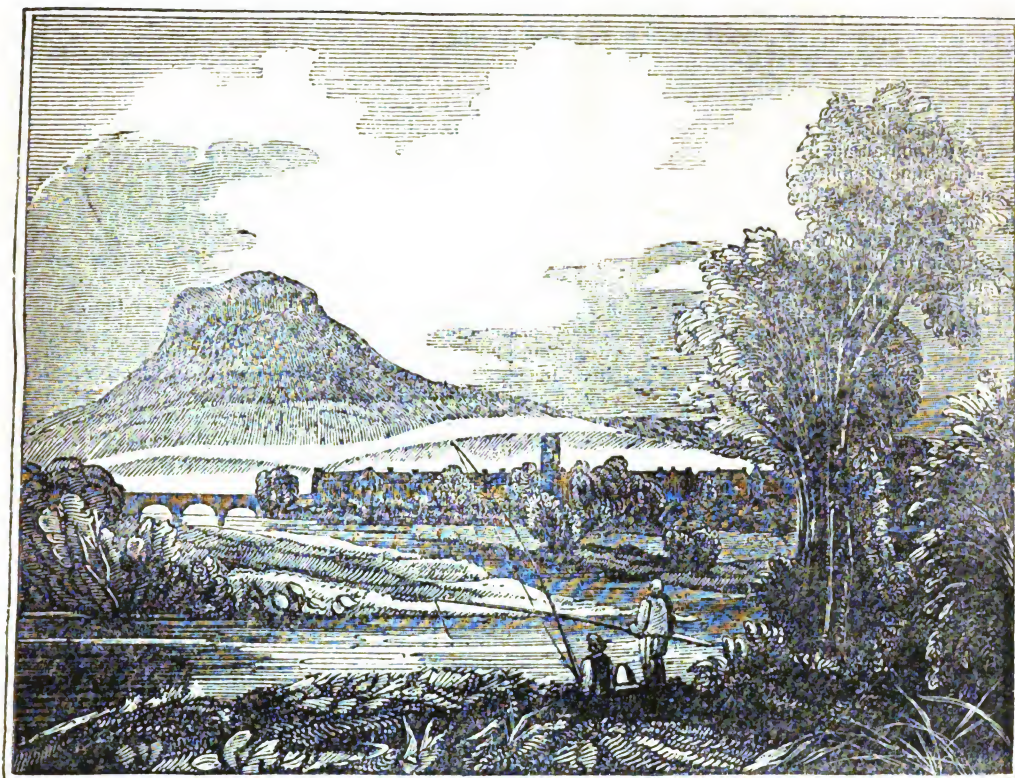
HELIX SHEE ARMIGERO MULTIS NATURÆ
DOTIBUS AC MULTIPPLICIS DOCTRINÆ ORNA
MENTIS CONSPICUO CONIVGI SUAVISSIMO
CHARISSIMA UXOR MARGARETA ARCHER
MÆSTA POSUIT OBIIT DIE 27 JULII, A. D. 1613.

The tomb is also covered with curious inscriptions in Latin verse, some of which have been preserved by Ledwich. He seems not to have been unworthy of some of the eulogiums recorded in his epitaph, for Holingshed speaks thus of him in his chronicles—"Elias Sheth, borne in Kilkenny, sometime scholer of Oxford, a gentleman of a passing good wit, a pleasant conceited companion, full of mirth without gall. He wrote in English divers sonnets."

The present Sir George Shee, Bart. and Sir Martin

Archer Shee, President of the Royal Academy, claim to be descended from this Elias Shee.

Thomas Shee, of Freinstown, Sir Richard Shee's second son, left no issue; but the estates of his grandson, Richard Shee, of Sheestown, son of Sir Richard Shee's third son, Marcus Shee, the fee of which was, by Sir Richard Shee's will, reserved to the descendants of his eldest son, Lucas Shee, were forfeited in the year 1641, and subsequently restored by the Court of Claims. John Power O'Shee, of Gardenmorres, in the County of Waterford, and of Sheestown, in the County of Kilkenny, is the descendant and representative of this branch of the family. The late Field Marshal Clarke, Duc de Feltre, was maternally descended from a younger son of Marcus Shee, of Sheestown, (Sir Richard Shee's third son,) his mother being the sister of Henry Shee, of Landrecies, the Prefect of Paris, who was advanced to the peerage by Louis XVIII.



VILLAGE OF CUSHENDALL

The neat little village of Cushendall is situated on the Antrim coast, on the route from Belfast to the Giant's Causeway by Carrickfergus, between Glenarm and Ballycastle. It is supposed to take its name from Dallas, a predatory Scot, who is said to have fallen by the hand of Ossian. In its immediate vicinity, in a very prominent situation, stands a handsome school-house, built some time since by Mr. Turnley. On the site of the school-house may be traced the remains of a very extensive fortification, called Court Mac-Martin; and on the shore are several remarkable caverns, at one time the residence of a number of smugglers and pirates. The square tower, in the centre of the village, is a little prison, erected also by Mr. Turnley, for the punishment and safe keeping of offenders.

In proceeding to Ballycastle, by the little village of Cushendun, three miles distant, very pleasing and, in many instances, much romantic scenery is presented to the view;—the very handsome hill of Lurgaidan, with its limestone base, and flat basaltic summit, 1100 feet high, clothed with the finest verdure—the lofty Tievebuelli, rising 1,235 feet, and capped with a deep covering of basalt—and the still loftier and yet more majestic Trostan, in the distance, rising to the height of 1,600 feet.

By many this is supposed to be the real country of

Ossian—not long since his grave was pointed out near the shore, by persons resident in the neighbourhood—several of his poems having been handed down orally from father to son, and still repeated with great correctness by some of the old persons in the neighbourhood.

SIMPLE SCIENCE—MERCURY.

Mercury or quicksilver is, for the most part, brought from the East Indies and Peru; but is also found, in great abundance, in Almaden in Spain, where it is extracted from the ore by distillation. In this latter place it has been raised in such quantities, that, in the year 1717, there remained above 1700 tons of it in the magazine, after the necessary quantity had been exported to Peru, for the use of the gold and silver mines there. The mine of Guanica Velica, in Peru, is 1020 feet in circumference, and 2880 deep. In this profound abyss are seen streets, squares, and a chapel, where religious mysteries, on all festivals, are celebrated. Thousands of flambeaux are continually burning to enlighten it. The mine generally affects those who work in it with convulsions, yet the unfortunate victims of an insatiable avarice are plunged *naked* into these abysses. Tyranny has invented this refinement in cruelty to render it impossible for any

thing to escape its restless vigilance. Quicksilver is also found, in considerable quantity, at Idria, a town in the circle of Lower Austria; the mines there have been wrought constantly for 300 years, and are thought, on an average, to yield 100 tons annually. It is likewise found in Hungary and China, and is seen in globules in some earths and stones in America, and collected from the clefts of rocks there.

Mercury is generally found in ore, the most valuable of which is called *native amalgam*, and contains 64 parts of mercury and 35 of silver. It is a white fluid metal, having the appearance and brilliancy of melted silver, and, in this state, has neither taste or smell, and is extremely divisible. Excepting platinum and gold, it is the heaviest metal, being 13½ times heavier than water. We see mercury always in a *fluid* state, because it is so very fusible, that a small proportion of heat is able to keep it in a state of fluidity. It was formerly imagined that the fluid state was essential to it, but Professor Braun being engaged in experiments on the power of freezing mixtures, and having perceived that one of his thermometers was stationary, he broke the bulb, and found the mercury completely congealed; and, in the winter of 1799, Mr. Peppys froze 20 pounds of it into a solid and malleable mass; and at Hudson's Bay frozen mercury has been lately reduced to sheets almost as thin as common paper, by beating it upon an anvil that had been previously reduced to the same temperature.

It is one of the laws of nature, that all bodies expand as they acquire heat; and this may be readily proved by taking tightly a piece of iron wire to slip through a ring, and making it red hot, when it will be found so far increased in size as not to enter it. Mercury possesses this quality, in an eminent degree, being peculiarly susceptible of heat, for which it has so great a capacity or affinity, that it absorbs a sufficient quantity from our atmosphere to keep it constantly in a fluid state. It is owing to this property of expanding *readily*, by every addition of heat, that it is used in making thermometers. After procuring a glass tube, with a bulb at one end, the thermometer maker puts the usual quantity of mercury into it, and, by applying sufficient heat, expands it until it fills the tube, forcing out, as it rose, all the air; the tube is then hermetically sealed, and, as the mercury cools, it proportionally sinks, and is then affixed to a graduated scale, on which is marked the degrees of heat, which any medium is said to have attained, when it is able to impart sufficient heat to the mercury to raise it level with that degree. For instance, to tell the heat of water, it is only necessary to keep the thermometer in it a few moments, when the quicksilver will expand or rise in proportion to the warmth of the water. As a proof of the rapidity with which mercury absorbs heat, some of it, which had been frozen, was placed in a glass of warm water; it immediately became liquid, while the water was as immediately frozen, and, by the rapidity of the action, the glass was shattered into a thousand pieces. It will also give up the heat it contains with considerable quickness.

It is enough to excite our admiration, at the wisdom of the Almighty Maker of the universe, that all bodies do not receive or yield up their heat as readily as mercury, when we consider, that did not the earth hold it with greater tenacity, in many parts, where the cold is often 20 degrees below the freezing point, the various families of vegetables, for the preservation of which heat is essentially necessary, would perish. But nature has not only provided the earth with this affinity and tenacity for heat, but has ordained it so, that whenever the atmosphere is reduced to 32 degrees, the water it holds in solution becomes frozen, and is precipitated in the form of snow—thus covering the earth, as with a carpet, through which the colder air cannot attract a large quantity of that heat which it is so necessary for it to retain. Some of the earths are so very slow conductors of heat, that the red hot balls, employed by the garrison of Gibraltar to destroy the Spanish floating batteries, were carried from the furnaces to the bastions in wooden barrows, with only a layer of sand interposed, and this was found sufficient to prevent the balls setting fire to the wood.

Quicksilver is so extremely divisible, that it may be strained through the pores of leather by moderate pressure, and thus freed from dust and other impurities. Dr. Paris, however, states, that it is sometimes adulterated by an alloy of lead and bismuth; and that, when so adulterated, the method above will not purify it, for although the alloy should exceed one-fourth of the entire bulk, it will pass with the mercury through the leather.

A singular paradox has been pointed out by Mr. Chenevix, in the amalgamation of mercury with platinum—for although mercury is 13½ times, and platinum 21 times, heavier than water, yet the mixture will be only 11½ times as heavy.

Several of the uses of mercury were known to the ancients. Theophrastus, a Greek philosopher, who wrote about 300 years before Christ, was acquainted with it, and knew how to treat it, so as to form vermilion; which beautiful scarlet pigment is a composition of sulphur and mercury. Europe has, hitherto, been furnished with it, by the Dutch manufacturers, of greater beauty than any which has come from other markets, excepting the Chinese, which comes in small packets, and is nearly the colour of fine lake. In South America mercury is used to separate gold and silver from the extraneous matters found with them. By triturating the mass with mercury, these metals, for which it has a great affinity, become amalgamated with it; and, afterwards, this amalgam is submitted to heat, by which the mercury is evaporated, leaving the precious metals in a state of purity. It is used also in gilding copper watch-cases, buttons, &c. which are first cleaned with weak aqua fortis, and then plunged in a diluted solution of mercury—the mercury attaches itself to the copper, and thus causes the gold to adhere, because of the affinity existing between the mercury and it; heat is then applied, and the mercury being volatilized, leaves the gold on the copper. Mercury is used in the preparation of many of the most valuable medicines—calomel, corrosive sublimate, red and white precipitate, are all manufactured from it; and, also, a fulminating powder, which might, in some instances, be advantageously employed in blasting rocks, as its immediate force is much greater than that of gunpowder. E. B.

COMPLAINTS OF OCTOBER.

In the early part of this month, it is sufficiently warm in the middle of the day, and in some years the atmosphere is as tranquil as it usually is in the month of September; but the rain now begins to fall, the equinoctial winds strip the trees of their foliage, and join the rainy season in giving the last blow to the heats of summer, the evenings and mornings become more chill, and therefore it must be expected that diseases will become numerous and severe.

In October inflammatory diseases, and particularly those which affect the chest, increase greatly in number and variety of appearance. Fevers also begin now to shew themselves, although it is perhaps not until November, that the bad forms of fever appear in any great number.

Rheumatism indeed is occasionally met with, but the class of diseases which more particularly prevails in October, is inflammation of the respiratory organs in some of the numerous varieties of disorders of the chest.

But here again we may see how great a difference variation of circumstances makes in the same disease. The chest diseases of spring are totally different from those which occur in autumn; nay, indeed, they would seem to be diseases really of a different part. In spring pleurisy, and under that name must be comprehended all those pains in the side and stitches which occur at that season, abounds, whilst the coughs are all dry and hard, and the attendant fever violent in a degree. In the chest complaints of autumn, on the contrary, pleurisy does not often appear; pains in the side are very seldom complained of, the coughs are hoarse and barking, they are usually attended at an earlier period of the disease by a copious, and in the latter periods, a sticky expectoration, and the attendant fever does not bear the use of the ha-

cet so well as in the former part of the year ; in short the inflammation is not, as in the spring, seated in that membrane which covers the lungs, and lines the cavity of the chest, but it resides in the substance of the lungs themselves, or more commonly in the membrane which lines the organ of voice, or its continuation the wind-pipe, the air-tubes and terminating air-cells of the lungs. Thus, it is seen, that the inflammatory diseases of autumn belong chiefly to the lungs, and we therefore meet with hoarseness, influenza, and other sneezing colds, loss of voice, convulsive coughs, and diseases which put on the appearance of croup ; whilst in spring, although cases of similar disease sometimes occur just as the spring-form of chest complaints is occasionally met with in autumn, the majority of cases, as we have before said, put on a very different appearance. Of course more care is required to avoid these dangerous complaints than is necessary in the month of September, and the caution is more particularly applicable to the case of very old or very young subjects. The asthmas of old people are closely allied to the forms of chest complaint, of which we have spoken : and with regard to children, it is now that we meet with those hoarse influenza-like colds, which run through whole families without even permitting the elder branches to escape.—The adoption of much warmer clothing, and thus preventing the skin from being too much and too suddenly chilled, and the use of fire as soon as the mornings and evenings become uncomfortably cold, form, perhaps, the best preservative against the attack of diseases, such as have been described above.

But this is perhaps the time when our forefathers bled and took physic. The practice, although it is now much neglected, was assuredly beneficial to many persons ; yet as far as our experience has gone, it is more useful in spring when the body is braced up to its highest pitch of tone than at the fall of the year, when it may be considered to be somewhat enervated by the relaxing effects of the preceding hot weather, and the increase of innutritious food by which it was accompanied. On the whole, therefore, violent evacuations are not to be recommended in autumn.

AMUSEMENT AT PARTIES.

Music is a very delightful thing, but at large parties it is seldom enjoyed—it is, however, the order of the day.—Certain it is, that of the great overpowering number of persons collected to listen to it, there is not one in twenty qualified to judge even of vocal, much less of instrumental music ; indeed a lesson of the finest composer played with exquisite taste and execution, I have often found the general *dechainment* of tongues—even those who were silent before talked then, by the same sort of secret sympathy which swells the notes of the canary bird in his cage, to overpower the conversation—a circle is formed round the instrument, talking a *qui mieux mieux*. Large parties would prove more pleasant if the sphere of amusement were enlarged—there might be liberty to sit and converse. If reading was cultivated as an *accomplishment*, it might be made to contribute much to the entertainment—short passages either humorous or pathetic. From the yawning and stretching, as well as the opposite symptoms of restlessness and impatience displayed at parties, it would seem that we have not yet discovered the secret of combining engagement with pleasure, and of making the passage of time imperceptible by a well devised succession of interesting amusement.

In small circles *conversation* might, if rightly understood and assiduously cultivated, be made the instrument of very superior gratification ; but few persons possess that spring of mind which flows always abundantly, and sometimes to waste, with knowledge, temper, and discretion in the perfection essential to conversation ; few combine the happy art of repressing themselves and of exciting others—of preserving harmony, and at the same time of exciting discussion—of keeping back disagreeable subjects and making the best selection of those that are agreeable—and of sustaining pleasantry without stumbling into rudeness and personality. Some ingenious woman (for they know more of the matter than men) could write a treatise upon this subject, and give lively instances of the

good, bad, and indifferent styles. If it were done with spirit, humour, and good sense, it would certainly prove more amusing as well as instructive than *craniocopy* or *mnemonics*. Swift has made the way easy by his polite conversation, and rendered one chapter unnecessary—that on truisms, vulgarisms, and cant phrases.

SYNONOMY.

It is essential to the thorough knowledge of our language, to be able to distinguish accurately between words generally considered synonymous ;—upon this, strength, perspicuity, and elegance of style, materially depend ; and what follows (which has been chiefly suggested by the Abbé Girard's celebrated *Synonymes Français*) is given in the hope of exciting some of our correspondents to join with us in the endeavour to fix the true significations of words, and their appropriate application.

SELF-SUFFICIENT, IMPORTANT, ARROGANT.

The self-sufficient man goes a step beyond the *self-possessed*, and is, consequently, more apt to fall into error—his judgment may be strong, but is seldom well-regulated, and is generally dashed with vanity. The important man superadds somewhat of pride to an over-weening estimate of his own powers, and is something like gold lace upon an old fashioned scarlet waistcoat. The arrogant man has almost always some spice of badness of heart in his disposition, which betrays itself in the despotism of his opinions. We avoid the self-sufficient, laugh at the important, and detest the arrogant. The first are found, in considerable abundance, in the professions called liberal, the second in public offices, and the third amongst the race of minute philosophers, of the Scotch school particularly, who moot inconceivable points, of which I shall give one specimen, more for the sake of recording Dr. Johnson's opinion, than of stating the subject matter of discussion, which was no less important an inquiry, than whether so many human creatures would now be on the face of the earth, if existence, instead of being imposed upon them, had been at their option. Much of this, Johnson, in reply to one of these sages, said, would depend upon the place of birth, and that he believed if that spot were *Scotland*, the *option* would be easily decided, and the ranks of the human race thinned beyond all possible computation.

TO IMITATE—TO COPY.

The first is generally a mark of quickness of mind, the second of barrenness—imitation is employed upon useful subjects ; copying on comparatively trifling ones. We may imitate a man's virtues, or his style, or his politeness ; but we copy his foibles, the eccentricities of his manner, or the peculiarities of his dress ;—imitation terminates often in improvement, copying in still inferior mediocrity, and places the individual in the abject class of mimics, nine in ten of whom go out of themselves, without going into other people. On the stage, except Garrick, no mimic ever was a good actor, upon this very principle ; for the intelligent performer endeavours to imitate general nature, and not to copy her in detail. Garrick sought in Bedlam for many of his traits in Lear, and Foote abused the hospitality of a Welsh gentleman's family, to glean the absurdities of Cadwalader. This marks the minds of the two men, and kept Foote in the trammels of buffoonery, though he had received a liberal education, while Garrick reached the summit of his profession, and was an ornament to it.—The Chinese are servile copyists, and are behind every other nation in proficiency in art and science. The savages of Botany Bay are most expert mimics, yet the greatest savages on the face of the earth, without religion, laws, or even the vestige of social institution.

RESEMBLANCE—CONFORMITY

These are terms which designate the existence of the same qualities in different subjects, but the first refers chiefly to corporeal coincidences, the latter to intellectual—there is a resemblance between features, and a conformity between minds.

INEQUALITY—DISPARITY.

These terms denote a difference, the first in quantity, and the second in quality. There is an inequality be-

tween the height of two persons, and disparity in their intellects.

JOY—GAIETY.

These terms signify an agreeable state of the mind, arising from the possession of good, or the enjoyment of pleasure—the first springs from the heart, and is enrolled amongst the passions, and like them can rise to an excess. Gaiety belongs rather to the temperament, and is often the consequence of a healthy well balanced constitution, in which the blood circulates cheerily, and the animal spirits feel no obstruction from the invasion of pain, or the minings of chronic disease. Joy must be acted upon and excited; gaiety, on the contrary, is spontaneous, and diffuses sunshine over society, which is much more indebted to the cheerful than to the joyous—vanity is generally the companion of gaiety, but it is a pardonable foible in him who employs his hours in exhilarating despondency, and driving forward the machine of social happiness. Joy is opposed to sorrow, and gaiety to melancholy.

FRAIL—FRAGILE.

Both these terms denote weakness—the first in subjects which can be bent, the second in those which can be broken. We speak of the *frailty* of the support of the reed, and compare it, not unaptly, to the general run of friendship, and of the *fragility* of glass, and of promises.

ANECDOTE OF A YOUNG IRISH OFFICER.

Before one of the battles of the old German war, in which the English army obtained so much glory, when the two hostile armies were drawn up opposite to each other, waiting for the signal to charge; the horse of a young Irish cornet, named Richardson, took fright and suddenly darted forward from the line, and in spite of all his riders exertions, carried him into the midst of a squadron of French cavalry. The enemy immediately surrounded him, and all vied with each other for the honor of seizing the English standard; but with a generosity which then characterized them, they wished, if possible, to obtain it without sacrificing the life of one whom they already considered their prisoner. They, however, cut at his arm, hoping thus to force him to drop his charge. He was totally defenceless; one hand grasping the standard, the other holding the reins—but he kept firm, and as they cried, *cédez le'étendard*, his only answer was '*Oui, avec le bras*.'* The crowd of combatants impeded each other, and the impetuosity of his charger prevented the effect of many of their blows. He received several severe wounds, which however, failed of changing his determination. He remained resolute to be cut down rather than forfeit the honour of the regiment. At length the unruly beast, making a sudden turn, broke through the throng and bore him safely back to his friends, who received with astonishment and transport the young hero and the standard. He lived to be an old man, and has frequently repeated the story to his intimate friends, and showed his arm, all seamed with the gashes he had received in that glorious struggle.

* Surrender the standard—Yes, with my arm.

DEATH WATCH.

Wallis in his History of Northumberland, gives the following account of the insect so called, whose ticking has been thought by ancient superstition to forebode death in a family. The small scarab, called the Death Watch, *Scarabæus gallarus pulsator*, is frequently found among dust and decayed rotten wood, lonely and retired. It is one of the smallest of the Vagipemia, of a dark brown, with irregular light brown spots, the belly plicated, and the wrings under the cases pellucid; like other beetles the helmet turned up, as it is supposed for hearing, the upper lip, hard and shining. By its regular pulsations, like the tickings of a watch, it sometimes surprises those who are strangers to its nature and properties—who fancy its beatings portends a family change, and the shortening of the thread of life. Put into a box, it may be seen and heard in the act of pulsation, with a small proboscis against the side of it, for food more probably than for hyemeneal pleasure, as some have fancied. He furnishes us

too with the means to avert the omen, as given by the satirist, well known as Dean Swift.

"But a kettle of scalding water injected,
Infallibly cures the timber affected;
The omen is broken, the danger is over,
The maggot will die, and the sick will recover."

Grose tells us, "the clicking of a Death Watch is an omen of the death of some one in the house where it is heard."

W. S. W.

* * It is supposed by some that the male spider is supplied with a little bladder somewhat similar to a small drum, and that ticking noise which has been termed the death-watch, is nothing more than the sound he makes upon this little apparatus, in order to serenade and allure his mistress.

THE BEST OF WIVES.

A TALE.

A man had once a vicious wife;
(A most uncommon thing in life)
His days and nights were spent in strife
Unceasing.

Her tongue went glibly all day long,
Sweet contradiction still her song,
And all the poor man did was wrong,
And ill done.

A truce without doors or within,
From speeches long as statesmen spin,
Or rest from her eternal din,
He found not.

He ev'ry soothing art display'd;
Tried of what stuff her skin was made:
Failing in all, to heav'n he pray'd
To take her.

Once walking by a river side,
In mournful terms "My Dear," he cried,
"No more let feuds our peace divide,
"I'll end them.

"Weary of life, and quite resign'd,
"To drown I have made up my mind,
"So tie my hands as fast behind,
"As can be:

"Or nature may assert her reign,
"My arms assist, my will restrain,
"And swimming, I once more regain
"My troubles."

With eager haste the dame complies,
While joy stands glist'ning in her eyes,
Already in her thoughts he dies
Before her.

"Yet, when I view the rolling tide,
"Nature revolts," he said, "beside
"I would not be a suicide,
"And die thus:

"It would be better far, I think,
"While close I stand upon the brink,
"You push me in—nay, never shrink,
"But do it."

To give the blow the more effect,
Some twenty yards she ran direct,
And did what she could least expect
She could do.

He slips aside, himself to save,
So souse she dashes in the wave,
And gave, what ne'er before she gave,
Much pleasure.

"Dear husband, help! I sink!" she cried.
"Thou best of wives!" the man replied,
"I would—but you my hands have tied.
"God help ye!"

DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 12, Temple Lane, and 3, Cecilia Street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.
Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Finnerley-alley, Paternoster-row; in Liverpool, by Willmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Ansberry; in Birmingham by Drake; in Nottingham, by Wright; in Edinburgh, by R. Grant and Son; in Glasgow, by J. Niven, Jun.

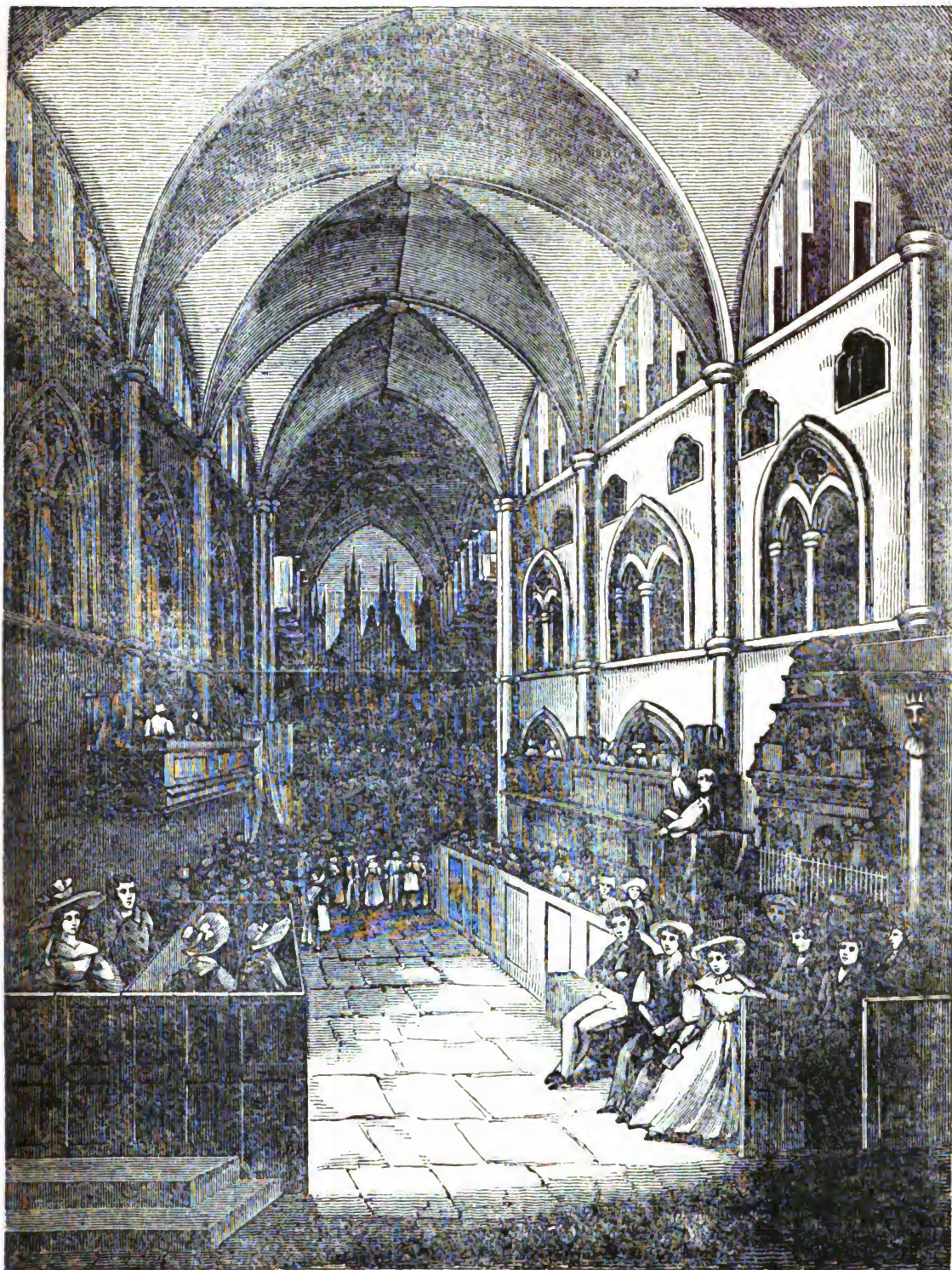
THE
DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 70. Vol. II.

P. D. HARDY, 3, CECILIA STREET.

NOVEMBER 2, 1833.



Drawn by Hutchinson,

Engraved by Clayton.

INTERIOR OF ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.

VOL. II.—NO. 18.

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ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL DUBLIN.

The Cathedral of St. Patrick's although inferior in grandeur and dimensions to many similar structures in England, is an extensive, a commanding, and an interesting building. Its external claims to admiration are, however, rendered of little avail by the offensive character of the approaches. Its situation also, being erected on the lowest ground in the city, is decidedly unfavorable, and communicates to the whole pile an air of unusual and oppressive gloom.

The prevailing architectural character throughout the exterior is that of the early pointed style, with not a few incongruous additions, probably the improvements of later days. From the N. W. angle of the building rises a square tower of fair proportions, composed of blue limestone. Erected under the care of Archbishop Minot, about the year 1370; this has been sparingly ornamented, but from the nature of the stone and the accumulation of smoke or soot, these details are nearly illegible.

A spire formed of granite, which has been, not inaptly, termed a huge extinguisher, was added in 1740. The height of the square steeple is one hundred and twenty feet, and that of the spire one hundred and one, making a total elevation of two hundred and twenty-one feet.

The interior is principally divided into a Nave with side aisles, a south transept comprising the chapter-house, a north transept lately rebuilt, and occupied as the parish church of St. Nicholas without. A choir having lateral aisles, and a lady chapel to the eastward of the choir and chancel. The whole is in the pointed style, and in the simple and unadorned mode of design which marks the first regular structures of this species of architecture.

The nave is separated from its aisles by unornamented arches sustained by octangular columns. The choir is on a more liberal scale, and is more highly furnished than the nave. This division of the structure displays the original plan in every leading particular, except where cumbrous monuments or cathedral furniture engross the space between the pillars or otherwise interfere with the general effect. The arches which divide the centre from the aisles are narrow and high pointed, having clustered columns or rather piers, each component shaft of which finishes in a small and single capital, composed of foliage. There are two ranges of triforia, the arches of the lower tier being separated by a slender central column that assists in forming two smaller arches beneath the sweep of each pointed opening. The mouldings are in general plain and the ornaments are chiefly confined to the capitals of the various columns. Two trifling particulars of embellishment, however, demand notice; these exhibit the same device that occurs on coins issued by King John, when in Ireland, viz. a blazing star in a crescent; and are placed on the columns at the eastern termination of the prebendal stalls. An enlargement of the choir has evidently taken place in that direction, as the centre of the transept is now within the limits of the choir.

The roof was originally of stone, but was removed on account of its decayed state, and the present ceiling of stucco, said to be an exact counterpart has been substituted. It is vaulted and groined by simple intersecting ribs or cross-springs; the windows are all of the triple-arched lancet form. The archbishops throne is of oak, as are the prebendal stalls, and also those used by the Knights of St. Patrick, over each of which waves the banner of the installed, surmounted by the sword and helmet of the knight; and a fine organ is placed in the screen which divides the nave and choir.

The chapter house or south transept, exhibits little variation from the character of the body of the cathedral, and the same mode of design is preserved in the lady chapel, to the east of the chancel.

The sepulchral monuments are numerous; some of them possess considerable interest, though scarcely any are remarkable for excellence of design or execution of workmanship; the most prominent in the nave is that to the memory of Dr. Narcissus Marsh, successively Archbishop of Dublin and Armagh. It occupies the arch between the fourth and fifth columns on the south side.—An inscription in latin is placed on a tablet beneath a canopy, and on each side are duplicated columns of the Corinthian order. On the second column from the west gate, on the same side, is a black marble slab bearing an

inscription to the memory of Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, who lies interred beneath. This inscription was composed by himself, and emphatically records the severity with which he felt the stings of folly and vice, and the ardour with which he contended in the cause of a suffering country. A bust of the deceased is placed over the inscriptional flag, which bust was presented to the chapter by Alderman Faulkener, his publisher.

Near Swift's remains lie those of Mrs. Johnston, his celebrated Stella; and on the pillar next to that, bearing his monument, is a tablet charged with an inscription to her memory.

The most ancient monument in this part of the church is now fixed to the wall on the north side of the western door, to which place it was removed from a decayed chapel at the west end of the south aisle; it commemorates Archbishop Michael Tregury, who died in 1471.—His effigies in pontificals are rudely sculptured on a plain slab, surrounded by the inscription in gothic characters.

In the south transept is a fine modern monument to the memory of the late Serjeant John Ball, erected as a token of respect and esteem by his fellow-barristers.

The most conspicuous monument in the choir is situated near the eastern end of the south wall, and was erected early in the reign of Charles the First, by Richard, the "great" earl of Cork. Mr. Brewer says this is the most lofty sepulchral monument he had ever seen. It is divided into four stories, and contains sixteen figures, representing as many members of the founder's family. It is of black stone with ornamental particulars of carved wood, and is painted and gilt. At the top is the well known motto—"God's Providence is our inheritance;" and on the front of a black marble table in the second story, is a lengthy, genealogical and biographical inscription.

On the floor of the upper story is the effigies of Dr. Robert Weston, grandfather of the Countess of Cork, who is represented in his robes, as Chancellor. On the floor of the third story are the statues of Sir Geoffry and Lady Alice Fenton, parents of the countess, kneeling before open books, their hands clasped in the attitude of prayer. In the second story are the recumbent statues of the earl and countess of Cork, in their robes, mantles, and coronets; beneath the arches in the basement story, and also at the head and feet of the earl and countess, are the figures of several of their children in a kneeling posture, with folded hands. This costly and elaborate monument was originally placed against the east wall, in the part originally and now occupied by the altar, but was removed, much to the chagrin of the earl of Cork, chiefly through the interference of Archbishop Laud and the earl of Strafford.

On the opposite side a lofty monument to the memory of Thomas Jones, Archbishop of Dublin, who died in 1619, occupies one of the arches of the choir, much to the injury of the architectural effect; it presents the effigy of the deceased, but is not remarkable for beauty of design.

Near this monument is a mural tablet of black marble to the memory of Frederick, Duke Schomberg, who fell at the battle of the Boyne. It appears his remains were removed here immediately after the battle, where they lay until the 10th of July, and were then deposited under the altar. To the disgrace of his family, the spot of his sepulture was suffered to remain destitute of any monumental tribute, until the tablet mentioned above was erected by Dean Swift, in the year 1731, and the severity with which he composed the latin inscription, although it gave offence at the time, redounds to his honor.

There are in different parts of the church sepulchral memorials, comprising brasses fixed on the walls, amongst which may be noticed those of Sir Henry Wallop, of Farley Wallop, in the county of Southampton, Lord Justice "almost by the space of two years," in the time of queen Elizabeth. He died in 1579. Sir Edward Fitton, of Saulworth, in the county of Chichester, 1579: and Anne, his wife, 1573. Several Archbishops are also here interred, but without such monumental tributes as deserve notice; and in the north lateral aisle of the choir is an antique stone coffin. There are some other monuments which we shall more particularly notice, and of which we shall give engravings.

EDWARD COLLINS.

A TRUE STORY.

No couple could live more happily together for five years than Edward and Ellen Collins, during which time three children blest their union, two of whom died at a very early age; but the first born, a beautiful little girl, remained.

'Twas the approach of Christmas, and in those days when that happy time was hailed with pleasure by the peasant and the mechanic, music was heard under the windows for many nights successively, and all seemed joy and gladness of heart. How altered are the times now. No waits now break the still gloom of the winter's night, or cheer the few mechanics who sit up to finish their labours. No servant is now called before day-light to brighten her kitchen utensils. Now no poet composes the new carol, nor even are the old ones repeated or sung. All seem mute and melancholy. 'Tis true, indeed, that the season is observed by some; but it is only looked to as a time of drunkenness and immorality. But to turn back to the good old times.

A week or so before the festival, Edward Collins left his home with four pounds in his pocket, to buy his Christmas beef, coals, groceries, &c. Evening came, no Edward returned. Ellen sat by the window in sad suspense anxiously awaiting his return; her little girl sat in the middle of the floor neglected and unheeded, playing with some little toys. At length wearied with disappointed hope, Ellen's patience forsook her, she could remain no longer in suspense. Heedless of the interrogatories of her infant, she snatched her cloak and out she ran. After searching many places in vain, she returned home, and although in frantic plight, still indulging the pleasing expectation that Edward might have returned during her absence—but her hopes were vain; nothing had been heard of or from him. She found her dear little infant with its head resting on the sill of the window where it had cried itself to sleep, and removing it gently to its bed, again rushed forth in the hope of receiving some information relative to her husband. Returning home the second time in a state of distraction, she recollected that he had hold her while at breakfast, that he had a tavern near George's-quay to call to, to regulate some bells.—This cast a momentary gleam of joy over her hopes.—Away she ran to the place, where she learned that he had been robbed of the four pounds, and that he had gone in pursuit of a person who was suspected. This intelligence in some degree relieved her mind, thinking within herself that he had overtaken the thief, and had thereby been detained. But hope had only been revived to find again a still greater depression. Twelve o'clock was struck in long and heavy chimes, by the parish clock—still no Edward. The whole long night she sat by the window, her attentive ear marking every distant foot-step. At last the lazy winter's morn broke the murky mist—but no Edward returned.

Bills were now posted in every direction. 'Twas all in vain—no information—no gleam of hope shot a ray across her benighted soul. She now got boats with drags, thinking he might, in pursuing the robber to some of the coal barges, have fallen or been thrown overboard; and by the persuasions of an old woman, used the charm of the floating sheaf, and every time the eddies would turn it, did she order the drag to the spot.

She was at length informed that had a person answering the description of her husband been seen on the quay the day before mentioned, it would be impossible for him to escape the press-gang; a tender having dropt down the channel, and there having been a hot press for men all the week, but on that day in particular they had made a sweeping haul.

After some further enquiry she found herself in some degree relieved. She hastened home, kissed her child, telling her that her father would soon return. But this instead of setting her young mind at rest made her more anxious. She daily continued to tease her poor afflicted mother with—"Oh my, oh my, when will dada come home? I wonder what keeps him—he promised me a doll and a book for my Christmas-box. Oh! I wish he was come home." The mother's tears would flow copiously, as she strove to frame some excuse to the child; and

when the infant would see her weep, she would weep also though ignorant of the cause.

A considerable time passed away ere she received any intelligence of her lost one. At length one morning as she sat at breakfast her ears were assailed by the postman's loud call, "Ellen Collins—ship letter—one penny." Oh! thank God, exclaimed Ellen, at last! and seizing on the letter, she broke the seal with all the eagerness of hope and love. The substance of the letter confirmed the report of the coal master. He was pressed and hurried away in spite of all his importunities, and had no hope of being released. He advised Ellen to sell his tools, and with the money turn her hand to some business till his return. This was a dagger to her soul; she swooned away, and it was a considerable time before she was again brought to consciousness. The following week she received another letter, with an order to receive monthly money, Edward's half pay. As soon as her health permitted, she applied for and was regularly paid. Still buoying herself up with the hopes of his return, she in the simple fondness of her heart kept Edward's tools and workshop; the rent of which, with the apartments she held herself, took within a few pence of the monthly money. To maintain herself and child she laboured with self-destroying attention at plain work, by which she could merely procure a scanty support.

Thus she went on for two years and a few months, still hoping. One day as usual she attended the custom-house for the allowance she received. The clerk who used to pay her, seeing her stand amongst a crowd of women, cast his eyes to the book and said, Mrs. Collins, I am sorry to inform you that your money is stoppt.

Imagination can scarcely portray her distress, she staggered and was prevented falling by the women who carried her away.

Her situation now became alarming. 'Tis true she had plenty of work, but taking one shilling and six pence rent out of her earnings, left her but three, and sometimes only two shillings and six-pence, to support herself and daughter, still living in hope that her Edward would yet return. She was now advised to go to the war-office and know at once if he was dead or alive. She did so.—After some search the clerk laid open the book before her, where it appeared that in the list of the killed in a recent action, three of the name of Edward Collins had fallen.

For three weeks after this she was unable to attend to her work through lowness of spirits. In this state of affliction the landlord would come in every week and carry away some article to the amount of his rent, telling her at the same time how sorry he was to see her so reduced, that he would not sell her goods, and that anything he took would be safe until in her power to redeem them.

After this she continued to struggle for nearly two years. She had now given up all hopes of ever seeing her Edward again on earth. Oft did she wish to be released from her earthly prison that she might meet him in the realms of never ending bliss.

One dark hazy morning in the beginning of December, a respectable dressed man entered a baker's shop in the neighbourhood where she lived, and asked the baker's wife who was attending the shop, if one Edward Collins lived thereabouts. The baker's wife told him all about the unfortunate circumstance; how he was taken by the press-gang and dragged away; then of the misery in which poor Mrs. Collins lived. Whilst they were thus conversing a beautiful little girl came in, called for a quart of raspings and laid down a halfpenny.

"You saw that little girl? that is a daughter of the unfortunate Collins."

"Eh! the daughter," exclaimed the stranger, clapping his hand on his eyes, and rushing out of the door, darted down the street, overtook the child, and threw some shillings into her bosom and disappeared in an instant.

About twelve o'clock at noon, a woman appeared waddling up the street under a basket, heavy laden with beef and mutton. Entering the court she cried out in a coarse loud voice, "is it here Mrs. Collins lives?"

The first to answer was the landlord, who on seeing the load told her, that a Mrs. Collins lived there, but such a basket could not be for her, she must mistake.

The basket woman insisted she was right. There she was ordered to leave it, and there she would leave it, and no where else.

"Oh! very well, very well," was his reply, "you'll soon be walking back for it I can tell you. 'Pon my word, a fine basket for a beggar and not able to pay her rent." In he ran to his wife. "Be dad," said he, "this is not a bad thing neither. There is a basket of beef and mutton gone into Mrs. Collins fit for an alderman's table. No matter, she owes me three weeks rent to-day, and as there is nothing in her room of that value, I think a piece of that beef will just match me. However I'll wait till evening that I may be certain whether it be her's or not, though I'm pretty sure the right owner will be sending for it soon."

In the mean time the basket woman drove in the door of the gloomy room. "Is it here where Mrs. Collins lives?"

"Yes. What's your will, my good woman," was the answer.

Without further questions the basket woman turned her back to an old deal table to disengage her neck from the leather strap of her basket, and began to unload it.

"What means all this?" said Mrs. Collins in amazement.

"Why ma'am, have I done any harm to the table?" was the reply. "Troath, there's no one could think so plentiful a gentleman would have such a bad furnished kitchen. God bless him, at any rate; sure its myself oughtn't to make remarks; for I may go home for the day and get a glass too out of the half-crown he gave me."

By the time she had run over this soliloquy her basket was emptied.

"My good woman," said Mrs. Collins, "I hope you counted the sundry joints; I know you'll soon be back for them."

"Faix, ma'am, I never was mistaken yet any place that I was sent to. Good day, an' God bless you."

What to think of this day's events puzzled poor Ellen.

"Ah! mother," cried her little daughter, "maybe it was that good gentleman that gave me the four shillings this morning that sent it. Shall I cut a bit of it and broil it, mother. It's so long since I tasted a bit of meat that I'm longing for a morsel of it."

"Don't attempt the like," replied Ellen, "till we see farther. My gracious! who could have sent it?"

While she was thus speaking to her daughter, the tramp of four coal porters were heard entering the court, each bearing a bag of coal on his back.

"Is it here Mrs. Collins lives?" was their shout.

Out ran the landlord. "I believe your'e all mad to-day," said he, in a surly tone, "you'll find her in the back parlour."

"Ye might answer a body civil, whoever ye are," replied the porters.

"Here's the coals, Mrs. Collins, where shall we throw them?"

"What coals? I ordered no coals," said poor Ellen.

"Oh! but we're ordered to leave them here."

"By whom?" questioned Mrs. Collins, with hasty speech.

"Begad, ma'am, we can't say, but the masher of the vessel bid us leave them here, and not take them back for any one."

"Good gracious," said Ellen, "what can all this mean," as she heard another shout in the court,

"Is it here Mrs. Collins lives?"

"Yes, I am Mrs. Collins," was her reply; when another porter entered with hams, butter, bacon, and every other thing that a huxter's shop could produce. Those were laid on the floor. While this basket was unloading again the shout of another porter was heard,

"Is it here Mrs. Collins lives?"

This porter brought tea, sugar, wine whiskey, with numerous et ceteras; nor did he leave the room till the baker and chandler shouted, "is it here Mrs. Collins lives?"

The landlord stood directing, yet almost distracted to know what it all could mean; even the windows of the court were crowded with gapers. As to poor Ellen she

sat motionless looking it at all. She left her door wide open.

"If any one comes to claim them," said she to her daughter, "they cannot say that I had them concealed."

"I hope no one will come for them," replied the daughter; "sure all that's here would open a shop for us."

While she was thus discoursing another voice was heard at the threshold—"Is it here Mrs. Collins lives?" "Oh! Edward! Edward!" she exclaimed, springing to the door—'twas Edward Collins himself.

T. E.

THE PHYSICIAN'S LAST VISIT.

I raised the muffled rapper and knocked gently at the hall-door, which was soon opened by a young female, who, in answer to my enquiries, informed me that Mrs. Somerville had not left her daughter's apartment since my last visit. I then passed quickly across the hall, and having ascended the stair case, which I had so often trod in hopeless anxiety, reached the door of the poor invalid's chamber. Here I hesitated awhile: a solemn stillness interrupted at intervals by a short convulsive sob, pervaded all. After a few moments of gloomy reflection on the scene which I was about to witness, I entered softly, and having advanced to the foot of the bed, cautiously drew aside the curtain which obscured the fading brilliancy of those eyes that were fast closing in eternity. Never, never can I forget the picture of intense anguish which was then placed before me; as the distracted mother firmly grasped the cold and clammy hand of her dying child; who, in return gazed on her afflicted parent with that serenity and calmness of countenance, which so forcibly characterizes the dying Christian. Alas! what a contrast thought I, was then before me. The one deeply lamenting the premature departure of an earthly comfort, and the other looking forward with a mixture of joy and meekness, to the blisses of an everlasting world.

Soon was this mournful scene interrupted by my appearance; as Mrs. Somerville, on seeing me, rose from the bed-side and advanced towards me.

"I fear, Doctor," said she, "in a low stifled tone of voice, "all is over with my poor child?"

"Yes, ma'am," I replied, "the termination of her protracted sufferings is fast approaching."

"Well, then," said she, "with an apparent degree of firmness, "God's will be done."

Wishing to terminate this painful interview, I turned to my poor patient, who appeared to have been perfectly sensible of what had passed. She gazed uninterruptedly on her despairing parent. The big drop of compassion stood on her pallid cheek—she attempted to speak but grief choked articulation. After a short pause I raised her meagre hand, which had been engaged picking the blanket and other portions of the bed clothes. I felt for the pulse—it was scarcely perceptible; having dwindled away into a wiry, intermittent thrill. A cold, clammy perspiration bedewed her emaciated frame—(a frequent forerunner of death. "Well, Miss Somerville," said I, "how do you feel to-day?"

"Rather easy, Doctor," she answered, in a faint tremulous tone, "I feel no pain whatever, but, there is a great weight on my chest, and a chill which I never felt before. It is, I think," she continued after a short pause, as if to take breath, "the hand of death."

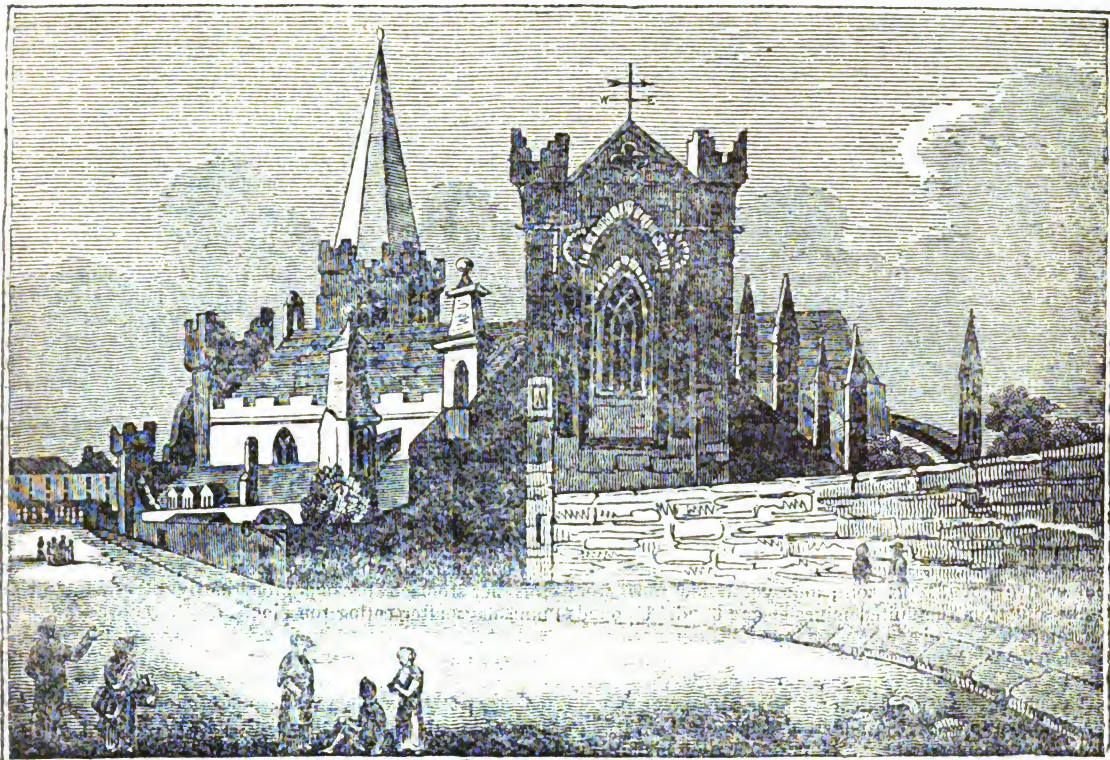
Here she was suddenly interrupted by an agonizing burst of grief from her distracted mother, who, at the same time fell on her knees, and raising her hands firmly clasped, to heaven, "oh God! oh God!" she exclaimed, "save, save my child, and do not leave me comfortless in my old age."

She now sunk against the bed and sobbed heavily. I tried to comfort her, but to no purpose, as she appeared quite unconscious of any thing I said. On turning my attention to the poor invalid, I observed remarkable anxiety and suffering portrayed in her sinking features. Her glazed eyes remained rivetted on the dearest object of her affections; and every sob appeared to sink as a dagger to her now fluttering heart. A death-like pause ensued for a few moments, when the distracted parent was roused by the endearing call of "mother," from the lips of her

lying child. She rose quickly, and rushed towards her daughter, who held out her hand as if to cheer her sinking spirits.

"Mother, dearest mother," said she, "do not embitter my last moments with your affliction; why should you lament my departure—shall we not meet in a happier—

Here her voice suddenly failed—her eyes remained steadily fixed—and after a few moments a violent convulsion seized her shattered frame—intense suffering was depicted in her distorted features—all became tranquil again—a placid smile supervened, and the hand of death was upon her.
TATALTO. (MEDICUS.)



SOUTH-EAST VIEW OF ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.

HALLOWE'EN.

In the olden time, as Walter Scott would say, the evening of the 31st October (this day) was always spent in revelry and mirth, and we really think there was something very pleasant in seeing the young people and domestics of the family enjoying themselves on such occasions.

The observance of set days in this way might be compared to resting places on a tiresome road, which are looked forward to with a kind of pleasurable feeling—and are calculated to keep up the spirits that would otherwise droop beneath the continued drudgery of servitude or business. To the young especially, we conceive such innocent recreations as those which were formerly allowed on Easter, Hallowe'en, or Christmas, imparted a degree of pleasurable enjoyment of which it was almost cruel to deprive them. The very anticipation afforded a kind of solace to the daily task. They were in fact bright spots at which the eye of hope gazed with a feeling something similar to that which is said to be experienced by the traveller in the dreary deserts of the East, on beholding at a distance the verdant summit of some far distant hill.

By some the superstitious observances of Hallowe'en have been traced to a heathen origin, and are therefore conceived to be improper. There were, no doubt, formerly many charms and incantations practised which were highly censurable; such as those performed in the name of the devil, &c.; but as we imagine nothing of that kind is now attempted, the tricks practised being merely a species of innocent diversion, we think the individual must be fastidious indeed who would object to them.

In Graham's, "British Georgics," the various tricks practised on this night are thus described:—

Then round the fire full many a cottage ring,
Cheerful convenes to burn the boding nuts;
'Till wasting into embers grey, sign of long life
Together spent, they cause sometimes th' event

Believed to be foretold; some, when thrown in,
Exploding, bound away, as if they spurned
Their proffered partner. Marrión to the wood,
Thus slighted, hied, from rowan-tree two-stemmed,
A sprig to pull; with quaking heart she passed
The gloomy firs, the lightning shivered oak,
The ruined mill, all silent 'neath the moon
Oft did she pause, and once she would have turned.
As cross her path the startled howlet flew,
Sailing along, but, from an aged thorn,
The stock-dove faintly cooed beside his mate;—
Forward she sped, and with the dear won prize,
Breathless returned, nor waited long, 'till, lo,
A sister-spray adorned her true love's breast.
And now by turns the laughing circle strives,
Plunging, to catch the floating fruit, that still
Eludes the attempt; nor is the triple spell
Of dishes, ranged to cheat the groping hand,
Forgot, nor aught of all the various sports,
Which hoar tradition hands from age to age.

GOOD AND CHEAP FILTERING MACHINE.

Procure a large stone bottle with the bottom knocked out, stop up the neck with small stones, over these form a layer of small pebbles, then another of gravel, increasing every layer in fineness, and putting on, lastly, a stratum of fine sand of the depth of several inches. The sand, gravel, &c. should of course be previously well washed, until the water runs off clear and tasteless. The common filtering stones are soon rendered unserviceable by the filling up of the pores; this apparatus on the contrary is a perpetual Filtering Machine, by merely taking out, occasionally, the upper stratum of sand, and washing it: it will filter large quantities of water in a short time, and common filtering stones are wholly incapable.

SIMPLE SCIENCE—COPPER.

Until within the last one hundred and seventy years copper mines have not been worked in the United Kingdom. Before this period whenever the miners found any copper in the tin mines, which as they deepen usually produce it, it was thrown aside under the name of *poder*, no one at that time knowing how to reduce it to a metallic state. This fact shews of what importance it is to determine by analysis the nature of every subject that comes under the miners' observation, and proves that to chemical science alone we are indebted for the abundant supply of this valuable metal.

Copper was well known to the ancients. Pliny says "the best mirrors were made with a mixture of copper and tin, and that they were so common as to be used even by the maid-servants." These metallic mirrors were generally made of two parts copper and one of tin. They were in much request amongst the ancient nations, for the Egyptian women, whenever they went to their temples, carried one of them in their left hand. Copper was the only money used by the Romans until the 485th year of their city, when silver began to be coined. It is found in several parts of England, Ireland, and Wales, particularly in Cornwall, the mines of which county alone, produced in the years 1815, 1816, & 1817, 236,153 tons of ore, the value of which was £1,530,665. The ores of copper as sold at the mine, though some of them are richer, do not in some instances contain more than one-tenth of copper, frequently not one fifteenth, and some of them not one twentieth. As a proof of the great difference there is in the value of copper ores, it may be mentioned that there are many veins in Cornwall which seldom yield it of a greater price than four or five pounds per ton; and yet a few tons were lately sold from the united mines at one hundred pounds per ton; the general average is about eight pounds per ton. Anglesey yielded formerly more than twenty thousand tons of copper annually; the vein of metal was originally more than seventy feet thick. Native copper occurs occasionally in most of the mines, it is not often of a large size, though a mass has been found in a valley in the Brazils of 2666 pounds weight.

Copper is a very abundant metal, being found in Japan, China, Africa, and Siberia. It is very brilliant, of a red colour, and extremely nauseous to the taste. Being the most sonorous of the metals it is employed in making trumpets and other musical instruments; it combines elasticity with great strength, a wire of one-tenth of an inch in diameter being capable of supporting three hundred pounds weight; it is on account of these peculiar properties that rope-dancers make use of it. It will not burn so easily as iron, which is evident by its not striking fire by collision like iron, on this and other accounts, this metal has been substituted for iron in machinery which is employed in gunpowder mills. Its malleability is so great that it is hammered into leaves, and sold in paper books in imitation of gold leaf. This leaf copper is known under the name of Dutch metal, and is employed for covering ginger-bread and children's toys.

Copper is 8½ times heavier than water. Sulphate of copper—that is sulphuric acid combined with copper is frequently found in the streams of water in copper mines. These waters were suffered to run to waste till an attention to chemical affinities, taught the proprietors how to turn them to good account. The quantity of copper they contain is not sufficient to reimburse the expense of boiling it down; but by throwing waste iron into this combination of sulphuric acid and copper, it becomes decomposed, or separated by the iron which has a great affinity for the acid, absorbing or combining with it and leaving the copper, which has less affinity for it, crusted on the outside. The water which issues from the mines in the county of Wicklow are so impregnated with this sulphate of copper, that one of the workmen having accidentally left an iron shovel in this water; he found it some weeks after so encrusted with copper that he thought it was changed into that metal. The proprietors of the mines in pursuance of this hint, made proper receptacles for the water, and now find these streams of as much importance to them as the mines themselves. This

combination is also found of very rich quality in the state of Connecticut. The stream destroys vegetation in its course, and when it settles in places near the spring, large lumps of metallic salt are collected. The practice of precipitating the metal by means of iron is also adopted here. The uses of this metal are too various to be enumerated. Besides its employment to make boilers and other vessels of capacity, and to sheath the bottoms of ships, it enters as a component part into several of the most valuable metallic alloys. The most important of these alloys is brass, which is formed by a union of copper and zinc.—Pinchbeck is made by alloying copper with a further portion of zinc. This last approach nearest to the colour of gold, and is sometimes called "*prince's metal*." Bronzed and bell metal are both compositions of copper and tin. Copper is much used in the manufacture of domestic utensils, the necessity of keeping which always clean is generally acknowledged, because by long exposure to the atmospheric air, they in some measure become oxidized, in which case the surface will be covered with a green or blue crust, similar in appearance to verdigris, this crust is exceedingly poisonous, and Dr. Johnson gives an account of three men who died after excruciating sufferings, in consequence of eating some victuals prepared in an unclean copper on board the Cyclops frigate. Thirty-three other men became ill and were put upon the sick list at the same time, and from the same cause.

Another shocking case is related by Doctor Perceval, of a young lady, who amused herself eating sapphire pickle impregnated with copper. "She soon complained of pain in the stomach," says he, "and in five or six days, vomiting commenced, which was incessant for two days, after this her stomach became prodigiously distended and in nine days after eating the pickle, death relieved her sufferings." It may not, however, be generally known that fat and oily substances, and vegetable acids, do not attack copper while hot, and therefore if no liquor be ever suffered to grow cold in copper vessels, these utensils may be used for every culinary purpose with perfect safety. French green, Brunswick green, verditer blue, mineral green, and verdigris, are also preparations of copper, which thus furnishes many requisites to the painter, paper-stainer, and dyer. E. B.

TOTAKE THE HONEY FROM BEES WITHOUT DESTROYING THEM.

The following easy method of taking the honey without destroying the bees, is generally practised in France. In the dusk of the evening, when the bees are quietly lodged, approach the hive and turn it gently over. Having steadily placed it in a small pit, previously dug to receive it, with its bottom upwards, cover it with a clean new hive, which has been properly prepared, with a few sticks across the inside of it, and rubbed with aromatic herbs. Having carefully adjusted the mouth of each hive to the other, so that no aperture remains between them, take a small stick and beat gently around the sides of the lower hive for about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, in which time the bees will leave their cells in the lower hive, ascend, and adhere to the upper one. Then gently lift the new hive, with all its little tenants, and place it on the stand from which the other hive was taken. This should be done some time in the week preceding midsummer-day, that the bees may have time, before the summer flowers are faded, to lay in a new stock of honey, which they will not fail to do for their subsistence during the winter.

HOW TO MAKE AN INFALLIBLE CORN PLASTER.

Mr. Cooper, in his valuable Dictionary of Surgery, gives the following recipe as infallible for the cure:

- Take two ounces of gum ammoniac;
- Two ounces of yellow wax;
- Six drachms of verdigris:

Melt them together, and spread the composition on a piece of soft leather, or linen; cut away as much of the corn as you can with a knife, before you apply the plaster, which must be renewed in a fortnight, if the corn is not by that time gone.

THE ANGLER.

There is no pursuit that unites a greater variety of exercise than angling: the robust and adventurous are required in some branches of this art, to endure the utmost fatigue, as in salmon fishing in particular; and to expose themselves to all sorts of inclemencies and inconveniences, in the attainment of their object. The fretful and irritable have been recommended to addict themselves to some of its gentler exercise, to learn the indispensable lessons of patience and self-denial; while the valetudinarian, the infirm, and the aged, may indulge themselves in float-fishing, and other branches of the art, which require little or no exertion. In a word, it is cheap, simple, and inexhaustible as a sport calculated to relieve many a weary hour, in the ingenious preparations which it requires at home and the extensive acquaintance with the works of nature that it presents abroad.

TACKLE FOR ANGLING.

In the choice of his rod, the angler will generally be directed by local circumstances. The cane rods are lightest; and where fishing tackle are sold, they most commonly have the preference: but in retired country places the rod is often of the angler's own manufacture, and he should, at any rate, be capable of supplying himself with one upon an emergency. No wood, as a whole, is better adapted for this purpose than the common hazel: and if to this he can add a sound ash stock, or butt end, and a whalebone top, he is as well furnished with materials as he need desire to be. To prepare against accidents, let the young angler furnish himself, in the decline of the year, with six or nine wands of hazel, tapering towards the size of each other, in sets of three or four, and dry them in a chimney during the winter. On long excursions in the fishing season, a set of these wands will be a prudent addition to his baggage; and by sloping off their ends, to the length of two inches, and fastening them together with shoe-makers' thread, he will quickly form a useful rod. If he can varnish the whole over with India rubber, dissolved in linseed oil, with a small quantity of seed or shell lac, it will be an excellent preservative against the weather. A whalebone top is always an agreeable addition to a rod, but not an essential one. Salmon rods are sometimes wholly made of ash, with a whalebone top. Other rods may be formed thus—a yellow deal joint of seven feet; a straight hazel of six feet; a piece of fine grained yew, tapered to a whalebone top, and measuring together about two feet. Always carry a jointed rod, when not in use, tightly looped up.

The *line*, like the rod, should gradually diminish toward the further extremity; and no materials excel strong clear horse hair. If you make it yourself, the hairs from the middle of the tail are best, and those of a young, and healthy, gray or white stallion; sort them well that the hair of every link may be of equal size with each other; and if you wash them do not dry them too rapidly. For ground-fishing, brown or dark hairs are best, as resembling the colour of the bottom. Silk lines are more showy than useful. They soon rot and catch weeds.

Your *hook* should readily bend without breaking, and yet retain a sharp point, which may be occasionally renewed by a whetstone. It should be long in the shank and deep in the bed; the point straight, and true to the level of the shank; and the barb long. From the difficulty of tempering and making them, few anglers ever undertake the task. Be careful to provide yourself with a variety accordingly. Their sizes and sorts must, of course, entirely depend on the kind of fish for which you mean to angle.

Floats are formed of cork, porcupine quills, goose and swan quills, &c. For heavy fish, or strong streams, use a cork float; in slow water, and for lighter fish, quill floats. To make the former, take a sound common cork, and bore it with a small red hot iron through the centre length ways; then taper it down across the grain, about two-thirds of the length, and round the top, forming it as a whole, into the shape of a pear. Load your floats so as just to sink them short of the top.

INGENUITY OF A FOX.

The southern shore of Island Magee is steep and crag-

gy, and the cavities of the rocks inhabited by foxes; concerning one of these the following anecdote is related:—A fox was observed to have his den in the cavity of a rock, in a situation which seemed to bid defiance to the approach of either man or dog: many conjectures passed how the animal descended or ascended thither: when one morning being closely pursued, he was observed to enter in the following manner: some briars growing on the verge of the precipice, and hanging towards his den, he laid hold of them in his mouth, and slung himself down to a part of the rock which projected, from which he could easily reach his den. The first time after this that he was observed abroad, a man went and cut the briars nearly through, by which he descended, then hunting him with a dog, he proceeded to his usual place of refuge, and caught hold of the briars with his wonted confidence—they gave way, and he was killed with the fall down the precipice.

THE POWER OF VISION.

A shepherd upon one of the mountains in Cumberland was suddenly enveloped with a thick fog or mist, through which every object appeared so greatly increased in magnitude, that he no longer knew where he was. In that state of confusion he wandered in search of some known object by which he might direct his future steps. Chance at last brought the lost shepherd within sight of what he supposed to be a very large mansion, which he did not remember to have seen before: but on entering this visionary castle to enquire his way home, he found it inhabited by his own family. It was nothing more than his own cottage. But his organs of sight had so far misled his mental faculties, that some little time elapsed before he could be convinced that he saw real objects. Instances of the same kind of illusion, though not to the same degree, are not unfrequent in those mountainous regions—From these effects of vision it is evident that the pupil and the picture of an object within the eye, dilate at the same time.

TO MAKE BREAD FROM POTATOES.

The following is the process for making bread from potatoes and wheat flour. Sixteen pounds of potatoes well washed, when pared weigh 12 lbs.—after boiling them well they weigh thirteen pounds. and are then mixed, while warm, with twenty-six pounds of flour; the potatoes being bruised as fine as possible, and half a pound of yeast added. Four quarts of warm water are added to the mixture of potatoes, yeast, and flour, and the whole well kneaded together, and left two hours to rise, and then weigh forty-six pounds and four ounces. The whole made into loaves or cakes, and baked in an iron oven for two hours. The day after being baked, it will weigh upwards of forty pounds of excellent bread.

TO MAKE GOOD FAMILY BREAD.

Take twelve pounds of fine flour, five pints of water moderately warm, but not hot; half a pint of liquid yeast, and four ounces of salt. With a whisk mix the yeast well with about a quart of the water; dissolve the salt in the water that remains; and gradually pour both fluids over the flour, kneading it till well mixed.—Let the dough stand four or five hours, till it reach the highest point of rising, when it may be formed into loaves and immediately placed in the oven, the heat of which should be tested by a bit of parsley, &c. The oven must be closely shut, and not opened till the bread is fully risen, which will be from two to three hours. If the oven be opened sooner, the bread will fall and be heavy.

The manner of duelling in Japan is singular, and to our European prejudices may appear absurd and barbarous; the philosophical observer may, perhaps, consider it as rational as an appeal to the sword or pistol. When two men of honour quarrel in that country, the party who conceives himself injured rips up his own entrails with a large knife, and presenting the instrument to his adversary, invites him to follow his example. No Japanese gentleman can decline the invitation, for if he does not instantly plunge the knife into his own bowels, he is dishonoured for life.

ON THE RELATIVE VALUE OF GOOD SENSE AND BEAUTY IN THE FEMALE SEX.

Notwithstanding the lessons of moralists, and the declamations of philosophers, it cannot be denied that all mankind have a natural love, and even respect, for external beauty. In vain do they respect it as a thing of no value in itself, as a frail and perishable flower; in vain do they exhaust all the depths of argument, all the stores of fancy, to prove the worthlessness of this amiable gift of nature. However persuasive their reasonings may appear, and however we may for a time, fancy ourselves convinced by them, we have in our breasts a certain instinct, which never fails to tell us, that all is not satisfactory; and though we may not be able to prove that they are wrong, we feel a conviction that it is impossible they should be right.

They are certainly right in blaming those who are rendered vain by the possession of beauty, since vanity is at all times a fault; but there is great difference between being vain of a thing, and being happy that we have it; and that beauty, however little merit a woman can claim to herself for it, is really a quality which she may reasonably rejoice to possess, demands, I think, no very laboured proof. Every one naturally wishes to please. Important it is that the first impression we produce should be favorable. Now this first impression is commonly produced through the medium of the eye; and this is frequently so powerful as to resist for a long time the opposing evidence of subsequent observation. Let a man of even the soundest judgment be presented to two women, equally strangers to him, but the one extremely handsome, the other without any remarkable advantages of person, and he will without deliberation, attach himself first to the former. All men seem in this to be actuated by the same principles as Socrates, who used to say, that when he saw a beautiful person, he always expected to see it animated by a beautiful soul. The ladies, however, often fall into the fatal error of imagining that a fine person is in our eyes, superior to every other accomplishment; and those who are so happy as to be endowed with it, rely with vain confidence on its irresistible power, to retain hearts as well as to subdue them. Hence the lavish care bestowed on the improvement of exterior and perishable charms, and the neglect of solid and durable excellence; hence the long list of arts that administer to vanity and folly, the countless train of glittering accomplishments, and the scanty catalogue of truly valuable acquirements, which compose, for the most part, the modern system of fashionable female education. Yet so far is beauty from being in our eyes an excuse for the want of a cultivated mind, that the women who are blessed with it, have, in reality, a much harder task to perform than those of their sex who are not so distinguished. Even our self-love here takes part against them; we feel ashamed of having suffered ourselves to be caught like children, by mere outside, and perhaps even fall into the contrary extreme. Could "the statue that enchants the world"—the Venus de Medicis, at the prayer of some new Pygmalion, become suddenly animated, how disappointed would he be if she were not endowed with a soul, answerable to the inimitable perfection of the heavenly form? Thus it is with a fine woman, whose only accomplishment is external excellence. She may dazzle for a time; but when a man has once thought, "what a pity that such a masterpiece should be but a walking statue," her empire is at an end. On the other hand, when a woman, the plainness of whose features prevented our noticing her at first, is found, upon nearer acquaintance, to be possessed of the more solid and valuable perfections of the mind, the pleasure we feel in being so agreeably undeceived, makes her appear to still greater advantage; and as the mind of man, when left to itself, is naturally an enemy to all injustice, we, even unknown to ourselves, strive to repair the wrong we have involuntarily done her, by a double portion of attention and regard.

If these observations be founded in truth, it will appear that, though a woman with a cultivated mind may justly hope to please, without even any superior advantages of person, the loveliest creature that ever came from the hand of her Creator can hope only for a transitory empire, unless

she unite with her beauty the more durable charm of intellectual excellence.

The favoured child of nature, who combines in herself these united perfections, may be justly considered as the masterpiece of the creation, as the most perfect image of the Divinity here below. Man, the proud lord of the creation, bows willingly his haughty neck beneath her gentle rule. Exalted, tender, beneficent is the love which she inspires. Even time himself shall respect the all-powerful magic of her beauty. Her charms may fade, but they shall never wither; and memory still, in the evening of life hanging with fond affection over the blanching rose, shall view through the veil of lapsed years, the tender bud, the dawning promise, whose beauties once blushed before the beams of the morning sun.

PARALLEL OF THE SEXES.

Man is strong—Woman is beautiful.

Man is daring and confident—Woman is diffident and unassuming.

Man is great in action—Woman in suffering.

Man shines abroad—Woman at home.

Man talks to convince—Woman to persuade and please.

Man has a rugged heart—Woman a soft and tender one.

Man prevents misery—Woman relieves it.

Man has science—Woman taste.

Man has judgment—Woman sensibility.

Man is a being of justice—Woman of mercy.

THE SONG OF THE BREEZE.

BY ELEANOR DICKENSON.

I've swept o'er the mountain, the forest and fell;
I've played on the rock where the wild chamois dwell;
I have tracked the desert so dreary and rude,
Through the pathless depths of its solitude;
Through the ocean caves of the stormy sea,
My spirit has wandered at midnight free.
I have slept in the lily's fragrant bell,
I have moaned on the ear through the rosy shell,
I have roamed alone by the gurgling stream,
I have danced at eve with the pale moonbeam;
I have kissed the rose in its blushing pride,
Till my breath the dew from its lips has dried;
I have stolen away on my silken wing,
The violet's scent in the early spring.
I have hung over groves where the citron grows,
And the clustering bloom of the orange blows.
I have wafted the sigh from the lover's breast,
To the lips of the maiden he loved the best.
I have sped the dove on its errand home,
O'er mountain and river, and sun-gilt dome.
I have hushed the babe in its cradled rest,
With my song, to sleep on its mother's breast.
I have chased the clouds in their dark career,
Till they hung on my wings in their shapes of fear;
I have rent the oak from its forest bed,
And the flaming brand of the fire-king sped;
I have rushed with the fierce tornado forth,
On the tempest's wing from the stormy north;
I have lash'd the waves till they rose in pride,
And the mariner's skill in their wrath defied;
I have borne the mandate of fate and doom,
And swept the wretch to his watery tomb.
I have shrieked the wail of the murdered dead,
Till the guilty spirit hath shrunk with dread.
I have hymned my dirge o'er the silent grave,
And bade the cypress more darkly wave.
There is not a spot upon land or sea,
Where thou mayst not, enthusiast, wander with me.

DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 12, Temple Lane, and 2, Cecilia Street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.
Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Panyer-alley, Paternoster-row;
in Liverpool, by Wilmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Ambery; in
Birmingham, by Drake; in Nottingham, by Wright; in Edinburgh,
R. Grant and Son; and in Glasgow, by J. Nevill.

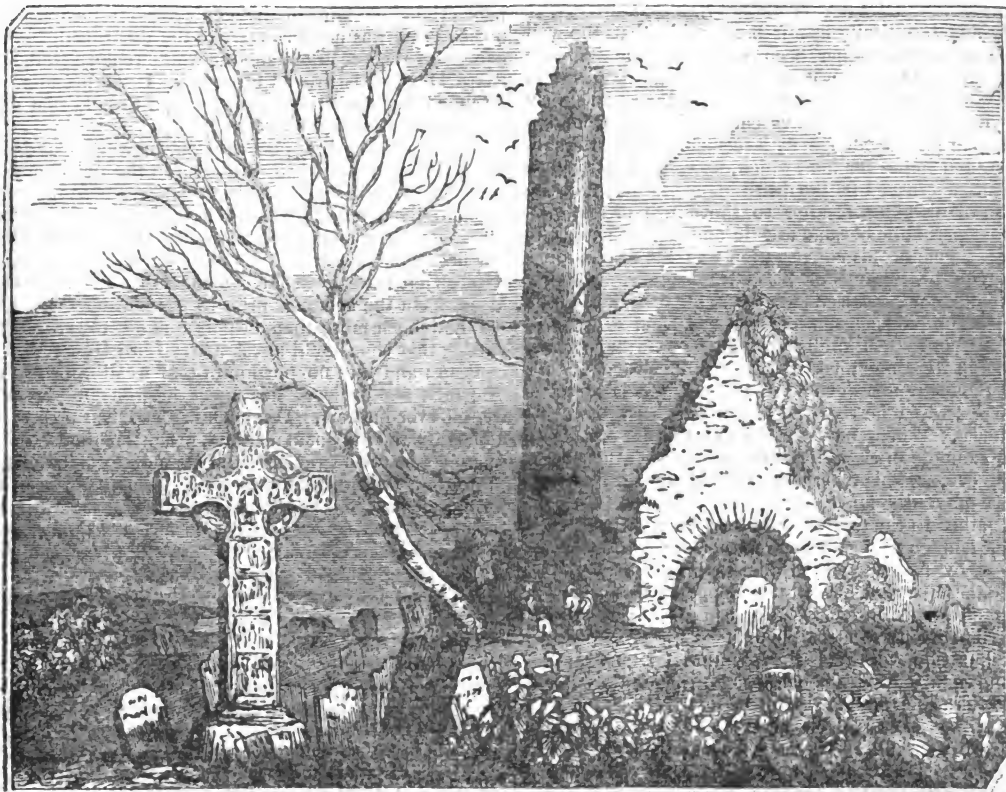
DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 71. Vol. II.

P. D. HARDY, 3, CECILIA STREET.

NOVEMBER, 9, 1883.



Drawn by A. Nicholl, Esq.

Engraved by Branston and Wright.

ABBEY AND ROUND TOWER OF MONASTERBOICE.

The ruins of the ancient abbey and round tower of Monasterboice, situated between Drogheda and Dunleer, and about three miles and a-half S. W. of the latter place, form altogether a singular and interesting group—the enclosure of a small church-yard, containing the shell of two chapels, two perfect stone crosses, and a broken one, by far the finest specimens of this kind to be met with, and a round tower of great height, in good preservation. One of the crosses, about eighteen feet high, is said to be of an entire stone, and to have been sent from Rome, and erected by order of the pope. It is called *St. Boyne's cross*, and is considered the most ancient religious relique now in Ireland. It is rudely sculptured on all sides. On the other cross are carved numerous devices, which are said to form a history of the creation; it also bears an inscription in old Irish characters, which as some of the learned in that language assert, refers to Murdach, a king of Ireland, who died in the year 534. To the north west of one of the churches stands the round tower, which is one hundred and ten feet high; its circumference is seventeen yards, and it diminishes gradually from the base, like a Tuscan pillar; the walls are three feet six inches thick, the door is five feet six inches in height, twenty-two inches in width, and six feet from the present level of the ground: it is arched, and built of freestone, as are also the windows of the chapels. The diameter of the tower on the inside is nine feet, and above the door it is divided into five stories by rings of stone, slightly projecting.

As these ruins lie but a quarter or half a mile to the left of the line from Drogheda to Dundalk, they can be visited without any great loss of time by those proceeding in the direct line northward from Drogheda.

VOL. II.—NO. 18.

In an article written by L. C. Beaufort, and which obtained a prize offered by the R. I. Academy, it is maintained that the round towers of Ireland were built at a period antecedent to the promulgation of Christianity in Ireland, and were at once observatories, and depositories of the sacred fire preserved by the worshippers of Baal. We conceive however, the whole theory to be overturned by a circumstance stated by the writer herself, that in a great many of these buildings there were floors and timbers for rafters. From their construction, supposing this to be the case, there could be no means of keeping a perpetual fire at the very bottom of the building, and as little at the top—and when we recollect that the fires were attended by vestals, who on this account were frequently called the daughters of fire, the probability of the hypothesis is rendered still less apparent.

Having, however, in former numbers, given the various conjectures relative to the supposed uses of the round towers of Ireland, we shall at present content ourselves with subjoining the following description of a square tower in the Holyland, supposed to be appropriated to the same uses of the towers in this country, and quoted by the Rev. Thomas Harmer, from a modern Greek writer:—On the outside of the walls, and on the west, of the monastery, is a square tower of three stories, and twelve yards in diameter, in which two or three hermits shut themselves up who live in a very austere manner. On the upper story is a bell, which, whenever any visitors come from Jerusalem, is rung, to give notice to the door-keeper of the convent for their reception. The entrance into it is by a stone stair-case of fourteen steps, and is distant from the walls of the tower about twelve feet. On the top of the stair-

case is a drawbridge, which communicates with the door of the tower, to which chains are fixed on each side, and and it is hoisted up from the inside of the door, and never let down except necessity requires."—See ninth volume of the *Archæologia*.

From the works of more recent travellers it appears, that in many parts of the East, round towers, exactly resembling those of Ireland have been discovered.

CLARA DELAVAL.

Truly and beautifully has it been said, that the veil which covers futurity has been woven by the hand of mercy. Clara Delaval was an orphan: her father had been disinherited in consequence of an imprudent marriage. But from the expensive education which he bestowed upon his only daughter, it seemed that he still cherished golden hopes for her; which, however, appeared to be altogether crushed by the death of his father, and the accession of his elder brother to the entire property.—From that period he became ascetic and morose; and the constant theme of his conversation was his own wrongs and the cold-heartedness of his elder brother. Happily for his child, she possessed not a mind to be warped by the expression of such sentiments, even from a parent's lips. Quick and warm in all her feelings, with her speech and thought were one; yet, though she loved her father with the most tender devotedness, she found it impossible to obey, when he required her to nourish resentment in her heart. When, however, he exhorted her to imitate his own example in shunning servility, her glowing cheek, sparkling eye, and high bearing, attested her proud independence of soul. The canker of the heart soon brought Clara's father to the tomb; and his brother only survived him long enough to make some atonement for his former harshness, by bringing the orphan to his childless home. On his demise he left her wholly dependant on his wife, than whom a more ill tempered and peevish being did not exist. She would scatter benefits with an unsparing hand; but she withheld the genuine smile of kindness, and omitted no opportunity to make the high-minded Clara feel she was a dependant. Had Clara been the protectress of Mrs. Delaval, she would patiently have borne with her infirmities of temper; but the dread of being suspected of mercenary motives was productive of a frank fearlessness of manner, which seemed to comport ill with her personal interest. Native delicacy of judgment, however, usually ruled her conduct upon such occasions; but when her aunt, as was not unfrequently the case, reviled that deceased parent, whose memory was enshrouded in the dearest affections of her niece, then indeed, would Clara's indignant feelings burst forth in language which was not always bounded by the rules of prudence.

"One month hence then, dear Clara, you promise to be mine," said Lord Henry Treville; "let me hope that the caprices of Mrs. Delaval will not again induce you to defer my happiness."

His lovely companion was silent; but the eloquent blush which added lustre to her beauty as he spoke, told what her lips refused to utter.

"My Clara will not, I know be offended," he added, "if I entreat her to listen in future with more indifference and reply with less warmth, to the unjust sarcasms of that lady."

"Never, Henry, have I concealed my faults from you. That proud horror of servility which I inherit from my father, has too often, I acknowledge, betrayed me into a style of conversation with my aunt, which, were I not her dependant, I would be far, very far indeed, from adopting."

"Enough, enough, my Clara; believe me, that when I made my somewhat impertinent request, I was actuated solely by the fear that Mrs. Delaval would, if not by some miracle kept in good humour, disappoint me at a third time of my bride."

"The evening's latest sigh, that shuts the rose," had already admonished them to part; but they continued to pace the terrace in front of the Hon. Mrs. Delaval's residence—for they were now on the eve of a transient separation, it being necessary that Lord Henry should visit his estate at L—, previous to his marriage.

Lord Henry, though somewhat prone to suspicion, was naturally inclined to those generous feelings, which dispose the individual to take the most favourable view of human nature, and its springs of action. But a close intimacy with a young man of high mental endowments, whose disfiguring moral blemishes consisted in a dark "idolatry of self," a ready faith in ill, and an eagerness for the discovery of latent motives, wherewith to sully the lustre of recorded virtue, had exerted rather an evil influence over the mind of this young nobleman; and nourished the chief fault of his character—suspicion. Still, however, he was not a convert to the doctrine of his companion—to whose arguments he would reply, "well, when Clara Delaval is proved unworthy, I will become your disciple; but until then I am content to hold that virtue yet possesses a home on earth."

After making the necessary arrangements at L—, Lord Henry returned to the town in the neighbourhood of which was Mrs. Delaval's residence, where the appalling intelligence met his ear, that Clara Delaval had been arrested for the murder of her aunt. Indignantly did he at first repel the horrid imputation; but the following details left little even for the most devoted affection to plead. On the evening prior to the murder, Mrs. Delaval had been more than usually unkind towards Clara, vowing that she should never marry Lord Henry with her consent; and that no portion of that wealth, for the sake of which she declared her niece desirous of her death, should ever be hers. Upon this Miss Delaval rose with a haughty and indignant air; and, protesting that she would no longer be the degraded victim of studied unkindness, left the room. Retiring to her own apartment she burst into tears, and appeared in great agitation. She then dismissed her maid (who generally slept in an antechamber)—and as she did not desire her presence, she permitted her to go and pass the night with a sick friend, in the city. The ensuing morning the murder was discovered. Around the neck of the deceased a silk scarf, belonging to Miss Delaval was lightly twisted, and a remarkable diamond ring, also the property of that unfortunate young lady, and the gift of her lover was found grasped in one hand. Not the smallest article had been purloined; and this as much as any other circumstance tended to criminate Miss Delaval. She was the only person that could benefit by the catastrophe; since, should her aunt die intestate, the property would devolve upon her as the nearest relative.

Bitter were the reveries of Lord Henry—terrible his alternations of abhorrence and tenderness. "Often," thought he, "often have I heard, but never until now believed, that the enthusiastic nature of women brooks no middle course; extreme in good or ill, when she falls from the unspotted heaven of innocence, she 'cares not into what abyss.' Had the name of this once worshipped being been associated with any other crime—then, amid sorrow and degradation, my soul would have clung to hers, with a devotion unchanged and unchangeable. But the hard heart—the bloody hand! No, no; never will I see her more!"

And how did she feel, "the outcast, the abandoned—the alone?" She believed that to be guiltless and to be acquitted were necessarily cause and consequence; and casting away all fear, she cheered her solitude, with conjectures as to the time of Lord Henry's return. "How he will love me in my affliction," thought she; "and how indignant he will be that a crime so dreadful should be laid to my charge!"

During more than a week she listened almost breathlessly for the impatient footstep of affection, to break the dreary monotony of her confinement; but it came not—and then the trusting heart began to fail, and blasted hope, with sickening and desolating power came back upon the soul. All that she had read and heard of the feebleness of earthly ties, and the perishableness of earthly friendships, seemed now confirmed by the deep marking hand of experience, and to give assurance that

"He who has but tears to give,

Must weep those tears alone."

The demon of misery in whose very existence she had, with the joyous scepticism of her years, refused to believe was now coming fast upon her "with his quivering

For, learning that Lord Henry had been a week in town, she felt that her future existence, short as that might be, should pass uncheered by the presence of him who, she thought would have never deserted her. Thus given up to the wasting influence of alternate anxiety and despair, she was at length startled by the harsh grating of her prison door; and recalled from her long and bitter trance, by the warm embraces of her faithful friend, Augusta Treville, who had hastily come from a distant part of the country, to be the soother of the captive's misery, for whose justification she needed nothing beyond her own well-founded convictions. Lady Augusta, doubting whether Clara was aware of her brother's state of feeling, which ultimately brought on a dangerous brain fever, avoided all mention of him; while Clara, interpreting her friend's silence confirmatory of her fears, was too proud to make any allusion to him.

The day of trial at length arrived; and the hall was thronged almost to suffocation. On the appearance of Clara, a thrilling sensation pervaded the court. Never, perhaps, had a creature so peculiarly interesting been placed in that awful situation. Her slender, but exquisitely moulded form, was attired in a plain robe of black silk; her face was concealed in the thick folds of a sable veil, beneath which her fair silken hair fell in luxuriant tresses. This covering being necessarily removed, a countenance of the highest order of loveliness met the view; her every faultless feature was brightened by that light which the soul, "itself unseen, sheds through the face," and the inimitable tracery of the violet veins was clearly discernible through the transparent skin. Late confinement and present terror had banished the rose-tints from her cheek; but as she shrunk beneath the fixed and searching gaze of the surrounding crowd, the rich blood mounted to her forehead—and for a long while she did not dare to lift her eyes. At length she did so, and they rested upon Lord Henry Treville; who had started from a bed of sickness, to abide the agony of her trial, rather than endure that of suspense.

In the usual order, the unfortunate prisoner was called on to plead to the charge of murder! The revolting indictment, as it came distinctly upon her ear, seemed to have aroused her paralysed energies; and disregarding the technicalities of the court, she clasped her uplifted hands and exclaimed with fervour, "Indeed, indeed, I am innocent."

The heart-touching pathos with which she sighed forth these artless words, affected all present; but she heeded not the impression made on judge or jury. Her eyes, sparkling tremulously through their tears, were turned earnestly upon him whose doubts had lodged the cruellest shaft within her stricken heart; and a radiant flash of joy illumined her countenance, as she saw him bound over the place that separated them, and placed himself at her side. Her words had told; the simple force of truth had come powerfully upon his soul; the clouds of suspicion which had brooded there were put to flight for ever and for ever; and he unhesitatingly yielded to the generous impulse to render this public tribute to her innocence.

The case for the prosecution closed—the leading facts adduced being such as already detailed.

The breathless stillness that prevailed from the withdrawal to the return of the jury, was at length broken by the announcement of the fatal verdict, *guilty*. As the awful words fell on the prisoners' ear, an icy shiver ran through her veins, and her countenance paled to the hue of death. These were the instinctive shudderings and recoils of nature; but incredible as it may appear, Clara Delaval passed from the scene of her condemnation less miserable than she had entered upon it.

Clara spent the day before that appointed for the execution in the society of a worthy clergyman, and at its close she besought Lady Augusta to leave a scene so trying to her feelings, but she was not to be moved. At her request, Lord Henry left the cell, with the understanding that he should return at sunrise the following morning, and spend with her the last hours of her life.

Calm and serene were the thoughts which came upon her, as in the spirit of prayer she knelt upon the damp

floor of her dungeon. It is true that the scaffold, with all its ignominies, would occasionally rise to her view in fearful distinctness; yet the shudderings created by the horrible vision were but momentary. The night was one well calculated to add to the solemnity of her reflections; for the thunder, that magnificent operation of nature, which not even the explanation of "cold material laws" can divest of its sublimity, had lifted up its awful voice to terrify the guilty conscience, and solemnize the contemplative hour of the afflicted; but to the soul of Clara Delaval it pealed in no affrighting tones. Thus the night passed on; and at length the morn arose,

"Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,

And living as if earth contained no tomb."

Lord Henry entered, and perceived Clara seated at the little rugged table. To his surprise, she did not move at his approach; and softly stealing towards her, he found that exhausted nature had sunk into profound repose.—His sister also overcome by weariness, lay stretched upon the wretched bed; but hers was a fitful and uneasy slumber. With an irresistible impulse, he bent over the sleeping convict; and a bitter and desolating feeling agitated his heart, as he thought of the frightful change which a few hours would make in that form now quickened with life and impressed with grace and beauty. His tears fell fast and burning on the hand which he pressed to his lips; and Clara awoke. In the course of their melancholy conversation, Clara expressed her regret that her once attached Rose had not come to bid her farewell. "I could not have expected," she said, "that she would be indifferent to my fate. I am not surprised at Janet, indeed; she believes me the destroyer of her mistress, and must therefore abhor me."

The fatal hour arrived—the messengers of death were at the door; and Clara, casting an affectionate look upon her faithful friend, who she thankfully perceived was still asleep, hastily left the cell, that Lady Augusta might not be awakened to the agony of such a parting. Supported by Lord Henry and the clergyman, she passed along the gloomy corridor—when the two servants alluded to entered. The unfortunate young lady stopped to speak with them, and remarked with surprise that Rose did not appear at all affected by the melancholy end which awaited an indulgent mistress, but had rivetted her eyes, sparkling with a feverish glitter, upon the ashy countenance of her companion. Turning, therefore, to the latter, Clara observed, "I was desirous, Janet, to leave you and Rose something to compensate for the pecuniary loss you have sustained by the sudden death of your mistress; and, as I have nothing that I can call my own, Lord Henry has promised to attend to my wishes. Farewell! Think kindly of me, and believe me innocent of the crime for which I suffer."

As she spoke, Janet sank at her feet, and clasping her knees, endeavoured to prevent her departure by the most extravagant demonstrations of grief. Affected by this unlooked for burst of sympathy, Clara bent down and kissed the forehead of the weeping girl, and then moved steadily forward. Upon this, Janet uttered a piercing shriek, and rushing before the melancholy cavalcade, so as to prevent its egress, she cried aloud, "She shall not die! He has left me, and I will save her; for I—I am guilty!"

Astonishment and doubt of the girl's sameness of mind first pervaded the auditors; but the possibility of the truth of her declaration induced a delay of the execution. Clara, who had lately manifested such calm and elevated resignation to her fate, now that the light of hope had come upon her, seemed to have been made newly conscious of her melancholy situation; all woman's weakness came upon her; and overcome by conflicting emotions, she sank lifeless upon the pavement. She was borne to the governor's apartment, where Lady Augusta, awakened by the confusion, joined her, half frantic with fear and joy.

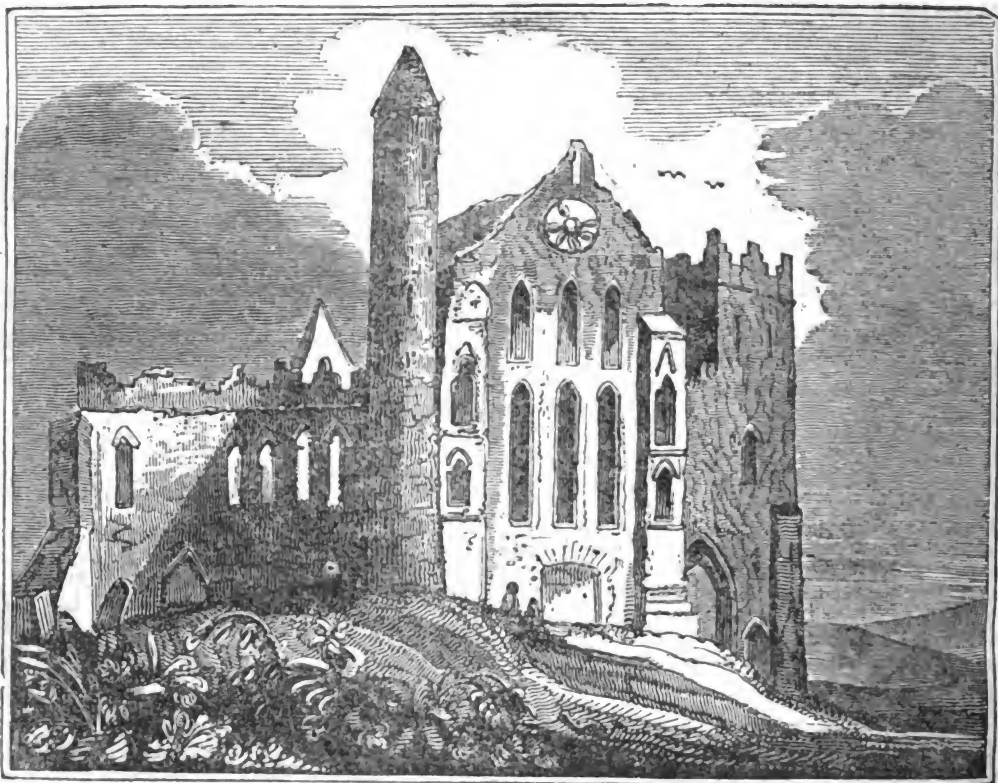
An investigation took place, from which resulted a full confession on the part of Janet. It appeared, that about six months previous to the murder, Janet had been privately married to a man of desperate and abandoned character; but whom she loved with all the devotedness incident to her

strong passions and ill regulated character. The marriage was kept a secret from Mrs. Delaval lest her dismissal might be the result. By her artful and seemingly devoted conduct, she had induced her mistress to make a will in her favour; which the husband no sooner heard than he began to employ the most powerful arts, to induce his wife to put a period to the old lady's existence, lest with her usual caprice, she might cancel the testamentary document which had been duly executed. The first intimation of the horrible design was received with an involuntary shudder; and she at once rejected the proposal.—But the tempter knew his power too well; and after various conflicts, during which desertion was threatened, he bent his instrument to his will. He then instructed her in what manner to evade detection, by casting suspicion upon Miss Delaval, who he assured her, would escape punishment through the influence of her powerful friends. On the night of the murder, in consequence of Rose's absence Janet attended at Miss Delaval's toilet, and thus obtained the scarf and ring; the latter she intended as a present to her accomplice—and though it afterwards became an additional proof against Clara, it was unpremeditated.—The instigator of the deed fled as soon as he ascertained its perpetration, in order to avoid the chances of detection, and from believing that his superintendence was no longer necessary, as regard for her own safety would render Janet circumspect.

The acute and sensible Rose, however, relying on the

innocence of her young mistress, was led, by some slight incidents, to regard her fellow-servant with suspicion, but could for some time discover nothing to justify the avowal of her suspicions. On the eve of the day fixed for the execution, while sitting alone in the apartment which had been Miss Delaval's, harassed by painful incertitude as to the course she ought to pursue, Janet, with a haggard and horror stricken countenance, rushed into the room. The majestic voice of the elements had thundered terror to her guilty and superstitious soul, and she now tremblingly implored permission to pass the night with Rose. The frantic agony which marked her subsequent conduct was such as to have touched even a callous heart; but she thought that the innocent Clara was about to suffer, steeled the feelings of Rose against her who, she was now convinced, was the real criminal. By an ingenious stratagem, she brought Janet, on the following morning, to the prison; when, from her knowledge of her character, she hoped that the sight of Miss Delaval, under such melancholy circumstances, would bring a confession from her; and, should such not prove the case, she was determined at all hazards to charge her with the murder.—The result fully justified her expectations.

It now only remains to state, what the reader has in all probability anticipated, that Clara and Lord Henry were in due time happily united, their main defects of character being, in a great degree corrected by the extraordinary event, related.



RUINS OF THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

In our 66th number, with an engraving of another portion of these interesting remains, we gave a particular account of the various buildings. The above sketch represents the north side of the cathedral, including the round tower and castle—the centre is the gable of the transept.

HOUSE FLIES.

These troublesome little insects may be effectually destroyed without the use of poison.—Take half a spoonful of black pepper in powder, one teaspoonful of brown sugar and one tablepoonful of cream; mix them well together, and place them in the room, on a plate, where the flies are troublesome, and they will soon disappear.

INGENUITY OF THE EAGLE.

The manner in which the Eagle will sometimes attack oxen in Heligoland is very singular. It plunges itself into the waves, and after being completely drenched, rolls itself on the shore, till its wings are quite covered with sand. It then rises into the air, and hovers over its victim.—When close to it, it shakes its wings, and throws stones and sand into the eyes of the ox, while it completes the terror of the animal by blows with its powerful wings.—The blinded oxen run about quite raving, and at length fall down wholly exhausted, or dash themselves to death by falling from some cliff. The eagle then mangles undisturbed the fruits of his victory.

A RURAL RIDE IN IRELAND.

Wishing some short time since to visit a friend in the north of Ireland, and recollecting that economy is now the order of the day, I engaged an outside place on a stage coach, and at six o'clock of a fine frosty morning, I seated myself very comfortably between a something which appeared to be "half-monkey, half-man" whose travelling cloak, buttoned *à la militaire*, over his nose, gave him much the appearance of "an owl peeping out of a bush;" and a well dressed middle aged female, who, from the complete rotundity of her figure, and her face having a wonderful resemblance to a good kitchen fire, I suspected to belong to the lower regions of some of the noble mansions of our city. By the way, these military cloaks may be very comfortable things, but I must confess, whenever I meet one of our modern heroes, with his hands and head muffled up in his cloak, it forcibly recalls to my mind the soldiers of Rome in her degenerate days, who carried their umbrellas with them to the field of battle—nor can I help contrasting them with the British hero of olden time, who disinherited his son for rolling for himself a pillow of the snow on which he reposed for the night.

Our female companion, observing that the morning was extremely cold, drew from her pocket a small bottle of something which appeared very transparent, and placing the neck of it in her mouth, in the same way that a farrier would be administering medicine to a horse, in a moment half the contents disappeared; then, carefully replacing the cork, she was about to return the precious relic to its former station, when unfortunately it slipped out of her fingers, and strewed the seat with a thousand fragments. Moore, somewhere, when speaking of a vase in which roses had been distilled, says—

"You may break, you may ruin the vase as you will,

Yet the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

Though perhaps distilled whiskey may not have such an effect on glass bottles, in the instance I have mentioned the perfume was extremely powerful. But, to my ride—right opposite to me sat a man, who I at first sight supposed to be one of our country graziers; not that he wore either "top boots" or "sham tops," as the English farmers do, but, from having on a very old hat, and a suit of clothes which had certainly seen many better days.—"What an alteration fifteen years make, and it is just fifteen years since I was in this neighbourhood before," said this stranger, addressing himself to me, as we drove through the northern suburbs of the city. Having bowed assent, and enquired whether during that time he had resided in a foreign land, I found that he had just returned from America; and perceiving him to be a well informed, intelligent man, and being myself anxious for information as to the propriety of emigrating to that country, I endeavoured to elicit his opinions on the subject. He assured me that the ideas entertained by the generality of our countrymen of being able to realize a fortune in America at the present moment, or for a considerable time past, is a mere *ignis fatuus*—that after fifteen years experience and observation, he felt satisfied that it was just as easy to make money by industry and exertion in any of these islands, as it is in America.

He described the situation of the greater number of persons who lately emigrated from these kingdoms, as wretched in the extreme. That on their arrival in the United States, 99 out of every 100 of those who were even comfortable farmers here, were obliged to turn labourers; and that in many instances he has known them to be in a state of perfect starvation.

For the information of any of your readers who may have an intention of emigrating, I may observe, he mentioned that land in any way contiguous to the great towns or seaports, could not be obtained, except at their very highest value—and that in consequence, those who now go out are obliged to settle very far back in the country—that if they have as much money remaining after the expenses of travelling, perhaps thousands of miles, as will purchase some ground that has been cleared, or will maintain them until they can clear it themselves, and will afterwards buy sufficient to stock their farm, they may then expect to be very comfortable, for having no rent to pay, and the taxes being as yet comparatively tri-

pling, when they can once get properly settled on their farms, they certainly enjoy an independence unknown to the middling classes in this country—"but," said he, "if those who intend to emigrate, only knew one half of the obstacles they have to surmount before they can obtain their object—and the many chances of their never being able to attain it, they would scarcely ever think of emigrating to the United States."

Having asked if it were his intention to return—he replied, "that having a wife and family settled there, in one of the principal towns, he must return; but that had he known as much of the real situation of America before he had at first emigrated, as he does at present, he certainly never would have left this country."

As we drew nigh to our first stage or resting place, we were met by a party of the most miserable looking beings I ever beheld. On inquiry we found them to be a set of Irish labourers who landed early that morning somewhere on the neighbouring coast, on their return from England, where they had been getting in the harvest. Bare-footed, and bare-legged, with scarcely as many tatters hung round them as covered their naked limbs; some of them, in fact, *sans culottes*; with misery and wretchedness pictured in their countenances, these "sons of the sod" trudged along their weary way, having more the appearance of a set of malefactors, going to execution, than of men returning to their wives and families. Well, thought I, it is little wonder that the English should form a very dreadful idea of the Irish nation, while they have annually before them such specimens as these—and represent the peasants of the country as a set of the most barbarous wretches that ever disgraced the human character.—"What a set of knowing rascals, these here fellows are," said our overgrown coachman, turning round to the gentleman who sat behind him, "there be's not one of these lazy lubbers who has not got now in his pockets at least five or six sovereigns; and yet they will all beg their way home; and if they can't get anything for begging, they will, d'ye see, sooner fast until they get home, although that were fifty or sixty miles, than they will change one of them to buy food." "And pray," said I, what do they do with their money when they get home?" "I'm sure I've doesn't know—but we think as how they must drink it." "My good fellow," said a plain countryman who was sitting next him, "you know little about it; it is true enough they have in all probability four or five sovereigns a piece, and it is also true, that they will not change one of them, even to purchase the necessary subsistence; but believe me, it is not for drink they are saving it, it is to pay the rent of their cabin and quarter-ground, which they know very well would be taken from them on their return, if they were a shilling deficient, and that they would consequently be left without a roof to shelter them from the "peltings of the pitiless storm," during the winter: "Humph," replied Coachee, "you here Irish are always complaining—in England, I always finds the labourer as well off as the master, but I've don't know how you tries to manage; since I came here, I have never been in want." "Very likely," replied the countryman, "but how would you manage if you got nothing to do? These poor fellows, it is more than probable, live sixty or eighty miles in the interior of the country, and after walking that distance, to some part of the coast where they could get a bullock boat to take them across to England, and after walking perhaps as far again into the interior of the country to get work, and laboured there for two or three months, as hard as any of your English horses, have proved that it is not through inclination they idle, but from pure necessity; and I can tell you my good man, that if your English labourers were only obliged to undergo the one-half of the miseries which our Irish labourers are, there would in a very short time be ten times as many atrocities committed in England as are in this country."

Our country friend had just ended his remarks when one of the opposition coaches passed us with the rapidity of a sun beam, which instantly changed the discourse to the improprial and superior state of travelling in Ireland. The English have been ever ready to caricature us, Sir, and some of our Irish friends are ready to join them. The caricature of Irish posting by an Irish novelist is well known, but we seldom find them telling any thing that is

good of us; and certainly if they were so disposed, they would now have a fine subject in the present excellent condition of our roads, in the generality of our small and stage conveyances, as there cannot be better travelling in any country than there is in Ireland at present; and comparatively speaking, not one half of the accidents occur in our mail and stage coach conveyances that do in England. Were English travellers aware of this, and of the many fine scenes which are to be met with in the country, and in some way certain that they would not be murdered while coming here, I have no doubt we should have many more from England and Scotland, now that the conveyance by steam across the water is so cheap, and at the same time so expeditious and so certain. As nothing very material occurred during our next stage, and as I have at present given your readers quantum sufficit of my rambles for one number of your journal, I shall defer the remainder till a future opportunity. And am, Sir, yours, &c.,
ROBIN RUNABOUT

SIMPLE SCIENCE—LEAD.

Lead is the softest of all the metals; it is malleable and ductile, but possesses so little tenacity that a wire of the one hundred and twentieth part of an inch is not capable of supporting more than eighteen pounds weight without breaking. Lead and many of its uses were known to the ancients, but it was not thought, until chemical research discovered it, that it was poisonous. So far from entertaining this idea, the Romans in the time of Augustus, conveyed the water for their city in leaden pipes, without imagining that such a conveyance rendered it unwholesome; and so lately as 1783, there was a treatise printed, recommending the use of lead to preserve wines from acidity.

Although lead has the property of imparting a saccharine taste to substances with which it is mixed, some of our wine merchants little suspected, when they contaminated their wines with it, that they were distributing a slow poison to their customers. Vats of lead have been used in some cider counties, and have produced incalculable mischief. What is called the Devonshire colic, is occasioned by this practice, and is identified with the colic of the plumbers, painters, and white-lead manufacturers. A person may satisfy himself of the unwholesome nature of leaden cisterns to hold water for culinary purposes, by examining the internal surface of such vessels; for if the water has stood in them for several days undisturbed, a small coating of white oxide will be observed just at the upper edge of the water. On every fresh addition of water this oxide is washed off, and if there be the slightest degree of acidity in the vessel, it will be dissolved in the water, and thus an insidious poison will be conveyed into the stomach. The Romans sheathed the bottom of their ships with this metal, fastened by nails made of bronze; and in a state of ceruse, it was in great respect among their ladies as a cosmetic.

Lead is eleven and a half times heavier than water, and is found abundantly in Scotland, Northumberland, Durham, Derbyshire, and Ireland, and many other parts of the world. It is usually alloyed with a portion of silver, and in the primitive slate mountains, from fifty to one hundred and fifty ounces of silver are generally found in a ton of lead. It is employed to cover buildings and mixed with antimony forms printer's types. From it is manufactured many useful pigments, the most noted of which, is the white lead used in painting: the manufacture of this article is conducted in the following manner: a number of earthen crucibles holding from three to six quarts each, nearly filled with vinegar, in hot-beds of tan, and upon these crucibles thin sheets of lead rolled up in coils are placed, one coil over each crucible. The heat of the bed occasions the vinegar to rise in vapour, and this attaches itself to, and combines with the lead, forming a white crust of considerable depth; at a certain time this is scraped off and the coils of lead replaced: in this manner the operation goes on until all the metal is used—the produce is afterwards ground and washed for sale.

Sheet lead is made by suffering the melted metal to run out of a box through a long horizontal slit, upon a table prepared for the purpose, while the box is drawn by appropriate ropes and pulleys along the table, leaving the

melted lead behind it in the desired form to congeal. The lead thus cast is passed between two iron rollers, placed at such a distance from each other as will reduce the lead to the desired thickness.

Lead is used in the finer kind of glass, in order to make it bear sudden changes of heat and cold better; also to give it a proper degree of weight, a susceptibility of being cut without breaking, a greater power of refracting rays of light, and a capacity to bear a higher polish. Notwithstanding, lead is seldom used in plate or crown glass, as it always renders glass softer and more liable to be defaced by hard substances.

The manufacture of small shot is tedious. In melting the lead a small quantity of arsenic is used, which disposes it to run into spherical drops. When melted it is poured into a cylinder whose circumference is pierced with holes; the lead streaming through the holes divide into drops, which fall into water where they congeal. They are not all spherical, therefore, those that are, must be separated by an ingenious contrivance. The whole is sifted on the upper end of a long smooth inclined plane, and the grains roll down to the lower end. But the pear like shape of the bad grains, makes them roll down irregularly, and they waddle as it were to one side, while the round ones run straight down, and are afterwards sorted into various sizes with sieves. The manufacturers of the patent shot have fixed their furnace at the top of a tower one hundred feet high, and so procure a much greater number of spherical grains by letting the melted lead fall into water from this height, as the shot is gradually cooled before it reaches the water. E. B.

HIGHLAND HEROISM.

Roderick Mackenzie, a young gentleman of the north of Scotland, nearly of the same age with Prince Charles, and who strongly resembled him in person, was one of the many who knew of the Pretender's retreats, while the British government set a price upon his head, and the British soldiers hunted him through the realms of his fathers; and he was one of the few who were permitted to continue in his train, and who assisted in his numerous escapes. One day while the prince was sitting with his little band of faithful friends, in a highland cottage, the alarm was given that troops were closing around it. Escape was impossible, but he was forcibly carried by the party into a hiding place, and young Mackenzie remained firm in his stead. When the soldiers had burst the door, he rose, and walked calmly up to them, saying "I know whom you want—there—stab the son of your King!"—and he threw his plaid off his breast. Their swords were instantly through his gallant heart! They hacked off his head, threw it into a sack, and set off to present it, a meet and acceptable offering to their Duke. At Edinburgh, it was thought proper to ascertain that it was really the prince's head, and Robert Morrison, his barber, was sent for to identify it. Fainting with horror, the poor man was shown this shocking spectacle. After examining it, he became satisfied, that it was not the head of his master; but he had the presence of mind to conceal his feelings, and said, that although he was not able to swear to the identity of the head, in that situation, the resemblance was so strong, no person could doubt that it was the head of Prince Charles. This evidence satisfied the butchers for the time; and, the fury of the pursuit abating, the prince escaped to France. What his feelings were on returning from his hiding place in the hut, and finding the mangled body of his friend, generous hearts may imagine, but few would be able to describe.

An anecdote is told of General Wolfe, that he was out with a party of friends in a boat, the day before the battle of Quebec. It was a beautiful summer's evening, and the conversation turned to Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," which was just then published. Wolfe repeated the lines, "For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey, &c. with enthusiasm, and said, "I would rather be the author of those lines than beat the French to morrow." He did beat the French, and was himself killed the next day.

ON AGRICULTURE.

If it be true, and the truth is undeniable, that by a judicious rotation of crops, one acre may be made to produce three times the quantity of food for animals, than it can be forced to yield under the miserable system of exhaustion and fallowing, to which it is now submitted, what hinders every arable acre in the country from being subjected to the same profitable cultivation? Would not any unprejudiced person say that his neighbour was insane, who hoarded his money in a chest, instead of vesting it in the safest and most productive securities? Yet, surely the errors of the miser and the farmer on the old system are precisely similar: they both obstinately reject the certain means of profit, and adhere to a scheme, which, while every article of comfort and necessity is rapidly rising in price, must every year make them poorer—yet clear as this reasoning is, it is painful to think what a long period has elapsed in the utter ignorance or rejection of it, and how slowly the conviction of its irresistible evidence has grown upon the understandings of persons most interested in acknowledging and acting upon it—perhaps the desire of immediate profit has opposed the most formidable barrier to its spread—an incentive unworthy of the farmer, and which must terminate in his ruin. It is with land as with every other human possession; to anticipate upon its stamina, is ultimately to destroy it. It is very possible, we allow, by burning, and then by uninterruptedly white cropping for three or four years, to exact from the earth, for that period, a very increased return and profit—but in what situation is the land after such a process? precisely in that state of debility and incurable decay, into which the human frame sinks, under the ravages of excess. For a temporary exhilaration, the drunkard pays the forfeit of decline; having prematurely exhausted the principle of vitality, he drags on a lingering life, if life it can be called, which is in fact a painful existence, and perishes the victim of intemperate enjoyment.

THE IRISH PLOUGH AND THE SCOTCH PLOUGH.

An Irish ploughman, with much toil and pain,
Had worked a light Scotch plough against the grain,
For seven long years reluctant in Fingal,
Being asked, "pray Paddy how d'ye like it now?"
Exclaimed, "Ochone, give me the Irish plough;
It is the plough for Ireland, after all!"
"Why Paddy, you're a most ungrateful rap!
The Scotch with ease works nearly double."
"Ah sure enough, and saves a world of trouble,
But still the Irish is the plough for crap!"
"Nay Paddy, that you know is not the case."
"Why sure enough your honor's craps increase!"
"Then what objection can you have, you oaf?"
"Why then, I'll tell your honor's honor why,
Before your honor laid the ould plough by,
We always had a mighty bigger loaf."

CULTIVATION OF POPPIES FOR OPIUM.

Messrs. Cowley and Staines, of Winslow, Bucks, have cultivated poppies for opium, with much success. In one year they produced sixty pounds of solid opium, equal to the best Turkey, from rather less than four acres, and a half. The seed was sown in February, came up in March, and the gathering commenced in the latter end of July, when the poppies had lost their petals, and were covered with a blush white bloom. By horizontal incisions, opium was procured from them daily, until the produce could no longer bear the expense; ninety-seven pounds one ounce were obtained for £31 11s. 2½d. which, when properly evaporated, yielded sixty pounds of dried opium. The poppies stood till they became yellow, about the middle of August; they were then pulled and laid in rows on the land, and when dry, seeds were got from them amounting to 13 cwt. which was expected to yield 7½ gallons of oil. The oil cake was used with great advantage in feeding cattle. From the capsule from which the seed is obtained, an

extract may be got by cold water, eight grains of which are equal to one of opium, an acre producing eighty pounds of it, and the poppy straw, when laid in the yard in a compact heap makes excellent manure. The quantity of opium consumed in this country annually is about fifty thousand pounds, which could be easily raised in many parts where there is dry land and a superfluous population. On the moderate calculation of ten pounds per acre, five thousand acres would be sufficient, which would employ about fifty thousand people, such as are not calculated for common agricultural labour, and at a time when there is scarcely any other labour for them, viz. between hay time and harvest.

CERTAIN CURE FOR WORMS.

Oil of turpentine, as a remedy for worms, seems to be of an almost specific nature. "From a good deal of experience," says Dr. Gibney, of Chesham, "in that complaint, I am acquainted with no medicine so likely to be of service, whether we consider the speediness of the operation, or the few doses which are necessary." A small quantity, it seems, will very rarely act; and there is less to be apprehended from taking a large dose than is generally supposed. Dr. G. has found that there are few children of three years of age who will not bear from one to three drachms, given at intervals, and those more advanced in years may take from three to six drachms, not only with advantage, but with safety. To adults a still more extensive scale is of course applicable:—The following are Dr. G.'s directions for administering it. Mix the turpentine with some mucilage, cinnamon water and syrup. Take a good dose the first thing in the morning, fasting, and repeat it every hour for three or four hours, as the strength of the patient, or the presence of the disease, seems to indicate. Take no food of any sort during the operation of the medicine, nor for some time before and after its exhibition. Thirst only may be allayed with some warm tea, or barley water, with a little of any acid in it. If slow in its operation, a little castor oil taken some hours after will be attended with advantage. In the case of very delicate persons, to avoid vomiting, the turpentine should be taken night and morning, but in larger doses.

In some instances Dr. G. has known the disease to yield to one dose of the remedy; in others a more prolonged course was necessary. In all cases he thinks it advisable to continue the medicine (observing an interval of three, four, or five days between the regular doses) for some time after there is reason to suppose the worms have been destroyed.—*Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal.*

COWHAGE AS A CURE FOR WORMS.

Cowhage, or *Dolichos pruriens*, is a perennial plant somewhat like our scarlet-beans, and a native of America and the East and West Indies. Upon the outside of the pods there is a number of spiculae, which, when scraped off, form the medicine we are about to recommend. Mr. Chamberlaine has written a practical treatise upon the beneficial effects of this remedy; and, we ourselves, have tried it with success, at Bourdeaux, a town which produces more worm-cases than the whole north of France, from the peculiarly unhealthy mode of living observed by its inhabitants. Cowhage acts mechanically upon the worms—that is by wounding them with the prickly points of the medicine, but is quite harmless as regards the mouth, throat, and intestines of the patient. The manner of making up the medicine is this: add as much of the cowhage to molasses, or syrup, as will make the mass of the thickness of honey. The dose is for a child under seven years, a tea-spoon full every morning, for three days; after which an opening medicine of salts and senna may be given.

This vermifuge is a good one, and will succeed when most others have failed.

OIL OF BROWN PAPER FOR BURNS.

Take a piece of the thickest coarse brown paper, and dip it in the best salad oil; then set the paper on fire, and carefully preserve all the oil that drops for use.

SHREWS.

Socrates used to say to his friends, that his wife was his greatest blessing, since she was a never ceasing monitor of patience, from whom he learned so much within his own door, that all the crosses that he met with elsewhere, were light to him.

Pittacus, who was as blessed in this respect as Socrates, but was famous chiefly for his valour, wisdom, and justice, invited, upon one occasion, a party of friends to his house, who had never had the pleasure of feasting at his table before. It was intended to be a sort of bachelor's party; but in the midst of the dinner, his wife, angry probably at her exclusion, rushed into the room, and in a great fury, kicked over the table, and tumbled every thing upon it on the floor. The guests did not know how to look, or what to say, on the occasion; but Pittacus relieved them from their confusion, by observing, "There is not one of us all but hath his cross, and one thing or other wherewith to exercise his patience; and for my own part, this is the only thing that checketh my felicity, for were it not for this shrew, my wife, I were the happiest man in the world."

"But before these," says the author of reflection on modern marriages, "commend me to that glorious instance of resolution in an English wife. This lady (who had been a widow), when her new husband, blessed before with peace and plenty, with all the affluence heaven could give, told her, he married her to teach him patience, and carry him that way to heaven, well knowing that she was greater than Zantippe as a scold. She resolutely answered him, 'I will let you know, that whatever I have been, I scorn to be any man's pack horse.' She accordingly became the most peaceable, calm, and tractable of all English wives, for her whole life afterwards.

ON THE CHOOSING OF A WIFE.

FROM THE WORKS OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

"The next and greatest care ought to be in the choice of a wife, and the onely danger therein is beauty, by which all men, in all ages, wise and foolish have been betrayed. And though I know it is vain to use reasons or arguments, to dissuade thee from being captivated therewith, there being few or none that ever resisted that witcherie: yet I cannot omit to warne thee as of other things, which may bee thy ruine and destruction. For the present time, it is true, that every man prefers his fantasie in that appetite before all worldly desires, leaving the care of honour, credit, and safety in respect thereof; but remember that though these affections doe not last, yet the bond of marriage endureth to the end of thy life.

"Remember, secondly, that if thou marry for beauty, thou bindest thyselfe for all thy life to that which perchance will neither last nor please thee one yeere, and when thou hast it, it will be to thee of no price at all; for the desire dyeth when it is attained, and affection perisheth when it is satisfied. Remember when thou wert a sucking child, that then thou didst love thy nurse, and that thou wert fond of her; after awhile thou didst love thy dry nurse, and didst forget the other: after thou didst also despise her, so will it be with thee in thy liking in elder yeeres; and therefore, though thou canst not forbear to love, yet forbear to link, and after awhile thou shalt find an alteration in thyselfe, and see another farre more pleasing than the first, second, or third love; yet I wish thee, above all the rest, have care thou dost not marry an uncomely woman for any respect; for comeliness in children is riches, if nothing else be left them. And if thou have care of thy race of horses and other beasts, value the shape and comeliness of thy children before all alliances of riches; have care, therefore, of both together—for if thou have a faire wife and a poor one, if thine own estate bee not great, assure thyself that love abideth not with want; for she is the companion of plenty and honour, for I never yet knew a poore woman, exceeding faire, that was not made dishonest by one or other in the end. This Bathsheba taught her son Solomon.—Favour is deceitful, beauty is vanity: she sayeth further, that a wise woman overseeth the waies of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Have therefore evermore care, that thou be loved of thy wife, rather than

thyself besotted on her, and thou shalt judge of her love by these two observations: first, if thou perceive that she have care of thy estate, and exercise herself therein; the other, if she study to please thee, and be sweet unto thee in conversation

An Athenian, who was hesitating whether to give his daughter in marriage to a man of worth with a small fortune, or to a rich man, who had no other recommendation, went to consult Themistocles on the subject. "I would bestow my daughter," said Themistocles, "upon a man without money, rather than upon money without a man."

TO CLEAN MARBLE

Mix up a quantity of very strong soap lees with quick lime, to the consistence of milk, and lay it on the marble you wish to clean, where it may remain twenty-four or thirty hours; it is afterwards to be cleaned with soap and water, and it will appear as if new.

DICKY DAW,

OR DO AS OTHER PEOPLE DO.

A TRUE STORY.

One Dicky Daw, as stories go,
A grocer, lived in Peter's Row,
His wife in true domestic stile,
Poor Dicky Daw would oft revile,
For ever wanting something new,
She'd cry, now Dick, I wish that you
Would do as other people do.

There's mistress Brown, she keeps a car,
And drives about both near and far,
To Donnybrook, the Rock, and stay
Just now and then a night at Bray,
Then since we all want something new,
Dear Dicky Daw I wish that you,
Would do as other people do.

What now, says Dick, what want you next?
Nay Dick, my love, don't now be vex'd,
You know we live in dirt and filth,
A country house would save my health,
And here's a spot with charming view,
Dear darling Dick I know that you,
Will do as other people do.

The house was bought—a gardener hired,
And friends of coming never tired,
Dinners and suppers—port and punch,
And droppers in must have a lunch,
And when poor Daw inpatient grew,
Dicky, my soul, she cried, sure you
Must do as other people do.

But now Dick's cash ran very brief,
And so he turned another leaf—
The gardener went—the car was sold,
And all the furniture were told.
"Oh, Dick," she screamed, "what shall we do?"
Indeed, says Dick, you know that you
Must do as other people do.

Poor Dicky Daw, from change of life,
Soon lost his angel of a wife,
And now retrieving his affairs,
Most christian like his loss he bears,
And when ye ask him, how do you do?
Dick cries, indeed to tell you true,
I do as other people do.

DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 3, Cecilia Street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.
Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Panzer-alley, Paternoster-row; in Liverpool, by Willmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Ambury; in Birmingham by Drake; in Nottingham, by Wright; in Edinburgh, by R. Grant and Son; in Glasgow, by J. Niven, Jun.

THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 72. Vol. II.

P. D. HARDY, 3, CECILIA STREET

NOVEMBER 16, 1833.



Designed by B. Clayton, jun.

Engraved by Clayton

DONNYBROOK FAIR.

"Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook fair,
An Irishman all in his glory was there,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green."

Reader, have you ever seen Donnybrook fair? that far famed spot for drollery and drunkenness, for courting and cudgelling, for gambling and gymnastics, for frolicking and fighting; a scene altogether so diversified and various, so thoroughly characteristic of the lower orders of our countrymen, as to be witnessed on no spot of earth besides our "own dear native Emerald Isle;" the land of the shamrock and the shillelah. Well, if you have never enjoyed an opportunity of seeing Donnybrook before, you may now gaze upon the scene to your heart's content, notwithstanding you should never set a foot on Irish ground, nor ever once in your life-time eat an Irish potato, or swallow a naggin of Irish poteen. In the engraving before you, in modest miniature, you have, without a single effort at caricature, an exact and striking representation

of the scene which Donnybrook presents for the space of eight whole days in each year, during the merry month of August. Here a troop of itinerant equestrians, exciting the astonishment of the country clown and the well dressed cit; there a merry-go-round full of boys and girls, getting their penny worth of fun; yonder a tent crowded with lads and lasses, tripping it on "the light fantastic toe;" or gazing in admiration on some heavy legged bog-trotter, footing a horn-pipe to the music of a pair of bag-pipes, or the notes of a half drunken scraper on three strings; while thickly studded round may be seen tents crowded with the drinking and the drunken—the painted prostitute, or the half tipsy youngster lovingly caressing "the girl of his heart," whose flushed cheek and glancing eye, too plainly indicate that she herself has already had a goodly portion of the intoxicating draught; while in the distance in various directions may be seen the waving of the shillelah and heard the brawling

of a party, daring some other to the deadly strife.—But we feel it would be impossible by any description to give so correct an idea of Donnybrook fair, as the engraving affords. Amidst what is considered by some as mere merriment and mirth—we venture to say there is more misery and madness, devilment and debauchery, than could be found crowded into an equal space of ground in any part of the habitable globe, or in any other part of Ireland during five times the same space which is spent at Donnybrook in one given year; and be it remembered the scenes here described are those which take place during the light of day—the orgies of the night, when every species of dissipation and profligacy is practised without restraint, may be better imagined than described. It may be sufficient to say, that it has been calculated, that during the week of Donnybrook fair there is more loss of female character, and greater spoliation of female virtue among the lower orders, than during all the other portions of the year besides. But as our object at present is more to amuse than to moralize, we shall finish our sketch by presenting our readers with a story, descriptive of the evil effects which too frequently ensue to young females from visiting such places of amusement, even in what they may consider proper company; and as mere lookers on.

JANE FITZCHARLES.

James Fitz-Charles was the descendant of a distinguished and once affluent family; but various circumstances had led to the annihilation of their wealth, and all that his parents could bequeath to him was the name of gentleman and a moderate education.

He had married in early life, and became a widower a few years after. Of several children, one daughter only survived; but he frequently observed that *she* more than compensated him for the loss of all.—He loved her, indeed, with more than a father's fondness, and having been disappointed in all his other expectations of enjoyment, he appeared to cling to this last source of earthly happiness with a fervour of affection which no pen can properly describe.

Jane was in many respects a good girl; but having been so soon deprived of her mother, and her father's attention to the duties of his office preventing that oversight which is necessary for the welfare of young people, and ought to be highly accounted of by those who are favoured to possess it—her education had not been a sufficiently guarded one; she was volatile and thoughtless, and too fond of using to its full extent the liberty with which her father indulged her, and which is so congenial to the vivacity of the youthful imagination.

She was about eighteen years of age, when one of her acquaintances, a young and giddy widow, invited her to accompany her to the fair of Donnybrook. The invitation was cheerfully accepted, and they enjoyed in anticipation the scenes of rustic revelry which they expected to witness, but in which they had no intention of participating. The evening was fine, and after a short time spent in observing the various sports that were going forward, and the beauty of the surrounding scenery, they were joined by two young men, who endeavoured to attract their attention by lively and witty observations on the scene before them. In such a place, and under such circumstances, an acquaintance is easily formed, and the time passed so agreeably in the company of their new friends, that they were easily persuaded to meet them again on the following evening.

It is not our intention to moralize on the various errors which this young woman was induced to commit, but simply to relate the events which occurred, and to let those events speak for themselves. We would only observe, that there is no lesson which it is of more importance to impress upon the minds of young people—and we have no hesitation in saying, of young females in particular—than the impropriety of forming any acquaintance which they are afraid or ashamed of making known to their parents. Had poor Jane been properly instructed in this respect, from what misery and degradation might she not have been preserved.

The elder of the young men paid her particular attention, and on their second interview professed the attach-

ment with which she had inspired him. His name, he said, was Horace Wentworth; he was then pursuing his studies in the college, but was altogether dependant for his future establishment in life on the will of his uncle, a man of great fortune, but of such pride that he thought no woman could be a suitable match for his nephew, who was not in possession of both wealth and title. These reasons, he said, made him desirous that for the present his affection should be only known to herself: by and by he would have completed his studies; he would then enter into orders, and as several rich livings were in the gift of his family, he made no doubt of obtaining one of them; and then how delightful it would be to avow his attachment, retire into the country with *his* Jane and her father, and in peaceful seclusion smile at the folly of those who barter happiness for grandeur, and prefer the ostentation of high life to the enjoyment which mutual affection only can bestow.

It has been often and truly said, that what we wish for we are always willing to believe; and Jane, at least, was no sceptic. She had conceived a warm attachment for her admirer; she believed his professions to be sincere; and she loved to gaze upon the picture of future enjoyment which he exhibited to her imagination. She thought too, that by an union with Horace, her affectionate father would be released from the drudgery to which he was now compelled to submit, and be advanced to his proper station in society—there was ecstasy in the idea; and she was only awakened from her dream of prospective felicity, to find herself a guilty and forsaken creature, and likely soon to become a mother.

We cannot paint the anguish she now experienced—the deep, deep misery into which she was plunged. Often were her hands raised to heaven in frantic supplication, that God in his mercy would be pleased to deprive her of existence, and preserve her father from the shame and sorrow that awaited him. She was conscious that her situation could not be much longer concealed; and although she endeavoured to hide the affliction which preyed upon her, by an affected gaiety, yet the busy whisper had already circulated amongst her acquaintance, who began to regard her with coldness and suspicion. Her father was grieved and perplexed at the change in her behaviour: her favorite geraniums were neglected, her usual avocations were forsaken; and oftentimes, when she appeared to be reading, he would notice the tears falling from her eyes upon the unturned page. At length, however, the direful secret burst upon him. The increased indisposition of his daughter induced him to apply for medical assistance; and a physician being called in, her situation was at once revealed to him. For a moment the unfortunate father appeared petrified with horror, and the only expression which the bitterness of his grief permitted him to use, was one of thankfulness that his wife, at least, was not a partaker in it. With an affected calmness which ill concealed the agitation under which he laboured, he left his once peaceful habitation, as if in the noise and bustle of the streets he could effect an escape from his own feelings. The evening was fast closing in, and he wandered he knew not whither. On the following morning he was discovered by a sentinel at the Pidgeon-house, lying beneath the wall in a state of insensibility. Happily he was well known there, as the duties of his office frequently led him to visit it, and he was immediately conveyed in a coach to his own house.

The illness of her father seemed to recal Jane from the contemplation of her own misery; day and night she attended upon him with the most unwearied assiduity, and for three weeks she was rarely absent from her station at his bed side. During all this time he remained insensible, and the fever had so far weakened him that the physicians who had been called in could hold out no hope of his recovery. At length, however, they announced the approach of returning reason, and the unhappy daughter had again the gratification of hearing her father call upon her. He held her hand, and gazed on her face with more than his usual fondness: "I think," said he, "I must have been a long time ill, and I have had a sad, sad dream; but surely it was only a dream."

"Alas! my father," exclaimed Jane, "would that it were indeed a dream. Can you, can you forgive me?"
"Can I forgive thee my child? I can and do forgive

“hee. . . Yea, as sincerely as I desire that my Father which is in heaven may forgive me my trespasses do I forgive thee thine. May he bless thee, my daughter, and be a father to thee, for I feel that thou wilt soon need one.”—These were the last words which he uttered, and in a few hours he was numbered with the dead.

The exertions which Jane had made proved too much for her enfeebled constitution, and before the interment of her father she was attacked with the fever, to which he had fallen a victim. They had only occupied part of a house, and the owner of it, alarmed for his own safety, deemed it the most prudent to have her removed to an hospital. Here she remained some time, and was then removed to another, where she became the mother of a son.

Four months had elapsed from the period of her father's death to the time of her discharge from the hospital, when she again entered upon the busy world, a destitute and friendless creature. She directed her steps towards her former abode, and with a weak and trembling hand ventured to rap at the door; a stranger opened it, and in reply to her enquiry for Mr. and Mrs. —, informed her that they had quitted the house and removed to England; but they had left a letter to be given to Miss Fitz Charles, if that was her name. She received the letter, but had not courage to open it, and with a heavy heart turned away from the door. All day long she wandered about, and sought to rest herself in alleys and obscure corners, for her afflictions bore heavily upon her, and she was worn both in body and mind. Doubtless many of her former friends would have received and sheltered her had she made her situation known to them, but she trembled least any of those should meet and recognize her; for whilst she accused herself of having been the cause of her father's death, she shrank from the idea of that accusation being made by another. The shades of evening had closed in, as she was slowly walking along the bank of the Liffey. A dreadful thought crossed her mind—she stopped and looked around; she thought that she was unobserved, and she fixed a steady gaze upon the water: her forehead seemed burning with heat, but here was that which would cool it—here, at least, the houseless wanderer might repose, and find a certain shelter from want, and sorrow, and disgrace. In a moment her purpose was fixed, and she leaned forward with the intention of executing it. Providence, however, interposed, and prevented the intended suicide, in the very act of its accomplishment. Her infant was sleeping upon her bosom, and when about to take the desperate plunge, she pressed him violently against the wall over which she was going to throw herself—his cry uttered volumes—in a moment the feelings of a mother were raised within her, and she burst into tears—the first which she had shed since the death of her father. At this instant a hand was laid upon her shoulder, and a coarse female voice exclaimed—“You poor silly cratur what is it you're thinking about?” Jane made no reply, but turned her face, now bathed in tears, upon the speaker, a poor basket-woman, who had for some time been observing her actions, and had become suspicious of her design. “Come, come,” she continued, “don't fret so—there's no sore but there's a cure for it—just tell me where you live now and I'll go home with you.”—“Indeed, I cannot—I have no home,” was the reply.—“No home,” said the inquirer, “musha, honey, but you're in a bad way then; however, don't cry for that at all at all; sure I have a home of my own, and if I cannot go with you to your home you can come with me to mine, and that's all the same you know, barring the difference of it.” The affectionate language of the poor woman revived Jane's drooping spirits, and inspired her with confidence. She quietly took her offered arm, and accompanied her to the place she called her home—a poor room, in a mean house, in the outskirts of the city. A better night's rest than she had enjoyed for a long time so far recruited her strength and spirits, that the next morning she was enabled to reflect with more calmness upon her situation. Her first employment was to examine the letter she had received; it contained an account of the money that had been disbursed for her father's funeral expenses, and which had been procured by the sale of the furniture left in their landlord's possession; a small balance was due to her, and this, together with a chest con-

taining her clothes, books, and papers, remained in the house, and would be delivered to any person whom she might commission to receive them. We need scarcely inform our readers that the necessary application was immediately made, and the chest removed to the poor woman's apartment. The money amounted only to a few pounds, but it was sufficient to render their habitation more comfortable, and to afford such an accession to the trading capital of her hostess, and such a consequent increase in her profit, as, she said, more than compensated for the accommodation afforded to her guest; for whom, and for her baby, she felt an increasing attachment.

In arranging her plans for the future, Jane hoped, when her health should be re-established, to be able to maintain herself and her infant, by her skill at her needle; but sorrow and suffering had undermined her constitution, and she was rapidly approaching to the termination of her earthly pilgrimage. She was soon conscious that her dissolution was at hand, and she awaited it in peaceful quietude. She had a broken and contrite spirit, she possessed, also, a firm and undoubting assurance in the all-sufficiency of Him who came “to seek and to save that which was lost.” She called upon him and he heard her, and delivered her out of all her troubles: and with her last breath she acknowledged his mercy, and praised him for his loving kindness.

The poor woman was deeply affected at the decease of her guest, and promised to be a mother to her son. She mentioned his destitute situation to some of her customers, and procured amongst them a small subscription to send him to a country nurse, with whom he remained until he was six years old; he then returned to his kind friend in the city, who sold his mother's clothes, which she had hitherto preserved with the most scrupulous care, and was thus enabled to pay for his schooling. Unhappily, however, for him, she died when he was about twelve years of age, and he was left to shift for himself in the best way that he could. We will not follow him into the career of vice into which he was betrayed; it is sufficient to say, that before he had attained his twentieth year, he was committed to prison on a charge of robbery and murder. A gentleman and his servant had been attacked by a desperate gang; they made a powerful resistance, and in the conflict the gentleman received wounds of which he soon after died; they succeeded, however, in securing the person of our hero, if so we may venture to call him, and who was shortly after brought to trial for the offence.

The proceedings against him were conducted by a barrister of distinguished talent, who had lost, in the deceased gentleman, the friend and companion of his earliest youth, and who was thus induced to bring to bear upon the unhappy culprit the whole weight of his eloquence, and to labour for his conviction with all the powers of his mind. The proofs of his guilt were irrefragable, and when called upon for his defence, the judge warned him against attempting by any weak assertions to rebut the incontrovertible evidence that had been given against him. He replied, “My lord, it would be idle for me to persist in the plea which I have made, and to continue to say that I am not guilty of the crime of which I am accused: yet permit me, before the awful fiat be pronounced which shall tell me that my days are numbered, to plead in extenuation of my crimes the circumstances of my situation. My lord, I never knew a mother's affectionate care—I never partook of a father's counsel: abandoned by one parent, and deprived by death of the other, I was early thrown upon the stream of life without a friend and without a guide. I know that I have inflicted a deep injury upon society, yet, oh! be merciful, I beseech you, to my youth and ignorance, and allow me an opportunity, by the rectitude of my future conduct, to make reparation for the crimes which I have committed. I know that my mother was descended from an honorable family, and it is possible, that even in this court the son of a Fitz Charles may not be without relations, who would, for the sake of their common ancestry, unite in the prayer for mercy which he is now offering. And oh, my lord, the publicity which this day's proceedings will give to my unhappy name may even bear it to the author of my mother's death, the man whom I have to curse for my existence, and Horace Wentworth himself be made acquainted

with the state to which his son has been reduced. Death is at all times awful to contemplate, but—

Here the prisoner was interrupted, and the court thrown into confusion, by the interference of the counsellor who had pleaded against him. When the young man stood forward to make his defence, his countenance, and the tone of his voice, impressed his learned antagonist in a manner that he could not account for; but when he pronounced his mother's name, and afterwards that of his father, with the accompanying malediction, his horror and astonishment were indescribable. Had a mine been sprung beneath his feet—had the whole creation gone to wreck around him, and he alone survived, his terror and amazement could not have been greater. He stood up—he extended his arms towards the bench—he struggled for utterance. The court and all within it appeared to him to distend to an amazing size; yet, at the same time, all, all was pressing upon his brain with the most torturing violence. He gasped with the agony of internal emotion, and it was only by a convulsive effort that he was

able to exclaim, "my lord, my lord judge, acquit the prisoner—he is not guilty of the crime for which he is arraigned. I will prove his innocence, my lord; for I thus publicly avow that I only am the murderer. Aye, my lord, the blood of his mother is upon me—the blood of my friend is upon me—and if he suffers the penalty of the law, his blood also will be upon my head." Here his emotion overcame him; he fainted, and was borne out of the court; the spectators attributing his conduct to sudden illness occasioned by the exertions that he had made.

The judge proceeded to pass the awful sentence of the law, and in due time it was carried into effect. Some weeks elapsed before the counsellor recovered from the frenzy which had seized him—his first enquiry was after the unfortunate prisoner; he heard his fate with apparent indifference, but his insanity returned the same evening, and in despite of all the efforts of medicine, he sank into a state of melancholy madness, and ended his days in an asylum for lunatics.



LORD KILWARDEN.



LORD CORNWALLIS.



JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.



ROBERT EMMETT.

We have copied the above sketches from a very extraordinary work recently published in Paris, by the famous Sir Jonah Barrington. As the characters of all the individuals must be known to the generality of our readers, we shall for the present content ourselves with extracting the following description which Sir Jonah has given of our talented though eccentric countryman, John Philpot Curran

"John Philpot Curran, a person of humble origin, of careless habits, and contemptible exterior, rose at once to give new lustre and spirit to an already highly enlightened and spirited profession. He had passed through the University of Dublin unsignalized by any very peculiar honours; and was admitted to the Irish bar, scarcely known, and totally unpatronized. With the higher orders he had no intercourse; and had contracted manners, and adopted a kind of society, tending rather to disqua-

ity him for advancement : but whatever disadvantages he suffered from humble birth, were soon lost sight of amidst the brilliancy of his talent ; and a comparison of what he had been, with what he rose to, rendered the attainments of his genius the more justly celebrated. Never did eloquence appear in so many luminous forms, or so many affecting modulations, as in that gifted personage. Every quality which could form a popular orator was in him combined ; and it seemed as if nature had stolen some splendid attribute from all former declaimers to deck out and embellish her adopted favourite. On ordinary occasions, his language was copious, frequently eloquent, yet generally unequal ; but, on great ones, the variety of his elocution, its luxuriance, its effect, were quite unrivalled ;—solemn, ludicrous—dramatic, argumentative—humorous—sublime ; in irony, invincible ; in pathos, overwhelming ; in the alternations of bitter invective and of splendid eulogy, totally unparalleled : wit relieved the monotony of narrative, and classic imagery elevated the rank of forensic declamation. The wise, the weak, the vulgar, the elevated, the ignorant, the learned, heard and were affected—he had language for them all. He commanded, alternately, the tear or the laugh ; and at all times acquired a despotic ascendancy over the most varied auditory.

These were the endowments of early Curran, and these were the qualities which, united to an extraordinary professional versatility, enabled him to shoot like a meteor beyond the sphere of all his contemporaries.

In private and convivial society, many of his public qualities accompanied him in their fullest vigour. His wit was infinite and indefatigable. A dramatic eye anticipated the flights of an unbounded fancy—but the flashes of his wit never wounded the feelings of his society ; except, perhaps, those minds of contracted jealousy, which shrink up from the reluctant consciousness of inferiority. He was, however, at times, very unequal. As in a great metropolis (to use one of his own illustrations), “ the palace and the hovel—splendour and squalidness—magnificence and misery, are seen grouped and contrasting within the same precincts ;” there were occasions when his wit sunk into ribaldry, his sublimity degenerated to grossness, and his eloquence to vulgarity ; yet his strength was evident in his weakness. Hercules, spinning as a concubine, still was Hercules ; and, probably, had Curran been devoid of these singular contrarieties, he might have glided into a brilliant sameness ; and, like his great contemporary, Burgh, though a more admired man, he would probably have been a less celebrated personage.

The innumerable difficulties he had to encounter in early life, were not easy to conquer ; but once conquered, they added an impetus to his progress. His ordinary, mean, and trifling person ; his culpable negligence of dress, and all those disadvantageous attributes of early indigence, were imperceptible or forgotten amidst his talents, which seldom failed to gain a decided victory over the prejudices even of those who were predetermined to condemn him.

His political life was unvaried : from the moment he became a member of the Irish parliament his temperature never changed. He pursued the same course, founded on the same principles. He had closely connected himself in party, and friendship with Mr. George Ponsonby ; but he more than equalled that gentleman in the sincerity of his politics. From the commencement to the conclusion of his public life, he was the invariable advocate of the Irish people ; he never more deserted their interest, or abandoned their defence. He started from obscurity with the love of Ireland in his heart ; and while that heart beat, it was his ruling passion.

As a mere lawyer, he was in no estimation ; but, as an able advocate, he had no rival ; and, in his skill and powers of interrogation, he vastly excelled all his rivals. He never failed to uphold the rights and independence of the Irish bar, on every occasion where its privileges were trenchanted upon ; and the Bench trembled before him when it merited his animadversions. None ever assailed him publicly, who was not overthrown in the contest ; and even the haughty arrogance of Fitzgibbon seldom hazarded an attack, being certain of discomfiture.

Mr. Curran was appointed Master of the Rolls (Mr.

Ponsonby then Lord Chancellor). He was disappointed in not obtaining a legal situation more adapted to his description of talents. He was also chagrined at not having obtained a seat in the imperial parliament, and at length resigned his office, upon a pension of £2,700 per annum. He died at Brompton, on the 14th of October, 1817, after a short illness, and now “ not a stone tells where he lies.” His funeral was private, and he was buried in the yard of Paddington Church. The author knew him well. He had too much talent to last—every thing is worn out by incessant action. He was never fond of show, and in latter days he sought and obtained obscurity. Of the close of his life I have heard much, and credit little.

The kindness of a correspondent enables us to add the following particulars relative to this extraordinary individual :—

John Philpot Curran was born the 24th of July, 1750, at Newmarket, an obscure town in the county of Cork, in Ireland. The lowness of his origin has been exaggerated. His father, James Curran, who has been represented as an unlettered peasant, was seneschal of a manor court at Newmarket ; and it is confidently asserted by those who knew him, that he possessed a mind and acquirements above his station in life. He was familiar with the Greek and Roman classics, which he often cited in conversation. He delighted in disputation, and after his son's return from college, the old man was frequently to be found in ardent contention with him upon the metaphysical doctrines of Locke. His mother, whose maiden name was Philpot, belonged to a family well known and respected, and the descendants of which still continue in the class of gentry. She was a woman of strong original understanding, and of admitted superiority in the circles where she moved.

John Philpot (the eldest of four boys and a girl, all of whom he outlived) was received into the house of the Rev. Nathaniel Boyce, the resident clergyman at Newmarket, who was pleased with the boy, and gave him personal tuition in the rudiments of classics. His rapid progress determined his parents to give him a learned education ; and he was put to the free school at Middleton, from which he entered Trinity College, as a sizer.—In 1769 he obtained a scholarship, and commenced reading for a fellowship ; but deterred by labour, or diverted by accident, he soon gave it up. He was intended for the church, but he preferred the bar. He completed his studies in 1770, when he passed over to London, where he became a student of law in the Middle Temple. He made trial of his eloquence at a debating society ; the first attempt disheartened him—but his second was successful, and made him acquainted with his own powers. In the second year he married a daughter of a Dr. Creagh, who was from the same county as himself.

He was called to the Irish bar in Michaelmas 1775, and was soon noticed and extensively employed. His first brief was in the Court of Chancery ; he had only to read a short sentence from his instructions, but he performed it so precipitately and inaudibly, that the Chancellor, Lord Lifford, requested him to repeat the words, and raise his voice, upon which his agitation became extreme, he became unable to utter a syllable, the *brief dropped from his hand*, and a friend who sat beside him was obliged to take it up and read the necessary passage. However, his diffidence totally vanished in a short time. In 1779 he became a member of “ the Monks of the Order of St. Patrick,” founded in that year by Lord Avonmore. In 1783 he became a member of the Irish House of Commons. In 1787 he visited France, and subsequently Holland. From the year 1794 till he was made Master of the Rolls, he was constantly employed in defending the unfortunate men who were acting against the government. He was engaged for the Sheares, Hamilton Rowan, Rev. W. Jackson, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Robert Emmett, and others too numerous to be mentioned here ; in which he displayed that eloquence that rendered him so famous. His speeches in the parliament were not half so much admired as those at the bar. In 1806 he was appointed Master of the Rolls, and a mem-

ber of the privy council. After this he visited Scotland.—He was solicited to stand candidate for the borough of Newry, but after six days' polling he gave it up, finding that General Needham, the opposing candidate, was more popular. In 1813 his health began to decline, and while in London, in the April of that year, he suffered severely from an attack of inflammation in his chest, but in a little time so far recovered as to resume his judicial duties. In 1814, his health still declining, he resigned his judicial station, and then visited England and France. The short remainder of his life was passed between Dublin and London. On the day of his last departure for England, after having parted in the ordinary way from one of his friends, he suddenly turned back and grasped his hands, saying in an affectionate but firm tone, "you will never behold me more." Before he arrived at Cheltenham he was attacked with paralytic symptoms—he arrived in London in September, intending to visit France or Italy. On the 7th of October a swelling appeared over one of his eyes, to which, thinking it proceeded from cold, he gave little attention. On the night of the 8th, he was attacked with apoplexy. He was attended by Drs. Bradham and Ainslie, and Mr. Tegart of Pall Mall, all of whom pronounced recovery impossible—all their skillful efforts were in vain. He expired at nine o'clock at night, on the 14th October, 1817, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. During his short illness he appeared free from pain; was speechless from the commencement of the attack, and with the exception of a few intervals, quite insensible. His last moments were so placid, that those who watched him could not ascertain the exact moment of his expiration. Three of his children, his son-in-law, daughter-in-law, and his old and attached friend, Mr. Godwin, (the novelist) surrounded his death bed, and performed the last offices of piety and respect. The funeral did not take place till the fourth of November, and his remains were privately interred in one of the vaults of Paddington Church, London.

W. A.

Curran has left some pieces in poetry and prose behind him. Poetry he only practised in his leisure hours as a relaxation from the toils of the day; nevertheless he produced some effusions not unworthy of the greatest poets of the age. Very few of his poems remain. The following shows how the author could appreciate true domestic happiness:—

THE GREEN SPOT THAT BLOOMS O'ER THE DESERT OF LIFE.

A SONG.

O'er the desert of life, where you vainly pursued
Those phantoms of hope which their promise disown,
Have you e'er met some spirit divinely endued,
That so kindly could say, "you don't suffer alone!"
And however your fate may have smiled or have frowned,
Will she deign still to share as the friend and the wife?
Then make her the pulse of your heart; for you've found
"The green spot that blooms o'er the desert of life."

Does she love to recal the past moments so dear,
When the sweet pledge of faith was confidently given
When the lip spoke the voice of affection sincere,
And the vow was exchanged, and recorded in heaven?
Does she wish to re-bind what already was bound,
And draw closer the claim of the friend and the wife?
Then make her the pulse of your heart; for you've found
"The green spot that blooms o'er the desert of life,"

A TRULY BRAVE MAN.

When the American army was at Valley Forge in the winter of 1777, a Captain of the Virginia Line refused a challenge sent him by a brother officer, alleging that his life was devoted to the service of his country, and that he did not think it a point of duty to risk it, to gratify the caprice of any man. His antagonist gave him the character of a coward through the whole army. Conscious of not having merited the aspersion, and discovering the injury he should sustain in the minds of those unacquainted

with him, he repaired one evening to a general meeting of the officers of that line. On his entrance, he was avoided by the company, and the officer who had challenged him insolently ordered him to leave the room—a request which was loudly re-echoed from all parts. He refused, and asserted that he came there to vindicate his fame; and after mentioning the reasons which induced him not to accept the challenge, he applied a large hand grenade to the candle, and when the fuse had caught fire, threw it on the floor, saying, "here gentlemen, this will quickly determine which of us all dare brave dangers most." At first, they stared upon him for a moment with stupid astonishment, but their eyes soon fell upon the fuse of the grenade, which was fast burning down. A way scampered colonel, general, ensign, and captain, and all made a rush at the door simultaneous and confused.—Some fell, and others made way over the bodies of their comrades; some succeeded in getting out, but for the instant there was a general heap of flesh sprawling at the entrance of the apartment. Here was a colonel jostling with a subaltern, and there fat generals pressing lean lieutenants into the boards, and blustering majors and squeaking ensigns wrestling for exit; the size of the one and the feebleness of the other making their chance of departure pretty equal, until time, which does all things, at last cleared the room, and left the noble captain standing over the grenade with his arms folded and his countenance expressing every kind of scorn and contempt for the train of scrambling red-coats, as they toiled and bustled and bored their way out of the door. After the explosion had taken place, some of them ventured to return, to take a peep at the mangled remains of their comrade, whom, however, they found alive and uninjured.—When they were all gone, the captain threw himself flat on the floor as the only possible means of escape, and fortunately came off with a whole skin and repaired reputation.

ASTRONOMY—THEORY OF THE EARTH.

Professor Brande, in his excellent "Manual of Chemistry," notices the amusing theory of the earth as given by Buffon in his *Historie et Theoire de la Terre et des Epogues de la Nature*. He says it merits attention not on account of its accordancé with present appearances, or as affording plausible solutions of observed phenomena, but from the eloquence with which it is adorned, the extent of the information it displays, and the popularity derived from these sources.

He supposes the planets in general to have been struck off from the sun by a comet; that they consisted of fluid matter, and thence assumed a spherical form; and that by the union of centrifugal and centripetal forces they are restrained in their present orbits. The earth gradually cooled, and the circumambient vapours condensed upon its surface, while sulphurous, saline, and other matters, penetrated its cracks and fissures, and formed veins of metallic and mineral products. The scorified or pumace like surface of the earth, acted upon by water, produced clay, mud, and loose soils, and the atmosphere was constituted of subtle effluvia, floating above all the more ponderous materials. The sun, and winds, and tides, and the earth's motion, and other causes, became effective in producing new changes. The waters were much elevated in the equatorial regions: and mud, gravel, and fragments were transported thither from the pole: hence, says the speculator, the highest mountains lie between the tropics, the lowest towards the poles; and hence the infinity of islands which stud the tropical seas. The globe's surface, once even and regular, became now rough and irregular; excavations were formed in one part, and land was elevated in another; and during a period of ages, the fragments of the original materials, the shells of various fish, and different other exuvie, were ground up by the ocean, and produced calcareous strata, and other low land depositions.

This, certainly, is doing business with a flourish of trumpets, and would seem to exhibit rather the poetic splendour of philosophy, than its dry details and deeply hidden truth.

LEGEND OF FIN M'COOL.

SIR—Having read to one of our islanders your legend of Fin M'Cool, in the 14th number, he related to me the following:—

"Yea, Sur," said he, when I had finished reading, "yea, Sur, don't you 'believe that; for who uver tould it to who uver prunted it, tould it all wrong. 'Tis I have the whole sthory in its rale state in ould Irish. But that's a purty book you have. I wisht to my heart I could read it. But I suppose it cost a dale of money."

"No, indeed, Jerry," said I, "it cost only one penny."

"Oh, yea, yea, Sur, only wan pinny, an' the purty pechurs; an' all the pinnies I spinds in tobaccay. Sure Shauneen could read it for me. Faix I'm thinkin' I'll find to Skibbereen for some ov them; a *wonumsa* an' I I will."

"That's right, Jerry," said I, "it would be more to your credit to purchase those books for your children, than tobacco for your pipe."

"Why, Sur," said he again, "it would be worth my while to buy them if it was for nothin' else but to look at the picthurs, an' thin light my pipe with."

"But Jerry, the story; could you not relate it in English?"

"Wisha, I could, Sur, in a sort ov English; but it wud tell a dale betther if it was titherravated up with fine words."

"Feuin M'Cool was only two years ould, when he had the misforthin' to lose his father, an' poor as his mother was afore, she was tin times poorer thin; and was obleeged to beg about the country."

"There was a sartin king, an' he heard from some ould enchanted, godly given, larned person, that there was a shild in the county that would be a greater man than himself; an' so, my dear life, he sint out to kill all the young shilders in the county. This was long ago, you know, Sur, in the ould anshint times. So the king's min went about slaying and massacraying every shild, ould an' young they came athurst. Whin Feuin's mother hard they war comin', she tould Feuin to get upon her back, an' up he got, sure enough, an' away she run. He was at this time about eight years ould. His mother, poor woman, ran with him a grate way, 'till she got out ov breath, and could hardly stir a peg farther. Faith, I tell you, it was no joke to carry a gorsoon of a boy, for a few miles; for Feuin was the largest shild in the country for his age."

"Mother, a yea," sis he, 'mother, let me thry if I can carry you a spell now, for you're tired.'

"Yerra, 'hould your tongue shild,' says she, 'sure you're not strong enough to carry the likes ov me.'

"Ah, thin, just let me thry, mother alaiigh," sis he.

"So, just in joke, she bad him thry. Whin in a minit he whips her up by the two legs, and threw her over his shoulder, and away he skelters wid hur, over ditches an' hedges, an' threnches, an' stone walls, an' bogs, an' pratie ridges, an' she dhragin' afther him all the way. Whin he stopped, says he, 'now mother didn't I carry you a good spell?' But behold you, all he had ov her, was her two legs from the knees out. He began to cry thin like the rain, but it was little good for him. He was thin, poor fellow, left all alone on the world, and sauntered about the whole day; tord's evenin' he met with a fisherman, an' he tuck him in sarvice."

"The fisherman was, at this time, seven years all to a week, fishin' for the fish ov knowledge. At the ind of the week, he catcht a finey throuat. He was so tired afther gettin' no sleep for seven years, that afther he got a block an' hatchet, an' kindled a fire, he tould Feuin to brile the fish, an' if he left the sign of a burn or blister upon it, he'd take an' shop off his head. He stretched thin, by the fire's side, an' tould Feuin to *wake* him whin the fish wud be briled. So Feuin sat himself down by the fire, an' put the throuat upon the coals. It roasted very well a while, till it began to feel the hate, an' a big blister was swellin' up; and Feuin thinkin' to keep it down, clapped his thumb upon it, and it burn't him; so he rams it into his mouth, whin he got the taste ov somthin' very plazin', an' knew that if he ate some ov the throuat he'd get grate knowledge. Afther attein' his fill ov

the throuat, for it was very large, he knew that if he wint to a place called Cnucknavean, where there was a party ov min, he would sartinly be captain over thim all. The ould fisherman was fast asleep, an' sis Feuin to himself, sis he, 'I'll *wake* you now my man, as you tould me.'—So he tuck the hatchet, an' cut off his head, an' put a sheet over him, an' lit a couple of candles, and sat up till mornin' watchin' him. He thin threw his lavins of the throuat over the ditch, whin wan ov thim black rayvint came an' ate it; an' sign's by every rayven from that day to this, is more cute than any other burd in the air. Me joker, Feuin, thin took to his heels, and wint to Cnucknavean; an' he was sich a fine robustical man, an' had sich a gift in his thumb, that in the coorse ov time he was made captain over them all. An' that's my sthory, Sur, of Feuin M'Cool"—And I hope, Mr. Editor, you like it.

Your obedient servant,

Cape Clear, County Cork.

A SUBSCRIBER.

GLEANINGS OF NATURAL HISTORY IN IRELAND.

THE SEA PARROTT—ALICA ARCTICA.

SIR—Having lived for some time on the Skelligs rock, County Kerry, I had an opportunity of seeing throughout the whole season, all the sea birds which frequent the place. The one which is most numerous there is the puffin, of which I will endeavour to give an account.

It is termed, on account of its extreme stupidity, by the people in that part, the Coliaheen, which is in English, old woman. It is one foot from the point of the bill to the end of the tail, and the wings extended, measure from tip to tip twenty-one inches. The bill one inch and a half in length, and the same in breadth; it is in thickness about one eighth of an inch. Each mandible gradually curves till they meet in a point. The outside and greatest half of both mandibles red, the remainder of a delicate bluish lead colour. Along the base of the upper mandible, is a whitish bony substance. The mouth yellow inside. At each corner, the skin, which is loose to allow the mouth to be sufficiently expanded, assumes something the appearance of a star. The crown of the head black. The throat and cheeks are whitish. Round the neck is a ring of black; the back, upper parts of the wings, and the tail are the same colour; breast and belly white; under parts of the wings greyish; tail about one inch and a half long—fourteen feathers. Feet in the first part of the season of a bright reddish orange; but from hatching become paler. Two inches and a half long from the knee to the end of the middle toe. Three toes webbed, and black nails.

The puffins assemble here in April, and are noticed generally to make their first appearance on a dark or foggy morning. They collect in immense numbers, and take possession of all parts of the great and little Skelligs. The female deposits her single egg in a hole, or under a rock, on the bare ground; it is about the size of a hen's egg, white, and with pale grey spots scarcely perceptible. The young, when a week or two old, are covered with long black down; the belly a little whitish; bill and feet black. They are hatched in the end of June, or beginning of July. The feet being situated so far back, the puffin takes wing with great difficulty. They walk with a waddling awkward gait, on the whole length of the leg and foot. They are very stupid; allowing a person to approach very closely, at the same time moving the head from side to side.

This bird sits nearly upright, as no other position, except resting on the breast, would preserve the equilibrium, and if on the back part of a rock, always runs to the edge, precipitates itself down, and thus without much exertion is enabled to take wing. It can hardly raise itself from off level ground. It opposes an enemy with great courage; fighting on its back with its claws, which cut like a cat's. It also inflicts a severe bite with the bill—the strength of the jaws is astonishing. It feeds its young with sprats, which are always placed across the bill quite evenly; the heads turned one way. In the morning and evening they are more numerous than at any other time,

About dusk they leave the rock, and consequently must spend the night at sea.

The only bird seen or heard in the night time is the shearwater and the stormy petrel.

The noise the coulteneb or puffin makes, is a most dismal moan, something like that of a human being, but in a more sorrowful strain. They take their departure about August, and whither they go to, I know not; very probably they disperse throughout the expansive ocean.

THE STORMY PETREL—PROCELLARIA PELAGICA
COMMONLY CALLED MOTHER CARRY'S CHICKEN.

SIR—As I never heard there was any distinction between the male and female stormy petrel, I would wish to make known through your Journal, the following fact. As I have taken the pair frequently, I can vouch for its authenticity.

This is the smallest of all web-footed birds. The female is in length six inches and a half, and in breadth fourteen and a quarter. The male is smaller, being in length six inches and a quarter, and in breadth thirteen three quarters. The former may be known from the latter by not having so much white under the wings, and by having a small oval bare spot near the vent. In the other parts of the body there is no material difference. The bill half an inch long, black, and hooked at the tip. Inside of the mouth flesh colour. Nostrils tabular and soft. The feathers on the forehead being longer than those on the rest of the head, cause it to appear very high. The eyes small and black. Upper parts of the plumage black. The forehead, breast, and belly of a sooty black. Under the wings a little whitish. The tail feathers are twelve in number, and black, and the bases of them all, except the two centre ones, white; in length two inches and a quarter. The wings very large, and cross over the tail. Legs, black, slender, an inch and three quarters from the knee to the end of the middle toe: three toes, black nails.

The stormy petrel is met with in all parts of the dreary trackless ocean, thousands of miles from any land. It flies with great ease and swiftness. Most probably it never eats fish, but skims oil from off the surface of the water, and upon this subsists. When taken, the petrel ejects from the mouth about a spoonful of clear oil. I kept some of it, which became quite thick. Oil may sometimes be perceived on the surface of the sea, so that what I state respecting their means of subsistence is not at all improbable. It is a most unctuous bird, being entirely fat, and has a most disagreeable smell. Those birds being seen hovering near a ship at sea, the mariner's are almost confident of a coming storm. Instead of cursing as they do when they perceive them, they should be thankful to Providence for sending messengers to forewarn them of their danger. All through the year, in the day time, they are seen at sea, and for three or four months (in the breeding season) they take to the headlands, rocks, and islands, where they are only seen in the night time. In holes in the ground, under rocks, and in old walls, the single, small white egg is deposited. In the evening and night, they cry in the same strain as the shearwater, but not so strong, and much sharper.

You will be glad to hear your Journal has made its way into this remote part of Ireland.

Your obedient servant,
Cape Clear. A SUBSCRIBER.

PROGRESS OF A POUND OF COTTON.

The following account of one pound weight of manufactured cotton, will shew the importance of the trade to the country in a very conspicuous manner. There was sent off for London from Glasgow, a small piece of muslin about one pound weight, the history of which is as follows:—

The wool came from the East Indies to London; from London it went to Lancashire, where it was manufactured into yarn; from Manchester it was sent to Paisley, where it was woven: it was sent to Ayrshire next, where it was tamboured; afterwards it was conveyed to Dunbar-

ton, where it was hand-sewed, and again returned to Paisley, when it was sent to a distant part of the country to Renfrew, to be bleached, and was returned to Paisley; whence it was sent to Glasgow, and was finished; and from Glasgow it was sent per coach to London. It is difficult precisely to ascertain the time taken to bring this article to market; but it may be pretty near the truth, to reckon it three years from the time it was packed in India till in cloth it arrived at the merchant's warehouse in London; whither it must have been conveyed five thousand miles by sea, and nine hundred and twenty by land, and contributed to reward no less than one hundred and fifty people, whose services were necessary in the carriage and manufacture of this small quantity of cotton, and by which the value has been advanced two thousand per cent. What is said of this one piece is descriptive of no inconsiderable part of the trade.

STEAM-ENGINES.

The number of steam-engines at present in action in England may be estimated at ten thousand; and one with another, each may be said, to be equal in power to twenty horses, each horse being equal to the work of six men; consequently, the acting powers of those steam-engines are equal in effect to two hundred thousand horses, or one million two hundred thousand men.

THE WILD, WILD BREEZE.

Oh, there's nothing on earth like the wild, wild breeze,
Replete with the odour of cinnamon trees,
Sweeping along in its glorious career,
Kissing from flow'rets the dew-drops bright tear;
In the silver cells
Of the lily's bells,
Sighing like lover in maiden's ear.

Oh, there's nothing on earth like the wild, wild breeze,
Rushing in might o'er the slumbering seas;
Dashing its billows like mountains on high;
Laughing to scorn the rower's last cry,
While the shallop wild
Of the ocean child,
On wings of destruction doth madly fly.

Oh, there's nothing on earth like the wild, wild breeze,
Raging with fury, man cannot appease;
Sweeping proud ships 'gainst the rocks on their lee;
Woe, woe to the merchant whose wealth's on the sea
Then the pale bride may weep
Her adored one's last sleep,
And deepest of woes, pallid being, to thee.

Oh, there's nothing on earth like the wild, wild breeze,
Hymning at eve, like the singing of bees,
A low fairy chant to the beautiful rose,
Whose cheek wears the tint of faint crimson that glows
Like the blush of a bride,
Ere the day-light has died,
When the sun in his majesty sinks to repose.

Oh, there's nothing on earth like the wild, wild breeze,
Urging with gentleness, beauty, and ease,
The bright, bright clouds o'er the vault of blue,
So boundless in expanse—so beauteous in hue,
Or sighing like grief
O'er each gossamer leaf,
That droops 'neath its bright gems of liquid dew.

OSCAR.

DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 3, Cecilia Street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.

Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Panyer-alley, Paternoster-row; in Liverpool, by Willmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Ambery; in Birmingham, by Drake; in Nottingham, by Wright; in Edinburgh, by R. Grant and Son; in Glasgow, by J. Niven, Junr.

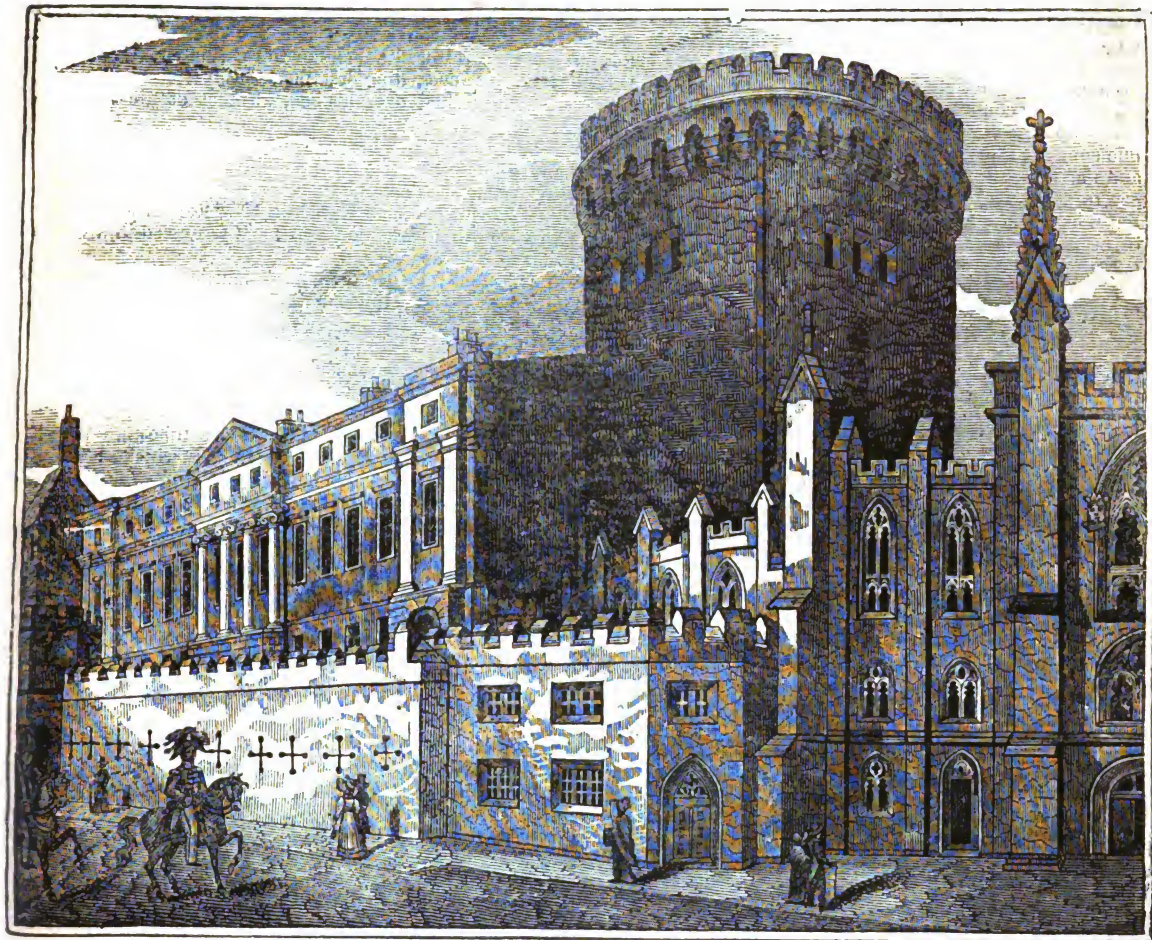
THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

No. 73. Vol. II.

P. D. HARDY, 3, CECILIA-STREET.

NOVEMBER 23, 1833.



BIRMINGHAM TOWER—CASTLE OF DUBLIN.

The above is a view of part of the south front of the Castle of Dublin, including what is called the **RECORD TOWER**, which is now occupied by the records of Ulster King of Arms, those of the late parliament of Ireland, and of Birmingham tower. The range of apartments to the west of the Tower, are those of the Lord Lieutenant, looking to the castle garden and St. Patrick's Hall; at the end of which is the Birmingham tower, rebuilt by Lord Harcourt, the underpart of which is the castle kitchen; the second floor, the Round Room, commonly called the Board of Green Cloth; and the room above is that formerly appropriated to the custody of the records of Birmingham Tower, now divided into sleeping apartments.

The road along from the chapel to Ship-street gate, was formerly the castle ditch, which was formed here by the Poddle river, on which, in the olden time, stood two water-mills, turned by that stream, which now runs underneath an arched passage, and at about the middle of the lower castle yard divides into two branches, one of which runs at the back of the houses, on the west side of Palace-street, and the other along Palace-street, down into the Liffey, where the old Custom-house formerly stood.

The Record tower was the dungeon or prison of the

castle of Dublin, and was coeval with its foundation; the walls are of great thickness—it is built on a rock of black stone. It was formerly called the *Ward tower*, and in it, for upwards of five hundred years, were incarcerated all state prisoners. The last there confined, were Arthur O'Connor and his revolutionary companions, in the year 1791.

The history of the unfortunates imprisoned in this tower would supply materials for as many stories as are to be found in the *Arabian Nights*, and many of them romantic in the extreme, of which we may occasionally afford our readers the means of judging. The story of Red Hugh O'Donell, already published by Sir William Betham, and abridged by us, is not a bad specimen. These memoirs cannot fail to excite much interest, as they will tend, to a considerable extent, to illustrate our ancient manners and history.

The tower has in more recent times been appropriated and fitted up for the safe custody of the *records*, which have little to complain of at present, being well attended and kept in good condition; and from their testimony we shall be enabled at some future time to speak of those prisoners, who, unfortunately, during former periods, pined away many solitary and unhappy years in those narrow and wretched apartments.

THE UNFORGIVEN.

Wat Shea was the son of a small farmer residing in one of the southern counties, and being a remarkably well behaved young man, and very attentive to the concerns of his father's farm, he was generally beloved by all that knew him; and considered of a character so worthy and inoffensive, that to have their sons seen in his company, was the ambition of every respectable farmer in the parish. Unfortunately, as it afterwards turned out, he was, like almost all men of his class in this country, passionately addicted to athletic exercises, and feats of personal strength, in which, from his great activity, he remained at last without a rival. He had enjoyed this pre-eminence with the concurrence of all his associates for a considerable time, when the arrival of a farmer from a neighbouring county, who took some ground in the district, raised up against him a formidable rival. This man had one son, who being a first-rate hand at such exercises, and unrivalled in the country from whence he came, began to nourish a strong feeling of jealous rivalry against Shea, as soon as he heard of his superiority in the sports of which he considered himself the master, and took every opportunity of letting it be seen by their mutual companions. This conduct soon had the invariable effect of giving rise to correspondent feelings in the breast of the man he sought to provoke; and Wat soon gave symptoms, whenever his rival was present, of possessing that latent spirit of uncontrollable fierceness which exists in such a remarkable degree in the nature of the Irish peasant, and is very often found strongest in men whose general conduct, when it is at rest, is most correct and irrep- roachable.

This jealousy, from small beginnings, soon assumed a character of fixed inveteracy. At first it only showed itself in disparaging remarks, made by both young men, whenever they heard each other's qualifications spoken of; but this state of negative hostility soon assumed a more open and active appearance; and they were frequently to be found struggling personally for the meed of conquest. It was not long till these contentions caused a split amongst the young men of the neighbourhood, some of whom had in secret nourished sentiments of enmity to Wat on account of his superior prowess, and were glad to gratify them by taking part with the stranger.— Various were the trials which took place between the two rivals, without any decisive results; however, the prize seemed generally to lean to the new comer, whose great size and strength certainly rendered him more than a match for his adversary. The consciousness of this inflamed Shea's anger the more, and at length he proposed that their rivalry should be brought to a fair test, by a general hurling match between the two factions.

On the day appointed for the grand struggle, the adherents of the rival leaders, Shea and Leary, assembled at the time specified; and a space having been marked out, the contest commenced with equal eagerness and bad feeling; both the rivals placing themselves so, that they should come in contact as often as possible. For a long time the fate of the game was doubtful, the two parties alternately enjoying the smiles of fortune; but at last Leary's faction began to have the best of it, being generally composed of the most active young men, who from being more nearly on an equality with Shea, were necessarily the first to join his antagonist. Irritated beyond measure at seeing his enemy on the point of winning the game, Wat used the most extraordinary endeavours to renew the hopes of his party, and such was the success that attended his efforts, that victory began to be doubtful. This momentary success aroused Leary to additional action. Enraged at seeing the game almost snatched from his hand by the prowess of a single man, he in turn redoubled his efforts, and for a time the chances of the game appeared in a great measure to depend on the action of the two leaders. Unfortunately at this moment they met in such close contact, that a bodily struggle became inevitable. Both were young, strong, and active, and stimulated by a ferocious emulation, they tugged for the fall for some time with equal success, until at length, the superior strength of Leary was near giving him the palm; when Shea, who was an expert wrestler, suddenly closed with his antagonist, seized him round the waist,

lifted him from his feet, and then dashed him to the ground with tremendous impetus, turning the butt-end of his hurly against the breast of his antagonist in the fall, and coming down on him with all his weight.— In a moment Shea jumped up light and active, but Leary stirred not—he lay for dead at the feet of his vanquisher. The butt of the hurly had done its work, or, as the bystanders expressed themselves, "his heart was bruck."

It was then, when too late, that Wat Shea's better nature began to show itself. In an agony of grief he used every exertion to recover his inanimate rival, but in vain. At length the body was carried home, where plentiful bleeding, and the exertions of the village surgeon, in a short time restored animation to the sufferer. When he opened his eyes, the first face that met his view, of all those who leaned over his bed, was that of the now repentant Shea.

"Tim Leary, Tim Leary," he exclaimed in deep grief, "forgive me for what I have done, I was savage an' didn't know what I was about."

The vanquished man glared on his victor for a moment with an eye of inveterate hatred, and answered in a voice calm and composed—

"Wat Shea, it was done like a murderer—my blood be at your door—I'll never forgive you!"

At this moment the entry of the priest, who had been hastily sent for to attend the dying man, prevented further conversation, and compelled all in the room to withdraw; but as they only retired to the passage outside the door, it was easy for them to overhear any thing particular that might occur within. For a short time they could distinguish nothing above the usual low hum, which marks in such cases, the intercourse between the Roman Catholic priest, and those whom he is called to attend. However, shortly, the voice of the former became more loud, it appeared in earnestly entreating some particular favour from the wounded hurler, but without effect. After the lapse of a few minutes the door opened, and the confessor beckoned them in.

"My good people," said he, as they entered, "come and assist me in urging this misguided young man from the present bent of his mind. He is about to die in the commission of a deadly sin—he refuses forgiveness to his enemies."

They went over to the bed-side, the wounded Leary was evidently in his last moments, again his eye met that of the weeping Wat, and a dark shade settled on his brow.

"Wat Shea," said he, in a broken tone, "my blood be upon your head. I'll never forgive you!"

A slight convulsion passed over his frame, his eye became fixed, his jaw fell—he was dead. Those who were present at that awful moment, long afterwards remembered the look of deadly inveteracy with which the dying hurler regarded his vanquisher.

"I'm afeard," remarked old Leary, when speaking some time after on the subject, "I'm afeard the boy 'll have a dark end after it."

Weeks passed away after the burial of the hurler, and time began, as usual, to blunt the grief which his family entertained for his loss. Even the remorse in which Shea indulged for some time after the fatal occurrence, was perceptibly yielding to its influence, and the soothing attention which his whole family vied in bestowing on him. But it made one remarkable change in his general conduct. From the day of the fatal conflict, he studiously shunned the society of his former associates, and gave up the exercises in which he before so much delighted. To the frequent remonstrances on his inactivity of those who had adopted him as a leader, he turned a deaf ear, and always met their solicitations with a calm but decided negative; always accompanying the refusal with a recommendation to them to give up such pursuits, as likely to "end in no good." Wearied with his perseverence, they at length discontinued further persuasion, and went in pursuit of a more amenable comrade. Left to himself he turned his whole attention to the care of his father's property, and attended to it with such diligence, that the gratified parent thought himself too happy in the possession of such a son, and used often fondly to anticipate the comfort he would enjoy in declining age, from his son's

ness and sobriety. In this state of uninterrupted tranquillity the Sheas remained during the summer: but the catastrophe was approaching, so well foreseen by the father of Leary.

It happened late one night in harvest time, when the family were as usual collected round the kitchen fire, that Wat suddenly recollected having left open a gate leading from the fields where the cows were pastured, into a large tract of unreaped corn. Fear lest they should get in and trample down the crop, made him start up, and signify his determination to go immediately and close it. Some indefinable presentiment of evil had been hanging over the mother during the whole day. She earnestly conjured him to forego his intention, telling him at the same time of the fears that oppressed her. The superstition of the Irish peasantry is well known. At first her words made a strong impression on her son, and his face whitened perceptibly at her earnestness of action; but speedily recovering himself, he called to mind the (to them) serious loss which would accrue, was the herd to be left ranging the corn during the entire night, and endeavoured to impress the consequences on her, but in vain; she still remained inexorable, and refused to agree to his going out. At length, the anxious father, who was also fully alive to the loss which he might sustain if the young man's apprehension should prove true, advanced from the arm-chair which he occupied at the fire-side, and signified his determination to end the dispute by going himself. This movement at once decided the controversy, and Cauth Shea agreed to her son's departure without further opposition, being well aware that, when the deed was to be done, Wat was the fittest messenger; as age and its accompanying infirmities, were already fast rendering her husband unfit for active exercise. She accordingly attended him to the door, and dismissed him with a trembling prayer for his safety.

As soon as Wat had departed, his sisters endeavoured, by renewing the conversation, to draw away their mother's attention from the fears which alarmed her, but their endeavours were without success. Still she listened in breathless terror to the sigh of the night breeze as it fitfully moaned by the cabin, as if she thought its voice was about to herald the approach of misfortune. At length, when sufficient time had elapsed to allow of her son's return, without his having made his appearance, her fears began to be shared by the rest of her family, and every ear was anxiously bent to catch the first sounds of his approach, but still no step rewarded their watchfulness. Half an hour more passed in this silent and sorrowful suspense, without the wished for sound saluting their ears. It was then that poor Cauth Shea, thinking her worst fears realized, burst into a passionate fit of lamentation, and paced the floor of her humble kitchen, wringing her hands in the most intense grief. Her husband more surprised than alarmed at Wat's stay, affectionately demanded why she troubled herself so much at a very natural occurrence; reminding her of the peaceful state of the country, the shortness of the distance he had to go, and the little likelihood there was of any accident happening to him on the way. To all this she only answered,

"Oh! Tim Leary's last words—they are always afore me, since ever I hard them tould."

Another half hour having elapsed without tidings of the absent Wat, the old man became himself greatly alarmed, and set out, despite of every remonstrance, to explore the way, and make out the cause of his delay. In about twenty minutes he returned in a dreadful state of agitation, bearing in his hand the straw hat of his son, which he found in the field where the cattle were grazing; nothing further, however, he had learned of him, notwithstanding all his search. But though so much alarmed himself, he strove to comfort the listeners with the hope, that the young man had met with some friends on the way, who had carried him off to a wake which was holding at some distance. Whilst the rest of the family were consoling themselves with this conclusion, the mother remained uncomfortable.

In this state of uncertainty they remained for an hour longer, when suddenly the approach of footsteps gave new life to all; but their joy was of short duration, for on a nearer approach the tread appeared far too slow and too

heavy to belong to the light and active Wat. They looked at each other as the noise approached, and a strange mixture of fear and doubt prevented any movement, until a heavy push at the door, as if the stranger had thrown himself against it, accompanied by a deep groan, roused the unhappy mother to action, and she hastily arose from the settle on which she was sitting, and undid the latch. The moment the door was opened, a man rushed in, gave a loud cry, and fell senseless near the fire—it was Wat Shea!

It would be needless to relate all the measures taken by the agonized mother, assisted by the rest of the family, to restore animation to the lifeless body of her son. Let it suffice, that he was hastily borne to bed, where, in the course of a short time, their endeavours were crowned with success. On first opening his eyes the patient gave a deep groan and,

"Tim Leary, Tim Leary!" he exclaimed with a convulsive start of horror, "you've had your revenge at last." Then perceiving his mother, who watched over him with breathless solicitude, he concluded, "mother, send for the priest—I'm dying." He was a corpse before morning.

The relation which he gave was wild and strange to a degree. When arrived at the field, he stated he proceeded towards the gate which he had left open, but had got only a short distance, when his progress was arrested by the appearance of some moving object fixed right in his path. On approaching it he perceived a large white dog facing him, as if ready to oppose his further advance. A sudden terror came over him, he continued, such as he had never known before, and he drew back a few steps; but still as he retreated his pursuer advanced with equal pace, increasing, it appeared, in size at every step. Terrified at the apparition, he ran with the utmost speed towards the nearest ditch, and had nearly reached it, when, on looking back, he perceived the object of his alarm, now increased to an immense size, close at his back, with its fore-paws just descending on his shoulders, as if to bear him down, each eye of the gigantic phantom red as a flaming torch. In that moment, as he was hurled with tremendous violence to the earth, he declared that he distinctly heard the following words—"Wat. Shea, I told you that I'd never forgive you."

More he could not relate, save that, on reviving, he found himself deprived of all strength, and for a long time scarcely able to move a limb, like one after receiving a dreadful beating. In such a state he had reached his house, as already related. The most surprising feature of the story was, that his body exhibited no marks of outward violence whatever.

The circumstances detailed in the foregoing narrative, singular as they may appear, are corroborated by the concurrent testimony of the whole family of the unhappy man whose fate it details, as well as of many others cognizant of every circumstance in the extraordinary recital.

STORY OF THE DUKE DE ALVA.

It was on a December evening, when the winds and waters seemed striving which should make the most fearful ravages, that the inhabitants of the little village of Melinda, in the bay of Lago, were alarmed by a signal of distress at sea. The night being an awful one—the waves fearfully bounded to the blast, and the vivid lightnings playing over their undulated surface, discovered a ship driven by the strong lee-wind towards the shore. In vain the landmen, who had been drawn together by the signal of distress, shouted to steer her between two enormous masses of rock, in which course was her only chance of safety, for the dashing of the water drowned the loudest voice; even had the helmsman heard it, the thing were impracticable, as immediately after a huge wave struck the vessel on her beams and unshipped her rudder, and in a few moments she struck on the reef at the east side of the bay, and went to pieces. After a fruitless watch of several hours, to assist any who might have been able to reach the shore, the villagers retired to their respective habitations, with the melancholy feeling that not only the vessel but all on board were lost.

In this ship was the young Duke de Alva, who, as his father had been some time dead, not only inherited his

title, but was heir to the vast estates which surrounded the chateau, and were situated about eight miles from the village. When the ship first struck, he, together with a lad about his own age, fastened themselves to a plank, as the only means that afforded them even a chance of reaching the shore; and after striving with the waters for some hours, they were driven on shore, about a mile distant from the fatal rock. But the noble youth, unused to a life of hardship, and untutored in the dangers of the deep, had breathed his last long ere their fragile bark was washed upon the sands.

Juan Palos, for such was the name of the only being saved from the wreck, was about the same age and size as his deceased companion, but far, far different had been their prospects in life, and their feelings on board the ship. While the young Duke, returning from his three years' travels, thought of little but the enjoyments that might be purchased by his wealth, the other, with a deeply boding mind and quick apprehension, was anticipating those troubles with which his poverty threatened him.—The rising sun had faintly tinged the highest pinnacle of the Alpine barrier, in the distant scene, when Juan had so far recovered from his state of exhaustion, as to be able to disengage himself from the plank which had floated him ashore. His eyes involuntarily turned upon his dead companion, who was not only very similar in size and form, but whose face and features were a striking resemblance. This fact was not unknown to Juan, and the idea came forcibly into his mind, that by assuming the dress of his deceased companion, he might pass for the Duke de Alva. No sooner was this thought conceived than, faint as he was, he commenced putting it into execution by assuming the clothes and jewels of the young Duke.

The tidings of the stranded vessel had been carried to the chateau of the Duke de Alva, and its inhabitants, much alarmed by hearing that the name of the ship in which their young lord was expected, was marked upon some of the packages that had floated ashore, at the ear-

liest dawn proceeded in different parties to traverse the coast. Scarcely had Juan completed the change of raiment and again laid himself upon the sand beside the dead body of his companion, shrewdly anticipating the circumstances which were about to follow, than, on turning the jutting corner of a rock, some of the party from the castle descried them lying together. The rich dress in which he was attired attracted their attention, and it did not require a very strict scrutiny to convince them that this was their young master, while the pulsation and warmth of his body testified that life was not extinct.—Juan scarcely knew how to act, and in this state of mind he lay motionless, as though he were still suffering the effects of his late exhaustion. It would be impossible to conceive the anxious feelings with which the Duchess hung over him, while he lay as if in a state of unconscious stupor, nor the joy which animated her breast as he appeared to be regaining strength. But here he felt he was in a dilemma. What account was he to give of his travels, his affairs, and his acquaintances, or how could he recognize the several friends and domestics, the knowledge of whom three years' absence could not have obliterated, and his failure in doing which would destroy his scheme and bring ruin upon himself. He therefore determined to awake from the stupor of exhaustion only to the phrenzy of a fever, and talk and act so incoherently, that nothing he said or did should be attributed to a sound mind, until he had learned sufficient from the converse of those around him, to act his part with sufficient accuracy. By the judicious management of this plan it was not long before he became acquainted with all the secrets connected with the family, as well as the acquaintances of his predecessor in the title, and so completely did he succeed in his stratagem that, by the period when the laws of Spain permit an heir to enjoy the paternal inheritance, he contrived to have so completely regained his mental powers, as to be allowed to take possession of the princely title and estates of the ancient Dukes de Alva.



KILSHARVAN CHURCH.

The civil, military, and ecclesiastical antiquities of Ireland, have, for several years, presented a fruitful field of research and inquiry to many able writers, who have succeeded, after much toil, and considerable erudition, in dissipating to a certain extent, the mist of indifference and ignorance that has so long shrouded their history. Still,

although much has been done, the subject is still so very ample, and the materials so very plentiful, the harvest is not yet exhausted; and there are yet many of these remains, which, from their situation, add considerably to the picturesque and attractive appearance of the country, yet wholly unknown or disregarded.

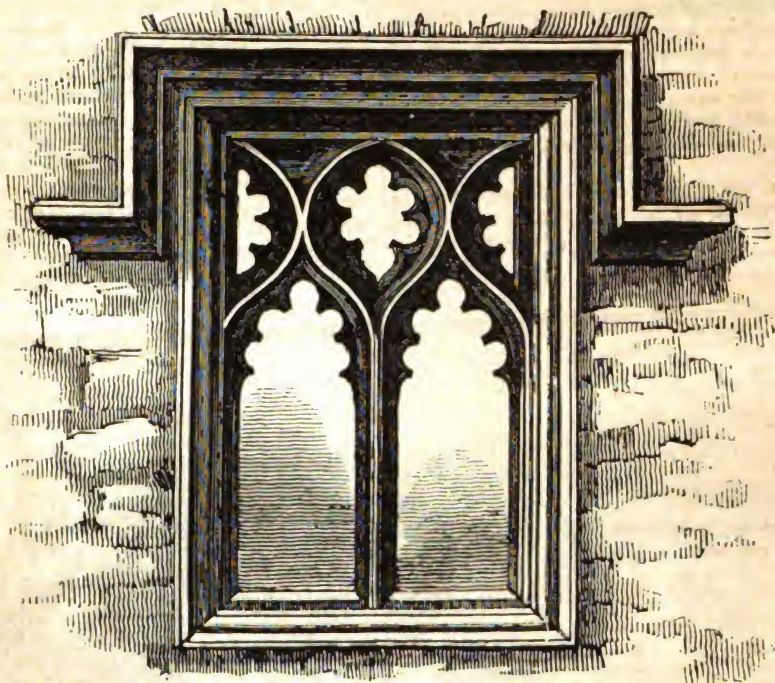
It is true, nearly all the extensive monastic and baronial edifices in Ireland are already before the public; but there is another class of buildings that has been generally unnoticed. I mean the small chapels or oratories, (several of which may be denoted *gens*) and the number of which, as these lie scattered over the face of the country, must impress on the mind of the beholder a high opinion of the piety, or at least, the zeal of our ancestors. These were chiefly erected near the mansion or castle of the lord of the soil, and in process of time generally became parochial, the estate constituting the parish. Occasionally they were built on spots already consecrated by the residence of an anchorite, or hermit, or on the site of a decayed monastery or abbey; and not unfrequently owed their origin to the performance of a vow, or for the support of an ecclesiastic whose office it was to pray for the soul of the founder, whose tomb usually was within the walls and sometimes constituted the altar.

Numbers of these have disappeared, but their sites are still pointed out by the lowly graves of the humble poor, who still seem to have a predilection for them as places of sepulture. However, many of them survive, and with their unadorned belfrys, or ivy-mantled chancel arch,

form, in conjunction with the surrounding scenery, objects at once pleasing and interesting.

In the counties of Meath and Louth, these remains are extremely numerous. Between Slane and the sea, a distance of eight miles, there are no less than nine, placed alternately on either bank of the river Boyne, namely—Finnar, Monk Newtown, Rosnareigh, Dowth, Dunore, Newtown Drogheda, Stagrumen, Beaulieu, and Mornington; and the coast of the latter county, from the mouth of that river to Dunany point, is literally studded with them. They are generally of one character; the side walls low, and the gables rising into high pediments, and so giving a considerable pitch to the roof.

The church of Kilsharvan appears to be of great antiquity, and is still much used as a burial place. Of the portions of the walls that remain, the most prominent are the chancel arch, which is pointed and clothed with ivy, and a semicircular arch dividing the nave from the choir. In the south wall are two windows, square-headed and deeply recessed, with mullions and tracery, and having a bold projecting label moulding; they are beautifully executed, and one of them is nearly perfect, of which I send a sketch. Attached to the N. E. angle is a small apartment, the entrance from the chancel, probably intended for the purpose before mentioned.



Kilsharvan church is situate one mile and a half east of Duleek, (on the celebrated abbey of which it formerly depended,) and near the banks of the pleasing little river Nanny, which washes the walls of Athcarne, and gliding past Duleek, and meandering through a lovely valley under Dardistown castle, here is employed for the purposes of a bleach-green, flowing on under Julianstown bridge, (famous for the defeat and total destruction of two regiments of infantry, despatched from Dublin to succour the garrison of Drogheda, during the siege of that town in 1641;) it takes a bold sweep under the fine old castle of Ballygarth, proudly seated on its banks; and finally falls into the Irish sea at Laytown.

The situation of Kilsharvan is that of calm, quiet, peaceable solitude; embowered by trees, which harmonize with the ruins, and add, by their shade, a degree of peculiar awe and repose to the scene.

I have not been able to ascertain the founder, or probable date of erection of this church. The property now is in the possession of Andrew Armstrong, Esq., who has lately much improved the scenery, and remodelled the mansion-house in a style which does infinite credit to his taste, and that of the architect, Mr. Austin Nicholls, of Drogheda, who was employed by him on the occasion.

R. A.

CURIOUS EPITAPH.

COPIED FROM A MONUMENT IN DUNKELD ABBEY,
SCOTLAND.

Marion Scott, died at Dunkeld, Nov. 21, 1727, and was buried in the Abbey.

Stay, passenger, until my life you read:
The living may get knowledge from the dead.
Five times five years I've lived a virgin life;
Five times ten years I was a virtuous wife;
Five times ten years I was a widow chaste;
Now wearied of this mortal life I rest.
Between my cradle and the grave have seen
Eight mighty Kings of Scotland, and a Queen:
Four times five years a commonwealth I saw;
Six times the subjects rose against the law
Twice did I see old prelacy pulled down,
And twice the cloak was humbled by the gown.
An end of Stuart's race I saw, nay more—
I saw my country sold for English ore.
Such desolation in my life hath been,
An end to all perfection I have seen.

She lived in the reigns of James VI.—Charles I.—Oliver Cromwell.—Charles II.—James VII.—William III. Mary.—Anne.—George I. and Geo. II.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE ARABS.

From the 13th and 14th numbers of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library, just published, we extract the following interesting particulars relative to the manners and customs of the Arabs. We cannot bring to mind having ever before seen a regular and consecutive history of this extraordinary people, who, since the days of Ishmael, have continued to verify the prediction so early pronounced upon them, "that their hand should be against every man, and every man's hand against them." We have looked through these volumes, and can conscientiously recommend them as affording an accurate and interesting history of this ancient and at one time highly renowned people.

The wood engravings are of a very superior character, and the description of the very ancient city of Petra, and other interesting remains of that portion of our globe of which we read in sacred story, but of whose existence at present scarcely any thing was known until a very recent period; with a faithful delineation of the rise and fall of the Mohammedan empire, and the ravages of the Saracens, altogether render the volumes peculiarly well calculated for general perusal.

As a fair specimen of the work, we extract the description given by the compiler of the manners and customs of the present race.

THE HABITATIONS—DRESS—APPEARANCE.

In the domestic life of the Arabs there is little to attract the admiration of strangers. Their best houses display little exterior magnificence, and are still more deficient in point of internal accommodation. The tent forms the cherished home of the larger proportion of the inhabitants, and when they remove, they transport their dwellings with them. The height of this dwelling is generally seven feet, its length from twenty-five to thirty, and its breadth about ten. It is divided into two apartments, one for the men and the other for the women; and these are separated by a white woollen carpet of Damascus manufacture drawn across, and fastened to the three middle posts.

The furniture comprises pack-saddles, as well as those for riding, large water-bags made of tanned camel-skins, goat-skins for milk and butter, the little bag into which the hair or wool is put that falls from the sheep and camels on the road, the leather bucket for drawing up water from deep wells, a copper pan, coffee-pot, mortar, hand-mill, wooden dishes, the horse's feeding bag, and the iron chain which fastens their forefeet while pasturing about the camp. The Arabs seldom allow their women to be seen; and when a stranger is introduced, the cry of *tarik* (or retire) warns them instantly to disappear. It is reckoned a breach of decorum to salute a lady, or even to look her steadfastly in the face.

The ordinary costume of the Bedouins is extremely simple, consisting of a coarse cotton shirt, over which is worn a thin, light, white woollen mantle (*kombaz*), or sometimes of a coarser kind (the *abba*), striped white and brown. The wealthy substitute for this a long gown of silk or cotton stuff. The mantles worn by the sheiks are interwoven with gold, and may be valued at ten pounds sterling. The common *abba* is without sleeves, resembling a sack, with openings for the head and arms, and requires so little art in the making, that blind tailors earn their livelihood by this employment. Public taste, however, is occasionally more capricious, especially as to the head-dress, which is often expensive, and in a hot country must be extremely inconvenient. A fashionable Arab will wear near fifteen caps one above another, some of which are linen, but the greater part of thick cloth or cotton. That which covers the whole is richly embroidered with gold, and inwrought with texts or passages from the Koran. Over all there is wrapped a sash or large piece of muslin, with the ends hanging down, and ornamented with silk or gold fringes. This useless incumbrance is considered a mark of respect towards superiors. It is also used, as the beard was formerly in Europe, to indicate literary merit; and those who affect to be thought men of learning discover their pretensions by the size of their turbans.

In Mecca and other large towns the winter-suit of the higher classes is the *benish* or upper cloak, and the *jubbe*

or under one—both of cloth such as is worn in all parts of Turkey. The rest of their dress consists of a showy silk gown tied with a thin cashmere sash, a white muslin turban, and yellow slippers. In summer the *benish* is composed of a very slight silk stuff of Indian manufacture. Beneath the *jubbe* some wear a gown called *beden*, of white muslin, without lining or sleeves, and very short. The Meccawees are remarkable for being cleanly and tasteful in their attire. On feast days and other public occasions their finery is displayed in the highest degree. The common shopkeeper, who walks about the whole year in his short gown with a napkin round his loins, appears in a pink-coloured *benish* lined with satin, a gold embroidered turban, rich silk sash, and *jambaa*, with its scabbard ornamented with gold and silver. His wives and children are decked in the gaudiest colours; but after the feast is over the fine suits are laid aside. At home in his *dishabille*, the citizen seats himself near his projecting latticed window, holding in one hand the long snake of his Persian hookah, and in the other a small square fan made of the chippings of date-leaves, with which he drives away the flies. The women's dress is generally Indian silk gowns, and very large blue striped trousers reaching down to the ankles, embroidered below with silver thread. Over these they throw a sort of cloak called *kabra* or *mellaye*, of black or striped silk, which covers the head, and has a graceful effect. The wealthy wear gold necklaces, bracelets, and silver ankle rings, while the poorer classes have similar trinkets of horn, glass, or amber. A ring is sometimes passed through the cartilage of the nose and hangs down upon the upper lip. The face is concealed with a white or light-blue piece of cloth called *borko*, in which there are two holes worked for the eyes, but so large that the entire features may be seen. This piece of female vanity, according to Ali Bey, had better be spared, as the illusion of hidden charms is dispelled when a sight is obtained of their lemon-coloured complexions, their hollow cheeks daubed all over with black or greenish-blue paint, their yellow teeth, and their lips stained of a reddish tile colour. Though custom has reconciled them to these artificial means of heightening their beauty, their appearance is frightful and repulsive to strangers. It ought to be added, however, that in general they have fine eyes, regular noses, and handsome persons. The women at Loheia wear large veils, which conceal their faces so entirely that only one of their eyes can be seen. In the interior, females are less shy than in cities; they converse freely with strangers, and have their countenance quite uncovered. The Arabs of the Hauran use a coarse white cotton stuff for their *kombaz* or gown, and have their keffie tied with a rope of camel's hair.

In winter the Bedouins throw over the shirt a pelisse made of sheep-skins stitched together. Many even in summer wear these skins, as they learn from experience that thick clothing is a defence from heat as well as cold. The dress of the women consists of a wide cotton gown of a dark colour, blue, brown, or black, and on their heads a kerchief. They go barefooted at all seasons, have the same affection for ornaments as their more polished rivals in the city, and employ similar arts to increase their beauty. Silver rings are much worn both in their ears and noses. Round their naked waists both sexes wear from infancy a leathern girdle, or cord consisting of four or five thongs twisted together, which they adorn with amulets on pieces of riband. They all puncture their lips and dye them with blue. Some of them also tattoo their cheeks, temples, forehead, breasts, arms, and ankles; and in these practices they are sometimes imitated by the men. Their eyes and eyelashes they paint black with a preparation of lead ore called *kohel*.

ACUTENESS OF THEIR SENSES.

From living constantly in the open air the Arabs acquire a remarkable acuteness in all their senses. Their sense of smelling, too, is extremely nice; hence their dislike to houses and towns, where they are disgusted with the nauseous exhalations which dense collections of people always generate. One of the most singular faculties they possess is the *athr*, or the power of distinguishing the footsteps of men and beasts on the sand, in the same manner as the American Indians discover imper-

sions made upon the grass. This art is carried to a perfection that appears almost supernatural.

Of their remarkable acuteness in hearing, some wonderful, but well attested anecdotes are told of those who act as pilots in the Red Sea. They know very nearly the time when ships from India arrive; and going down to the water's edge every night and morning, they lay their ear close to the surface for three or four minutes; and if the ship is not more than 2 or 2½ degrees distant (120 or 150 miles) they can hear the report of the signal gun, or feel the ground shake, upon which they immediately set off with their pilot boat.*

MODES OF WARFARE.

The Arabs are thoroughly inured to fatigue, and can endure hunger and thirst to a surprising degree. They sometimes travel five days without tasting water, and can discover a brook or natural spring by examining the soil and plants in the environs. They are dexterous horsemen, swift of foot, expert in handling their arms, and reckoned good marksmen since they became familiar with the use of the musket. Their most common arms are lances, sabres, matchlocks, pistols, and daggers. The shepherds have slings, with which they throw stones with great precision. The lance is made of wood or bamboo, twelve feet long, with an iron or steel pointed head.—Occasionally they are covered with workmanship of gold and silver, but are often without any ornament except two balls or tufts of black ostrich feathers placed near the top. In striking, they balance it for some time over their head, and thrust forwards, or backwards, if hard pressed by an enemy. Should a horseman be without a lance, he arms himself with a club or mace, which is made either wholly of iron or with a wooden handle. The foot-soldiers sometimes carry a small round target, made of the wild ox-hide, and covered with iron bars. Some wear iron caps and coats-of-mail, which either cover the whole body to the knees like a long gown, or reach only to the waist.

The Arabs drink little during meals; but when camel's milk is plentiful it is handed round after dinner. In their style of eating they are slovenly and disagreeable, if tested by the standard of Europeans. They tear the meat with their fingers, if not cut into small pieces before it is set down. A wooden bowl containing the melted grease of the animal is placed in the middle, into which every morsel is dipped. They thrust the whole hand into the dish at once, which is soon emptied of its contents, as they eat with great avidity. The food being always very hot, it requires some practice to enable a stranger to keep pace with the company and yet avoid burning the fingers. They have only two meals, breakfast in the morning, and dinner or supper at sunset. They wash their hands just before eating, but seldom after; merely licking the grease off their fingers, rubbing them on the scabbards of their swords or a corner of the tent covering.—Among the better classes table napkins are used, or a long linen cloth which is spread under their knees. The women and slaves eat what is left by the men; and it is seldom they have the good fortune to taste any thing but the fragments and refuse of the table. It is accounted a mark of respect towards superiors not to eat out of the same dish.

Domestic industry is little known among the Bedouins; the husband enjoys his amusements, while all the household care devolves upon his females. This degradation of the weaker sex is common to the Arabs with most other Asiatic nations. Women are regarded as beings much inferior to men, and to them exclusively all the labour and menial offices in the tent are assigned. In these employments there is sometimes a curious inversion of character—women work at the loom, while the men milk the cattle and handle the distaff, without regarding these ef-

feminate duties as in the least derogatory to their masculine dignity. The loom, called *nutoh*, is extremely simple, being merely two sticks fixed into the ground with a third placed across them.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

In courtship the Arabs often display a great deal of gallantry; for the constraint to which their women are subjected does not altogether prevent intrigues. But the opportunities of the lover's meeting or seeing his mistress are more rare; and the youth who is bold enough to trespass on the sanctuary of the *meharrem* finds his path encompassed with perils, battles, and death. The desert is the genuine theatre of those keen passions depicted in the Arabian tales, and perhaps the Bedouins are the only people in the East that can with justice be entitled true lovers. While Europeans merely languish and sigh, and while the townsmen compose amorous verses, the Bedouins sometimes cut and slash their arms with knives to show the violence of their affections. The pastoral life is favourable to forming acquaintances; and there are occasions when the youth of both sexes mingle in parties to sing and dance in the open space before or behind the tents.

The Arabs practice polygamy in common with most Eastern nations; but in general they are content with one wife, and rarely avail themselves of the legal privilege of marrying four. The rich espouse as many wives, and keep as many concubines, as they can maintain; though this luxury is too expensive to be generally adopted.—But those who restrict themselves to one wife make amends for this self-denial by indulging in variety, or entertaining at the same time a number of female slaves.

The marriage ceremony in general is very simple.—Negotiations commence with the father of the maiden, who usually consults the wishes of his daughter, and if her consent is gained the match takes place. The betrothed is seldom made acquainted with the change that is to take place in her condition. On returning home in the evening with the cattle, she is met at a short distance from the camp by her future spouse and a couple of his young friends, who carry her by force to her father's tent. If she entertain any suspicion of their designs she defends herself with stones, and often inflicts wounds on the assailants though she has no dislike to the lover; for the more she struggles, bites, kicks, cries, and strikes, the more she is applauded ever after by her own companions. Sometimes she escapes to the neighbouring mountains, and several days elapse before the bridegroom can find her; her female friends, meantime, being apprised of her hiding place, furnish her with provisions. When brought to her father's tent she is placed in the women's apartment, where one of the young men immediately throws over her an abba in the name of her future husband; and this is often the first time she learns who the person is to whom she is betrothed. She is then dressed by her mother and female relations in her wedding-suit, which is provided by the bridegroom; and being mounted on a camel ornamented with tassals and shreds of cloth, she is conducted, still screaming and struggling in the most unruly manner, three times round the tent, while her companions utter loud exclamations. If the husband belong to a distant camp the women accompany her; and during the procession decency obliges her to cry and sob most bitterly. These lamentations and struggles continue after marriage; and sometimes she repeats her flight to the mountains, refusing to return until she is found out, or is even far advanced in pregnancy.

Instead of receiving a marriage portion, the husband pays for his wife;—the sum varies according to rank and circumstances. Among the Arabs of Sinai it is from five to ten dollars; but sometimes thirty if the girl is handsome and well connected. At Mecca the price paid for respectable maidens is from forty to three hundred dollars (£8 15s. to £65 12s. 6d.); and on the borders of Syria young men obtain their masters' daughters by serving a number of years. Part of the money only is paid down, the rest standing over as a kind of debt, or as a security in case of divorce. The price of a widow is never more than half, generally but a third, of what is paid for a virgin.

* Captain Newland mentions an instance of a ship which, after firing the morning gun, ran 95 miles by the log; and when the pilot came on board in the evening he declared he had heard the signal at sunrise, on the faith of which he had put off with his boat.—*Philosoph. Transact.*, vol lxii.

The sacred tie of marriage has but a slender hold on the Arabs, and may be dissolved on slight occasions at the pleasure of the husband. This facility of separation relaxes morality, though it reflects no dishonour on the woman or her family. She may be repudiated three or four times, and yet free from any stain or imputation on her character. It is not uncommon for a Bedouin before attaining the age of forty or forty-five to have had fifty wives. If the woman depart of her own accord she receives nothing, and even forfeits the unpaid portion of her dowry; but if she is turned away without any valid reason or proof of misconduct, she is entitled to a small sum of money, a camel, a goat, a copper boiler, and hand mill, with some other articles of kitchen furniture. This operates as a check upon the evil, and makes the customs in some degree correct the laws. The form consists of two words, "*Eat taleka!*" (Thou art divorced): when once pronounced it cannot be revoked; but it does not prevent the man from again marrying the same person, though she may in the interval have had several other husbands. Many instances occur of conjugal fidelity; and a Bedouin has been known in a fit of distraction to commit suicide on seeing his wife give her hand to a second bridegroom.

It is a received custom in every part of the desert, that a woman may entertain strangers in the absence of her husband; when this is not permitted, some male relation does the honours of the table. In certain parts of Nejed, a guest is welcomed by pouring on his head a cup of melted butter. Among the Azir tribes a practice exists not very consistent with our ideas of female honour: when a stranger arrives, he is required to be the companion of his hostess for the night, whatever be her age or condition; and it depends upon his rendering himself agreeable, whether he is to be honourably treated or dismissed with disgrace. This custom the Wahabees abolished; but on a representation being made by the tribe to Abdelazez, of the misfortunes that had befallen them for having abandoned the good old practice of their forefathers, permission was granted to honour their guests as before.

ROBBERS.

The Bedouins have reduced robbery to a science, and digested its various branches into a complete and regular system. In instant excursions every horseman chooses a companion (*sawwal*), and both are mounted on a young and strong camel, carrying a provision of food and water, that the mare may be fresh and vigorous at the moment of attack. If the expedition is to be on foot, each of the party takes a small stock of flour, salt, and water. They clothe themselves in rags, to make their ransom easier if they should be taken. In this guise they approach the devoted camp under cloud of night, and when all are fast asleep. One of them endeavours to irritate the watch-dog, when they attack him he flies and artfully draws them off, leaving the premises unprotected. The *harami* then cuts the cords that fasten the legs of the camels, and they instantly rise from their kneeling posture, and walk away, as all unloaded camels do, without the least noise. To quicken their pace the tails of the foremost or strongest are twisted, and the rest follow at the same trot. The third actor in the robbery keeps watch at the tent-door with a heavy bludgeon, to knock down such of the inmates as may venture to interfere. In this manner fifty camels are often stolen, and driven by forced marches to a safe distance during the night. An extra share of the prey is always allowed to these three principal adventurers.

It frequently happens that the robbers are surrounded and seized; and the mode of treating their prisoners affords a curious illustration of the influence which custom, handed down through many generations, still exercises over the minds of these fierce barbarians. It is an established usage in the desert, that if any person who is in actual danger from another, can touch a third person, or any inanimate thing which he has in his hands, or with which he is in contact; or if he can touch him by spitting, or throwing a stone at him, and at the same time exclaim "I am thy protector!" the individual is bound to grant him the protection he demands. This law or point of honour is called the *dakheil*; and however absurd or capricious, it seems naturally to arise out of the scenes of violence, the ferocity of which it is calculated to soften.

THE MISS-NOMERS.

BY MRS. BARON, WILSON.

FROM THE COMIC ANNUAL, BY MISS BRIDGES—JUST PUBLISHED.

Miss Brown is exceedingly fair,
Miss White is as red as a berry,
Miss Black has a grey head of hair,
Miss Graves is a flirt ever merry;
Miss Lightbody weighs sixteen stone,
Miss Rich scarce can muster a guinea,
Miss Hare wears a wig and has none,
And Miss Solomon is a sad ninny!

Miss Mildmay's a terrible scold,
Miss Dove's ever cross and contrary;
Miss Young is now grown very old,
And Miss Heavyside's light as a fairy!
Miss Short is at least five feet ten,
Miss Noble's of humble extraction;
Miss Love has a hatred towards men,
While Miss Still is for ever in action.

Miss Green is a regular blue,
Miss Scarlet looks pale as a lily;
Miss Violet ne'er shrinks from our view,
And Miss Wiseman thinks all the men silly!
Miss Goodchild's a naughty young elf,
Miss Lyon's from terror a fool,
Miss Mee's not at all like myself,
Miss Carpenter no one can rule!

Miss Sadler ne'er mounted a horse,
While Miss Groom from the stable will run;
Miss Kilmore can't look on a corse,
And Miss Aimwell ne'er levelled a gun;
Miss Greathead has no brains at all,
Miss Heartwell is ever complaining,
Miss Dance ne'er has been at a ball,
Over hearts Miss Fairweather likes reigning!

Miss Wright she is constantly wrong,
Miss Tickell, alas! is not funny;
Miss Singer ne'er warbled a song,
And alas! poor Miss Cash has no money;
Miss Bateman would give all she's worth
To purchase a man to her liking,
Miss Merry is shock'd at all mirth,
Miss Boxer the men don't find striking!

Miss Bliss, does with sorrow o'erflow,
Miss Hope in despair seeks the tomb;
Miss Joy still anticipates woe,
And Miss Charity's never "at home!"
Miss Hamlet resides in a city,
The nerves of Miss Standfast are shaken;
Miss Pretiman's beau is not pretty,
Miss Faithful her love has forsaken!

Miss Porter despises all froth,
Miss Scales they'll make woe. I am thinking
Miss Meekly is apt to be wroth,
Miss Lofly to meanness is sinking;
Miss Seymore's as blind as a bat,
Miss Last at a party is first;
Miss Brindle dislikes a striped cat,
And Miss Waters has always a thirst!

Miss Knight is now changed into Day,
Miss Day wants to marry a Knight,
Miss Prudence has just run away,
And Miss Steady assisted her flight;
But success to the fair—one and all!
No mis-apprehensions be making:—
Though wrong the dear sex to mis-call,
There's no harm, I should hope, in MISS-TAKING.

DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 3, Cecilia Street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.

Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Finsbury-alley, Finsbury-square; in Liverpool, by Wilmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Ambury; in Birmingham, by Drake; in Nottingham, by Wright; in Edinburgh, by R. Grant and Son; in Glasgow, by J. Niven, Jun.

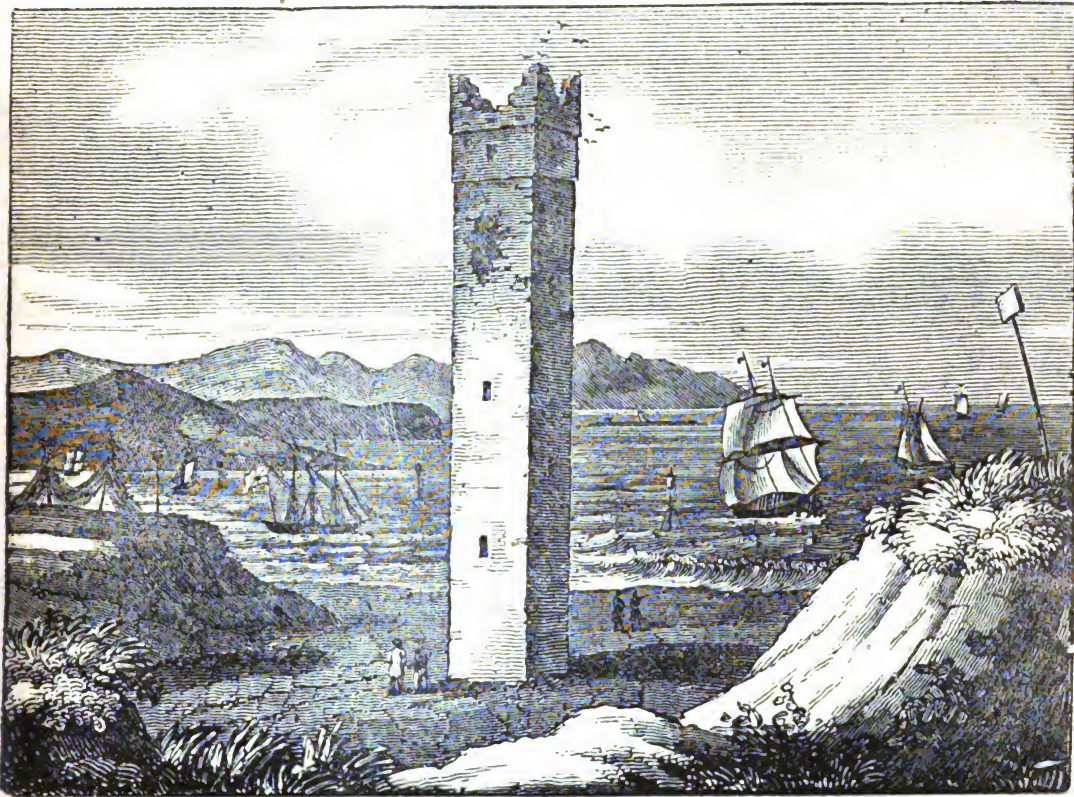
THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No 74. Vol. II

P. D. HARDY, 3, CECILIA STREET.

NOVEMBER 30, 1833.



MAIDEN TOWER.

On the sea-shore at the mouth of the river Boyne, to the south of the entrance, stands a tall, narrow, white tower of considerable elevation, the top terminated by battlements, which is locally termed Maiden Tower.—There are no historical records of the date or purpose of its erection, but from its situation it has evidently been intended for a beacon or land-mark. A short distance inland is an obelisk, called the lady's finger: and these two objects, when brought in a line from the offing, are said to mark with precision the exact angle necessary to make, in order to strike the entrance over the bar to the harbour of Drogheda.

The tower is entered by a low arched door-way, to the north; it is firmly built, and is barely sufficient to contain a spiral stair to a platform on the top. There are no apartments or windows, except loop-holes. Two large irregular apertures appear near the summit in the east and west sides; and admission to the platform and parapets is by a trap-door. There is no reason to suppose it has been used as a light-house; it has no convenience, and does not appear to have been constructed for that purpose: but as a look-out station it cannot be exceeded, as it commands a view of the entire sea-horizon, from Mourne to Bray-head; and the prospect landward, extends for many miles over the counties of Meath and Louth.

Conjecture has been busy as to the period of its erection and primary use. Oral tradition ascribes it to a very remote period; and, as usual, the story partakes of the marvellous, "and a lord and a lady," figure in the tale.

"Once upon a time," so runs the legend, "there lived a noble knight who owned the adjacent territory; his vows

were plighted to a "lady-love," who returned his ardent affection; but compelled by stern necessity, he was obliged on the eve of his nuptials, to sail to a "far distant land," on a very perilous adventure. With difficulty he tore himself away; but "honour called him to the field."—Prior to his departure he promised that should he prove fortunate, he would enter the harbour within a year and a day, his vessel, on his return, displaying a milk-white banner; but on the contrary, if he perished, notice should be given of the direful tidings, by a bloody flag.

"In the interim the lady finding time hang heavy on her hands, amused herself by causing this tower to be erected, from which she might catch the first glimpse of her returning lover; and here, indifferent to the raving of the tempest, and careless of the assaults of the rude elements, she kept her lonely vigil, anxiously awaiting the arrival of her lover's bark, and hoping for the joyful signal of his safety. Long and dreary seemed the period of her suspense; wistfully, day by day, as the promised time drew near, did she strain her vision over the expanse of waters; still the longed for vessel came not in her view, and she sought in vain for the token which was to consign her to joy or misery.

In the mean time the knight was fortunate in his enterprise, and with alacrity prepared for his return, and put to sea; but the winds and tides were unpropitious, and unavoidably he was delayed beyond the promised period.

At length, through the morning mist, the fair one discovered a speck upon the horizon. With beating heart and straining eyes, she watched its progress. Gradually it drew nearer; and with unbounded joy she recognised the ship

of her beloved. As yet the signal was not displayed, and alternately the sport of hope and fear, she gazed in breathless expectation. He too, eager to embrace his betrothed, impatiently paced the deck with rapid stride, and chid his adverse fortune, when casting his eyes towards the beach, he discerned through the haze, the battlemented tower; deeming it the certain token of an invading foe, he burned with indignation, and in a burst of martial fury he summoned his warlike followers to arms. Indignantly he pointed out what he considered the mark of his disgrace, and forgetful of his compact, commanded the blood-red flag to be displayed. Slowly its sanguine folds unfurled and floated on the wind. With a thrill of agony the maiden descried the signal of death. "Darkness came over her soul"—her eyes swam in mists—her tender limbs refused to perform their office—and from the summit of the lofty tower, she toppled headlong down, and at its base was dashed into a thousand fragments.

To the sceptical, the "Maiden Tower" still stands as proof positive of the truth of the story, and an evidence that "mistakes may happen in the best of families."

Another conjecture, not quite so poetical, but rather more rational, ascribes its foundation to the reign of Elizabeth; and its use, as before observed, that of a landmark to the toil-worn mariner. This has been stated in an essay, published some years since in the Drogheda Journal; and the reasons for this opinion advanced by the writer, appear to be conclusive, both from circumstances and analogy. The name, it is observed, is derived from the "maiden queen;"—the use no person can mistake—and the architecture may be referred to that period. But conjecture is all that can be offered. All authentic documents have perished, and like many other memorials of past days, it mocks inquiry. Standing in isolated solitude, it braves the tempest's fury, and seems to look down with indifference on succeeding fleeting generations of busy mortals.

The situation is peculiarly lonely. The shore here, and for many miles to the north and south, is low and sandy. A range of sand-hills protects the inland from the surging tide, and the surrounding campaign is a dreary waste, overgrown with ferns, and bent, or sea rush. A rabbit warren extends along the coast, covering an extensive area; and there is not a human habitation within a mile. Occasionally, in summer, the shore is visited at this spot by bathing parties from the interior; but except, on these occasions, the spot is marked by solitude, and strikingly desolate; yet, even under these disadvantages, this tower, a few years since, had a voluntary occupant, an evidence and example of the waywardness of human nature.

In the spring of the year 1819, the inhabitants of a neighbouring hamlet were surprised by observing smoke issuing from an angle of the parapet, and on proceeding to ascertain the cause, they found on the upper platform, a care-worn middle-aged female. She had gathered a quantity of bent, of which she had constructed a bed and lighted a fire; she had also brought thither a few articles of humble household furniture, and a wheel, on which she was spinning flax. On being questioned as to her motives for being in that out-of-the-way place, she said she was weary of the world, and had been directed by a vision to retire here; and that in this spot she was determined to spend the remainder of her life. She spoke fluently of revelations made to her; and as there are few characters held in such veneration by the rustic Irish, as a devotee, she became, not only an object of curiosity, but also of sympathy and reverence. In a short time, by the gratuitous labour of the peasantry, a shed roof was constructed over the platform; a rude chimney was erected; a bedstead and table provided; other little matters arranged for her comfort; and she appeared to be quite at home in her aerial habitation, from which she seldom descended, except on Sunday, when she regularly attended service in the Roman Catholic chapel of Mornington, and offered at the altar the weekly produce of her wheel, as she said, to "God, and the Blessed Virgin."

During the summer of 1819 her situation was not only agreeable but flattering. Visitors flocked in abundance to see and converse with the recluse, and as few obtruded on her privacy without leaving a trifling sum or condi-

ment, her necessities were tolerably supplied. On these occasions she would allow the females of the party to ascend through the trap to the platform; but to the males she was inexorable—she would in no case admit them. Sometimes she would allow them to raise their heads above the level, but no more; and a certain wildness in her eye, and an occasional significant glance at a heavy stool, placed within reach of her wheel, was sufficient to repel the most courageous. Her conversation and answers were generally coherent, except on the particular subject of her voluntary seclusion; but on this topic she wandered, and gave evidence of a disordered imagination.—The writer had an opportunity of seeing her, and although her case was open to suspicion, he verily thinks she was sincere. Her appearance and manners were respectable, and she was scrupulously neat in her dress. She represented herself as a native of Drogheda, from which she had removed with her connexions in early youth. She had met misfortunes—had witnessed the death of all her friends—and outlived her affections; and now, in the evening of life, finding herself alone, and the world a dreary blank, had returned many a mile to live in this extraordinary place and manner.

The summer of 1819 passed, and winter, cold winter, asserted his sway; but even through the long, dark, dreary, and oft-times tempestuous night, her lamp still glimmered in the tower, and resolutely she held to her post and her purpose. A neighbouring gentleman, the late James Brabazon, Esq. of Mornington-house, pitying her fatuity, kindly took care she should not want actual necessities; and she weathered the storm, and spring and summer again smiled upon her, but the novelty was past. She lived some hundreds of years too late. Few thought the sight of a fool sufficient recompense for the labour of toiling up a spiral stair, like an everlasting cork-screw, and the poor creature was neglected and nearly forgotten. She, however, clung with tenacity to her resolution; although occasionally, she might be seen visiting the neighbouring cottages. But winter again set in—her good friend, Mr. Brabazon, was no more; her health failed; her heart sunk; her spirit was subdued; and this styte of the nineteenth century, who, in a former age, would be thought worthy of canonization, was at length fain to seek a shelter and subsistence in the mendicacy asylum of Drogheda.

Maiden Tower is three miles from Drogheda, and stands on the manor of Mornington, which gives title of Earl to the noble family of Wellesley. It will be recollected that this was the title borne by the father of the renowned Duke of Wellington. Near this spot Milesius and his followers first landed in Ireland; an event of which the veracious historian, Geoffrey Keating, gives a very circumstantial account, including that of the wonderful enchantments that prevented his debarkation for three days; most probably the delay was owing to the valour of the inhabitants. Here his son Coalpa was either killed or drowned, and his remains were interred at Coalp, about a mile and a half distant, to which place the circumstance gave name. His grave is still pointed out; and in the vicinity of that church-yard may be seen, in good preservation, an earthen fort, with strong ramparts and entrenchments.

R. A.

ANECDOTE OF YOUNG TOM SHERIDAN.

One day the junior Sheridan, who inherited a large portion of his father's wit and humour, dining with a party of his father's constituents, at the Swan, in Stafford; among the company were of course, a number of shoemakers—one of the most eminent of them being in the chair, in the course of the afternoon called on Tom for a sentiment. The call not being immediately attended to, the president, in rather an angry tone, repeated it; Sheridan, who was entertaining his neighbours with a story, appeared displeased with this second interruption, and desiring that a bumper might be filled, he gave—"May the manufacture of Stafford be trampled upon by all the world." It is needless to say that this sally, given with apparent warmth, restored him to the favor of the president.

DIRECTIONS FOR THE MANAGEMENT OF SLEEP.

As nothing can contribute more to the healthy exercise of the faculties of mind and body, during the hours of labour, than a proper attention to the management of sleep, during the period allocated to repose, we are sure our readers will feel obliged by our laying before them the following remarks on this subject by the celebrated Dr. Abercrombie :

"The chamber in which we sleep should be always large, high-roofed, and airy. In modern houses, these requisites are too much overlooked ; and the sleeping apartments sacrificed to the public rooms, which are of great dimensions, while the bed-rooms resemble closets more than any thing else. This error is exceedingly detrimental to health. The rooms wherein so great a portion of life is passed should always be roomy, and, if possible, not placed upon the ground floor, because such a situation is apt to be damp and worse ventilated than higher up.

"The next consideration applies to the bed itself, which ought to be large, and not placed near to the wall, but at some distance from it, both to avoid any dampness which may exist, and admit a freer circulation of air. The curtains should never be drawn closely together, even in the coldest weather. Some space ought always to be left open ; and when the season is not severe, they should be removed altogether. The mattress, or bed, on which we lie, ought always to be rather hard. Nothing is more injurious to health than soft beds ; they effeminate the individual, render his flesh soft and flabby, and incapacitate him from undergoing any privation. The texture of which the couch is made, is not of much consequence, provided it be not too soft : hence, feather-beds, or mattresses of hair or straw, are almost equally good, if they are suitable in this particular. I may mention, however, that the hair mattress, from being cooler, and less apt to imbibe moisture, is preferable, at least during the summer season, to a bed of feathers. Those soft yielding feather beds, in which the body sinks deeper, are highly pernicious, as they keep up an unnatural heat, and maintain, during the whole night, a state of exhausting perspiration. Air beds have been lately recommended, but I can assert, from personal experience, that they are the worst that can possibly be employed. They become very soon heated to a most unpleasant degree ; and it is impossible to repose upon them with any comfort : the same remark applies to air-pillows, which I several times attempted to use, but was compelled to desist, owing to the disagreeable heat that generated in a few minutes.

"The pillow, as well as the bed or mattress, should be pretty hard. When it is too soft, the head soon sinks in it, and becomes very hot and unpleasant.

"With regard to the covering, there can be no doubt that it is most wholesome to lie between sheets. Some persons prefer having blankets next their skin, but this, besides being an uncleanly practice, is hurtful to the constitution, as it generates perspiration, and keeps up a heat which cannot but be injurious.

"A common custom prevails of warming the bed before we go to sleep. This, also, except with delicate people, and during very cold seasons, is pernicious. It is far better to let the bed be chafed by the natural heat of the body, which, in most cases, even in very severe weather, will be sufficient for the purpose.

"We ought never to sleep overloaded with clothes, but have merely what is sufficient to keep up a comfortable warmth, and no more. When this is exceeded, we straightway perspire, which not only breaks the sleep, but has a bad effect upon the system.

"When a person is in health, the atmosphere of his apartment should be cool : on this account fires are exceedingly hurtful, and should never be had recourse to, except when the individual is delicate, or the weather intolerably severe. When they become requisite, we should carefully guard against smoke, as fatal accidents have arisen from this cause.

"Nothing is so injurious as damp beds. It becomes, therefore, every person, whether at home or abroad, to look to this matter, and see that the bedding on which he lies is thoroughly dry and free from even the slightest moisture. By neglecting such a precaution, rheumatism, colds, inflammations, and death itself may ensue. Indeed,

these calamities are very frequently traced to the circumstance of the person's having incautiously slept upon a damp bed. For the same reason, the walls and floor of the room should be dry, and wet clothes should never be hung up, as the atmosphere is sure to become impregnated with a moisture which is highly pernicious. In like manner, we should avoid sleeping in a bed that has been occupied by the sick, till the bedding has been cleansed and thoroughly aired. When a person has died of any infectious disease, the clothes in which he lay ought to be burned ; and this should be extended to the bed or mattress itself. Even the bedstead should be carefully washed and fumigated.

"On going to sleep, all sorts of restraints must be removed from the body ; the collar of the night shirt should be unbuttoned, and the neckcloth taken off. With regard to the head, the more lightly it is covered the better : on this account, we should wear a thin cotton or silk night cap ; and this is still better if made of net-work. Some persons wear worsted, or flannel caps, but these are exceedingly improper, and are only justifiable in old or rheumatic subjects. The grand rule of health is to keep the head cool, and the feet warm ; hence, the night cap cannot be too thin. In fact, the chief use of this piece of clothing is to preserve the hair, and prevent it from being disordered and matted together.

"Sleeping in stockings is a bad and uncleanly habit, which should never be practised. By accustoming ourselves to do without any covering on the feet, we will seldom experience any uneasy feeling of cold in these parts, provided we have a sufficiency of clothing about us, to keep the rest of the system comfortable ; and if, notwithstanding, they still remain cold, this can easily be obviated by wrapping a warm flannel-cloth around them, or by applying to them, for a few minutes, a heated iron, or a bottle of warm water.

"The posture of the body must also be attended to. The head should be tolerably elevated, especially in plethoric subjects : consequently, the bolster or pillows must be suitable to this purpose. The position, from the neck downwards, ought to be as nearly as possible horizontal. The half sitting posture, with the shoulders considerably elevated, is exceedingly injurious, as the thoracic and abdominal viscera are thereby compressed, and respiration, digestion, and circulation, materially impeded. Lying upon the back is also improper, in consequence of its bad effect upon the breathing, and tendency to produce nightmare. Most people pass the greater part of the night upon the side, which is certainly the most comfortable position that can be assumed in sleep. According to Dr. A. Hunter, women who love their husbands generally lie on the right side. On this point, I can give no opinion. I have known individuals who could not sleep except upon the back, but these are rare cases."

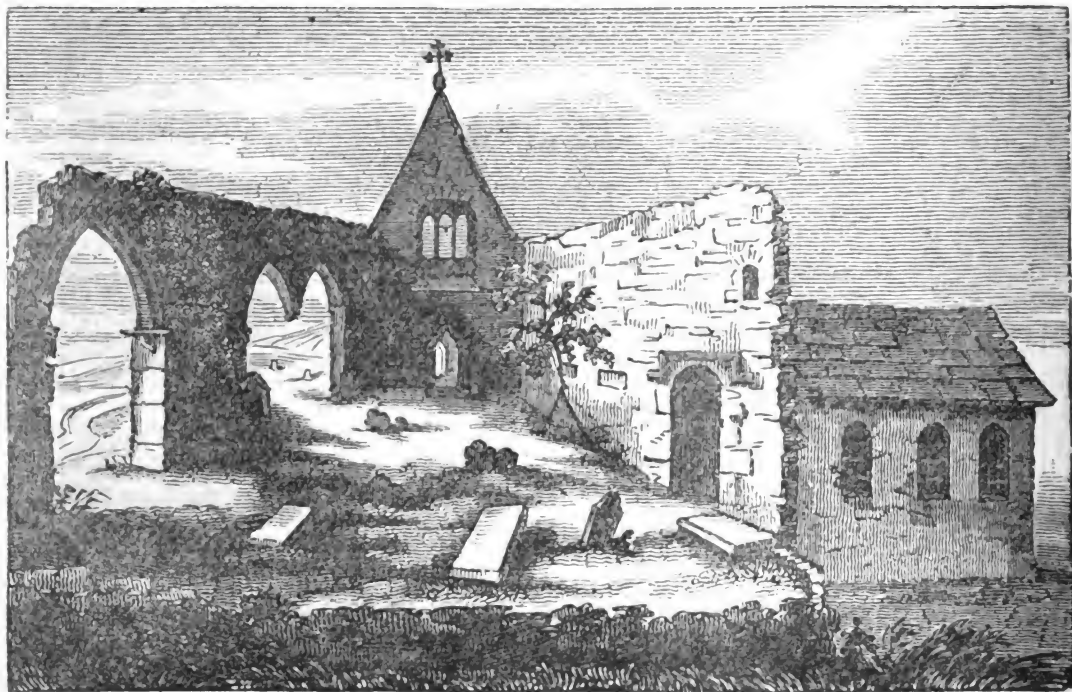
OBSERVATIONS ON EARLY RISING.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

Every circumstance contributes to render early rising advisable to those who are in the enjoyment of health. There is no time of the day equal in beauty and freshness to the morning, when nature has just parted with the gloomy mantle which night had flung over her, and stands before us like a young bride, from whose aspect the veil which covered her loveliness, has been withdrawn. The whole material world has a vivifying appearance. The husbandman is up at his labour, the forest leaves sparkle with drops of crystal dew, the flowers raise their rejoicing heads towards the sun, the birds pour forth their anthems of gladness ; and the wide face of creation itself seems as if awakened and refreshed from a mighty slumber. All these things, however, are hid from the eyes of the sluggard : nature, in her most glorious aspect, is, to him, a sealed book ; and while every scene around him is full of beauty, interest, and animation, he alone is passionless and uninspired. Behold him stretched upon the couch of rest ! In vain does the clock proclaim that the reign of day has commenced ! In vain does the morning light stream fiercely in by the chinks of the window, as if to startle him from his repose ! He hears not—he sees not, for blindness and deafness rule over him with despotic sway, and lay a

deadening spell upon his faculties. And when he does at length awake—far on in the day—from the torpor of this benumbing sleep, he is not refreshed. He does not start at once into new life—an altered man, with joy in his mind, and vigour in his frame. On the contrary, he is dull, languid, and stupid, as if half recovered from a paroxysm of drunkenness. He yawns, stretches himself, and stalks into the breakfast parlour, to partake in solitude, and without appetite, of his unrefreshing meal—while his eyes are red and gummy, his beard unshorn, his face unwashed, and his clothes disorderly, and ill put on.”

The difference between rising every morning, at six, and at eight, in the course of forty years, amounts to 29,200 hours, or three years one hundred and twenty one days and sixteen hours, which are equal to eight hours a day for exactly ten years. So that rising at six will be the same as if ten years of life (a weighty consideration) were added, wherein we may command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our minds, and the dispatch of business. This calculation is made without any regard to bissextile.



MEELICK ABBEY.

The Abbey of Meelick, or, as it is sometimes written, Milick, is romantically situated on the banks of the river Shannon, in the barony of Longford, in the county of Galway, which was anciently denominated Silanchia, or the territory of O'Madden, and was founded by one of the dynasts of Silanchia, in the year 1474, for conventual Franciscans.

The following is an extract from an old register still preserved in the convent of Meelick:—

“Monasterium de Milick, Diocesis Clumfertensis, in Cometatu Galvia, pro ipsâ observantiâ Fundatū, anno 1474.

“Aliqui antiquius multo sentiunt cerea annum 1300.—Fundatorem habuit Dominum O'Madden. Suppressum et fere omnino destructum tempore Elizabethæ Reginae

“Cui substitutus fuit Præses Fr. Jno. O'Madden, a quo quarto mensis junii, 1643, (anno vero secundo insurrectionis Hibernorum contra Anglos in Hibernia) quo die celebrabatur solemnitas corporis Xti.—Reconciliata fuit ecclesia fratrum minorum de Melick, tempore provincialatus Revdi. Admodum Bernardi Connoy.

Meelick is nearly surrounded by the inundation of the Shannon during the winter months; the lands in the vicinity are particularly rich and fertile; most of these were formerly held by the monks of Meelick, but there are now only two brethren, who inhabit a small dwelling-house, annexed to the old abbey, adjoining to which they have erected a chapel, where they perform service.—They have a few acres of land on lease from the Marquis of Clanricarde, who is now lord of the soil, the abbey having been, at its suppression, granted to Sir John King, who assigned it to the Earl of Clanricarde.

In the Munster annals we find, “that in the year 1203, William de Burgo marched at the head of a great army into Connaught, and so to Milick, and did there profanely convert the church into a stable, round which he erected a castle of a circular form, wherein he was seen to eat flesh-meat during the whole time of lent.”

There is no more ancient inscription amongst the monuments at Meelick than 1643; and there is in the cellar of the convent, an hexagonal stone very neatly cut, evidently the boll of a cross, with the following inscription:—

1645, ORATE PRO ANIMA PRECLARI DOMINI, MALACHI O'MADDEN, ET MARGARITÆ CROMPTON, CONJUGIBUS QUI ME REPERERUNT.

The library of Meelick was once rich, but is now reduced to a few mutilated volumes of school divinity, rishing from damp and neglect. D-O.

The kindness of another esteemed correspondent, who has also sent us a drawing and description of the ruins, enables us to supply the following additional particulars relative to its present condition:—

“At present, the roofless walls of this once superb building, are mouldering in decay, or falling a prey to the ruthless hands of modern Vandals. The beautiful choir, that once separated and supported the arch on the south side of the edifice has been torn away, and the head-stones for the humble occupants of the narrow cells. Beneath the easternmost of these noble arches is the homely tomb of a person of distinction, who died in 1768. Having asked a woman who was kind enough to point out to me the graves, for whom the grave-stone was erected, she said she, “the man who sleeps over the w... president...”

kept a little shebeen-house, and dram-shop in the neighbouring town of Eyrecourt—God be good to him! But how strangely, sir, does the Providence above us dispense its favours. Some forty years ago, my poor father, Darby O'Madden, the lord have mercy on his soul, (he died of a broken heart) was the proprietor of a large estate; but now, *thank God!* I am almost a beggar, while the descendants of that man, who, not many years since, attended tiplers, and afterwards carried the pack on his back, as an itinerant pedlar, is now, as we hear, *please your honor, a justice of the king's peace*, in some neighbouring or other county. You see how the O'Moores, of Cloghan, are buried there in yonder vault, without pomp or pageantry.—Their ould family required no such commendation!

There are many curious Latin epitaphs in this church, amongst which is that of John de Burgo, of Lismore, who died in 1746. A more recent, and elegant monument, erected at a vast expense, by Mr. Martin, of Eyrecourt, to commemorate his son Robert, stands at the east-end of the church. The river Shannon is here romantically picturesque; being broken into rapid falls. On one side is a round tower, surrounded by three twenty-four pounders, and inhabited by military, one of whom civilly ferried me over the river Shannon, and on the other side, as if in quiet contrast, is an ancient and dismantled battery, crowned by the rude monastery before described. B.



ENTRANCE TO LISMORE CATHEDRAL.

In the 43d number of our Journal, with a correct engraving, we gave a detailed account of Lismore Castle, which formed for many years the episcopal residence of this place. Of the splendour of the ancient Cathedral, some idea may be formed from the entrance, of which the above is a correct representation. The original building was erected upwards of eight hundred years since; but being in a state of complete dilapidation, was, a few years since, taken down and rebuilt from the foundation, under the superintendence of Mr. Morrison, in a very chaste and beautiful style of architecture, so much so, that it is at present esteemed one of the handsomest churches to be seen in Ireland.

Popular tradition asserts, that two young Grecians, of royal blood, were educated in the college of Lismore, during the seventh century; and Mr. Ryland, in his History of Waterford, mentions that it is very generally believed that it was from Lismore the immortal Alfred derived the information and knowledge which has been the means of handing his name down to the present generation, as a truly wise, learned, and great man. In the castle of Lismore, Robert Boyle, the celebrated philosopher, was born in the year 1626.

"THE FORGET ME NOT."

Once again has our table been overspread with those elegant and entertaining little harbingers of the new year—the Annuals—decked out in all their varied ornament of embroidered silk, and gilded edgings; and containing numberless specimens of art and of literature, at once calculated to attract and please the eye, and gratify and improve the understanding. We purpose noticing them in suc-

cession, and as one much to our taste would, in the first instance, present our readers with the "Forget Me Not."

This beautiful little volume fully maintains its former high character. Were it not that it might appear invidious, we should have little hesitation in instituting a comparison between it and several of its rivals. The illustrations are very beautiful, as specimens of fine engraving; and from the subjoined brief extracts, our readers will themselves be able to form an opinion of its literary excellence. The first is an Irish story, but too justly descriptive of the manner in which party feelings have from time immemorial been allowed to divide and distract families, and prevent those connections which are so well calculated to promote harmony and good will among the people of any country—the other a right pleasant story, by the Ettrick Shepherd, touching our old friend, Monsieur Alexandre, whose fetes of ventriloquism have so frequently astonished the good people of this metropolis, and of the country at large.

THE BRIDGE OF TENACHELLE.

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON, ESQ.

The dawn of an autumn day was beginning to expose the havoc of a storm, the last gusts of which still shrieked through the stripped forests of Baun Regan, when two mounted fugitives appeared among its tangled and haggard recesses, urging their horses over the plashy brakes, and cumbered glades at a speed which plainly told that they were flying for life or death. In the grey uncertain twilight, as they flitted, wavering and swift, from shadow,

so shadow, it was barely distinguishable that one was a female; and, but for the deep panting of their exhausted horses, and the snapping and rustling of the leafy ruins underfoot as they plunged down the thickly strewn alleys of the forest, they might have passed for the spirits of some stormy hunter and huntress, chasing the night shadows for their game, so ghostly, wan, and unsubstantial, seemed everything around them. But the assiduous hand of the horseman on the slackening reins of his companion, the whisperings of encouragement and assurance at every pause in their speed, and, above all, the frequent look behind, would soon have betrayed their mortal nature, their human passion, their love, and fear, and danger.

They were the lady Anna Darcy and the Earl of Killdare, who had fled together from Dunamare, where he had been lately under arrest, and were now hastening to the Geraldine's country of Offaley. Their story is soon told: the noble prisoner had won the daughter of his keeper to aid in his escape, and to accompany his flight and fortunes.

By degrees, as the morning advanced, the evidence of their sufferings through the wet night they had passed became more and more apparent. The earl's plume hung dripping and torn over his brows; his cloak fluttered in rent shreds, or clung to his stained armour; his face was torn with briars, and his horse's flanks were as red from the high furze and goring thickets as from the spur; for they had attempted their passage by a horse-track of the deep forest, and had strayed in the tempestuous midnight from even that dangerous pathway. It was a sad sight to look on such beauty as shone through the wretched plight of his companion, clad in so forlorn and comfortless a wreck of all that a tender woman needs upon an inclement journey. But, although the rain had beaten down her long hair till it hung heavily against her cheek, it had not weighed the rich curl out of it; nor had her eyes been dazzled into any dimness by the lightnings; her cheek was blanched, it might be as much from the washing of the recent showers and chill dews as from apprehension; but neither fear, nor the violence of piercing winds and rain had subdued an unconquerable grace and stateliness that asserted its innate nobility over her whole person, relaxed although it was, and sinking under almost insupportable fatigue.

"I would give the best castle in Offaley," cried the earl, in deep distress and impatience. "for one sight of the bridge of Tenachelle, with my ten true men upon the hill beyond. Hold up a little longer, dearest lady; had we crossed yonder ridge, we should see the Barrow beneath us, and, that once passed, all would be well. Alas, for thy poor hands! how they tremble on those reins. Would to God that I could bear this in thy place."

"Better this," she replied, her faltering voice attesting how much she suffered, "better even this than what I fly from; and I am not yet so weary—although my hands are numbed upon this cold damp bridle. I think more of my poor Sylvio's hardships"—and she patted the drooping neck of her palfrey, willing, perhaps, to hide a tear that she could not restrain, by bending aside—"Alas, my lord, the poor animal is falling momentarily. I shall never be able to urge him up this hill." While commiserating her palfrey's weariness, Lady Anna had turned her eyes from the face of her companion, and it was well that she did not see the sick and despairing pang that crossed his features, as he looked along the opening glade in the opposite direction: for, right between them and the yellow sunrise, there came down a party of horsemen, their figures and numbers distinctly marked against the sky, although still more than a mile distant; and, as the earl cast his eyes over the broad expanse of tree-tops and green hills, he all at once saw them on the ridge of the horizon. "Lady Anna," said he, in a low voice strangely altered, "Anna, love, the road is here more level; let us hasten on."

"Hast seen any one, my lord?" she inquired hastily, raising herself at his words, and looking around in alarm—but the pursuers were already out of sight, within the shadow of the hill. "Is there any new danger, Gerald?" she again asked, as he put his hand to her reins, and shook out her palfrey into a canter in silence.

"None, dearest: no more danger than we have been in all the night—but, lash your horse," he cried with involuntary earnestness; "lash him now, love, and do not spare!" and then again, endeavouring to conceal the cause of his agitation—"If we be not at the bridge by dawn, my men may have been withdrawn out of sight of the O'Moore's country; therefore, hurry on, for the sun is already up, and we may not find them there."

They strained up the hill at the top of the exhausted palfrey's speed, and the lady for a while seemed satisfied. "Why dost thou look behind so often, my lord?" she said at length, turning her head along with him. "I see nothing but the tops of trees and the red sky."

"Nor do I, Anna," he replied: "but do not turn in the saddle; for, weary as thy palfrey is, he needs all thy care: hold him up, dearest—on, on!"

"We are pursued then," she cried, turning deadly pale, and the earl's countenance for a moment bespoke hesitation whether to stop and support her at all hazards or still to urge her on. "We are pursued," she cried; "I know it, and we must be overtaken. Oh! leave me, Gerald! leave me, and save thyself!" The earl said not a word, but shook up her palfrey's head once more, and drawing his dagger, goaded him with its point till the blood sprang.

"Oh, my poor Sylvio!" was all the terrified girl could say, as stung with pain and feeling from weakness, the creature put forth its last and most desperate efforts.

They had struggled on for another minute, and were now topping the last eminence between them and the river, when a shout rang out of the woods behind. The lady shrieked—the earl struck the steel deeper into her palfrey's shoulder, and stooping to his own saddle-bow, held him up with his left hand, bending to the laborious task till his head was sunk between the horses' necks.

"Anna!" he cried, "I can see nothing for Sylvio's mane. Look out between the trees, and tell me if thou seest my ten men on the hill of Clemgaune."

"I see," replied the lady, "the whole valley flooded from side to side, and the trees standing like islands in the water."

"But my men, Anna? my men! look out beyond the bridge?"

"The bridge is a black stripe upon the flood: I cannot see the arches."

"But, beyond the bridge," he cried, in the intervals of his exertion, now becoming every moment more and more arduous; for the spent palfrey was only kept from falling by the sheer strength of his arm—"beyond the bridge, beside the pollard elm—my ten men—are they not there?"

"Alas! no, my lord, I cannot see them. But, Mother of Mercies!"—she shuddered, looking around—"I see them now behind us!" Another shout of mingled voices, execrating and exulting sounded from the valley as she spoke.

The earl struck his brow with his gauntleted hand, yielding for the first time to his excess of grief and anguish, for he had raised his head, and had seen all along the opposite hills the bare, unbroken solitude that offered neither hope of help nor means of escape. Yet he girded himself up for a last effort, he drew his horse close to the palfrey's side, and, "Dear Anna," he said, "cast thine arms now round my neck, and let me lift thee on before me: black Memnon will bear us both like the wind—nay dally not," for the sensitive girl shrunk for a moment from the proposal; "remember thy promise in the chapel on the rock," and he passed his arm round her waist, and, at one effort, lifted her from the saddle; while she, blushing deeply, yet yielding to the imperative necessity of the moment, clasped her hands round his neck, and aided in drawing herself up upon the black charger's shoulder. The palfrey the moment it lost the supporting hand of the earl, staggered forward, and, though relieved of its burden, fell headlong to the ground. The pursuers were now so near that they could see plainly what had been done, and their cries expressed the measure of their rage and disappointment; for the strong war-horse, although doubly burdened, yet thundered down the hill at a pace that promised to keep his start; and hope once more revived in the fainting hearts of the earl and the lady.

"Now thanks to Heaven!" he cried, as he found the powerful charger stretching out under them with renewed vigour; "thank Heaven that struck down the slow-paced loiterer in this good time! Now, Memnon, bear us but over yonder hill, and earn a stall of carved oak and a rack of silver! Ah, the good steed! thou shalt feed him from thine own white hands yet, lady, in the courts of Castle Ley!—Look back now, love Anna, and tell me what they do behind."

The lady raised her head from his shoulder, and cast a glance along the road they had traversed. "I see them plying whip and spur" she said, "but they are not gaining on us—Red Raymond rides foremost, and Owen and the three rangers; I know them all: but, oh, Mary mother, shield me! I see my father and Sir Robert Verdun: oh, speed thee, good horse; speed!" and she hid her face again upon his breast, and they descended the hill which overhung the Barrow.

The old channel of the river was no longer visible; the flood had overspread its banks, and far across the flat holms on the opposite side swept along in a brown, eddying, and rapid deluge. The bridge of Tenachelle spanned from the nearer bank to a raised causeway beyond, the solid masonry of which, resisting the overland inundations, sent the flood with double impetuosity through the three choked arches over its usual bed; for there the main current and the backwater rushing together, heaved struggling round the abutments, till the watery war swelled and surged over the range-wall and fell upon the road-wall of the bridge itself with solid shocks, like seas upon a ship deck. Eager for passage, as a man might be whose life and the life of his dearer self were at stake, yet, for an instant, the earl checked his horse, as the long line of peninsulated road lay before him—a high tumultuous sea on one side: a roaring gulf of whirlpools, foam, and gushing cataracts on the other. The lady gave one look at the scene, and sank her head to the place whence she had raised it. As he felt her clasp him more closely and draw herself up for the effort, his heart shamed him to think that he had blenched from a danger which a devoted girl was willing to dare; he drove his spurs into his horse's flanks, and Memnon sprang forward on the bridge. The roadway returned no hollow reverberation now, for every arch was gorged to the keystone with a compact mass of water, and, in truth, there was a gurgling and hissing as the river was sucked in, and a rushing roar where it spouted out in level waterfalls, that would have drowned the trampling of a hundred hoofs. Twice did the waves sweep past them, rolling at each stroke the ruins of a breach in the upper rangewall over the road, till the stones dashed against the opposite masonry; and twice were both covered with the spray flung from the abutments; but Memnon bore them on through stream and ruin, and they gained the causeway safe.

The earl's heart lightened as he found himself again on solid ground, though still plunging girth deep at times through the flooded hollows; but they passed the embankment also in safety, and were straining up the hill beyond, when the cries of the pursuers, which had been heard over all the storm of waters ever since their entrance on the bridge, suddenly ceased. There was the loud report of an arquebuss, and Memnon leaped off all his feet, plunged forward, reeled, and dropped dead. Red Raymond's arquebuss was still smoking, as he sprang foremost of his troop upon the bridge. Behind him came Lord Darcy, furious with rage and exultation. "Secure him first," he cried, "secure him, before he gets from under the fallen horse—bind him hand and foot! Ah, villain, he shall hang from the highest oak in Clan Malir! and, for her, Sir Robert, she shall be thy wife—I swear it by the bones of my father, before that risen sun hath set! Come on!" and he gave his horse head, but suddenly his reins were seized on right and left by his attendants.—"Villains, let go my reins!" he cried; "would ye aid the traitor in his escape?" and, striking the rowels deep into his steed, he made him burst from their grasp; but, almost at the same instant, he pulled up with a violence that threw him on his haunches, for a dozen voices shouted, "back, Raymond, back!" and a cry arose that the bridge was breaking, and the long line of roadway did suddenly

seem to heave and undulate with the undulating current. It was well for Lord Darcy that he did so; for the next instant, and before his horse's fore feet had ceased to paw the air, down went the whole three arches with a crash, swallowed up and obliterated in the irresistible waters.—Among the sheets of spray and flashing water thrown up by the falling ruin and the whirlpools of foamy froth from the disjointed masonry, and the tumult of driving timbers, and the general disruption of road and river, the musqueteer and his horse were seen sweeping for one moment down the middle of the stream, then rolled over and beaten under water, and tumbled in the universal vortex out of sight for ever.

Stunned, horrified, his horse trembling in every limb, and backing from the perilous verge abrupt at his feet, the baron sat gazing at the torrent that now rushed past him. The frightful death he had escaped—the danger he was even then in—the sudden apparition of the river's unbridled majesty, savage and bare, and exulting in its lonely strength, all the emotions of awe, terror, and amazement, crowded on his soul together. His daughter and her lover, it might be her husband or her paramour, lay within a gun-shot upon the hill before his eyes, for Anna had thrown herself by the side of the fallen and unextricated earl; but he saw them not, he thought not of them. He got off his horse like a man who awakens from sleep-walking, and grasped the nearest of his servants by the arm, as if seeking to make sure of the reality of their presence. "Ha!" he exclaimed, "this is a perilous flood, Geoffrey; we must have the scarp of the ditch looked to: but how is this? Ho, villains! where is my daughter? O fiends of hell, am I here!" and he started at once to a full consciousness of his situation. He tore off his helmet and heavy breast-plate, but his servants crowded round him and withheld him from the river, for he cried that he would swim the torrent himself if none else would. "Dogs," he cried, "take off your hands! would you aid the rebellious girl—the traitor's leman—the leman of a Geraldine! Raymond, reload your arquebuss—red hound where is he?—Ha! drowned? O slaves and cowards, to let him be lost before your eyes and stand idly by! Owen Garreboyle, thou art my foster-brother; Sir Robert Verdun, thou hast been my son in bounties numberless: will you see me robbed of my child in my old age; nor strike a stroke for gratitude or fealty? Is there no man here will venture in for the love of my father's son?"

At this last appeal his foster-brother threw off his cloak. "Give me your hands, comrades," he said to his companions, "for, though the Barrow were a river of fire, I would go through it for the love of Mac Roger More."

"Not so," cried the distracted old man; not so, my trusty kinsman; enough lost already without thee, my bold and loyal brother! But, Sir Robert Verdun, I had looked for other conduct from thee to-day: there is the lady that I would have given to thee this morning—there, sitting by her paramour upon the hill-side; and I tell thee I would rather let her marry him, Geraldine and rebel as he is, than bestow her on a faint-hearted craven, as thou hast this day shown thyself to be."

"You wrong me my lord," replied the knight; "you wrong me vilely. I would rather be the merest Irishman in Connaught than son-in-law of such a cruel tyrant and unnatural father."

"Get thee to Connaught, then, ungrateful traitor!—Go!" cried the enraged baron: and the knight, turning indignantly from his side, was soon lost to sight amongst the overhanging woods.

But, as he disappeared, there rose into view on the opposite hill a party of troopers, making at a rapid pace for the river. "They are the traitor's men," cried Darcy, "they will rescue him before my eyes!—and my child—oh, would that she were rather dead! Shoot, villains!—let fly a flight of arrows, and slay them where they lie!" But he knew, as he uttered the unnatural command, that they were far beyond arrow-range, and that, even were they not so, no man of his company would bend a bow in obedience to it. A few shafts were discharged against the party descending the hill, but they fell short, and disappeared in the water or among the rushes and underwood of the flooded holm.

"Gunpowder and lead alone can reach them," cried Garreboyle. But the arquebuss is gone, and here is nought save wood and feather. Let them shout," for a shout of scorn and defiance sounded across the flood, as the servants of the earl relieved him from the fallen horse, and found him, past hope, unhurt—"let them shout: we shall meet yet with a fairer field between us. My lord, they are mounted again, and going."

"Let them go," said Darcy, without raising his eyes to witness his departure. He sullenly resumed his armour, sprung in silence upon his horse, struck him with the spurs, and turning his head homeward, galloped back by the way he came.

THE VENTRILOQUIST.

There were three men and a very handsome girl loading an immense cart of hay. We walked on, and at length this moving hay-stack overtook us. I remember it well, with a black horse in the shafts, and a fine light grey one in the traces. We made very slow progress; for Naesmith would never cease either sketching or stopping us to admire the scenery of nature.

Indeed, our progress was so slow, that up came the great Lothian peasant sitting upon the hay, lashing on his team, and whistling his tune. We walked on, side by side, for a while, I think about half a mile, when, all at once, a child began to cry in the middle of the cart-load of hay. I declare I was cheated myself; for, though I was walking alongside of Alexandre, I thought there was a child among the hay; for it cried with a kind of half-smothered breath, that I am sure there never was such a deception practised in this world.

"What is the meaning of this?" said Terry. "You are smothering a child among your hay."

The poor fellow, rough and burley as was his outer man, was so much appalled at the idea of taking infant life, that he exclaimed in a half articulate voice: "I wonder how they could fork a bairn up to me frae the meadow, an' me never ken!" And without taking time to descend to loose his cart-ropes, he cut them through the middle, and turned off his hay, roll after roll, with the utmost expedition; and still the child kept crying almost under his hands and feet. He was even obliged to set his feet on each side of the cart for fear of trampling the poor infant to death. At length, when he had turned the greater part of the hay off upon the road, the child fell a crying most bitterly amongst the hay, on which the poor fellow (his name was Sandy Burnet), jumped off the cart in the greatest trepidation. "Od! I hae thrawn the poor thing over!" exclaimed he. "I's warrant it's killed"—and he began to shake out the hay with the greatest caution. I and one of my companions went forward to assist him. Stand back! stand back!" cried he. "Ye'll maybe tramp its life out. I'll look for it myself." But, after he had shaken out the whole of the hay, no child was to be found. I never saw looks of such amazement as Sandy Burnet's then were. He seemed to have lost all comprehension of every thing in this world. I was obliged myself to go on to the brow of the hill and call on some of the haymakers to come and load the cart again.

Mr. Scott and I stripped off our coats, and assisted; and, as we were busy loading the cart, I said to Sandy seeing him always turn the hay over and over for fear of running the fork through a child, "What can hae become o' the creature, Sandy?—for you must be sensible that there was a bairn among this hay."

"The Lord kens, sir," said Sandy.

"Think ye the lasses are a' safe enough an' to be trusted?" said I.

"For any thing that I ken, sir."

"Then where could the bairn come frae?"

"The Lord kens, sir. That there was a bairn, or the semblance o' ane, naeboddy can doubt; but I'm thinking it was a fairy, an' that I'm haunntit."

"Did you ever murder any bairns, Sandy?"

"Oh no! I wadna murder a bairn for the hale world?"

"But were ye ever the cause o' any lasses murdering their bairns?"

"Not that I ken o'."

"Then where could the bairn come frae?—for you are

sensible that there is or was a bairn among your hay. It is rather a bad-looking job, Sandy, and I wish you were quit of it."

"I wish the same, sir. But there can be nae doubt that the creature among the hay was either a fairy or the ghaist of a bairn, for the hay was a' forkit off the swathe in the meadow. An' how could any body fork up a bairn, an' neither him nor me ken?"

We got the cart loaded once more, knitted the ropes firmly, and set out; but we had not proceeded a hundred yards before the child fell a-crying again among the hay with more choking screams than ever. "Gudeness have a care o' us! Heard ever any leevin' the like o' that! I declare the creature's there again!" cried Sandy, and flinging himself from the cart with a summerset, he ran off, and never once looked over his shoulder as long as he was in our sight. We were very sorry to hear afterwards that he fled all the ways into the highlands of Perthshire, where he still lives in a deranged state of mind.

We dined at "The Hunter's Tryste," and spent the afternoon in hilarity: but such a night of fun as Monsieur Alexandre made us I never witnessed and never shall again. The family at the inn consisted of the landlord, his wife, and her daughter, who was the landlord's step-daughter, a very pretty girl, and dressed like a lady; but I am sure that family never spent an afternoon of such astonishment and terror from the day they were united until death parted them—though they may be all living yet, for any thing that I know, for I have never been there since. But Alexandre made people of all ages and sexes speak from every part of the house, from under the beds, from the basin stands, and from the garret, where a dreadful quarrel took place. And then he placed a bottle on the top of the clock, and made a child scream out of it, and declare that the mistress had corked it in there to murder it. The young lady ran, opened the bottle, and looked into it, and then losing all power with amazement, she let it fall from her hand and smashed it to pieces. He made a bee buz round my head and face until I struck at it several times and had nearly felled myself. Then there was a drunken man came to the door, and insisted in a rough obstreperous manner on being let in to shoot Mr. Hogg; on which the landlord ran to the door and bolted it, and ordered the man to go about his business for there was no room in the house, and there he should not enter on any account. We all heard the voice of the man going round and round the house, grumbling, swearing, and threatening, and all the while Alexandre was just standing with his back to us at the room-door, always holding his hand to his mouth, but nothing else. The people ran to the windows to see the drunken man go by, and Miss Jane even ventured to the corner of the house to look after him; but neither drunken man nor any other man was to be seen. At length on calling her in to serve us with some wine and toddy, we heard the drunken man's voice coming in at the top of the chimney. Such a state of amazement as Jane was in I never beheld. "But ye need nae be feared, gentlemen," said she, "for I'll defy him to win down. The door's boltit an' lockit, an' the vent o' the lumb is nae sae wide as that jug."

However, down he came, and down he came, until his voice actually seemed to be coming out of the grate. Jane ran for it, saying, "He is winning down, I believe after a'." He is surely the deil!"

Alexandre went to the chimney, and in his own natural voice ordered the fellow to go about his business, for into our party he should not be admitted, and if he forced himself in he would shoot him through the heart. The voice then went again grumbling and swearing up the chimney. We actually heard him hurlin' down over the slates, and afterwards his voice dying away in the distance as he vanished into Mr. Trotter's plantations.

DUBLIN:
Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 12, Temple Lane,
Street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.
Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.
In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Panzer-alley, Paternoster-row;
in Liverpool, by Willmer and Smith; in Manchester, by
Birmingham, by Drake; in Nottingham, by Wright;
by R. Grant and Son; and in Glasgow, by J. Niven, Junr.

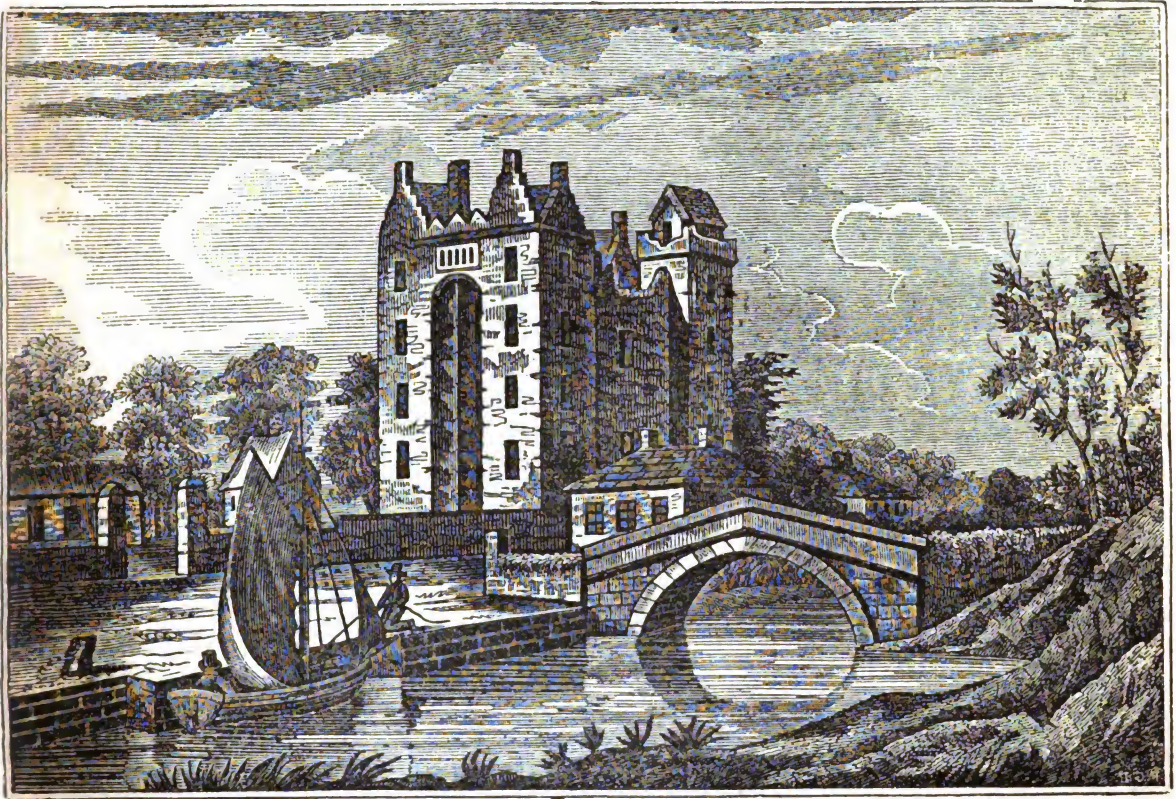
THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No 75. Vol. II

P. D. HARDY, 3, CECILIA STREET.

DECEMBER 7, 1893.



BUNRATTY CASTLE, COUNTY CLARE.

This once celebrated castle was situated on the Clare side of the river Shannon, a few miles distant from Limerick. From the remains of the castle, it appears to have been a strong square pile of massive architecture, and like many other edifices of a similar kind, to have suffered much from various attacks of an enemy. In many places its walls have been deeply indented with cannon-shot.

On the division of the conquered lands in Ireland among the Anglo-Norman invaders, the territory of Thomond, which comprised within its limits the present county of Clare, fell to the lot of Richard and Thomas de Clare, younger sons of the earl of Gloucester; with whom was joined Robert Mucegros, as joint proprietor.—Mucegros obtained from Henry the Third, about the year 1250, the privilege of holding a market and fair at Bunratty, and in 1277, erected the original castle of Bunratty, near the banks of the Shannon; but in a short time he surrendered it to King Edward; who granted it, together with the whole territory of Thomond, to Richard de Clare, who made it his principal residence.

In 1305, the native Irish, jealous of the increasing power of their invaders, besieged de Clare in this fortress; but their undisciplined bravery, and rude munitions of war, were unequal to the task of subduing the mural defences, and superior skill of their adversaries; and the Castle of Bunratty remained unvanquished. Nor were the Irish the only enemies de Clare had to contend with. The invaders were divided among themselves; and in the year 1311, Richard Burke, Earl of Ulster, commonly called the *Red Earl*, came with a great army to besiege him in Bunratty, but the invading forces

were met by the valiant de Clare, and under its walls defeated with great slaughter; John, the son of Lord Walter de Lacie, and many others being slain, and Lord William Burke, and the Earl of Ulster himself, being among the prisoners.

The natural result of this state of unnatural contention, and unceasing strife, speedily followed. Richard de Clare, although now victorious, was shortly afterwards slain; and the native Irish again taking courage, attacked the English settlers, drove them from their possessions, and in 1314 burnt the town of Bunratty to the ground.

It appears the castle held out for some time longer, for we find that, in 1327, the King had assigned to Robert de Wells, and Matilda his wife, one of the heiresses of Thomas de Clare deceased, among other possessions, the Castle and lands of Bunratty; and had appointed Robert de Sutton constable of the castle, and guardian of the lands. The charge must have been considered of importance from the amount of the salary assigned; namely, £40 per annum, and other appurtenances, a considerable sum in those days; but his endeavours to preserve his trust were ineffectual, for in the year 1332, the castle was taken and sacked by the Irish of Thomond.

Bunratty Castle was subsequently recovered, and re-edified, and became one of the principal seats of the Earls of Thomond, in whose possession it remained until the civil dissensions of the seventeenth century, when it became again the object of contention to the conflicting parties. In it the Earl of Thomond was closely besieged during the year 1642, and in 1649 it fell into the hands of the overwhelming Cromwell; in whose power it re-

remained during the usurpation; and in it General Ludlow resided for some time during the year 1653; the effects of these successive attacks are still visible, in the shattered appearance of the walls; and several cannon balls have been found about it, one of which weighed thirty-nine pounds.

Bunratty gives name to a barony and parish, in the diocese of Killaloe, is situated near the town of Meelick, and is distant from Dublin about ninety-seven miles.

R. A.

VENTRILQUIISM.

SIR—The very humorous story which appeared in your last, by the "Ettrick Shepherd," having recalled to my memory some similar feats of the ventriloquistic art, if I may be allowed so to express myself, I beg to offer them for the amusement and information of your readers; and by the way, I may be allowed to remark, it is altogether a misnomer to call modern performers in that way, *ventriloquists*, inasmuch as they appear more frequently to speak from the pockets of their neighbours, or from the roof or distant corners of the room, than from their own mouths or stomachs. As the ancient ventriloquists when exercising their art, seemed generally to speak from their own stomachs, the name by which they were designated was abundantly significant. Some fair traces of this art are to be found in the writings of the ancients; and it is the opinion of M. de la Chapelle, who in the year 1772 published an ingenious work on the subject, that the responses of many of the oracles of old were delivered by persons thus qualified, to serve the purposes of priestcraft and delusion.

From Brodeau, a learned critic of the 16th century, we have the following account of the feats of a capital ventriloquist and cheat, who was valet de chambre to Francis the First. The fellow, whose name was Louis Brabant, had fallen desperately in love with a young, handsome, and rich heiress; but was rejected by the parents as an unsuitable match for their daughter, on account of the lowness of his circumstances. The young lady's father dying, he made a visit to the widow, who was totally ignorant of his singular talent. Suddenly, on his first appearance, in open day, in her own house, and in the presence of several persons who were with her, she heard herself accosted, in a voice perfectly resembling that of her dead husband, and which seemed to proceed from above, exclaiming—"give my daughter in marriage to Louis Brabant; he is a man of great fortune, and of an excellent character. If you obey this admonition you will provide a worthy husband for your daughter, and procure everlasting repose for the soul of your poor husband." The widow could not for a moment resist this dreadful summons, which had not the most distant appearance of proceeding from Louis Brabant; whose countenance exhibited no visible change, and whose lips were closed and motionless during the delivery of it. Accordingly, she consented immediately to receive him for her son-in-law. Louis's finances were, however, in a very low condition; and the formalities of the marriage contract rendered it necessary for him to exhibit some show of riches, and not give the lie direct. He accordingly went to work upon a fresh subject—one Cornu, an old rich banker at Lyons, who had accumulated immense wealth by usury and extortion, and was known to be haunted by a remorse of conscience, on account of the manner in which he had acquired it. Having contracted an intimate acquaintance with this man; he, one day while they were sitting together, in the usurer's little back parlour, artfully turned the conversation to religious subjects, on demons, and spectres, and the torments of hell. During an interval of silence between them, a voice was heard, which, to the astonished banker, seemed to be that of his deceased father, calling upon him to deliver into the hands of Louis Brabant, then with him, a large sum for the redemption of Christians in slavery with the Turks, threatening him at the same time with eternal damnation if he did not take this method to expiate his own sins.—The reader will naturally suppose that Louis affected a due degree of astonishment on the occasion; and further promoted the deception by acknowledging his having de-

voted himself to the prosecution of the charitable design imputed to him by the ghost. An old usurer is naturally suspicious. Accordingly the wary banker made a second appointment with the ghost's delegate, for the next day; and to render any design of imposing upon him utterly abortive, took him into the open fields, where not a house, or a tree, or even a bush or pit, were in sight, capable of screening any supposed confederate. This extraordinary caution excited the ventriloquist to exert all the powers of his art. Wherever the banker conducted him, at every step his ears were saluted with the complaints and groans not only of his father, but of all his deceased relations, imploring him to have mercy on his own soul and theirs, by effectually seconding with his purse, the intentions of his worthy companion. Cornu could no longer resist, and accordingly carried his guest home with him and paid him ten thousand crowns down; with which the ventriloquist returned to Paris, and married his mistress. The catastrophe was fatal. The secret was afterwards disclosed, and reached the usurer's ears, who was so much affected by the loss of his money, and the mortifying raileries of his neighbours, that he took to his bed and died.

A ventriloquist, who performed feats somewhat similar to these, when in Edinburgh a short time since, astonished a number of persons in the fish-market, by making a fish appear to speak, and give the lie to its vender, who affirmed that it was fresh, and caught in the morning. This man was illiterate, and though very communicative, could not make intelligible the manner in which he produced these acoustic deceptions. Indeed if he had, we should hardly have described the practical rules of the art to the public, for though it is proper to make the existence of such an art universally known, it will readily occur to every reflecting mind, that the attainment of it should not be rendered easy to those who, like Louis Brabant, might make it subservient to the purposes of knavery and deception.

The most laughable trick practised by a ventriloquist, was that put upon the driver of a stage-coach in England, by Monsieur Alexandre. The coach was passing out of a town in Yorkshire, empty inside, and having five outside passengers, besides the coachman. On a sudden a voice was heard calling out to the driver to stop; the man accordingly drew up, descended from his box, but looked about in vain for his expected passenger. He mounted, and began to move onwards, when three or four voices were heard, exclaiming, "stop, stop!"—an old woman's and a child's were particularly audible. Again the coach stopped, again the driver descended—no human creature was to be seen. The passengers as well as the coachman began to express some alarm, fearing something beyond natural agency. However, they drove on, and were just beginning to ascend a hill, when a voice, as if from the inside, cried out, "put me down here! I must get out!" The coachman knew no one could be inside, and vociferating pretty heartily, "the devil!" leaped from his seat and ran up the hill with all his might, leaving the affrighted passengers to shift for themselves. At length M. Alexandre, who was one of them, evinced the rest of his powers, told who he was, and undeceived poor Jehu, when they got to a neighbouring inn, to which he had fled for refuge.

Lines from a Gentleman to his Wife, With a New Wedding Ring.

Grieve not my dearest, though the token
Of our first union has been broken:
For, with another purer ring,
To thee a truer heart I bring:
To thee, who ever hast through life
Been the fond friend, and tender wife;
And who hast brought me children seven,
Five still on earth, and two in heaven.
Then grieve not, dearest, though the token
Of our first union has been broken:
The gold may break or wear away,
But love like mine, can ne'er decay.

• The first ring was of *ivory*, but the second of *gold*.

SHANE CRASSHACH, AND PAUDHEREEN FADH.

SIR—In your number for July, you gave some account of Shane Crasshach and Paudhereen Fadh, to which I can add a few more particulars.

Some years ago I paid a visit to the Giant's Causeway, and stopped on my road at the house of the Rev. Mr. Law, the respectable pastor of the Dissenting congregation of Banagher, in the county of Derry. My host, though at a very advanced age, was full of local anecdotes, and told me many circumstances of the persons above-mentioned, whom he remembered to have seen executed. The family of Crasshach was long distinguished as the most inveterate and daring rapparees of Ulster. The last of them, and with whom the vocation of rapparee became extinct, consisted of a father and two sons, who were distinguished by the names of Shane, or John Crasshach; Phoe! Beg, little Paul; and Paurya, or Paudhereen Fadh, young Paddy. Their education was such as qualified them for their calling. It was the practice of the father to place a platter of stirabout in the middle of the floor; then excluding the boys, and shutting the door, they were told they could get no supper, unless by force or fraud they could take the platter from him. This gave rise to many contests and stratagems, so that the father and his sons were seldom seen abroad, without black eyes and bloody noses, mutually inflicted in this family school.

By this mode of education they became so daring and expert, that they were chosen leaders of the rapparees of Dungioni, a gang of desperadoes, that for half a century kept the country in alarm, and the magistrates in subjection. I visited the bridge, which is still standing, where they robbed general Napier and his party; it is still called "the General's-bridge," and I heard on the spot the story of the robbery, with little variation of the circumstances from your account of it.

After a long career of outrage, depredation, and impunity, it was at length determined to make an example, though a tardy one, of the ring-leaders; so Shane Crasshach, Phoe! Beg, and Paurya Fadh, were arrested, tried, and condemned together. It seemed at this time exceedingly difficult to get over in Ireland the repugnance felt for executing a malefactor, for a pardon was actually offered to the father if he would accept of it, but he would listen to no terms in which his sons were not included. "Well," said he, "I am an ould man now, and I can't be long after them, anyhow; so w' the blessing o' God, I'll shake a foot with the boys." He persevered in this determination, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the sheriff and magistrates; and my informant saw him hanged between his two sons, holding each by the hand.

X. Y.

A HARDY ADMIRAL.

In the reign of Queen Anne, Captain Hardy, whose ship was stationed at Legara bay, received intelligence of the arrival of seventeen Spanish galleons, under a convoy of the like number of men-of-war, in the harbour of Figo, and without any directions for so doing, sailed to Sir George Cooke, the then commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean, and gave him such advice as induced him to make the best of his way to Figo, where he took all the before mentioned ships.

Sir George was sensible of the importance of the intelligence, and the successful expedition of the captain. But when the victory was obtained, and the proper advantage made of it, he summoned Captain H. on board, and with a stern countenance said, "you have done an important service to your country, and to the Queen; you have added to its honor, and enriched it by your diligence. But do you not know, Sir, that you are liable this moment to be shot for quitting your station without orders." "He is unworthy to hold a commission in her Majesty's service," replied the captain, "who holds his life as aught, when the glory and interests of his Queen and country require him to hazard it." On this heroic answer, he was despatched home with the first news of the victory, and letters of recommendation to the Queen, who instantly knighted him and afterwards made him a rear-admiral.

SCARCITY OF HUSBANDS.

SIR—Amongst the many complaints of privations so prevalent in the present day, there is one which we females have particularly to deplore—one, which, in our opinion, strikes not merely at the prosperity, but the very existence of the state.

The deficiency I speak of is that of husbands; yes, Sir, the scarcity of husbands, and the depreciation of female charms, are subjects, we conceive, full of importance. To the anxious matron, who has already presented three unmarried daughters, and has as many more to "bring out," you may address yourself for information, if you have any doubt of this growing evil.

No doubt some censorious persons affect to say, that there are a few changes in the manners of young ladies which render them less eligible as wives, than Irish women have been for many centuries—that the universal ambition of excelling as artists, particularly in the performances of musical difficulties, has subtracted greatly from their general power—that to please and to surprise by musical talents, are perfectly distinct—that such a degree of skill as is necessary to please, is attainable by moderate practice, provided the performer has received from nature a good ear, with an agreeable voice or flexible finger; while to enable her to surprise, days, weeks, and months, and years must be sacrificed; and the less the poor girl is gifted by nature, the more time and pains must she sacrifice at the shrine of art. These critics affect to say that the time devoted to accomplishments by which, after all, none can give pleasure who do not possess some natural requisites, never yet universal—that a few of those prime and precious hours of life's morning might be passed more advantageously in reading, conversing with persons of mature taste, forming a good style in writing, domestic concerns, in superintending systematic plans of charity—that the youthful mind is too valuable to be frittered away in acquiring the minor branches of various arts, while to excel in the higher walks even, one requires the labour of a life—that a young lady will never really sing, dance, or play so well as a third or fourth rate public performer; although every little circle boasts its own Catalina; and that the female world, in seeming to think those talents invaluable, have, by their imperceptible but powerful influence on the other sex, led many of the marrying men to join in their opinion, and, therefore, to seek their wives in those places which are the natural hot-beds of ornamental accomplishment.

But, Sir, I do not mean to trouble you with any regular dissertation on the melancholy theme of my letter; I have only started the game, and hope some of your other correspondents may pursue it.

And am your humble servant,
AN OLD MAID.

INSTRUCTIVE AXIOMS.

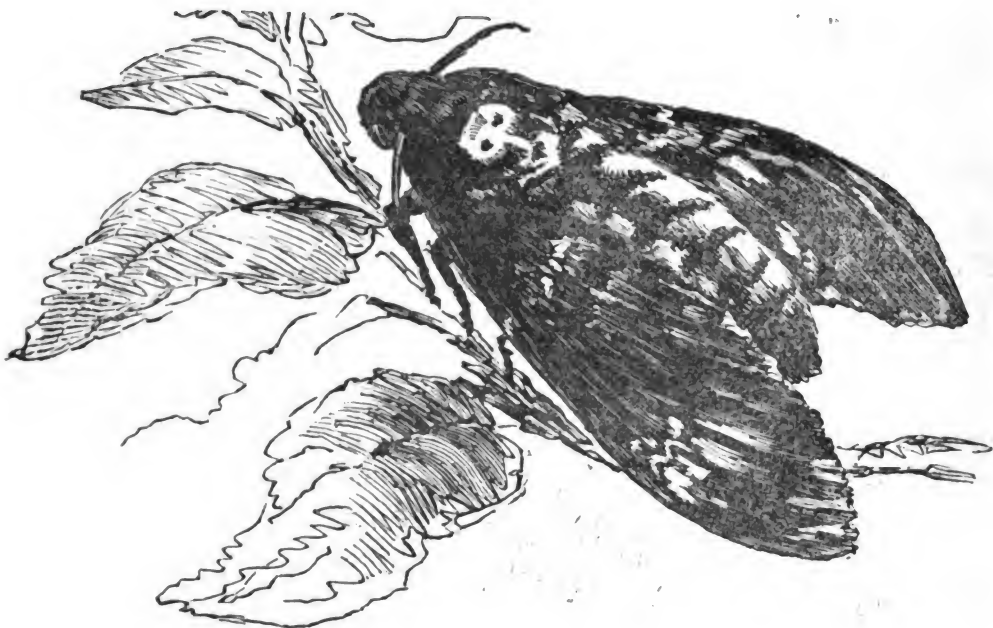
1. Whatever your profession is, endeavour to acquire merit in it; for merit is esteemed by every body, and is so precious a thing that no person can purchase it.
2. Of this be certain, that no trade can be so bad as none at all, nor any life so tiresome as that which is spent in continual visiting and dissipation. To give all one's time to other people, and never reserve any for one's self, is to be free in appearance only and a slave in effect.
3. Though your profession should not lead you to study, love and respect people of letters; and if you are not learned yourself, esteem those who are so.
4. Be easy of address, and courteous in conversation, and then every body will think it a pleasure to have any dealing with you.
5. Have the same regard for all the world, that you would wish them to have for you.
6. By honesty and integrity you will gain credit every where, and your word will be thought more valuable in any business you may be concerned in, than all the lawyers' bonds in the world.
7. You will find no greater enemy than yourself, if you suffer your passions to govern you.
8. Receive your relations and friends with a smiling and engaging air; if you do otherwise, you lose the pleasure of seeing them.

9. A *necessitous* man who gives costly dinners, pays large sums to be laughed at.

10. There are some men whose enemies are to be pitied much, and their *friends* more.

11. Men will wrangle for religion ; write for it ; fight for it ; die for it ; any thing but *live* for it.

12. Bigotry murders religion, to frighten fools with her ghost.

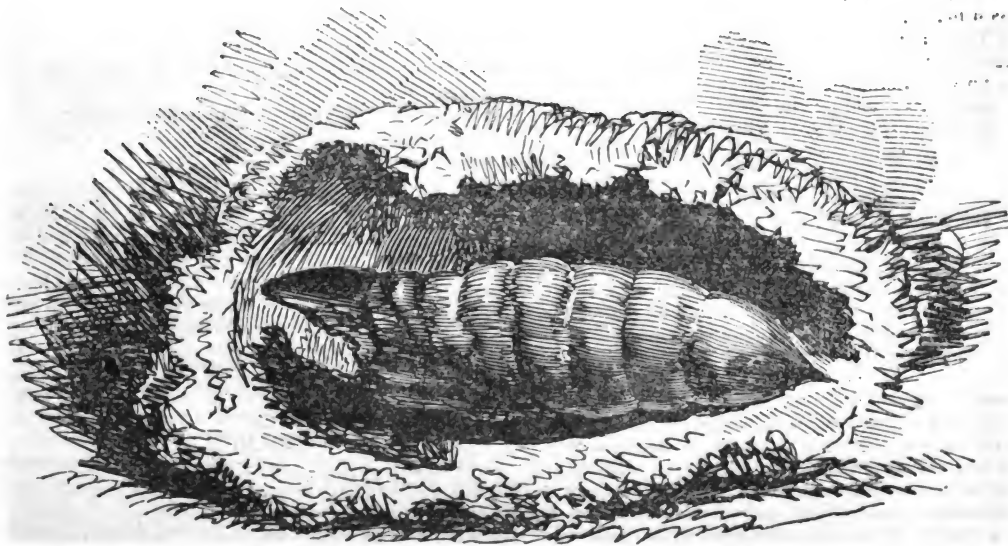


THE DEATH'S-HEAD MOTH.

(BEING THE EXACT SIZE OF THE INSECT WHEN LIVING.)

The death's-head moth (*sphinx atropos* of Linnæus) is rarely seen in Ireland. The specimen from which the prefixed drawing was taken is in the possession of Dr. Henry, of this city. The caterpillar was found along with another of the same kind, in August or September, 1832, in a potato-field, near Navan. It was about the size of a man's fore-finger, and of a pale-green colour ; its companion somewhat smaller, and of the same colour. The

leaves of several green vegetables were offered to these caterpillars, but they refused to eat. On being put into a box containing some earth, they immediately buried themselves under the earth. In the course of a short time, it was found that one of them had died, and that the other had formed a cell for itself in the earth, and was there undergoing the change into the chrysalis



The roof of the cell, as here represented, was in the form of a regular arch ; the particles of the clay (including some pebbles as large as almonds) being cemented together by some glutinous substance, which there can be no doubt was produced by the caterpillar itself ; but the process being carried on underground, the precise means by which the agglutination of the clay had been effected, was not ascertained. In this

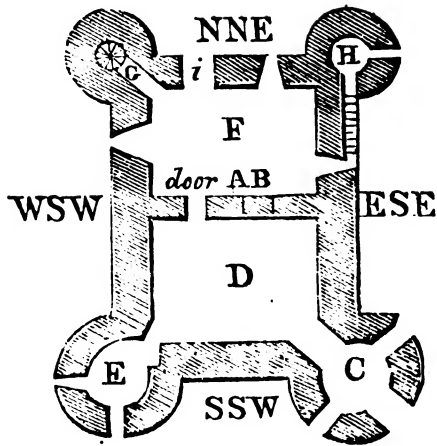
cell, which was large enough to contain a small pullet's egg, the chrysalis remained until August, 1833, a period of eleven months ; when one day, upon examining the box, (over which a thin net had been spread to prevent the escape of the insect), the perfect moth was found clinging to the side of the box ; when disturbed it flew heavily about, but did not emit any sound. Having been suffocated by the fumes of burning sulphur, this beautiful in-

sect has been preserved in a perfect state, as well as the cell in which it lay for so many months, and the empty shell of its chrysalis.

The following account of the Sphinx Atropos, is taken from Shaw's Zoology.

"The upper wings are of a fine dark grey colour, with a few slight variations of dull orange and white. The under wings are of a bright orange colour, marked by a pair of transverse black bands. The body is also orange coloured, with the sides marked by black bars: while along the top of the back, from the morax to the tail, runs a broad blue-grey stripe. On the top of the thorax is a very large patch of a most singular appearance, exactly representing the usual figure of a skull, and is of a pale grey, varied with dull ochre and black. When in the least disturbed or irritated, this insect emits a stridulous sound, something like the squeaking of a mouse; and from this circumstance, as well as from the mark above-mentioned on the thorax, it is held in much dread by the vulgar, in several parts of Europe; its appearance being regarded as a kind of ill-omen or harbinger of approaching fate. Reaumur mentions that the members of a female convent were thrown into great consternation, at the appearance of one of these insects, which happened to fly in during the evening, at one of the windows of the dormitory. The caterpillar from which this curious sphinx proceeds, is in the highest degree beautiful, and far surpasses in size every other European insect of the kind, measuring sometimes nearly five inches in length, and being of a proportional thickness. This caterpillar is principally found on the potato and the jessamine, which are its favourite food. It changes into a chrysalis in the month of September, retiring for that purpose deep into the earth, and the perfect insect emerging in the following June or July.

The sphinx atropos is generally considered as a rare insect, and as the caterpillar feeds chiefly by night, concealing itself during the day under leaves, &c. it is not often discovered. Yet from some singular circumstances favourable to its breed, there are seasons in which it is even plentiful; as was the case in the autumn of 1804, in which the caterpillar was so common in some counties in England, as to be prejudicial to the potato plants in some parts of Cornwall and Surrey."



Through the wall, between the apartments D and F, are two holes at A and B, the use of which is unknown. They possibly served for communicating commands from one room to the other. The entrance was at C, in the southern tower, which served the purposes of a hall, and was lighted by two windows, the one facing towards the east, and the other towards the west. The door-way between C and D appears to have been secured on the side next D, with a strong bolt, the chamber for receiving which is still extant. D was an apartment about twelve yards long, by two-thirds of that dimension in breadth; and F was of equal area with D, but different in this, that F was lighted by windows on three sides, while there does not appear to have been any window whatever in D. The stairs, the steps of which were not more than eighteen inches in length, were in the south tower, and on the geometrical construction. The most extraordinary thing about this building is the eastern tower, into which the only entrance, now visible, appears to have been at a height of better than twenty feet. A flight of narrow stone steps on the outside of the E. S. E. wall of the castle, led to the door of this tower, whose use it is now difficult to conjecture. Terryglass, or as it was anciently called Tirdaglass, (i. e.) the country of the two greens, was formerly famed for its monastery, founded by St. Columba, about the year 548. There is but little now remaining to indicate the vestiges of so celebrated a seat of religion. The ruins of the ancient church are spacious, but exhibit no remarkable workmanship, and the modern church, hard by, is also in a shameful state of dilapidation.

There is a neat Roman Catholic chapel in the village.

On the old history of this place we may remark, that it is related St. Patrick visited Terryglass, and there baptized several of the inhabitants of Thomond, who came across the Shannon to him.

St. Colman, the founder of Terryglass Monastery, died the 13th of December, in the year 552, and was interred there.

Archdall says this place was destroyed in 1140, by the people of O'Maney, a small territory about the barony of Tiaquin, in the county Galway.

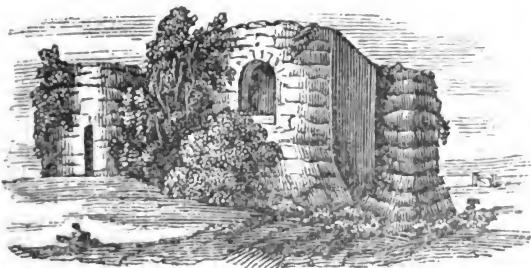
The Danes destroyed and plundered Terryglass in 842, and the town and abbey were destroyed by accidental fires in the years 801, 1112, and 1162. B.

THE COMIC ANNUAL.

BY MISS LOUISA HENRIETTA SHERRIDAN.

We have already allowed our readers an opportunity of judging, in some measure, of the entertainment afforded in this very amusing little publication, from the humorous poem entitled "Miss-nomers," which we inserted in our 73d number. The work altogether overflows with wit and humour—and although we certainly need not travel to England for the one or the other, as—

"Our own green isle more wit produces
Than is sufficient for her uses;
Dublin no market is for wit,
'Tis common, no one values it;
But we export it—and our parts
Bear highest price in foreign marts;



TIRDAGLASS CASTLE.

We here give a sketch and plan of the building, called by the peasantry, the Old Court, situate at Terryglass, in the barony of Lower Ormond, and county Tipperary, on the banks of Lough Dearg, on the river Shannon.

This building, which lies on the declivity of a rising ground, appears to have been a quadrilateral one, with round towers at each corner. It is now so demolished that it is difficult to say what its original elevation might have been; but it is evident from the remains of windows still extant, that it consisted of at least two stories, and indeed it is probable that it did not exceed that height. The walls are of great thickness, when compared to the elevation—they being at least five feet thick, and built with a considerable batter or inclination, for the height of ten or twelve feet from the foundation, which was laid on the naked green sod. It is strange what walls of so great solidity could have been intended for, as this building must have been erected long prior to the use of gunpowder. Indeed, the very great antiquity of the structure is sufficiently indicated by the fact, that no chimney or fire-place is to be found in any part of it.

Still, who is there in Ireland that does not like to read a witty reply, or a humorous story, well told? To all such we recommend Miss Sheridan's "Comic Annual," as calculated to afford considerable amusement. We select the following, not so much as a fair specimen of the work, but as a right good story, embodying a description of scenes, admirably sketched, true to life, and many of which every day meet the eye of the people of Dublin:—

THE CAD.*

BY LADY CLAIKE.

Upon his back hangs ragged misery.—ROMEO AND JULIET.

"Will I run after your honour and hould the mare for you, will I, Captain, Sir?" said a pale-faced tatterdemalion boy of fourteen years of age, to a spruce young Guardsman, as he cantered up one of the principal lounging streets of Dublin. It was the Captain's first campaign in Ireland, and determined to be amused at all that came from the lips of a Paddy, he answered good-humouredly, "Pray how do you know I shall want to have my horse held, my hero?"

The boy grinned from ear to ear, shewed a row of white teeth and long gums, a national peculiarity in Irish physiognomy. "Och, shure your honour, I know well enough it is to the square you bees going. Many's the time I held that same *baste* for Captain Fitzflourish before your honour got the revarsliion of her." Captain Montrose laughed heartily, and the boy, encouraged, went on, "Why then its himself never missed the day, nor myself the tester (sixpence), long life to him wherever he is.—Troth, and I can insense your honour with all the resorts of the offishers in the garrison for the year back, bar'n it ben't out of my walk entirely."

"Have you no other mode of living, my lad?" said Captain Montrose, amused by his humour.

"Sorrow other, plaze your honor; how could we, Captain? Shure is not the world run over with them Scotch and English forrinors that comes in oceans over, and takes all de posts from us entirely?"

"The posts?" reiterated Captain Montrose.

"Aye and troth, sir, not a name over a shop doore, or behind a shop counter of the ra'al ould sort now, at all at all. Troth, and I think the ladies might be sarved by as dacent a set of phizognomies (tho' they bees Irish itself) as any of the forty eight behind Mr. Mucklegain's counter at any rate—shure, if it wasn't for the likes of him, there would not be so many of us Cads on the walk, Sir." Captain Montrose smiled at the inductions of the Cad, who conceived that nothing was wanting for the elevation of the Irish paupers to those posts he so much ambitioned, but the patronage of the few resident nobility, whose "poverty and not their will" entitles them to the appellation of PATRIOTIC QUALITY. It is rarely dreamed of in Irish philosophy that temperance, industry, frugality, and enterprise are stepping stones to such elevation and prosperity. "Then," said Captain Montrose, "you get your bread by following gentlemen to hold their horses, friend?"

"I do, plaze your honour; that's the offishers 'fore all, and who would we follow if it was not you and the likes of your honor? and very good bread it is too, if there was plinty of it; and makes a power in the season—many's the good coat and pantaloon you will be after throwing us betwixt this and Easter, plaze God," added he, archly looking down at his own scarcity of dress. Much amused, and not a little shocked at this juvenile instance of humour and wretchedness in one so seemingly willing to be employed, Captain Montrose rode musingly on until he was roused at Carlisle Bridge by a drove of cattle to be shipped off for the consumption of his more fortunate and

better fed countrymen. He had lost sight, by this interruption, of his self-constituted aid-de-camp—a circumstance which seemed to be noticed by a number of ragged boys, who had taken their stand on the bridge, evidently to obtain a similar employment, and who now surrounded Captain Montrose's horse and kept pace with its smart trot.

The gallant Cavalier, alighting at the post-office to put in some letters, a general scuffle ensued for possession of the horse: some catching at the bridle and others endeavouring to mount it. His presence of mind dictated a method of disposing of this horde of little expectants without their "coming between the wind and his nobility," which source of annoyance his English fastidiousness shuddered to encounter. He threw a couple of pieces of silver at some distance from the field of battle, and like a good general, made an able retreat when he found *le champ libre*.

Arrived at the place of destination, his surprise was great at being again accosted by his new-found friend, who with a scrape and a grin said, "Shure I was after waiting for you, Captain Sir; I'll be bound I'll be even wid dem knot of spalpeens dat was harrashing de baste dere below at the post office, faicks I will, as shure as my name is *Corney Tully*. Will I rap, Captain, will I Sir?"

"No," said the Captain, "no thank you, Mr. Cornelius Tullius, I should be sorry to give a gentleman with so high a name so humble an office; but may I ask," said he, alighting and knocking at the door himself—"may I ask you to explain the mystery of your appearance at the door of the very house where I was intending to call this morning?" But the mystery could not be solved just then, as a showily dressed and well powdered footman appeared, who admitted the visiter, and closed the door on the intended eloquence of Corney, who now mounted with a triumphant air "the animal," with whom he seemed to be on an acknowledged and familiar footing.

Patiently, and with much care, covering her haunches with the tattered remains of his coat, from the drizzling rain which increased each moment, for three long hours did this drenched and half-famished child of misery slowly ride up and down one side of a very handsome square, whilst the gallant Captain, up to his eyes in love and luncheon, made havoc with the hearts and ham of his newly acquired acquaintances. His bon-ton constantly reminding him, that for a first visit this was rather of the longest, but then the Irish cordiality was so enticing—and Irish eyes so bright, that Captain Montrose literally tore himself away from his fascinating hostess, &c. &c.

His kind heart smote him on gaining the street, and seeing his humble, shivering, bare-headed, but still grinning Corney, ready with stirrup in hand to attend him. There is a sort of attraction between the hand and the purse of a liberal English militiaire; and Captain Montrose mechanically sought to relieve his own feelings and Corney's distress by the same means, but was much mortified to find he had already emptied his purse to his Knight's Companions of the spur. Corney had watched his movements with eagerness, and perceiving the result, with a sort of instinctive politeness, seemed to feel for his embarrassment: "shure, your honour, it's no matter—the next time, Sir. Will I be up wid you dere below at de barracks, Sir, to-morrow, not in regard of the tester (sixpence)—no, in troth, Sir, but to *insense* you into de ways of the place, Captain, and to keep off dem other Cads dat bees tazing the strangers?"

"Certainly," said Captain Montrose, "and I will double what I intended giving you, for the disappointment."

His impatient steed now bounded forward, and he reached the barracks just in time to dress for mess.

"Was there ever such good fun as those Irish Vis-à-Vis?" said a brother officer, to Captain Montrose, next morning, pointing to a jaunting-car as it passed—"By Jove! what if I part with my *cab*, and have one in exchange—for I can't stand both, and here is Sharp bringing it round as if to clench my resolutions. Come with me, Montrose, there's a good fellow, and help me to strike a bargain."

"Wid all de veins," said his companion, endeavouring to imitate the Irish brogue with about as much success as

* Cad, the abbreviation of Cadet, the name given to servants out of place in Ireland, but now assumed by the Dublin horse-boys. The Irish horse-boy was a class of some importance in the olden time, and known by the name of the Dalteens; every Irish Galloglass had his horse-boy, even when the Irish chief himself rode without stirrups or saddle. Shakspeare is said to have illustrated the profession, and to have stood at the door of the Globe Theatre to hold horses for the gallants of his day.

generally attends all English attempts at Irish humour; for,

"Le peuple Anglais est bien puissant,
Mais il n'est pas amusant."

They got into the cab, and at the barrack-gate had to pause for a few seconds for Captain Montrose's pocket-book, and cigar-case, for which he had sent back to his rooms by his friend's Tigre, Sharp. It was during this pause, that he perceived Corney standing at the gate; his honest, open countenance, much disfigured by a variety of brown-paper patches, and one eye covered by a dirty red handkerchief; his shins, too, exhibited marks of recent warfare, and altogether he had lost that air of hilarity, and sly humour which his patron had remarked on the previous day.

"Why, you have been in the wars my hero," said the Captain, fumbling for his purse, "Eh! how did you get those honorable marks?"

"Och, nothing in life, Sir, nothing in troth, put them Cads that keelhaunched me entirely for engaging your honor yesterday."

"Engaging me! sirrah," said the Captain, piqued by a loud shout of laughter from his companion.

"Yes, Sir, I am not long on the walk, and dem boys thought your honour too great a catch for de likes of me."

"Another shout converted the air of amusement he had assumed into one of anger, and seeing that Corney joined in the laughter repeating 'Aye, indeed, Sir, a great catch entirely,'—Captain Montrose raised the whip and encircled the already lacerated limb of the poor boy; a loud yell from the sufferer, and a crowd of squalid and slatternly matrons surrounding the cab, soon brought him to a sense of his violence: one vixen exclaimed, "och jewel, never mind, shure they think we have no feelings at all, at all, or that the likes of us are Christians."

"No indeed, ma'am," said another fair sympathizer—"No indeed, Mrs. Costello, why should we? Isn't the world made for the rich, and not for de poor! Well, whisht dear, don't cry, they'll soon have it all to themselves: what with the sickness (cholera), and de want, isn't the Great God taking us all home to himself! Well aghra," addressing herself to Montrose, "well, Sir, when the great O'Connell has his own, God knows who will be after bating your own little brat, that's all." The cab was now extricated from the mob around it, and Sharp returning, threw the pocket-book and case into it, as it moved quickly on, and getting up behind it, they soon arrived at a fashionable coach-maker's. Several cars were examined and fixed on by the young Guardsman, who had entered alone into the establishment, but his very handsome new cab was refused to be taken in exchange, without a considerable sum to boot. Whilst this business was transacting, Captain Montrose, who lay lounging in the cab, perceived Sharp conversing with Corney, who had followed them, and feeling still a little sore from the last encounter, said, "Sharp, I think your master will not be pleased if you converse with those kind of fellows; you will learn nothing that is good from them, I promise you."

"The Cad, Sir, was only saying," answered Sharp, "that he knew where there was a very neat car to be had on very reasonable terms."

"Aye, plaze your honour," said Corney, no way daunted by the late fray—and still keeping without the magic circle of the cutting whip—"Aye indeed, your honor, I do Sir, for half nothing, nor that itself! It was Captain Fitzflourish's of dem guards here before yees, and only two months on the rowl—himself and de Miss O'Shaughnessy was de only ones used to hansel it at all."

"Excellent," thought the Captain; "so we are to be handed over to the six Miss O'Shaughnessy's and jaunting car, are we?"

"Yes, Sir," said Corney, as if he read his thoughts—"yes, Sir, the same that servant brought the letter to early yesterday, before your honour called there yourself on the grey mare; shure it's myself that shewed him the house—and knows it well—the poor boy was innocent of the town—small blame to him, the poor English forner!"

"Then," thought the Captain, "it was Fitzflourish's

introductory letter to his ci-divant flame that has been the means of my making the eligible acquaintance of Mr. Corneilus Tully," and recollecting his still unpaid debt, he was in the act of discharging it, when his friend's return put to flight his good intentions; the dread of that ridicule which "*not even the stern philosopher can scorn*," deterred him, and the fear of having a regimental soubriquet of a "*a Great Catch*" determined him to put aside till a further opportunity Corney's just reward for services past.

"These gentlemen mechanics," said his friend, stepping into the cab, "are so very eloquent, that hang me if I know how to deal with them, tho' I thought I was pretty far Yorkshire too: he says cabs are out and cars are in, and gets on with his Irish blarney at such a rate, that he quite bothers me entirely: and you, you lazy wretch, who would not come to my assistance?"

"But I have done much better by staying," said Captain Montrose: "I have heard of a car to be had for 'half nothing nor dat itself,' from Corneilus Tullius."

They now followed their avant-courier, Corney, through streets, lanes, and all sorts of what are called short cuts: arriving at last at the door of a repository or mart for such articles as they were in search for, he stood with a face full of importance and in high conversation with the proprietor of the establishment, evidently on the subject in question; a bargain was soon struck, the vehicles exchanged, and the young guardsman at the height of his ambition—the owner and driver of an Irish jaunting-car. Squares, streets, quays, all were visited in a very short space of time; and many a fair expectant, who hoped to have seen the Guardsman's cab at her door that morning, was disappointed; many an ugly old woman nearly driven over; many a handsome one entirely looked over, till both horse and driver, completely tired and knocked up, arrived at last at the barrack-gate, where again stood the ever-grinning Corney. "Yees left it behind yees in the cab, Sir," said he, thrusting into Captain Montrose's hand his pocket-book and cigar-case—"I minded of it after yees set off, and so says I, 'Mr. M'Wheeler,' says I, 'I'd be entirely obliged to you to let me look for Mr. Sharp's culgee* which he left in the box under the sate, and with that—'" Corney's explanation was here cut short by the centinel shutting the gate on the orator.

"What an honest little rascal it is," said the Captain, counting over the notes his pocket-book contained: "I cannot do less than give him a couple of pounds," added he, putting aside that sum to give the Cad, the first time he should fall in his way, which he thought must be very shortly; but he was now lost sight of, for some time, by his military friend; and the consciousness that he had taken the services of the boy, had benefitted by his honesty, had been most unjustly violent to him, without ever making the least remuneration, was a constant source of unpleasant feeling, whenever he was reminded, by the sight of his fellow-cads, of poor little Corney.

The whim of the moment being gratified, the gallant car-driver soon felt as much eagerness to part with, as he had formerly done to possess it; and Captain Montrose, determined to see as much of the beautiful suburbs of Dublin as possible, during his short stay there, purchased it for a trifle.

In the mean time "the sickness," as it is called by the lower orders in Ireland, had seized on the father, mother, and the only brother able to work for the family of Corneilus Tully; fortunately their misery was not of long duration—and the spring found the miserable boy in a state of the greatest want and destitution, the means he had formerly pursued to gain a subsistence being now completely cut off, as he was left purveyor and nurse to a little brother and sister, one of three years old, and another almost an infant. But the consolatory expression of the Irish, as well as the Mussulmaun, that God is good, supported him through his misfortunes; and a few weeks after the death of his parents, he was seen with his kin-

* The Madras of the French.

dred, one child on his back, and the other by the hand, jogging along the low, and beautiful road to Lucan, some three miles from Dublin.

He had passed the village of wooden huts a short way, and wearied and famished, he sat down on the side of a ditch, to share with the children a few cold boiled potatoes—probably bestowed by some being very nearly his equal in poverty. A distant sound of an approaching vehicle put him in motion, and he hastened to put the children in the most alluring position for mendicancy; suddenly a crash, and a groan, met his ear; he immediately started on his feet, and perceiving a horse approach him with furious pace, removed the children out of danger within the dry ditch. Seeing the horse was encumbered with part of a car-harness, he took off his cap, and spreading out his arms, succeeded in stopping the animal, in which he recognised his old friend, Captain Montrose's grey mare. The recognition, however, did not seem to be mutual, till Corney, putting his hand into the place contrived for a pocket in his old coat, affected to, or actually did produce a few crumbs of bread, which he held to the beast, and, as gentle as a lamb, she approached to partake of a *bonne bouche* to which he had often before treated her.

He now secured her to a tree by the remaining bridle, and hastily approached the spot from whence the groans issued. Beneath the shattered remains of a jaunting-car, lay his *ci-devant* patron, one of his legs lying under a wheel, and now seemingly senseless.

"Oh murder, murder! is it kilt entirely he is—and no one near!—and the mare—and the childer!—Well, was I ever in such a non-plush in all my born days?"—said he, whilst he lifted gently the weight of the wheel off Captain Montrose's ankle, and fortunately found that he had escaped coming in contact with any other part of the car, which he perceived was that so lately purchased. It was but the work of a few moments with the clever active boy, to take from the person of the Captain his watch, purse, &c. &c., and secure them about his own—to fly up the side of those hillocks, called the Strawberry-beds, and return with a couple of stout peasants, to assist in carrying the Captain to a cabin at a little distance; where he also left the children; and then mounting the gray mare, he soon arrived at the hotel of Lucan, told his story to the landlord, deposited the Captain's treasures in his hands, and returned immediately in a chaise for his patient. In a few days Montrose sufficiently recovered to make inquiries for his protégé, who had, with his small family, hovered about the hotel, earning, as he said himself, "his bit and his sup by a turn now and then in the stables or about the consarnes." Corney was desired to attend at the Captain's door. "So, my man," said the latter, when he once more beheld his smiling, honest face—"so my man, I find I am always to be in your debt for some obligation or other. My hostess has been telling me how much I owe to your cleverness, probity, and presence of mind."

"Nothing in life, Captain. Shure I would have done the same for any Christian, letting alone your honour or the like of you."

"Why 'tis true," said the Captain with a smile; "you have no right to give me the Christian virtue of charity."

"Oh, plaze your honour, I am too happy entirely—in regard of the childer—and the jacket, and the trowsers, and the new shoot—and hopes to be houlding a baste for you again, Sir, afore the Kildare-street Club, and—"

"Well, well—that will do for the present," said the Captain, sipping his coffee; "and as to the future, Corney, why—why," he paused, and smiling as he recalled his former promises, and procrastination of their performance—"why, as for the future, we must leave that to take care of itself."

"True for you, Sir," said Corney.

"And now, my boy, go and get your breakfast, and leave me to finish mine."

Towards the end of the season the gaieties of Dublin were eclipsed by the departure of the charming regiment of — Guards; and as none among the officers had a more brilliant success than Captain Montrose, few left so many broken hearts behind them. It was generally believed

that he had gone home to ask his father's consent to marry one, if not all, the Miss O'Shaughnessys: but before he had decided the fact, another regiment of Guards had marched into Dublin, and the celebrated Colonel Montnittle effaced all the favorable impressions made by Captain Montrose.

"I say, Montrose," said Lord Charles Dangle, as he lounged on the steps of Crockford's, waiting for his horse, where Captain Montrose stood drawing on his gloves before he got into his cab—"I say, where did you pick up that lad who figures away in the character of Tigre? It is the *tightest* bit of *flesh* I know of."

"A monstrous well built boy, ain't he?" said his master, looking with much satisfaction at his cab-boy, who stood all eye and ear, holding his spirited horse.

"And devilishly well dressed too," said Lord Charles. "Who dresses him? For my part I am more particular about my cab-boy than myself; his frocks are cut out on him, and his other garments moulded like wax; but yours is perfection. Is he one of Tattersall's set-outs? I hear he trains gemmen's 'Tigres' now."

"Tattersall's—no indeed—why you must most certainly remember him, when we were quartered in Dublin last year. He is Corney—Cornelius Tullius, the *Cad* who used to potter about the horses at the barracks, and saved my life too, by the bye, as well as my purse, more than once."

"What! the naked squalid imp, that looked like an impersonation of Cholera!"

"Exactly; but the Irish animal has great capabilities if properly trained; you may teach, feed, and dress a young one up to any thing," said Corney's master.

"So it appears!" said his lordship, laughing at the conceit; "and I wish, when you are writing next to Ireland, you would order me over half a dozen of them."

A CONSTANT LAY.

"Cash rules the court."—BYRON.

Constant! who would not be constant and true?
Faithful! who would not be faithful with you?
(Fifteen thousand a year—ready money in plenty!)
You have no cause to doubt, you are one out of twenty!

You *know* that I love you—how can I do less?
I have flirted with others, at times, I confess;
But *those* days are past, and I sooner would die
Than flirt with another (when you're standing by!)

Don't talk about Fred, I was fond, I must own,
And he read his own verses with such a sweet tone;
His presents (not presence) were rather more rare,
He gave but *one* ring—and a lock of his hair!

Don't I always dance with you?—and can I do more?
Don't I sit by your side when the dancing is o'er?
(What! false to the vows of a man with a title,)
Sure I yield to your passion a fitting requital!

When I look on this chain with each bright golden link,
Of affection's dear fetters I fondly must think!
Forget, while I look on the pearls which you brought?
Forget! while I think on the diamonds you bought?

Forget you with rank and with money?—absurd!
I never once thought on't, I pledge you my word;
And to prove what I say—that I still remain steady,
The first time you ask me,—my Lord, I am ready!

DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 3, Cecilia Street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.

Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Fanny-alley, Paternoster-row; in Liverpool, by Willmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Ambury; in Birmingham, by Drake; in Nottingham, by Wright; in Edinburgh, by R. Grant and Son; in Glasgow, by J. Niven, Jun.

THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

No. 76. Vol. II.

P. D. HARDY, 3, CECILIA-STREET.

DECEMBER, 14, 1833.



THE GATE OF YOUGHAL

The town of Youghal, although situated in a retired district in the southern extremity of our island, contains many interesting remnants of antiquity. The collegiate church, which was generally esteemed the finest specimen of pointed architecture to be met with in Ireland, as well as several other remains, have already been minutely described in former numbers of this Journal. The town lies at the foot of a long and steep hill, and consists of one street, about a mile in length, with several smaller streets branching from the chief line of thoroughfare.

It was a walled town, and several detached remains of the walls, and the towers by which they were supported, may still be traced in different parts of the suburbs. The engraving at the head of this article gives a correct representation of the Clock-gate

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In 1579, the Earl of Desmond, then in rebellion, laid siege to the town so long fostered by his family; and, on the surrender of the place, he gave it up to indiscriminate plunder, not excepting even the religious foundations. It was, for a short time, garrisoned in favour of the rebel earl, by his relative, the seneschal of Imokilly. In the confusion of the plunder all the inhabitants, save one poor friar alone, had fled from the town; and the seneschal was soon under the necessity of relinquishing the place, through a want of provisions. It was then garrisoned by the Earl of Ormonde; and Coppinger, the mayor, who had surrendered to Desmond, was hanged at his own door.

In 1582, the seneschal of Imokilly endeavoured to regain this place, and succeeded in scaling the walls, but

was ultimately repulsed, with the loss of fifty of his followers.

Richard, first Earl of Cork, chose Youghal for his quarters, in the civil wars which commenced in 1641; and he died here in September, 1643. An army, in the Irish interest, under the command of the Earl of Castlehaven, lay before Youghal for nearly ten weeks, in 1645; but the assailants were not prepared for a regular siege, and they retired on succour arriving to the town from Lord Broghill. It was here that Oliver Cromwell concluded his terrific progress through Ireland. The place yielded to him without any effort at resistance, and he embarked from this port for England.

As you enter the town from the Cork side, the first thing that strikes the eye is the new convent, a plain building of considerable size, but of no architectural pretensions. Close by, is the new church, which was built a few years ago, as chapel-of-ease. It is rather a neat looking building; but in that spurious Gothic style, which we have had, more than once before, occasion to censure. Both edifices are built on the grounds formerly occupied by an abbey of black friars. In digging the foundation of the church, an innumerable quantity of skulls, and other human bones were discovered, which clearly indicated it to have been a cemetery. Two stone coffins were found, but were again carefully placed in their original position.

The church of St. Mary's has long been considered the centre of attraction in Youghal; not so much for the magnificent burial-ground which surrounds it, as for the architectural beauties of that once truly noble edifice. It is situated at the north part of the town: but little of its former splendour is now to be seen, with the exception of the choir, which still retains traits of its "former glory." The rest is so disguised in "modern improvements," that it would puzzle an experienced antiquarian to recognize this once beautiful church. The tripple roof has given place to a shapeless, sunken, patched-up covering, ornamented on either side with dormant windows. A square belfrey stands at the left hand side of the church, wrapped in a mantle of ivy, proudly scowling down upon those unworthy innovations. About sixty years since, the last of the fretted ceiling was taken down, several accidents having occurred by the falling of portions of it. The ground was of rich blue, on which was represented the host of heaven; the stars being of Irish oak, richly gilt. The present is a plain plastered ceiling. Gone as "its glory" is, however, the east windows of the unroofed choir will amply compensate the time of the visitor.

Youghal has undergone a considerable change within the last few years, by the rebuilding of several old and tottering houses—the introduction of gas—the regular cleansing and paving of the streets. The Devonshire Inn may be reckoned among the improvements, as also the savings'-bank; a very neat little building, with cut-stone front.

Several other favorable circumstances have recently operated in its favor. It is now a place of considerable business in the corn and provision export-trade, and may, altogether, be esteemed as a place of considerable respectability.

TRANSLATION OF AN ODE OF CASIMIRE TO THE GRASS HOPPER.

Pretty insect, summer's child,
O'er the meadows bounding wild,
Thou from morn to morn dost sup
Balmy life from nature's cup,
And thine ever-chirping strains
Cheer thyself and all the plains.

Now the winter's reign is o'er,
Piercing blast and stormy roar;
Now the summer wings its way,
Dress'd with ev'ry golden ray,
Golden rays with joy receive,
Sweetest sunshine has its eve.

Days that purest brightest shone
As a dawn they once have known,
So they headlong rush to night,
And in darkness quench their light;
Sorrows make a tedious stay,
Pleasures glance and glide away.

SNUFF-TAKING.

When the use of snuff began to gain ground, all the physicians declared either for or against this new sternutatory, and more than a hundred volumes were written by both sides on this subject. If the ancients held in such abhorrence women who used a handkerchief in their presence, what would they have said of those who took snuff, had the practice then existed. A passage in Juvenal proves that the use of the handkerchief, not only in public, but even at home, was sometimes the cause of a separation. The satirist is speaking of one who being disgusted with his wife, sends a freedman to order her immediately to quit his house: "pack up your things," said the freedman, "and begone; you are disagreeable to my master; you are continually using the handkerchief; make haste and depart; another woman will come whose nose will be always dry." Snuff disfigures the nose, stains the skin, taints the breath, and communicates a disagreeable smell.

BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

The banks of Newfoundland consist of a surprising range of submarine mountains, extending in a direct line not less than three hundred and thirty miles in length, and about seventy-five miles in breadth, with a variable depth of sea, from fifteen to sixty fathoms. The top of this sunken mountainous ridge, which there becomes the bottom of the sea, is covered with a coat of shells, and frequented by multitudes of small fish, that serve as subsistence for the cod-fish, which multiplies in inconceivable quantities in this part of the ocean. The bank is always discoverable from the sea-fowl called Penguins, that never leave it. Where the Penguin is found the waves gradually change from azure blue, to a pale colour, designated sandy-white. Here a thick, hazy atmosphere generally conceals the sun. This heavy obscuration of the sky, renders it hazardous for a fleet to proceed together, as in other seas. Sometimes total darkness covers the heavens, and then the constant firing of guns and beating of drums, is necessary to enable the seamen to keep due distance. It is usual with ships sailing to Canada and Nova Scotia, to lay to in good weather for the purpose of fishing—when in a very short time they often procure a sufficiency of cod fish for the remainder of their voyage.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

PRESERVING OF EGGS AND POTATOES.

The Scotch method of preserving eggs, by dipping them in boiling water, which destroys the living principle, is too well known to need further notice. The preservation of potatoes, by similar treatment, is also a valuable and useful discovery. Large quantities may be cured at once, by putting them into a basket as large as the vessel containing the boiling water will admit, and then just dipping them a minute, or two at the utmost. The germ, which is so near to the skin, is thus "killed," without injuring the potatoe. In this way several tons might be cured in a few hours. They should then be dried in a warm oven, and laid up in sacks or casks, secure from the frost, in a dry place. Another method of preserving this valuable root is, first to peel them, then to grate them down into a pulp, which is put into coarse cloths, and the water squeezed out by putting them into a common press, by which means they are formed into flat cakes. These cakes are to be well dried—and preserved for use as required. This is an excellent and ingenious mode of preserving potatoes; although attended with too much trouble on the large scale.

It is said that a piece of lime put into the water in which potatoes are boiling, will render the heaviest light and floury.

TO EXTRACT OIL FROM BOARDS OR STONE.

Make a strong lye of pearl-ashes and soft water; add as much unslaked lime as it will take up; stir it together, and then let it settle for a few minutes; put the mixture into a bottle, which cork well. Have ready some water to mix it as used; and scour the part with it. Take care that the liquor does not remain longer on the boards than is just necessary to extract the oil, otherwise the colour of the material is sure to be affected.

ON WIT.

Wit, in King Charles the second's reign, seemed to be the fashion of the times; in the next it gave way to politics and religion; while King William was on the throne, it revived under the protection of Lord Somers and some other Noblemen, and then those geniuses received that tincture of elegance and politeness which afterwards made such a figure in the Tatlers, Spectators, &c. through the greatest part of the reign of Queen Anne; but since it has broken out only by fits and starts. Few people of distinction trouble themselves about the name of wit, fewer understand it, and hardly any have honoured it with their example. In the next class of people it seems best known, most admired, and most frequently practised; but their stations in life are not eminent enough to dazzle us into imitation. Wit is a start of imagination in the speaker, that strikes the imagination of the hearer with an idea of beauty common to both; and the immediate result of the comparison is the flash of joy that attends it; it stands in the same regard to sense, or wisdom, as lightning to the sun—suddenly kindled and as suddenly gone; it as often arises from the defect of the mind, as from its strength and capacity. This is evident in those who are wits only without being grave or wise. Just, solid, and lasting wit is the result of fine imagination, finished study, and a happy temper of body. As no one pleases more than the man of wit, none is more liable to offend; therefore he should have a fancy quick to conceive, knowledge, good-humour, and discretion to direct the whole. Wit often leads a man to misfortunes, that his prudence would have avoided; as it is the means of raising a reputation, so it sometimes destroys it. He who affects to be always witty, renders himself cheap, and perhaps ridiculous. The great use and advantage of wit, is to render the owner agreeable, by making him instrumental to the happiness of others. When such a person appears among his friends, an air of pleasure and satisfaction diffuses itself over every face. Wit, so used, is an instrument of sweet music in the hands of an artist, commanding, soothing, and modulating the passion into harmony and peace. Neither is this the only use of it; it is a sharp sword, as well as a musical instrument, and ought to be drawn against folly and affectation. There is at the same time an humble ignorance, a modest weakness, that ought to be spared; they are unhappy already in the consciousness of their own defects, and 'tis fighting with the lame and sick to be severe upon them. The wit that genteelly glances at a foible, is smartly retorted, or generously forgiven; because the merit of the reprover is as well known as the merit of the reproved. In such delicate conversations, mirth tempered with good manners, is the only point in view, and we grow gay and polite together; perhaps there is no moment of our lives so pleasantly occupied, certainly none so agreeable. Wit is a quality which some possess and all covet; youth affects it, folly dreads it, age despises it, and dulness abhors it. Some authors would persuade us, that wit is owing to a double cause; one, the desire of pleasing others, and one of recommending ourselves; the first is made a merit in the owners, and is therefore ranged among the virtues; the last is styled vanity, and therefore a vice; though this is an erroneous distinction, as wit was never possessed by any without both; for no man endeavours to excel without being conscious of it, and that consciousness will produce vanity. let us disguise it how we please. Upon the whole, vanity is inseparable from the heart of man; where there is excellency it may be endured, where there is none it may be censured, but never removed.

APHORISMS.

Most men abuse courtiers, and affect to despise courts; yet most men are proud of the acquaintance of the one, and would be glad to live in the other.

If you wish to be happy in the world, and esteemed by every body, fear God, be faithful to your king, and live according to the strictest rules of honesty and probity.

THE INDESTRUCTIBILITY OF MATTER.

"It was said of old," the celebrated Robinson remarks, "that the creator *weighed* the dust, and *measured* the water, when he made the world." This first quantity is here still, and though man may gather, and scatter, move, mix, and unmix, yet he can *destroy* nothing. The putrefaction of one thing is but the preparation for the being, and the bloom, and the beauty of another. We have reason to think that every particle of matter is indestructible, and that even when bodies are burnt, none of their principles are destroyed. These principles had previously formed together one kind of compound, and they now separate from each other at the high temperature to which they are exposed, in order to form others with the vital air in contact with them, and such of the principles as cannot unite with the vital air, such as the earth, some saline or metallic particles, form the cinder. Thus the process of combustion merely *decomposes* the body, and sets its several parts at liberty to separate from each other, in order to form other new and varied combinations. Nothing short of consummate wisdom could have devised so beautiful a system; and nothing short of infinite power could have so modified matter as to subject it to laws which effect so many desirable purposes, and at the same time prevent the destruction of those elementary principles which are actually essential to the preservation of the world.

Vegetables have been placed in the great scale of being as a link, if we may so express ourselves, between the animal and mineral kingdoms, and draw from the great storehouse of the earth various substances, which they combine and re-combine, until they have rendered them suitable for the aliment and sustenance of the various tribes of beastial creatures, and these again concoct and assimilate them by a variety of unknown processes, until they become fit for the use and maintenance of man. Thus Fourcroy has remarked, that "vegetables may be considered as beings intended by nature to *begin* the organization of crude matter, and to dispose the primitive materials of the earth and atmosphere to become the source of life, and consequently to establish a communication between minerals and animals;" from whence it follows that plants are truly chemical apparatus, employed by nature to produce combinations, which would not take place without them. This is astonishing; but it is still more so that the various elements which these plants organize for the tribes of animals, should at their death, in due time, be restored without loss or deterioration to the general mass of matter; ready to be again converted by the chemical processes of nature, into fit and proper nutriment for succeeding orders of animated existences.

It is more than probable that Pythagoras, and other ancient philosophers, who taught the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, found the origin of their system in this principle of the indestructibility of matter. An ancient shaster called the *Geeta*, has beautiful stanzas on this subject, in which the varied forms that nature assumes, is compared to a change of dress; and Ovid, in a speech he forms for Pythagoras, compares it to wax, where the substance is always the same, though the outward form is varying. Doctor Darwin pursues the same idea in the following lines:—

"Hence when a monarch or a mushroom dies,
A while extinct the organic matter lies;
But as a few short hours or years revolve,
Alchemic powers the changing mass dissolve
Emerging matter from the grave returns,
Feels new desires, with new sensations burns,
With youth's first bloom a finer sense acquires,
And loves and pleasures fan the rising fires!"

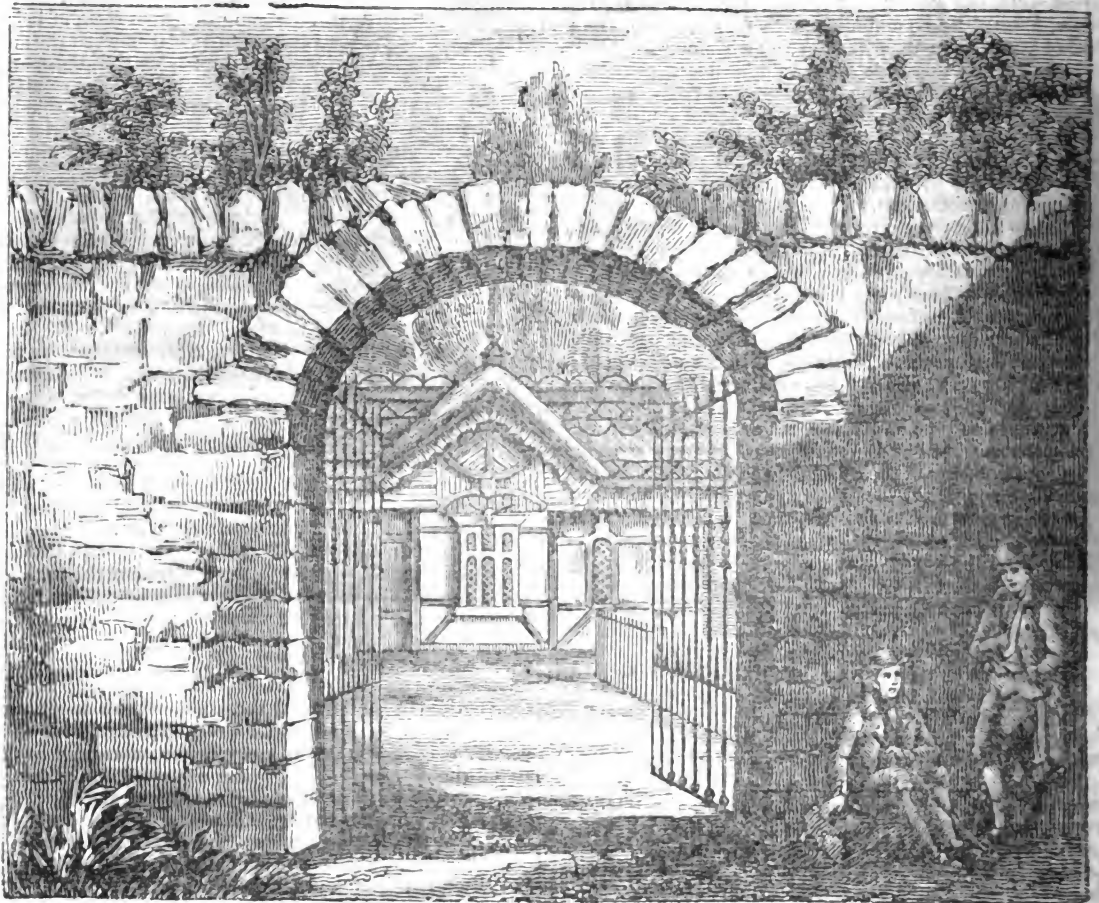
Provision has been made even for the falling leaves of vegetables, which rot upon the ground, and to a careless observer would appear lost for ever. Bertholot has shown by experiment, that whenever the soil becomes charged with such matter, the oxygen of the atmosphere combines with it, and converts it into carbonic acid gas. The consequence of this is, that this same carbon, in process of time, is absorbed by a new race of vegetables, whom it clothes with a new foliage, and which is itself destined to undergo similar putrefaction and renovation to the end of time:

"Link after link the vital chain extends,
And the long line of being never ends."

Vegetables, like living animals, have the power of *respiration*; and in this way inhale the carbonic acid, with which the surrounding air is impregnated, and thus make available that part of decaying substances which float in our atmosphere. This fact of vegetables *breathing* was first announced by Dr. Priestly. He had observed that the plant called a *conferva*, which exists in pools of water, when exposed to the rays of the sun, is covered with minute globules of water, filled with air; and by experiment he found this to be oxygen, which the leaves having inhaled with the carbon, and not wanting, threw back again. All orders of vegetables are produced from four or five natural substances; namely, heat, light, water, air, and carbon. Nature has required only these, in order to form even the most exquisite of her productions, and when we consider that the many thousand tribes of vegetables are not only formed from these few substances, but that they all enjoy the same sun, and are supplied with the same nutriment, we cannot but be struck with the rich economy of nature. That it should be possible so to modify and intermingle a few simple substances, and thence produce all the variety of form, colour, odour, taste, and quality, which is observable in the different families of vegetables, is a phenomenon too astonishing for

our comprehension. The various orders of vegetables provided in every part of the globe for the countless forms of animal existence are experimentally illustrative of the provident care of the Creator. The sluggish cow pastures in the cavity of the valley; the bounding sheep upon the hill; the goat browses on the shrubs of the rock; the duck feeds on the water-plants of the river; the hen, with attentive eye, picks up every grain which is scattered and lost in the field; and the "little modest bee," turns even the dust of the flower to advantage. That which is rejected by one is a delicacy for another. The hog devours the henbane; the goat the thistle and hemlock. All return at evening to the habitation of man with murmurs, bleatings, and cries of joy, bringing him back the delicious tributes of innumerable plants; not *destroyed*, but *transformed* by a process the most inconceivable, into honey, milk, butter, eggs, and cream. Yes; for man has nature covered the earth with plants, and though their species be infinite in number, there is not one but may be converted to his use, either to minister to his pleasure and support, or to serve for his bed, his roof, his clothing, the cure of his diseases or the fire of his hearth.

E. B.



ENTRANCE GATE TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THE DUBLIN ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

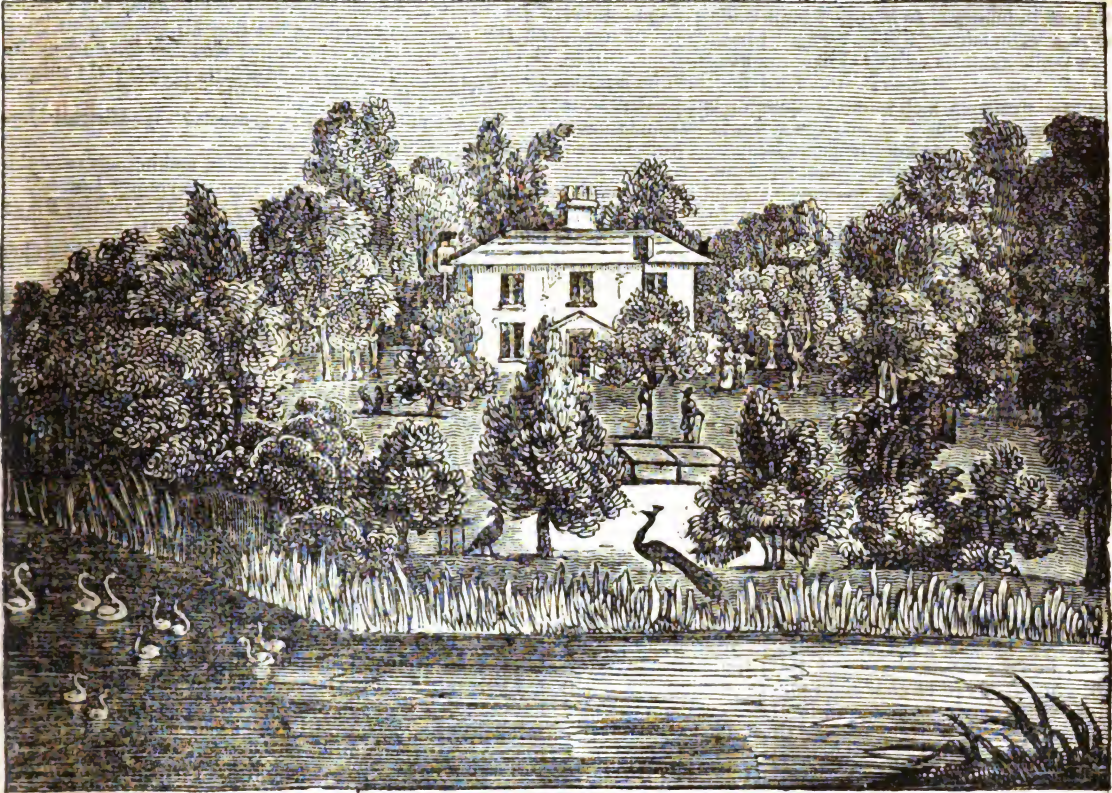
The proposal to form a Zoological Society in Dublin originated with Doctor Stokes, the Professor of Natural History in the University. In consequence of a requisition signed by that gentleman, and twenty-one others, who felt an interest in the subject, a public meeting was convened and held at the Rotunda, on the 10th of May, 1830; the Duke of Leinster in the chair. At this meeting it

was resolved that a Society should be formed for supporting a collection of living animals, according to the plan of the Zoological Society of London, and the *Jardin des Plantes* of Paris. The Duke of Northumberland, then Viceroy of Ireland, in the most liberal manner, offered the Society a site for their Gardens in the Phoenix-park. The commencement of operations, however, was retarded for a time, in consequence of some official difficulties having

been found to exist as to the mode of obtaining the sanction of his Majesty's government to such an appropriation of a part of the royal park. Owing to the active exertions and influence of Mr. Crampton, the surgeon-general, all obstacles to obtaining possession of the ground by the Society were removed, and the Gardens were opened to the public in August, 1831; stocked with a collection of animals most of which were presents from the Zoological Society of London. Ever since the collection of the Zoological Society of Dublin has increased, and prospered, to an extent exceeding the most sanguine expectations of its original promoters.

The grounds occupied by these gardens stretch along the northern margin of the first lake we meet on entering the park from the city. The gardens rise from the margin of the lake by a gentle acclivity, which exposes them to a S.S.W.

aspect. They have lately been extended by the inclosure of an additional portion of the park on their northern boundary; several commodious and ornamental buildings have been erected to accommodate the specimens which the Society have acquired by donation or purchase, in addition to their original stock. For some of the most valuable specimens which they at present possess, they are indebted to the munificence of his present Majesty. We understand that the collection contains at present upwards of two hundred animals, there being eighty mammalia, one hundred and thirty-six birds, and five reptiles. The lake which bounds the gardens on the S. W. contains eels, *anguilla vulgaris*; perch, *perca fluviatilis*; and roach, *cyprius rutilus*. The water-hen, *gallinula chloropus*, in the wild state, breeds annually on its shores.



Engraved by Clayton.

SOUTH-WEST VIEW OF THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

These gardens are within the distance of a pleasant walk, and occupy a plot of ground which nature has been bounteous in embellishing, by varying the surface with hill and valley; ornamenting it with wood and water; and placing it in an aspect which commands a grand and picturesque view of distant mountain scenery. In this delightful spot, possessing natural advantages which the wealth of London, or the munificence of the French government could not purchase, animals from every quarter of the globe are brought together, and presented to the study of the zoologist; and so genial is our mild climate to their several constitutions, that there is not a collection in Europe in which the animals generally are in such fine condition, or in which the proportion of deaths is so small; circumstances highly creditable to the care and skill of the superintendent, R. Drewitt.

"FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING."

Having in our last and preceding numbers introduced the "Forget Me Not," and "Comic Annual," to the notice of our readers; in pursuance of our promised intention, we now present to their kind attention, the beautiful little volume entitled "Friendship's Offering,"

—which, besides its full quota of the usual embellishments, designed and executed in the first rate style of elegance and taste, possesses real intrinsic excellence: inasmuch as several of the tales and stories which are given, are from the pen of the first rate authors of the day, and are really of the first rate class of writing. The stories most to our liking in this volume are, "The Ball Room," "Grace Kennedy," "Donna Francesca," and the two stories which we have selected as a fair specimen of the volume; the first of which, "Ill got—Ill gone," is an Irish sketch, by our highly talented countryman, Mr. John Banim, which we give in our present number. Of the other, "The Lad of Genius," we shall have occasion to speak more at length in our next—but our space is brief—we shall, therefore, at once introduce Mr. Banim in his story of—

ILL GOT, ILL GONE.

"Well—it's my turn, now, sure enough, genteels, to tell my story; and it will be most about how old Square (Squire) M'Cass come by the great fort'n, that he couldn't keep with as strong a hand as he got it—'Ill got, ill gone,' ye know neighbours." In these words, one of a circle of Irish villagers, assembled round a winter-fire, and beguiling the long holiday evening with their favorite amuse-

ment of story-telling, began his imposed task. The tale is preserved in his words, or as nearly so as possible.

"Every one that hears me, young and ould, knows who I mean by Square McCass, though he's dead and gone from among us many a year. Let any gorsoon or little girl that doesn't know—or, at least, that has heard tell of him, but not of what a great man he was, in his time—just step over the threshold of the door of this good friend's house, and look up the slant of the hill, in the moonlight. There is to be seen the remains of the big barrack of a place he built for himself, more than fifty years ago, though its tall gables and chimblies are now tattered and torn with the weather, and the bat and the scarecrow have more to say to it than Square McCass. And when any one looks at that ould ruin, and is tould, more-be-token, that all the land you can see from the highest window-hole, at every side of it, belonged to him that built it once upon a time, then, certain sure, it will be guessed what a man he was.

"Well, genteels: 'tish't of Square McCass, alone, I have to say 'Ill got, ill gone';—the word fits them he got his money from, as well as it fits himself: but ye shall hear what ye shall hear. I nad the story, in bits and scraps, from more than one knowledgeable body, and from time to time; from the poor darling mother o' me—rest her soul in glory!—from cousins and cousins' children of some of the people I'm to talk about; and from Jude Murphy, the mistress of the Fighting Cocks, below in the village, and own grand-daughter of the widow Murphy that kept the same house before she was born. And, sure enough, its into the kitchen of the Fighting Cocks we are to step the first going off.

"A nate, cosy kitchen it was; kept clean, and well swept; a full barrel always in the corner, and a fire-side almost as snug as this one we are sitting at—every thing be-fitting man and horse that came that way, supposing them the first in the land, and barring that the horse had his own good lodging in the warm stable, nigh at hand. And so, Biddy Murphy was sitting forment her man o' the house (they were newly married at the same time) by the pleasant fire, of a winter's evening, like this, only earlier, when she hears a sound she was always glad to hear—the noise of horses' feet, stopping at the door; and, when she hurried to the threshold, two decent, well-dressed, mannerly men were stepping down from their saddles. She made her curtshee to them, and called Mickle Murphy to put up their horses; and soon she had them settled in the warmest corner, a can of good ould *shibeen* (home-brewed ale) a-piece, in their hands, and the fresh eggs and the nice bacon screeching in the pan for their supper. And, certain sure, she said in her own mind that she had the luck to have two responsible (respectable) pleasant bodies, in her house that night; and, when Mickle came back from the stable, and made one at the fire-side, they all chatted jocosely together, of one thing or another, though nothing particular till after.

"Biddy Murphy's hand was on the frying-pan, to turn out the eggs and bacon on the dish, when she stoit herself, and said, 'Hushth! merry Christmas to me! but I hear another man and horse for the Fighting Cocks this blessed night!' and sure enough, she whipt to the door, laying the pan on the hearth, and stepped back with a new-comer.

"He was a sogering-man, a trooper discharged from the wars, as it turned out to be; after ould Shamus ran from the Boyne, but still in his soger's clothes, and carrying his long sword at his side, that clanked at every step he made across the floor, in his jack-boots and spurs. His tongue betokened that he came from the Black North, where they don't speak either English, or Irish, or Scotch, but a kind of a mixtrum gatherum of their own, made up of the three together, that's not like any decent Christian speech—much good may it do them. The way he had with him tould of the place he had come from, more-be-token, for he was not sprightly nor pleasant in his looks or his words to Mistress Murphy, nor any one about him, but as serious as a pig getting a sun-dial by heart, and stand-offish, and apt to find fault with other people's discourse, and quite full of himself; the greater the shame for a young man like him, that night, at Biddy Murphy's hearth, and she doing her best to please him; for young

enough he was, not above thirty, and a tall, broad-shoat-dered trooper into the bargain.

"When he took his stool at the fire, after seeing his horse in the stable, the hearty gossip that had been going on there, afore he came to the door, was a'most put a stop to. He would not laugh at any thing that the woman o' the house, or the man of the house said, to cheer up the hearts of their customers, or that the two jocose-looking men, who had come in before him, said in return; and so, by degrees, every body grew as down in the mouth as himself: or if the discourse was taken up now and then, it had no laugh in it, but turned on serious things. Even the good supper that he had his share of, and the *cruiskeen lawn* (full cup, or pitcher), left at his hand, couldn't make him put on a merry face, so that the people round him might find heart to be jocose again: no, nor as much as make him join in the most in-earnest talk; only from time to time he said a cross word, blaming the victuals or the *shibeen*, or making out that his companions were discoursing like fools, or not like christian creatures. By and by, howsomever, he found a little more of his tongue, though it was the bad tongue still.

"Ye are not of our parts, genteels?' says Mistress Murphy, to her other two customers.

"No, ma'am' says one of them, making answer 'this is the first time we ever came into the county Louth.'

"And ye came a good way up the country, I'll go bail,' says Mistress Murphy, again.

"All the way from Kerry, ma'am,' the man said to her very civil and hearty.

"Musha, ay? that's a good step, of a certainty. And is the place round about here very strange to ye, after leaving your own place, so mortal far in the south?' said Biddy, over again.

"The two men looked hard at each other, before he that had spoken first said, 'We have a quare answer to that question, ma'am; for though this is our first journey into Louth, as I tould you afore, and though the night fall on us just after crossing the bounds of the next county, only a stone's throw from your snug house, we think we could describe every tree and bush of—'

"Hushth, Aby!' says the second man, taking the word out of his gossip's mouth.

"Never fear, Dick,' Aby made answer, 'I'm not going to make a fool of myself, or you—every tree and bush, ma'am,' he went on, turning to the woman o' the house, 'and every thing in the world besides, of a certain spot, not very far from the spot we are talking on this blessed minute: it's a truth, sir,' he repeated, nodding to the trooper, who, at his last words, raised up his eyes from the hearth, to look at Aby.

"Well, and that's quare of a certainty, as you promised it would be, Sir,' says Biddy Murphy: 'ye got your knowledge of the spot ye mean, out of a book, I'm thinking?'

"No, indeed, ma'am' says he.

"Then ye saw it drawn out and painted in a picture, and the name printed under it?' Biddy a second time demanded of the man.

"Nor that, either, upon my word and credit, ma'am,' he replied to her.

"But somebody that knew it well described it to ye, stock and stone, afore ye came—sure that must be it?' says Mistress Murphy for the last time, very curious to find out, as ye may suppose.

"No living tongue has ever made mention of it to us, ma'am!' was all that Aby answered, only he spoke in a remarkable way, very slow, and half under his breath.

"Blessed hour!' cries Biddy, opening her mouth, and her eyes at her two customers. The trooper also grumbled out something, and kept staring.

"Biddy,' says the man of the house, handing her the pipe, 'I'll guess it for you. The two genteels saw the place in a dream, whatever place it is.'

"Hoot-toot,' grunted the trooper, shifting himself on his stool, and turning sideways to the company, eyes and all, mighty wise and scornful.

"The Lord save us!' cries Biddy again, while the two Kerry men only looked more and more serious.

"You may hoot us, Sir,' the husband went on to the trooper; 'but I'll lay you a small wager I am in the

right—and, more than that, I'll lay the same wager that the dream was about money being hid in the place, and that the two genteels have dreamt it together, over, and over, and that they are come into Louth, to-night, to see their dream out."

"All nonsense, and turf and butter-milk," the trooper made answer, in words like my words, though may be not the very same, for I don't pretend to speak his north bad English—and all come of the errors and superstitions of ould papistry. And he gave himself another swing round, and spoke down in his throat, and turned up his nose, like my lady's lap-dog at ould pyaties. And, upon that every soul that heard him, snapped at him, because they were all good Christians like ourselves, or had the name of it, at last; and Biddy Murphy's husband dared him to make the wager; and her two customers promised to decide it, by making oath of the truth one way or another; and she called him names, and told him he ought to be ashamed of himself; and, at last, he consented, and wagered his sword against two gould guineas that the Kerry men could not and would not uphold what Mike Murphy had said. So, the sword and the money were put on the table together, and he swore the men on a little Bible he took out of his pocket; and, sure enough, the sword was lost, for they made oath that every word Mike had spoken was gospel.

"Now, what's the reason you don't take it up, man o' the house?" says the trooper, speaking to Mike, who didn't make the least motion for the sword, but only looked at it as a body would look at a live thing that might turn on a body, and bite. He thought he had a reason for keeping his hands to themselves—or, may be, two reasons. Biddy used to say that, first and foremost, he didn't half like to meddle with it, and its gruff-looking owner to the fore, even supposing he had won it quite fair: but she used to say, besides, that he caught the Kerry men winking and smiling at one another, in a knowing way, just when they were going to kiss the little Bible; and, upon that, Mike wasn't sure of them, out and out; and, moreover, he thought the trooper saw them doing the same thing, and had a meaning in his words and look when he said—'what's the reason you don't take it up, man o' the house?'

"Never lay a finger on it, Mike!" cried Biddy, as soon as the speech was out of his mouth—"huth, Sir," facing herself about to the trooper, 'put your purty sword at your own side, where it ought to be—it's little use I or my good man has of such things; and sure it was all out of fun we laid the wager with you, and no more did we want than just to show you that Mister Murphy can make a sharp guess at a riddle now and then.' And Mike himself bid the trooper take it, saying the same words that Biddy said; and so he stretched out his big long arm for it at last, with a grave kind of a smile on his own face, for the first time that evening.

"Very well. Ye must not think, genteels, that Mike Murphy had any doubt of the guess he made—no such thing; he believed firmly, and so did Biddy, that the Kerry men, Aby and Dick, as they called each other, had dreamt the dream, and come into Louth to dig for the money; and when I said he did not depend on them, out and out, for winning the wager, it was to give ye to understand that he feared they did not kiss the book right—only their thumbs, may be—that was all. Very well again. Mighty uneasy he was to try if they would tell him whereabouts in the neighbourhood they expected to find the treasure; and so, giving a sign to Biddy, and Biddy wanted little asking—he got her to try Aby on that head; but Aby was not entirely the fool she took him for; and all she had for her trouble was—'Ah, ma'am! and sure that would be telling!'

"It was growing late, and the two men got up from the fire, as if going to shake themselves, and make ready for bed. The saddles of their horses lay in a corner where they had put them down; they took them on their arms, and stood a while together, whispering. The trooper was nearer to them at that time than the master or the mistress of the Fighting Cocks; and it's said he heard a word or two, for all his not seeming to take notice. In a minute or so, Aby said to the other, speaking loud, 'come up the loft with me, Dick, till we take care of the saddles, and then we'll settle who is to go out, and have a peep first.'

"It's talking of looking at the place, out of doors, they are," says Biddy to Mike; and then she told them not to be uneasy about the saddles, for that they would be quite safe in the kitchen—as safe as if they put them under their heads, for pillows, on the loft where they were to sleep. But they made answer, that the saddles did not belong to them; that they had borrowed them of a friend or two in Kerry; that they were new, and of value; and that they did not like, for the same reasons, to trust them out of their sight.

"Of great value they must be, surely," says the trooper, getting up, too, from his stool—"of great value to make ye so careful of them; I ought to know a good saddle from a bad one; let me handle one of them;"—with that, he whipt Dick's saddle off his arm before any one could hinder him: 'and, sure enough,' says the trooper, says he, 'this is a serviceable sort of a saddle; but what makes it so heavy, I wonder?'

"Huth, that's the virtue of it," answered Dick, snapping it back again; and then he and Aby went up the ladder to the loft, and staid there a long while, whispering over again.

"No one had come down, when the trooper said he would walk out a bit to stretch his long legs, after his hard day's ride, before he went to bed. He's slipping out to lie in wait for them, Mike," says Biddy to the husband—"let you step out, too, and who knows but you might have a share of what's going?" and many a time she bid him try his fortune; but Mike Murphy was a quiet man, and staid where he was.

"While they were talking under their breath, Dick ran bouldly down the ladder, and, looking pleasantly at them, and speaking as if he wanted to make no great secret of anything, except the real spot where the money was, said 'Now for it!' and darted out of the house. The man and wife sat at the fire, going on with their goster. Aby soon made one among them again. In a short half hour's time Dick came in, rubbing his hands, and dancing about, now on one leg, now on another. 'You have found the place?' asked Aby.

"The very place, sure enough," says Dick. "And honest people, we'll tell you. Lend us a spade, a crow, and a pick-axe, or borrow them for us from the neighbours, and wait here till we go try our look—"twould be unmannerly for any one to follow us—and, according to what we may find, ye will be the better of your civility." And no sooner said than done: Mike and Biddy got the things they asked for in a jiffy, and out they went together, stripping off their coats and waistcoats to be handy for their work.

"For the hundredth time, ay, and more, Biddy wanted Mike to steal easy after them; but she couldn't get him to stir. 'Well, then, salvation to me, but I'll have an eye after them myself,' says she; and putting on her cloak, she was as good as her word, sure enough, crossing the thrashold, and leaving Mike alone at the fire.

"The place, above all others, nigh at hand, that a body would dream of finding money in, was an ould castle, built by the thieves of Danes the time they had all Ireland to themselves, before Brien Boru the Great drove them all into the sey at Clontarf, like a flock of half starved wolves. And Biddy Murphy was not the woman to forget that same the moment she left her house, but straight away she bent her steps to the ould four walls. Round about the narrow window-holes, and the low doorway, she went peeping like a cat; and it was easy for her to see the Kerry men inside on the ground floor. But they were not digging, and did not seem as if they were much in earnest about going to dig—not at all; but there they sat, side by side, on the big, loose stones that had tumbled in from the top of the castle, and the moon shining strong on them through the door-way: and Biddy thought they were only listening, as if to hear some foot-step they expected might come, laughing low to one another and looking very 'cute and knowledgeable all the time.

"And at last she heard one of them say to the other, with a big curse—asking your pardon, genteels—the hussey! won't she steal over here to watch us, after all? If she does, half our good plan fails."

"She will, man, alive," the other made answer—she's the woman to do it, I tell you; the husband is a gom (ass)—but Biddy has the right curocity in her.

"'Thank ye kindly, gossip,' says Biddy to herself, 'and faix 'tishn't a bad guess ye have, no more than Mike Murphy; and so here goes to give ye a notion that I am here, but not that I know that ye knew anything about it.' For Biddy had it in her mind, in a minute, that they wanted her to see them raise the treasure, and be a witness for them that it was honestly dreamt of and come by. And with that she stirred her feet among the weeds and rubbish, outside o' the ould place where she stood, so that they might hear her a little, which they did, at the same time, and then with signs to each other, the two rogues of the world began to clear away the big stones, and to dig at last.

They were but a short time at work, when Aby cried out, as his spade sounded like music against something, 'here it is by the piper!' and down they threw their spades, and began to clear around the treasure with their pick-axes, and, one by one, they drew out of the earth a great many little tin canisters, like. 'Goold in them all! goold in every one o' them! and the whole lot full to the brim!' they said, dancing like wild men, the same that Dick had done in the Fighting Cocks, according as they examined the little canisters one after another—'goold enough to make rich men and gentlemen of us, for ever and a day!' They went on, 'goold enough to buy a nate bit of land out of ould Ireland's ground!'

"'Yes,' said some one else that Biddy did not see at first—'Yes, but not for ye!'—and behold ye, genteels, with that the big trooper came jumping down upon them, from a hiding-hole in the ould wall of the room, or whatever we are to call it, and his sword in his hand, and his cross face, now looking terrible entirely. Down he jumped, and rattled, jack-boots, spurs and all, among the loose stones; and the first thing he made bould to do was to split poor Aby's skull to the chin, before any one could say—'Don't sir, and I'll be obliged to you.'

"Biddy was going to screech murder, as loud as she could, when something flew, whistling—for all the world as if one of the good people (fairies) did it—by her ear, and stopt her breath; and to tell the truth, she was more and more frightened at the noise of a gun or a pistol going off, entirely at the same time; for it came into her mind that it was the bullet she heard so close by her ear, and that she had what might be called a great escape, for the same reason; and the second Kerry man fired the shot, sure enough, at the trooper, thinking to have revenge for his gossip's death, only he missed his mark, somehow;—and he drew another pistol from his bosom, and presented it, when the trooper knocked it out of his hand, and then they closed and had a brave wrestling match.

"Biddy now found her voice, and pillalood, and clapt her hands, and danced on her heels, at the narrow window-hole, enough to bring down the remains of the ould castle on all their heads, though she had not the thought, nor maybe the strength, to do a better thing by far, that is, run home to Mike Murphy.

"'Hould your tongue, woman!' cries the trooper to her, roaring all the time that he was shaking the Kerry men, like a dog worrying a rat—'hould your foolish baste-ly tongue, and come in here to us!—I am glad you came in time to bear witness.'

"The man I have cut down with my sword was a great highway robber, and so is the man who lies bound at my feet. For many years they have pursued their desperate calling in the south; nor are their hands clean of the blood of some of the people they plundered. They had amassed a power of riches by their evil deeds, and thought to leave Ireland with it, and live like grandees in a foreign country. But the government, and the great gentlemen of the south, hearing of their plan, sent descriptions of them, printed, all over Ireland, and to every port where they could take shipping, in particular; so that after many attempts they gave up their notion of going abroad, and laid another plan to enjoy their riches at home. And it was this last plan that sent them into Louth, a good distance from every place where they were well known, and set them upon inventing their story of the dream, at your fire-side.'

"'Blessed hour, Sir!' says Biddy, speaking in through the split in the ould wall—but how did you come to know all this? and did they not find the treasure nigh to the spot you are standing on, at any rate?"

"'He that hides can find,' the trooper made answer. 'Before they left your home together, for this place, one of them came here alone, and put the gold into the ground, and heaped stones over it. I saw him at the work. Ay, and I suspected his intent before he quitted your roof.'

"'You did, Sir, did you?' asked Biddy again.

"'I did; and from the moment that I took his saddle in my hand, too, for it was almost as heavy as so much lead, by reason of the gould that was hid in it. Ask me any other question you like.'

"'Why, then, its only what I asked you before, Sir,' says Biddy.

"'That is,' says he, taking the word from her, 'how have I come to know all the rest I have told you: you shall learn. After the man, who now lies here, had concealed the gould, he went back for his comrade, and I remained where I was till they came side-by-side, carrying their spades, and other things. Here they sat down to wait for you; and from their discourse together, I learned who and what they were; and the hopes they had that, upheld by your evidence, the fable of their having found the money, by virtue of a dream, might pass current in your superstitious neighbourhood. I also recollected a description of them, which I had often read in the printed hue and cry, raised after them, and not a doubt was left on my mind. Then my part was soon taken. You have seen me go half through with it. Having to face two desperate men, both well armed, of course, I knew that it behoved me to rid myself of one of them at the first blow.'

"'And so you did, Sir, to a certainty—but who does the treasure come to?' says Biddy.

"'To me!—fool, I call you again for asking!'—cries the trooper. 'Do you think a single man will dare what I have dared for nothing? Learn that the proclamation made for taking these men gives all the money found in their hands to the person who does its bidding on them, dead or alive, ay, and a good reward besides. And so you may tell whom you like, that you have seen me gather up my own; and saying these words, he stooped down, sure enough, and put the little canisters into his pockets, one after another as many as twenty of them. 'You are looking at me, too, he says again, turning his eyes on the sham Kerry man, who, to tell the truth, was watching him mighty close;—but 'I'll got, ill gone,' you know, comrade. And come, now, stand on your legs, and walk with me down to the village, till we can see about sending you to be well looked after; help me, woman, to lift him.'

"Biddy, none afeard, did as he bid her; her mind not at all easy on the head of which of them was the real robber, and which not. But the trooper's story turned out to be true enough. The man he had bound was sent to jail, put on his trial, and hanged, upon the oaths of many who knew him well, and there was no law to take a single goold piece from the trooper; but, as he told Biddy it would happen, he got more and more riches and the greatest of praise, and who but he from that day out. And, now, genteels, ye'll be grudging the trooper's name, afore I tell it to ye; and sure enough it was M'Cass; the very M'Cass that bought all the land in these parts, and was the great Square M'Cass among us. And 'ill got, ill gone,' was his word to the bould highway-man, but men and women are now living that can say the same word of himself; for, after the first spurt of his good luck, nothing went right with him; he soon became a struggling man, canting (selling) and driving, early and late, to make both ends meet for the keeping up of his big house, and his bounds, and his horses, and his ladies. Aye, and a sorrowful man he was, too; without wife, or child, kith or kin, true friend, or kind neighbour; and so he spent his life, and so he died; in poverty he was put into the ground, without any christian show of a funeral, without a tongue to *keenth* (wail) him, or a hand to fix a stone at his head; and people have it, that the night he departed, Square M'Cass talked as if the man he cut down in the ould castle was sitting on his bed-side; and that the last saying heard from his lips was his own saying of ould—'Ill got, ill gone—Ill got, ill gone'—repeated over and over, till he was stiff."

DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by P. D. HARVEY, 3, Cecilia Street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.

Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Fanny-alley, Paternoster-row; in Liverpool, by Willmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Ambury; in Birmingham, by Drake; in Nottingham, by Wright; in Edinburgh, by R. Grant and Son; in Glasgow, by J. Niven, Jun.

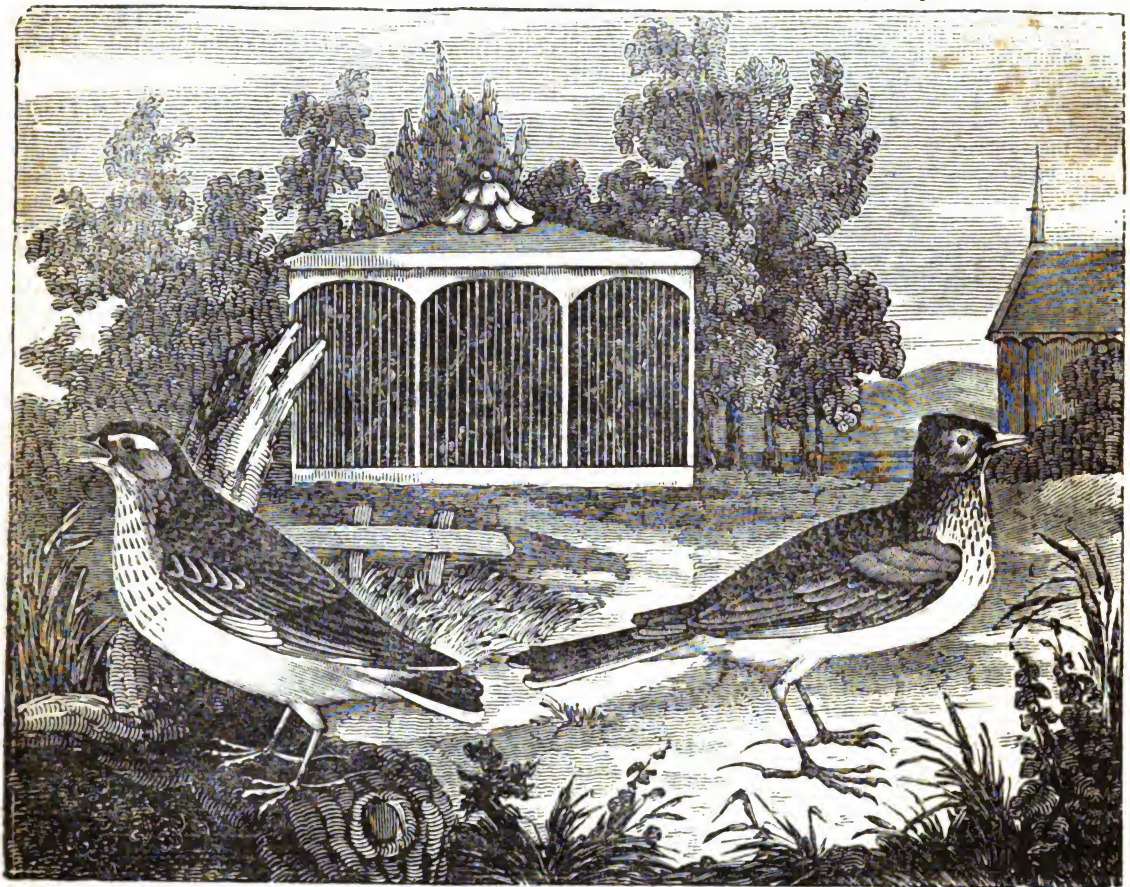
THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 77. Vol. II.

P. D. HARDY, 3, CECILIA STREET.

DECEMBER 21, 1839.



THE SKY-LARK AND WOOD-LARK.

ORNITHOLOGY.

ON THE DIFFERENT SPECIES OF THE LARK.

The term ornithology, is a compound of two Greek words; one of which signifies a *bird*, and the other a *discourse*; hence it is employed as a scientific term for the history and description of birds in general. The word *alanda*, is the latin term for lark, and is applied to a genus of birds of the order *passeres*, (sparrows,) the characters of which are; the beak is cylindrical, subulate, and straight bending towards the point; the mandibles are of equal size, and opening downwards to the base; the tongue is divided, (bifid); and the hind claw is straight, and longer than the toe. There are in all thirty-three species; but we shall confine our description to a few of those best known in Great Britain and Ireland.

1. *Alanda Avenis*, or the sky-lark, of which the specific characters are; the two outermost feathers of its tail are white lengthwise, externally, and the intermediate ones are ferruginous, (iron-coloured) on the inside; the length is about seven inches. The male of this species is browner than the females and has a black collar round the neck, and more white on the tail; the size is larger, with a bolder aspect; and the male exclusively possesses the faculty of singing. The female forms her nest on the ground, very simply; but seemingly with more attention to concealment than structure. She lays four or five

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greyish eggs with brown spots, and the period of incubation is about fifteen days. The young may, for pets, be taken out of the nest when a fortnight old, and they are so hardy, that they may be easily brought up. Some naturalists say, that she hatches three times a year; but this must depend on the nature of the climate, and the temperature of the season. She is very careful of her young, yet she does not generally cover them with her wings, after they leave the nest, like the partridge; but she supplies their wants, directs their motions, and guards them from danger by every means in her power. The common food of the young sky-larks is worms, caterpillars, ants' eggs, and even grass-hoppers: and in maturity, they live chiefly on seeds, herbage, and all vegetable substances. Those birds, it is said, that are destined for singing, should be caught in October, or November; and the males should, if possible, be selected; and care should be taken that they do not injure themselves in the cage. But they should have clean sand at the bottom of the cage to welter in, which relieves them from a species of small vermin with which, like other birds, they are tormented. The lark is found in all the inhabited parts of both continents from the Cape of Good Hope to Siberia; and in the same parallels of latitude in America; yet Villault says, it is not found on the Gold Coast of Africa; nor, according to Averroes, in Andalusia, in Spain. This bird, and the wood-lark, are the only two which sing for

any length of time on the wing.* The higher it soars, the more it strains its voice, and in descending, lowers it till it quite dies away. When it ascends even beyond the reach of our vision, its notes are distinctly heard; and which, being full of swells and falls, cheer the shepherd on the brow of the mountain, and the milk-maid in the vale. In a state of freedom, the lark begins its song early in the spring, at the dawn of the day, and continues to warble during all the summer and part of autumn.

2. *Alanda arborea*, or wood-lark, is characterized by a white annular belt, or ring, encircling its head, which distinguishes it specifically from others of the same genus. This bird is smaller than the sky-lark, and of a shorter, thicker form; the colours of the plumage are paler; the first feather of the wing is shorter than the second; the hind claw is very long, and somewhat bent. It perches on trees and haunts the sides of woods and copses without penetrating into them; its song is said to resemble more the warble of the nightingale, or the whistling of the blackbird, than that of the sky-lark; its notes being less sonorous, though not less sweet: and is frequently heard by night as well as by day, both when it flies or sits on a bough. It builds on the ground, and forms its nest on the outside with moss, and on the inside with bents and hairs, choosing a situation where the grass is rank and brown. It lays as many eggs as the sky-lark, of a dusky colour, intermixed with deep brown; but it appears not to breed so frequently, as its numbers are not so great; but it breeds earlier, since its young are sometimes flown by the middle of March, whereas the sky-lark does not hatch before the month of May. This is a very tender bird; so that it is in this country, next to impossible to rear the young taken out of the nest, though in warmer climates they are removed from the nest, fed like the nightingale, and afterwards upon panic and millet. The wood-lark feeds on beetles, caterpillars, and seeds; its tongue is forked, its stomach muscular; and it has no craw; but a gentle dilation of the lower part of the œsophagus; and its caeca is very small. It lives about as long as the sky-lark, that is, ten or twelve years. The males are distinguished from the females by their larger size; the crown of the head is also of a darker colour, and the hind nail longer. Its breast is more spotted, and the great wing-quills edged with olive, which is grey in the female. The wood-lark mounts pretty high, warbling its notes and hovering in the air. It flies in flocks during the winter. It is found in Sweden and Italy; and probably in all the intervening countries; it is even found in Siberia, as far as Kamtschatka, and in the island of Madeira.

3. *Alanda pratensis*, or titlark, the specific characters of which are, that it is above greenish brown; the outermost tail-quills are externally white, and it has a white line on its eye-brows; it is of an elegant shape, five inches and a half long; its bill is black, the back and head of a greenish brown, spotted with black; the tail is dusky, the throat and lower part of the belly are white; the breast yellow, marked with oblong spots of black; the claw on the hind toe is very long, and the feet yellowish. The male has more yellow than the female on the throat, breast, legs, and feet. The tit-lark is found generally in meadows and low marshy grounds; and makes its nest among the grass, laying five or six eggs, roundish, and of a dusky colour with many small spots. While the female hatches, the male sits on an adjacent tree, rising at times, singing and clapping his wings. It feeds chiefly on worms and insects, which it finds in new-ploughed fields; but it lives for a long time on small seeds alone. Like the wood-lark, it sits on trees; but it is flushed with the least noise, and darts away with rapid wing. It has a remarkably fine note, singing in every situation; on trees, on the ground, while sporting in the air, and particularly in its descent. Several have affirmed that it is this bird which follows the cuckoo; hence the common saying, "the cuckoo and the titling." But whether this is the case or not, I cannot positively say.

4. *Alanda campestris*, or meadow-lark, is somewhat larger than the tit-lark, being six inches and a half in length. Its specific characters are—its tail-quills are brown; the lower half, except the two intermediate quills, white; the throat and breast yellow. But according to Willoughby, the meadow-lark differs from the other larks by the blackness of its bill and feet: he adds that its bill is slender, straight, and pointed, and the corners of its mouth edged with yellow; that it has not, like the wood-lark, the first quills of the wings shorter than the succeeding; and that in the male the wings are rather darker than the female. This bird has a body more slender than the sky-lark, and is distinguishable from it by the shape of its tail, which resembles that of the wag-tail. It inhabits heaths and waste ground; and frequently they are seen in numbers among the oat-stubble in autumn. In spring the male perches to discover its mate; and sometimes he rises in the air, singing with all his force; and then descends quickly to pair on the ground. When a person approaches the nest, the female betrays her fears by cries; whereas other larks, at such a juncture, are mute. They make their nest close on the ground; but sometimes in furze, or whin-bushes; and form it of moss lined with straw and hair.

5. *Alanda trivialis*, or small lark, is distinguished by having brown tail-quills, the outermost, half white, the second white at its wedge-like tip, with a double whitish line on the wings. In England they call it *pipit* from the latin *pipis*, signifying to utter a feeble sound. This alludes to the sibilous notes of the bird, which in its note during winter, resembles that of the grass-hopper, only a little stronger and shriller; and it utters this both when perched on the taller branches among the bushes, and when on the wing. Its tones, however, are soft, harmonious, and clear. This little bird builds its nest in solitary places, concealed under a turf; and its young are frequently a prey to adders. It lays five eggs, of a light grass-green colour, thinly sprinkled with deeper coloured specks. The grass-hopper lark appears in England about the middle of April, and great numbers of them are caught in the vicinity of London, in September.

6. *Alanda cristata*, or crested lark, is characterized by black tail-quills, the two outermost white at the exterior edge; its head crested, and its feet black; its length is about six inches and three quarters. It lives in the meadows and fields, on the sides of ditches and the backs of furrows: it is often seen at the margin of water; and on high ways; sometimes it is seen in the skirts of woods, perched on a tree; and sometimes on the tops of houses, &c. This lark, though not so common as the sky-lark, is found in most parts of Europe; in Italy, France, Germany, Poland, Denmark, Russia, Scotland, England, and Ireland; and does not change its abode in winter. The song of the males is loud, and, at the same time, mellow and pleasant; their warbling is usually accompanied with a quivering of the wings. This is the only one of the species that may be easily instructed. In a month it learns many tunes, and which it can go over correctly without confusion, and retains nothing of its native warble; and in this respect it is superior to the canary. The rest of the species being mostly natives of foreign countries, it is unnecessary to give their scientific characters, or names. It is to be hoped, that such readers of the Penny Journal as have not turned their attention to subjects connected with Natural History, may in time acquire a proper relish for such subjects. They expand the mind, give us a more exalted idea of the Great Creator, and as they tend to subdue the evil propensities of our nature, must ultimately improve the character of our intelligent and high minded population.

J. G.

Ballymena, County Antrim.

To extract briars or thorns, if the flesh has closed over ~~it~~.—Apply shoemaker's wax, and a poultice over that—to remain on for twelve hours, or till the wax draws out the end of the thorn.

* The snipe, or heather-bleat, sings, if singing it may be called, on the wing for many hours.

AUTUMNAL COMPLAINTS.

BY MR. CHURCHILL, FELLOW OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, PRINCES-STREET, LEICESTER-SQUARE, LONDON.

At this season of the year, one of the most prevalent diseases is a relaxation of the digestive organs. It arises from various causes; such as the application of cold to the extremities, eating various fruits, &c. It comes on with pain, flatulence, sickness, with or without vomiting, followed by loss of appetite, general lassitude and weakness. If attended to at its first appearance, it may soon be relieved; for which purpose, it is necessary to assist nature in throwing off the contents of the bowels, which may be done by means of the following prescription:—

Take of calomel, three grains; rhubarb, eight grains: mix and take it in a little honey or jelly, and repeat the dose three times, at the intervals of four or five hours. The next purpose to be answered, is the defence of the lining membrane of the intestines from their acrid contents, which will be best effected by drinking copiously of linseed tea, or of a drink made by pouring boiling water on quince seeds, which are of a very mucilaginous nature. If the complaint continue after these means have been employed, some astringent or binding medicine will be required, as the subjoined:—

Take of prepared chalk, two drachms; cinnamon water, seven ounces; syrup of poppies, one ounce: mix and take three table spoonfuls every four hours. Should this fail to complete the cure, half an ounce of tincture of catechu, or of kino, may be added to it, and then it will seldom fail. While any symptoms of derangement are present, particular attention must be paid to the diet, which should be of a soothing, lubricating, and light nature, as instanced in veal or chicken broth, which should contain but little salt. Rice, batter, and bread puddings will be generally relished, and be eaten with advantage; but the stomach is too much impaired to digest food of a more solid nature. Indeed, we should give that organ, together with the bowels, as little trouble as possible, while they are so incapable of acting in their accustomed manner.

Much mischief is frequently produced by the absurd practice of taking tincture of rhubarb, which is almost certain of aggravating that species of disorder, of which we have now treated; for it is a spirit as strong as brandy, and cannot fail of producing harm upon a surface which is rendered tender by the formation and contact of vitiated bile.

SNUFF-TAKING

AND ITS FERNICIOUS EFFECTS ON THE HUMAN FRAME.

As the nerves of the nostrils are more naked or thinly covered than any other part of the body, they are extremely sensitive; and when snuff is applied to them, all the nerves of the system become affected by sympathy; hence the taking of snuff has, like smoking, a narcotic effect on the brain, and through it, on the mind itself, and particularly tends to weaken the memory.

If used as a medicine only, and on occasions that require such a stimulus, the taking of snuff may be of some advantage; though, in such cases, some physicians prefer a liquid snuff. If the stimulus, however, of the snuff be too violent, it may bring on so profuse a discharge from the nostrils as may relax and corrode them, and produce an incurable *polypus*, as a concretion of clotted blood, so as to block up the nostrils altogether. In several diseases of the head, eyes, and ears, the taking of snuff may occasionally supply the place of an artificial issue; though an extravagant use of it will most certainly produce a contrary effect; such as collections of matter in the head, bleeding of the nose, deafness, and other complaints. To those who are consumptive, who are subject to spitting of blood, or have symptoms of internal ulcers, nothing can be more prejudicial than snuff-taking.

The practice infallibly vitiates the smell; of course it impairs the taste, and it also dulls the hearing; for as the internal tube of the ear opens directly behind the back part of the nostril, the particles of the snuff often lodge and accumulate there to a very injurious degree. By stimulating the nerves of the eyes also, it often brings on

serious diseases of sight; so that it appears it is hurtful to all the senses except the sense of touch.

Snuff, if taken too freely, may fall into the stomach, and produce serious disorders of digestion and of the liver.

Besides, it may also occasion continual and troublesome flatulence; for when the nose is obstructed, the person must breathe chiefly by the mouth, and must in this way swallow great quantities of air, which will bulge out the stomach, and do much injury to the health, and may end in confirmed hypochondria.

No public speaker, teacher of languages, or professional singer, ought to indulge in the practice, as it infallibly injures articulation, and weakens the force of the voice by not permitting a free exit for the air from the lungs; which, of course, it must cramp and confine in the action of breathing.

IRELAND—THE IRISH CHARACTER.

The description given of our island by almost every writer who has ever mentioned it, does not argue much in favour of the taste displayed by our absentees. Spencer, who cannot be accused of much partiality, describes it thus:—"And sure it is yet a most beautiful and sweet country as any is under heaven, being stored throughout with many goodly rivers, replenished with all sorts of fish abundantly, sprinkled with many sweet islands and goodly lakes, like little inland seas, that will carry even ships upon their waters; adorned with goodly woods even fit for building houses and ships, so commodiously, as that if some princes in the world had them, they would soon hope to be lord of all the seas, and ere long of all the world; also full of very good ports and havens opening upon England, inviting us to come unto them to see what excellent commodities that country can afford; besides the soyle it selfe most fertile, fit to yield all kind of fruit that shall be committed thereunto. And lastly, the heavens most milde and temperate, though somewhat more moist than the parts towards the east."—*Spencer's View of Ireland*, p. 30.

This description seems to warrant that highly coloured one given by the Poet:—

"Far westward lies an isle of ancient fame
By nature blessed, and Scotia* is her name;
Enrolled in books—exhaustless in her store
Of veiny silver, and of golden ore;
Her fruitful soil for ever teems with wealth,
With gems her waters—and her air with health—
Her verdant fields with milk and honey flow;
Her woolly fleeces vie with virgin snow;
Her waving furrows float with yellow corn;
And arms and arts her envied sons adorn.
No savage bear with lawless fury roves;
No fiercer lions thro' her peaceful groves:
No poison there infects, no scaly snake
Creeps thro' the grass, nor frogs annoy the lake;
An island worthy of its pious race,
In war triumphant—and unmatched in peace."

The following portrait of the Irish character is deserving of notice, as it is drawn by the celebrated Cambden; and as in this scale their virtues will be found considerably to preponderate their vices.

"They are," says he, "of a middle stature—strong of body—of an hotter and moister nature than many other nations—of wonderful soft skins—and by reason of the tenderness of their muscles, they excel in nimbleness, and the flexibility of all parts of their body. They are reckoned of a quick wit—prodigal of their lives—enduring travail, cold, and hunger—given to fleshly lusts—light of belief—kind and courteous to strangers—constant in love—impatient of abuse and injury, in enmity implacable—and in all affections most vehement and passionate."

Spencer says, "I have heard some great warriors say, that in all their services, which they had seen abroad in foreign countries, they never saw a more comely man than the Irishman, or that cometh more bravely in his charge."

* Ireland was originally called Scotia, it is supposed from the Scythians, who first inhabited the island—that people being also called Scotos or Scottos.

SINGULAR USES OF INSECTS.

Sia.—The propensity of the insect tribe to prey on one another has been applied to useful purposes, and in warm climates, where their swarms are a serious evil, one species is kept to destroy the other, as we keep cats in our houses to destroy rats and mice. Long, in his "History of Jamaica," states that the Indians, having discovered how fire flies feed on mosquitoes, attract the former with lighted torches, and when they have caught a sufficient number of them, they let them loose in their huts at night, to drive the mosquitoes from their hammocks, which office they perform very effectually; the voracious insect is scared away by his luminous enemy, and the Indian sleeps in peace. But a more remarkable instance of this application of their mutual hostilities to useful purposes, is mentioned by Walsh, in his "Notices of Brazil." The frigate in which he returned to Europe, was infested with enormous cock-roaches, which had filled every cavity, and devoured and destroyed every thing they could consume. To abate this almost intolerable nuisance, Captain Arabintook on board six large spiders, from the coast of Africa, to destroy them. They were of a very large and ravenous kind, resembling Tarantulas; had nopapulæ, and made no webs. They

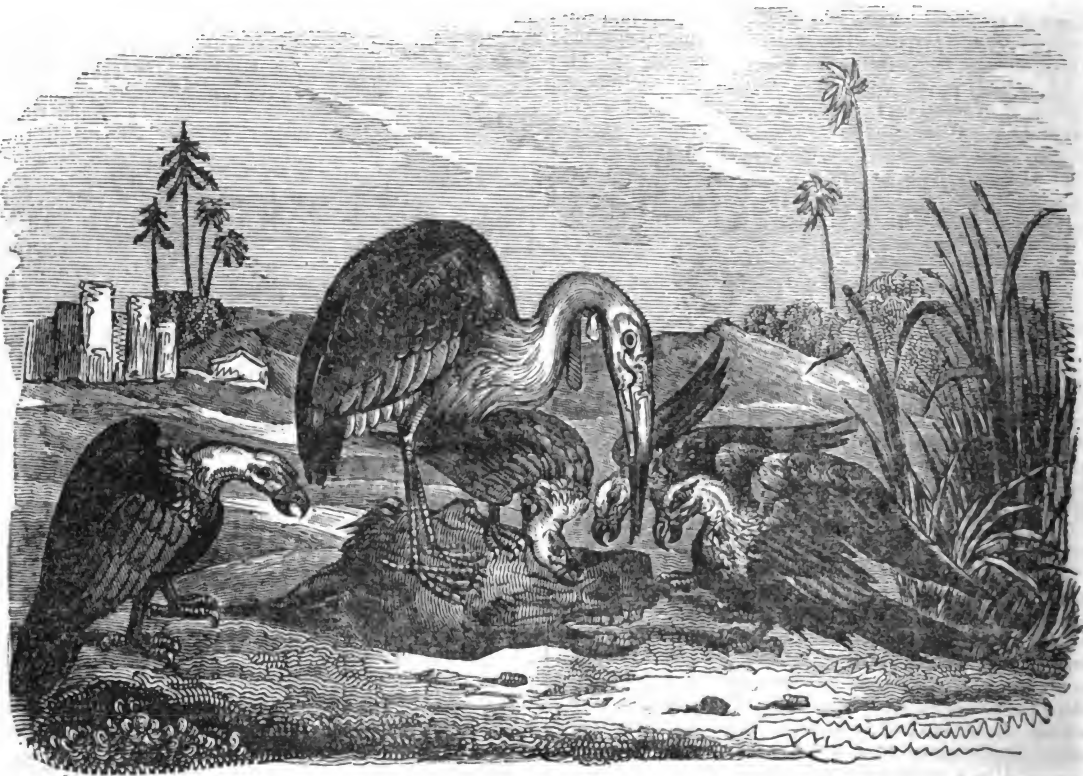
lay in wait for their prey in the angles of the timbers, with bodies as large as wall-nuts, and legs radiating from it in a circumference of seven or eight inches. When a cock-roach appeared, they darted on it with irresistible force, and soon subdued it, though it was generally as large as a small bird; and moved with a strength, and evinced a resistance altogether superior to what could be expected from the insect tribe.

M. K.

A true bill of fare for the Court of Assistants of the worshipful company of wax-chandlers, London, in 1478:—

	s.	d.
Two loins of veal, and two loins of mutton,..	1	4
One loin of beef,.....	0	4
One dozen of pigeons, and one dozen rabbits..	0	9
One pig, and one capon,.....	1	0
One goose, and a hundred eggs,.....	1	0½
One leg of mutton.....	0	2½
Two gallons of sack,.....	1	4
Eighteen gallons of strong ale.....	1	6

7 6



AN ADJUTANT SURROUNDED BY VULTURES.

There is at present a very fine, large, grey vulture in the Zoological garden, in the Park. On seeing it the other day, it reminded me of the occurrence represented in the wood cut at the head of this article, which illustrates in a striking manner, the assistance which animals will sometimes give each other, even although they may belong to different genera and species.

The head of a horse was thrown in a field about thirty yards from the window of my quarter, near Calcutta; it was about noon, and not a cloud in the sky to obscure a burning sun, in the month of May, and no vultures were within sight. Immediately after the head was thrown down, a few crows collected and began to pick at it; then four or five adjutants* came and surveyed the head, but think-

ing they could make nothing of it in its present state they retired a few paces, and in less than five minutes the vultures began to drop in the neighbourhood, and in a few seconds formed a circle round the head, about fifteen feet from it; this circle they slowly contracted until within about five feet of the object, pausing occasionally; and then they made a rush in and commenced devouring it—the crows retired; the adjutants still remaining as spectators merely, until the head was tossed about by the vultures in the scramble, when one of the adjutants stepped over the backs of the crowd, and stood on the head, (as represented in the wood-cut,) evidently for the purpose of keeping it steady, and facilitating the operations of the vultures. We can better understand this when we reflect on the habits and powers of these two birds. The vultures can only eat the soft parts—the adjutants, of the two, prefer the bones. The vultures can tear off the soft parts with their bills and claws, and thus separate

* The argill, a species of the crane, called adjutants by the Europeans, a very large bird, standing nearly five feet high, and measuring fourteen to fifteen feet from the tip of one wing to the other.

the bones. The adjutants can only bolt what they find suited to that operation; and hence they seemed to expect that the vultures would do the work of division for them, although in this instance they were disappointed, as they could make nothing of the bones of the head; not so had it been a sheep, or dog, or any animal of this size.—The bones were visited throughout the day by great numbers of adjutants, and were carried off into the jungle by the jackalls in the evening.

These adjutants are very numerous in the hot weather in the neighbourhood of the residences of Europeans, and are very useful in picking up the bones and offal. In Calcutta they are protected in their occupation as scavengers, by the police regulations, which impose a fine on any one destroying them. They can swallow the long bone of a small leg of mutton, and will bolt a litter of kittens without any scruple. They are very harmless, and appear unconscious of their great strength. The only injury I ever knew any of them doing was to a man, who was killed by one flying against him unawares, as he was turning the corner of a street. In the fort, at Calcutta, they walk all day in front of the windows and doors of the barracks, and are great favourites with the soldiers, whom they suffer to approach within three or four yards, but slip off if you attempt to touch them. Sometimes the soldiers try to pass away an hour of a long and dreary Indian day, by playing tricks on the adjutants. The bones of two legs of mutton are tied together by a piece of cord, like chain-shot; these are soon seized and swallowed by two adjutants, who, noodle and doodle like, keep bowing at each other until the cord breaks. In the cold season they migrate to the marshy wastes in the vicinity of Cluthagony, leaving behind the young and the old, who remain until next season; as those who migrate do so for the purpose of hatching, and during this period probably live on fish, which their long legs and the form of their bills seem to adapt them for capturing. F.

THE LAD OF GENIUS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PURITAN'S GRAVE" &c.

In our last we briefly noticed "The Forget me not." It was our original intention to confine our extract to the excellent story which we then gave as a specimen of the work. In the following delineation, however, there is so much of truth, and of a species of truth, which, if rightly taken up, may be of infinite service to a very interesting class of our readers—our young friends—who, dreaming of the success of one or two celebrated authors, are disposed to try their fortune in the world of literature, that we think one or two of our pages cannot be better occupied than by affording some idea of what may, generally speaking, be expected as the result of those high hopes and expectations, but too frequently cherished by individuals esteemed by friends as lads of literary genius. Unfortunately, in Ireland, this class is by no means limited to a few. We have known many, who, conceiving themselves possessed of literary abilities, have left their quiet homes, and humble occupations, in search of that fame which but few acquire; and which even in the possession of a few, has generally proved a most unprofitable article to trade on. We know of no profession or calling more humiliating than "a poor author." There are few worse paid than even clever men obliged to write for their daily bread. The *ignis fatuus* of authorship has led many a clever youth to ruin: and with all respect for the craft, we candidly confess we should rather see our sons decent shoemakers or tailors—than authors by profession. We trust, therefore, that the moral of the following story may not be lost upon those for whom it is specially intended:

Ferdinand Harwood was the son of honest parents, as most people are whose parents are not thieves: he was born, not to the inheritance of wealth, for his father and mother had none to leave him; nor to the inheritance of genius, it might be supposed, for his father and mother had quite as little of that as of wealth. But as some persons make shift to get wealth, though not born to it, so it sometimes happens that genius is the possession of the son though not of the father or mother. The father of Ferdinand occupied a small farm under a great man, whose

name was Sir Arthur Bradley, Bart.; and it was at a very early age indeed that young Ferdinand knew that Sir Arthur's name was not Bart, but Bradley, and that bart meant baronet.

The poet Gray, speaks of "many a flower born to blush unseen," and all that kind of thing; but, for the most part, geniuses who have fathers and mothers, seldom blush unseen, if they blush at all. Young Ferdinand's genius was first discovered by his father and mother; by them it was communicated to the parish clerk, who, happening to be a schoolmaster in a small way, was mightily pleased to reckon among his scholars so great a prodigy. As the youth grew up towards manhood he manifested still further proofs of genius, by his decidedly anti-agricultural propensities. The ordinary implements of husbandry were his utter aversion; no persuasion in the world could induce him to handle the plough or the spade, harrows were his abomination, and from scythes and sickles he turned away with undisguised disgust. His father was too amiable a man to horsewhip the lad, though he often said, that he did not know what the dickens would become of him if he did not learn to work. He loved the fields and the groves, for he would wander therein with a marvellous lackadaisicalness, making poetry while his mother was making puddings. So, in a short time, he became the talk of the village; and when he was sitting on a gate and reading Thompson's Seasons, the agricultural operatives would pass by gazing with astonishment at the wondrous youth who could find a pleasure in reading; for it was a striking peculiarity of the lads of the village to think that they had read quite enough at school, and to regard reading for pleasure with as much astonishment as they would look upon amateur hedging and ditching.

By the instrumentality of the parish clerk, and the parson to boot, the fame of Ferdinand reached the hall, and became known to Sir Arthur Bradley, who, though no genius himself, was a great admirer of genius in others.—Sir Arthur was more than astonished, that a young man who was born in a village, and had never been at college, could write verses; for Sir Arthur himself had been at college upwards of three years, and notwithstanding all the mathematics, port, and morning-prayers that he had undergone there, he could not write six lines of poetry for the life of him. In an evil hour, it happened that Sir Arthur expressed a wish to see some of that wonderful stuff called poetry, which had been fabricated by Ferdinand Harwood, as he swung upon gates or strolled through copses. So the parson told the clerk, and the clerk told Ferdinand's father, and Ferdinand's father told Ferdinand's mother, and Ferdinand's mother told Ferdinand's self, who forthwith set about mending his pens, and ruling his paper, making as much fuss with the purity and neatness of his manuscript as a Jewish Rabbi when transcribing the Pentateuch. In a few days the transcription was completed; and then the difficulty was how to convey the precious treasure to the sublime and awful hands of the great and mighty baronet. It was mentioned to the clerk, by whom it was conveyed to the parson, by whom it was communicated to the baronet, that young Ferdinand Harwood had transcribed a poem, which he was anxious to lay at the feet of Sir Arthur Bradley.

As the baronet was now committed as a patron of genius, what could he do better in the way of patronage, than give the genius a dinner? An invitation was sent accordingly; and then did Ferdinand, the poet, scarcely know whether he stood upon his head or upon his heels. For a while he doubted whether he was destined to dine at the baronet's own table, or in the housekeeper's room. It was a marvellous thing for him to wear his Sunday clothes on any other day than Sunday, and still more marvellous for him to wear gloves on any day; therefore when he found himself on the way to the hall with his Sunday clothes upon his back, and a pair of new gloves on his hands, which stuck out on either side of him, like the fins of a frightened fish, he was overwhelmed with astonishment, and thought that if any of the agricultural operatives should meet him in this guise, they would think him mad. A terrible bumping of his heart gave him notice that he was approaching the mansion; and while he was hesitating whether he should enter by the prin-

apical or by a side entrance, a servant appeared on the steps of the front door, to usher in Mr. Ferdinand Harwood. When the young gentleman heard his name, for the first time in his life, loudly and seriously announced as *Mister Ferdinand Harwood*, the blood rose to his cheeks, and he proudly thought to himself, what a fine thing it is to be a man of genius!

When the drawing-room door was opened for him, he was almost afraid to enter it, for the carpet looked too fine to tread upon, and the chairs by far too elegant to sit down on. The voice of Sir Arthur Bradley encouraged the youth; and after the first shock was over, and when he saw with his own eyes that persons actually were sitting on these very fine chairs, and were apparently insensible to the awful beauty of the furniture, he, also, at Sir Arthur's invitation, seated himself. Having thus deposited himself, he was next at a loss what to do with his fingers and his eyes; and having looked at the rest of the company, to see how they managed these matters, he found them all so variously employed, that he knew not which to select as a model. As to the matter of his tongue, he felt as though it were under an enchantment, and whether it cleaved to the roof of his mouth, or whether in his fright he had swallowed it, he could scarcely tell. From this state of perplexity he was in time relieved, but only to undergo still greater perplexities; for the dining-room posed him more than the drawing-room had, and he felt very much as one of the uninitiated would have felt had he by stealth introduced himself among the adepts of the heathen mysteries. But when he had taken a glass or two of wine, he felt the inspiration of initiation coming upon him, and he was no longer a stranger; and when Sir Arthur Bradley talked of poetry, Ferdinand Harwood's countenance brightened up, his tongue was loosened, and he discoursed most eloquently concerning *Thomson's Seasons*, and *Young's Night Thoughts*.

This visit, gratifying as it was to the literary ambition of Ferdinand and to the honest pride of his parents, was not the most propitious event that could have happened to Ferdinand, for it set him upon making comparisons, and comparisons are odious. He compared the sanded floor of his father's cottage with the carpeted rooms of the hall; he compared the splendid sideboard in Sir Arthur's dining-room, with the little corner cupboard which contained his cottage crockery; he looked up to the cottage ceiling—it was not far to look,—and there, instead of Grecian lamps, he saw pendent fitches of unclassical bacon; he compared the unceremonious table of his paternal home with the well appointed table of the baronet; he compared bacon and cabbage with turbot, venison, and such like diet, and gave the preference to the latter. In the next place, all the neighbours thought him proud of having dined at the baronet's house; and they endeavoured to mortify him and his parents, by making sneering remarks about genius, and by expressing their wonder that Ferdinand was not brought up to something. But his mother said—and I love her for saying so, though she was wrong—his mother said, "With his talents he may do anything." So said the parish clerk, so said the parson, so said Sir Arthur Bradley. The worst of those talents with which a man can do any thing, is, that they are at the same time the talents with which the owner does nothing. Thus it proved with Ferdinand Harwood; for in process of time his father and mother died, and left him sole and undisputed heir to all their possessions.

Now came upon him the perplexities of business; he had some difficulty to ascertain what he was worth. The farm which his father had cultivated, and the house in which he had dwelt, belonged to Sir Arthur Bradley; but the furniture of the house, and the stock of the farm, after paying off his father's debts, belonged to Ferdinand; therefore, the heir with a laudable diligence and propriety of procedure, set himself to examine into the amount of the debts, and the extent of the property; and when he set the one against the other, they seemed as well fitted, as if they had been made for one another; and, thus, when all was settled, nothing remained. Ferdinand consulted with his friends what was best to be done. He spoke first to the parish clerk, his old schoolmaster; and he was decidedly of opinion that Ferdinand had better consult his friends. With this recommendation he called upon

the parson, who was exactly of the same opinion as the clerk, saying that the best thing that he could do, would be to consult his friends. From the parson he went to Sir Arthur himself, who gave him a most cordial reception, shook him by the hand with amazing condescension, and expressed his great readiness to serve the young man, according to the best of his power. That was just the thing that Ferdinand wanted.

"Do you intend to carry on the farm?" said the worthy baronet.

"I should be very happy to do so," replied Ferdinand, "only I have no capital, and I don't very well understand farming."

There were certainly objections, and the baronet saw the force of them, and he replied, saying, "The best thing that you can do is to consult your friends, and see if they can assist you."

Now Ferdinand Harwood, who had talents equal to any thing, found himself at a loss to discover who were his friends. Very likely he is not the first in the world that has been so puzzled. For a few weeks he was invited, now to this neighbour's, and now to that; not so much, it appeared, out of compassion to his wants, as out of compliment to his genius; but this sort of thing cannot last long; people in the country prefer pudding to poetry, and they cannot think why people who have hands should not support themselves. So they one and all began to think and to say, that it was a pity that a young man of such ability as Ferdinand Harwood should bury his talents in a country village: that London was the only place in the world for a genius to thrive in; and thus they unanimously recommended him to try his fortune in London. Kind-hearted people do not like to see their friends starve, and it is rather expensive to feed them, so they endeavour to get rid of them. The parish-clerk knew nothing of London, but the parson did, and was ready enough to give Ferdinand letters of introduction to some men of letters, by whose means he might be brought into notice. The baronet was also willing to give him five guineas towards paying his expenses; and the parish clerk was willing to give him a copy of Cocker's *Arithmetic*, to teach him how to make the best use of the five guineas. With five guineas, Cocker's *Arithmetic*, Thomson's *Seasons*, and *Young's Night Thoughts*; and the blessings and good wishes of the whole parish, who were proud of his talents and glad to get rid of him, Ferdinand journeyed to London, in search of a livelihood and immortality. All the way along did he amuse himself with thoughts of what should be his first literary production—whether an epic poem, or a tragedy; any thing lower he thought would be degrading. At length, when he entered the great city, he was full of poetry and covered with dust. Nine o'clock at night, in Fetter-Lane, in the middle of March, is not a very poetical season: nor are the sights, sounds, and smells of the closer parts of a great metropolis, vastly conducive to inspiration. Ferdinand could not help congratulating the Dryads, Orads, Nymphs, and Fauns, that they were not under the necessity of putting up even for a single night, at the White Horse, Fetter-Lane—a very good inn, no doubt, in its way, but far from being a poetical object to the eye of an unsophisticated villager.

It was the first concern of our genius to deliver his letters of introduction in which he supposed, of course, that he was described as a genius of the first order, and by means of which he expected to receive a cordial and admiring welcome. He was, therefore, not a little surprised to hear, from the very first person to whom he presented himself, that the present was the very worst time for any one to come to London with a view to literary success.

"Which do you think would be the best time?" said Ferdinand, with much seriousness and sincerity, and with a real desire of information.

"You are disposed to be waggish," said his new friend.

There, however, the worthy gentleman was in error, for Ferdinand Harwood was as little inclined to waggy as any man living. He was a perfect realist: he thought that every thing was what it was: he knew that people did laugh sometimes, but he could not tell why they laughed, nor did he know what they laughed at; besides,

he was a genius, and there is a certain solemnity in genius incompatible with laughter and waggery, especially in the higher order of genius—that is, epic poem and tragedy genius.

When he had presented all his letters of introduction, he found that all to whom he had been introduced were unanimous in the opinion that the present was the worst possible time for a young man to come to London on a literary speculation. But there was another point on which they were also unanimous, and that was a very important one—they were all quite willing, and would be most happy, to do any thing to serve him. With this consoling thought, he took himself to lodgings, and set about writing an epic poem. What a very great genius, or what a very small stomach, a man must have who can write an epic poem in less time than he can spend five guineas in victuals and drink and lodging!—especially when one pound-sixteen shillings and sixpence have been deducted from that sum for travelling expenses. But with genius so great, or with stomach so small, Ferdinand Harwood was not gifted; therefore, his money was all gone before his epic poem was finished. That was a pity. Still there was no need to be cast down, for he could but call on those friends who would be most happy to do any thing to serve him. He called accordingly; but that very thing which would have been of the greatest immediate service to him, viz., a dinner, none of them would give him: he did not ask them, to be sure—but it was their business to ask him: it was not, however, their pleasure. Generous people, I have frequently had occasion to observe, like to do good in their own way—they object to all kind of dictation: so it was with Ferdinand Harwood's friends. They did not give him a dinner, which, at best, could have served him but a single day. They gave him good advice enough to last him for many months; they recommended him to finish his poem as soon as he could, and, in the mean time, perhaps, his friends, they said, would afford him some temporary assistance. "Alack! Alack!" said Ferdinand to himself, "I wish my friends would tell me who my friends are!"

It happened, in the course of his multifarious reading, that Ferdinand had somewhere seen it set down in print that booksellers are the best patrons of genius; so he went to a very respectable bookseller, and, after waiting two hours and three quarters, was admitted to an audience. Ferdinand thought he had never seen such a nice man in his life—so pleasant, so polite, such a pray-take-a-chair-ative style of address, that by a hop, skip, and a jump effort of imagination, Ferdinand, with his mind's eye, saw his poem already printed, and felt his mind's fingers paddling among the sovereigns he was to receive for the copyright. At the mention of an epic poem, the bookseller looked serious; of course it is all right that he should look so—as an epic poem is a serious matter.

"What is the subject—sacred or profane?"

"Sacred, by all means," replied Ferdinand; "I would not for the world write any thing profane."

"Certainly not," said the bookseller; "I have a great abhorrence of profanity. What is the title of your poem?"

"The Leviticus: I am doing the whole book of Leviticus into blank verse. It appears to me to be a work that is very much wanted, it being almost the only part of the sacred scriptures that has not been versified."

The bookseller looked more serious, and said, "I am afraid, Sir, that I cannot flatter you with any great hopes of success, for poetry is not in much request, and especially sacred poetry, and more especially still, epic poetry."

"Now that is passing strange!" said Ferdinand. "Poetry not in request! Pardon me, Sir, you ought of course to know your own business; but I can assure you that poetry is very much in request. Is not Milton's *Paradise Lost* in every library? and have not I, at this very moment, the tenth edition of Young's *Night Thoughts* in my pocket?"

"All that may be true," replied the bookseller, relaxing from his seriousness into an involuntary smile; "but modern poetry, unless of very decided excellence, meets with no encouragement."

On hearing this, Ferdinand's hopes were raised to the acme of full assurance, for he was satisfied that his poetry

was decidedly excellent. Exultingly, therefore, he replied, saying, "Well Sir, if that be all, I can soon satisfy you, for I wrote some verses on the river Dee, which runs by the village where I was born, and I showed them to Sir Arthur Bradley, who said he had never read any thing so fine in his life, and that they were equal to any thing in Thomson's *Seasons*! Have you read Thomson's *Seasons*, Sir?"

Then drawing his MS. from his pocket, he presented it to the bookseller, saying, "just have the goodness to read two or three hundred lines of this poem, and I will venture to say that you will pronounce them to be equal to any thing in Thomson's *Seasons*. I am in no hurry—I can stay while you read them, or, if you prefer it, I will read them to you."

The bookseller chose neither; but speedily, though not discourteously, dismissed the genius from the audience, hopeless of all negotiation. "Bless me," said Ferdinand to himself, as soon as he was alone, "what a strange place this world is! I never saw any thing like it in the course of my life! The man would not even read my poetry, and I was not going to make any charge for reading it."

There are more booksellers than one in London, so Ferdinand tried another—another—and another; they were all on the same story. They had evidently entered into a conspiracy against him; but who was at the bottom of the conspiracy it was impossible for him to say or conjecture. It was a manifest absurdity, he thought, that all the world should admire Thomson's *Seasons*, and yet that nobody should admire him whom Sir Arthur Bradley had pronounced to be equal to Thomson.

It now occurred to him that about this time Sir Arthur Bradley himself might be in London. He knew that the baronet had a house in town, but he did not know where, so he inquired of one or two people in Holborn, and they could not tell him; but, finding a court-guide on a book-stall, the secret of Sir Arthur's town residence was revealed to him; and, having ascertained that it was at the west-end of the town, he prepared to seek it out, and, for a while he was puzzled to find the west-end of the town, for it appeared to him that the town had no end. However, as they who seek till they find will not lose their labour, so it happened with Ferdinand Harwood, who did at last discover the residence of his patron, far away, indeed, from any end of the town, for it was in the midst of many squares and streets. It seemed to the unfortunate genius that he was destined to meet with wonders and paradoxes wherever he went, for the servant who opened the door to him told him that Sir Arthur Bradley could not be seen. Is he invisible? thought Ferdinand, and so thinking, he looked astonishment. "Indeed Mr. Harwood," said the servant, "my master is in such a state that he can see no one!"

"Is he blind?" said Ferdinand.

"No," replied the porter.

"Is he deaf?"

"No," replied the porter.

"Then I wish you would tell him that I am starving!"

Now the domestics of Sir Arthur Bradley had not any idea of starving; therefore the porter looked upon Ferdinand Harwood with much astonishment, and seemed for a moment to regard the starving man as a great natural curiosity; but, when the first shock of his wonder was over, he felt compassion for the youth; for, though he did not know what starving was, so far as himself was concerned, yet he knew that it was something greatly to be dreaded, and as he found it a serious inconvenience even to wait for his dinner, of course he concluded that it must be a far greater inconvenience to have no dinner to wait for. The domestic, notwithstanding the invisibility of Sir Arthur Bradley, invited Ferdinand into the house, and into the housekeeper's room; and, when the servants heard that he was starving, they all lifted up their hands, and eyes, and voices, saying, "Law bless us! what, the young man what used to make such nice poetry!" They were incredulous, forgetting that poetry is not good to eat. But, when the housekeeper brought him out some cold beef and pickled walnuts, they all saw that he had a marvellously good appetite. While he was eating they kept asking him many questions, to which of which

he had leisure to make reply. But at last he finished, and when he had satisfied his hunger, he was desirous of satisfying his curiosity: he made enquiries into the cause of Sir Arthur's invisibility, and he heard that the baronet was in great trouble because his daughter had married against his consent. "I should not care who was married or who was single," said Ferdinand to himself, "if I had such nice cold beef and pickled walnuts to eat every day of my life." Then, addressing himself to his informant, he said, "and I pray you, what is the great evil of this marriage that the baronet takes it so much to heart?"

"Sir Arthur is angry that his daughter has not only married without his consent, but that she has degraded herself by a low connexion," was the answer.

When Ferdinand Harwood heard this, he supposed that she might have married the parish clerk or the village blacksmith; but when he heard that the degradation went no farther than to a marriage with a merchant in the city, he was rather more surprised at the fastidiousness of Sir Arthur Bradley than at the humble taste of his daughter, and he replied, "it is well it is no worse."

"But he is of such low origin," said the cook.

"Not lower than Adam, who was formed out of the dust of the ground," replied Ferdinand.

"Sir Arthur swears," said the butler, "that he will not leave her a single shilling; and that if any of the servants carry any letter or message to her, they shall lose their places; and that if her brother keeps up any acquaintance with her, he shall be disinherited."

"Bless me, what a Turk!" exclaimed Ferdinand; "I could not have thought that, when he admired my poetry, and said that it was equal to Thomson's Seasons, he was capable of being in such a towering passion."

While he was speaking, a message came from Mr. Bradley, the son of Sir Arthur, to desire that Mr. Harwood would favour him with his company in the library for a few minutes. Ferdinand obeyed the summons, and the son of the angry baronet said, "Mr. Harwood, understanding that you were in the house, I took the liberty to send for you to ask will you have the goodness to take a small parcel into the city for me."

"Sir," replied Ferdinand, whose spirits and gratitude were amply excited by the opportune refreshment of the baronet's pantry, "I would walk to the world's end to serve any individual of the illustrious house of Bradley."

"I don't wish you to walk so far as that," replied Mr. Bradley; "but if you will deliver this packet to its address, you will oblige me. You can keep a secret?"

"Ay that I can," said Ferdinand, and he was about to tell Mr. Bradley how many secrets he had kept by way of proof and illustration, but the young gentleman had not time or inclination to hear them, and he cut the matter short, by saying,—"you have heard from the servants of my sister's marriage, and of my father's disapprobation of it. This parcel is addressed to her, and I must beg that you will deliver it into her hands, and bring me at your earliest convenience an answer."

"Mr. Bradley, with the parcel, put also a piece of money into the messenger's hand, and the messenger put the money into his pocket without looking at it; but he made as much haste out of the house as he possibly could, in order that he might ascertain whether it were a shilling or a sovereign. He would have been glad of a shilling, but of a sovereign gladder still—and it was a sovereign. So he walked along light-heartedly, singing *jubilate*, and for a moment he forgot the Leviticud. Then he said to himself, "I shall get more by going errands than by writing epic poems."

When he arrived at the merchant's house, which was quite as handsome and well furnished as Sir Arthur Bradley's, and saw the baronet's married daughter, the lady very readily recognised him as the Mr. Harwood who was distinguished for his poetical talents, "So you have come to London to exercise your poetical talents," said Mrs. Marshall; "I hope you find it answer."

"I cannot say much for the matter at present," replied Ferdinand.

"I believe that poetry is not done at a premium now," said the merchant, who happened to be present at the colloquy.

"Ah, sir," said Ferdinand, not exactly apprehending the mercantile metaphor, but perfectly understanding the word premium, "I only wish that a premium were offered for poetry—I think I should win it. But the publishers are in a conspiracy against me, and will not let the public judge of my talents."

"Then if I were in your place I would conspire against the publishers, and not let them have any more manuscripts."

"But, Sir, how can I live without it?"

"How do you live with it?"

"Not at all," replied Ferdinand; but what else can I do? I have no skill in farming, and no capital to stock a farm withal."

"Then of course, you cannot be a farmer. Can you write?"

"Admirably."

"Do you understand accounts?"

"Perfectly."

"Will you try a sent in my counting-house?"

"Most thankfully."

Twenty years after this Sir Arthur Bradley was reconciled to his daughter; and Mr. Marshall retired from business, and Ferdinand Harwood succeeded him, rejoicing that he had not succeeded as a poet.

LINES

ON HEARING THE AIR OF "AULD LANG SYNE."

Oh how the melting tone
Of that enchanting strain,
Wakens the heart to what has flown,
And gives it back again.
The thoughts of other years,
Feelings the soul will shrine
Thro' after hours of grief and tears,
The days of auld lang syne?

Yes, to its measure sweet,
Into the bosom stealing
How doth the heart responsive beat
As to our view revealing,
It lifts the curtain of the past,
Pours light on mem'ry's mind:
While o'er the brain come crowding fast,
The days of auld lang syne.

The buried forms of those
That to the soul were dear,
Would seem to start from their repose,
The thrilling strain to hear,
So vivid doth the mental eye,
Each shadowy form define.
But in the lowly grave they lie,
The friends of auld lang syne.

What, tho' the mound of green,
O'er each cold breast is swelling,
The image of the form within,
Has in our hearts a dwelling;
And magic melody like this,
Can our best thoughts refine,
And bear us back to scenes of bliss,
In auld lang syne.

BETA.

DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 3, Cecilia Street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.

Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Panyer-alley, Paternoster-row; in Liverpool, by Wilmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Ambery; in Birmingham, by Drake; in Nottingham, by Wright; in Edinburgh, by R. Grant and Son; in Glasgow, by J. Niven, Junr.

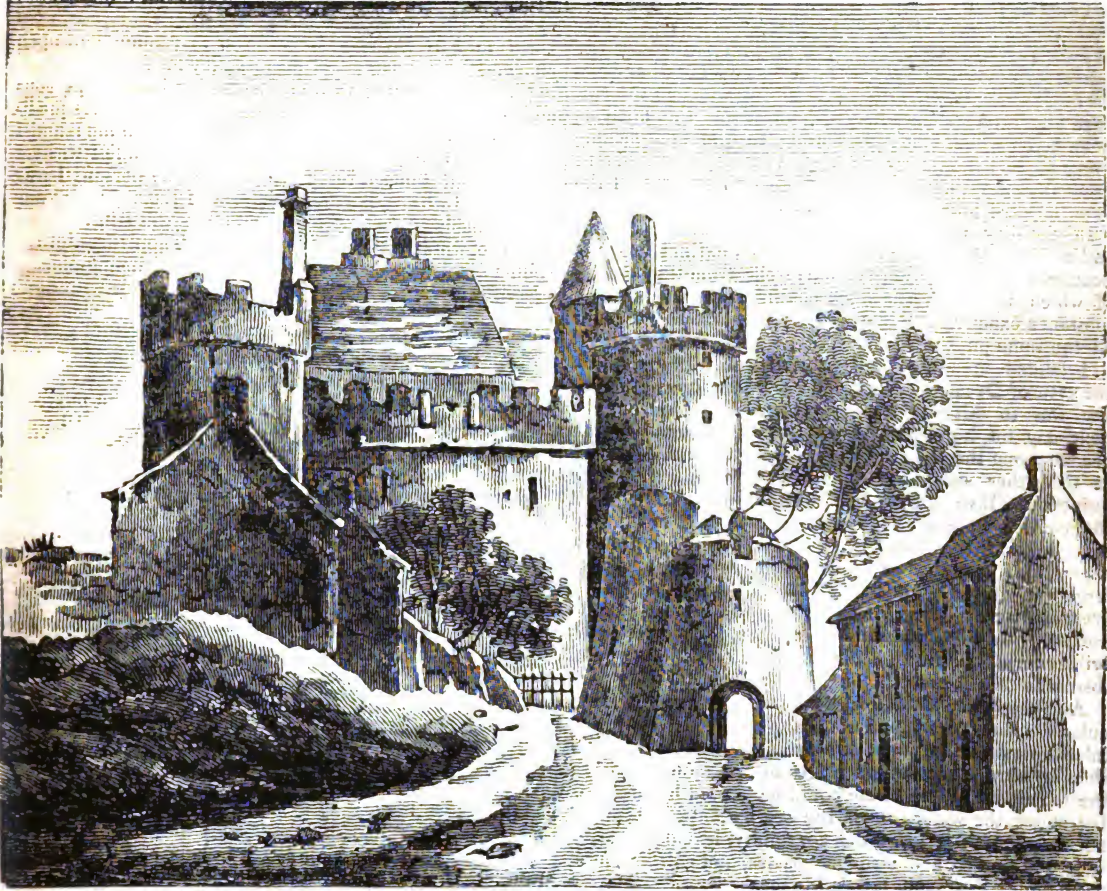
THE
DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No 78. Vol. II.

P. D. HARDY, 3, CECILIA STREET

DECEMBER 28, 1883



KILLYLEAGH CASTLE, COUNTY OF DOWN.

The castellated mansion seen in the prefixed view stands adjoining the town of Killyleagh, and was formerly the seat of the Hamiltons, Earls of Clanaboy, and Clanbrassil; from whom it descended, with a portion of its domains, to the present venerable proprietor, Archibald H. Rowen, Esq. On an archway, at the entrance, is in large figures of cut stone, the date 1666; probably referring to the period of the erection of this castle, or at least to its being rebuilt; as a castle stood here long prior to the above period, called from the surname of its owner, *White's castle*. At present this building appears desolate and neglected, its courts and yards are overgrown with weeds, and the walls have assumed that dull, hoary aspect, so indicant of ruin, and appears as if destined to moulder through all the various stages of decay.

Killyleagh is the only town in the small barony of Dufferin, and was formerly held by the Irish sept of Mac Cartan, who also possessed the barony of Kinlarty, or Mac Cartan's country, and the southern parts of that of Castle-reagh. On the conquest of the maritime parts of Ulster by Sir John de Courcy, an English family named Mandeville, settled at Killyleagh, who were succeeded by the Whites, who were also of English extraction.

In 1567, the castle of the Whites was besieged by the celebrated Shane O'Neill, but its defenders made such a

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vigorous resistance, that Shane was at length compelled to abandon this enterprise.

In 1590, the family of the Whites are represented as greatly reduced in circumstances, being only able to raise one hundred and twenty footmen, and twenty horse, a force declared quite inadequate to plant or defend the country. Eight years afterwards they were only able to muster twenty footmen, at which period it is noted that the Dufferin is held by "one White, a mean gentleman."

1598, About this time Captain Ancholy Mac Cartan, joining Tyrone in his rebellion with two hundred and fifty horsemen and some kerns, on the suppression of that turbulent chieftan, the remaining possessions of the Mac Cartans, in the Dufferin, were attained.

By the population returns made in 1821, the town of Killyleagh contained two hundred and six dwelling-houses, and 1110 inhabitants.

S. M. S.

"THE AMULET."

Although this handsome little candidate for the honors of the new year may not be deemed so amusing as some of its competitors, the articles it furnishes will certainly be found to contain much more useful information

than is given in the generality of the other annuals. There are several pretty pieces of poetry in the volume; and an Anglo-Irish story by Mrs. Hall, (Ellen Ray,) although we do not consider it equal to several other sketches from the pen of the same lady, it will be read with interest by many. The engravings are good—and as the work is edited by an Irishman, Mr. C. S. Hall, we should hope that it will be generally patronised by those of our readers who are anxious to encourage Irish talent. The following, which we have abridged so as to suit our pages, may be taken as a fair specimen of the contents:—

EARTHQUAKE AT ZANTE.

BY THE REV. ROBERT WALSH, L. L. D.

The island of Zanté is by far the most beautiful and fertile of the Ionian islands. It retains to this day the epithet of "woody," bestowed upon it by the ancients from the earliest time, presenting to the approaching stranger a rich scenery of leafy verdure, very different from the bleak and rugged sterility which marks all the other islands, both in the Ionian and Egean seas.

In a valley near the sea is a vast depression, shallow and circular, resembling the crater of an extinct volcano. Scattered through this are various wells, from the bottoms of which there is a continued ebullition of petroleum—a substance exactly resembling vegetable pitch, and used for all the same purposes.

I landed in Zante, in the suit of Lord Strangford, on the 27th of December, 1820; and my first object of curiosity was to visit and examine those wells. I set out the next day on horseback with some friends, and we proceeded along the promontory of Scopos along the sea-shore at the other side. The aspect of the country was very beautiful. Olive groves and currant vineyards clothed the smiling valleys. White asphodel, now in full flower, though the depth of winter, covered all the hills, and made a very rich and flowery scene. We were attracted by a large and glittering mass, which shone resplendent at a great distance. We found it to consist of agglomerated fragments of selenite, or sulphate of lime, formed into very brilliant crystallisations, having a rich metallic lustre. This fossil abounds in the island.

As we approached the site of the wells we were particularly struck with the surrounding scenery. The valley inland was the segment of a circle, surrounded on three sides by abrupt and rugged ridges of hills; on the fourth, the remainder of the circle could be traced by rocks rising above the water, as if the sea had, at some period, burst in and destroyed the continuity, leaving, at intervals, the larger and stronger masses, and carrying away those which had made less resistance.

On our return we dined at the hospitable mansion of the governor, Sir Patrick Ross. As the palace was very small, the gentlemen in the suite of the embassy were lodged in different houses, and I and another were located in the Palazzo di Forcardi, belonging to a Zantiote nobleman, who was attending his duty in Corfu, as a member of the legislative body of the Ionian republic, leaving his large house vacant for our accommodation. The town of Zante is extensive and populous, containing about sixteen thousand inhabitants, and four thousand houses, generally large edifices built by the Venetians, of hewn stone, with dense massive walls. That in which we were placed was of considerable size, consisting of a court-yard, through which was the approach, by a broad flight of marble steps, to a gallery which opened into a long and spacious apartment, or saloon, running the whole length of the building, and terminating, at the other end, in a balcony which opened on the parade. At one side, doors led to several rooms occupied by the numerous domestics; on the other to a drawing-room and two bed-chambers, assigned to our accommodation. The whole was on a grand scale—the walls of great thickness, and the lofts ceiled and stuccoed with deep mouldings and ponderous cornices, and a variety of large and grotesque stucco figures in alto-relievo, suspended, as it were, by their backs from the ceiling. We dressed and went to dinner; and in the evening found a large party assembled in the saloon to meet the ambassador. We had music and singing. We amused the company with our observations on the wells,

and laughed at the various speculations they afforded of an approaching earthquake; and, having thus enjoyed a most festive and delightful evening, we parted at midnight, and returned to our quarters. It was a bright, star-light night of uncommon brilliancy—the air calm, the atmosphere clear, the sky serene; everything harmonized with the festivity we had just left; our minds were in unison with the feeling; the very heavens seemed to smile on our gaiety; and we laughed, as we had often done in the course of the evening, at the thoughts of an earthquake.

When the servant led me to my room, he left a large brass lamp, lighting on a ponderous carved table, on the opposite side to that on which I slept. My bed, as is usual in this island, was without a canopy, and open above. As soon as I got into it, I lay for some time gazing on the ceiling, with many pleasing ideas of persons and things floating on my mind; even the grotesque figures above were a source of amusement to me; and I remember falling into a delightful sleep while I was yet making out fancied resemblances to many persons I was acquainted with. The next sensation I recollect was one indescribably tremendous. The lamp was still burning, but the whole room was in motion. The figures on the ceiling seemed to be animated, and were changing places: presently they were detached from above, and, with large fragments of the cornice, fell upon me, and about the room. An indefinable, melancholy, humming sound seemed to issue from the earth, and run along the outside of the house, with a sense of vibration that communicated an intolerable nervous feeling; and I experienced a fluctuating motion, which threw me from side to side as if I were still on board the frigate, and overtaken by a storm. The house now seemed rent asunder with a violent crash. A large portion of the wall fell in, split into splinters the oak table, extinguished the lamp, and left me in total darkness; while, at the same instant, the thick walls opened about me, and the blue sky, with a bright star, became, for a moment, visible through one of the chinks. I now threw off the bed-clothes and attempted to escape from the tottering house; but the ruins of the wall and ceiling had so choked up the passage, that I could not open the door; and I again ran back to my bed, and instinctively pulled over my face the thick coverlid, to protect it from the falling fragments.

Up to this period I had not the most distant conception of the cause of this commotion. The whole had passed in a few seconds, yet such was the effect of the circumstance that they left on my mind as distinct an impression as if the succession of my ideas had been slow and regular. Still I could assign no reason for it, but that the house was going to fall, till an incident occurred which caused the truth at once to flash on my mind. There stood, in the square opposite the Palazzo, a tall, slender steeple of a Greek church, containing a ring of bells, which I had remarked in the day; these now began to jangle with a wild, unearthly sound, as if some powerful hand had seized the edifice below, and was ringing the bells by shaking the steeple. Then it was that I had the first distinct conception of my situation. I found that the earthquake we had talked so lightly of had actually come; I felt that I was in the midst of one of those awful visitations which destroy thousands in a moment—where the superintending hand of God seems for a season to withdraw itself, and the frame of the earth is suffered to tumble into ruins by its own convulsions. O God! I cannot describe my sensations when I thus saw and felt around me the wreck of nature, and that with a deep and firm conviction on my mind, that to me that moment was the end of the world. I had before looked death in the face in many ways, and had reason more than once to familiarize me to his appearance; but this was nothing like the ordinary thoughts or apprehensions of dying in the common way: the sensations were as different as an earthquake and a fever.

But this horrible convulsion ceased in a moment, as suddenly as it began, and a dead and solemn silence ensued. This was soon broken by the sound of lamentation, which came from below; and I afterwards found it proceeded from the inhabitants of an adjoining house, which had been shaken down, and crushed to death some, and half

buried others who were trying to escape, in the ruins. Presently I perceived a light and heard voices, which proceeded from the servants who came to look for me in the ruins. As they could not enter by the usual door-way, which was choked up, they proceeded round to another; but, when they saw the room filled with the wrecks of the wall and ceiling, some of which were lying on the bed, one of them said, "Sacramento! eccolo schiacciato. There he is crushed to death!" and proceeded to remove the rubbish, and lift the bed-clothes. I was lying unhurt, buried in thought; but the dust caused me to sneeze, and relieved the apprehensions of the good people.

I immediately rose, and dressed myself, and proceeded with them about the Palazzo, to see the damage it had sustained. The massive outside walls were all separated from each other and from the partition walls, and left chasms between, through which the light appeared. Providentially, the room in which I slept had the bed against a partition wall, and nothing fell on me but pieces of the ceiling and cornice; had it been on the other side, next the main wall, I could not have escaped, for it was entirely covered with masses of masonry, which had smashed and buried under them every thing on which they fell. I had repined that I had not been able to escape by the door when I attempted it, but to this circumstance, also, I now found I was indebted, under Providence, for my preservation. A wing of the house had fallen into the court-yard, through which I had intended to make my way; and, no doubt, had I done so at the moment I tried, would have buried me under it.

It was now past four in the morning, and we proceeded, with intense anxiety, to the government-house, to see if any of our friends, whom we had left so well and cheerful a few hours before, had escaped. The weather had totally changed. The sky seemed to partake in the convulsions of the earth—it blew a storm, driving the dark clouds along with vast rapidity. The streets were full of people, hurrying in different directions, but all in profound silence, as if under some awful impression, and crowding into the churches, which were every where lighted up, and full of people. The priests were in their vestments singing solemn dirges, and the congregations on their faces, prostrated in the profoundest reverence. We found our friends all assembled, with Lord and Lady Strangford, in the dining-hall of the palace. To this room they had run in their night dresses, as to a place of more security, being a ground-floor detached from the rest of the edifice. Here we sat till it was light, telling our several escapes; and then I went out into the town, to see the state in which it was left. Nearly the whole of the four thousand houses of which it consisted were split open in different places, and many from the foundation to the roof. About forty were lying prostrate, and obstructing the passage of the streets. The front walks of many were separated from the sides, and hanging over the way, seeming ready to fall every minute upon the passenger. This tendency of the walls to fall out saved many lives; but there was another circumstance to which their safety was attributed by the Zantiotes themselves. The night had been the vigil of their great patron saint, Dyonisius, and almost the whole population were watching in the streets or churches, and so out of their houses when the shock came on. The churches were of immense strength, and though all shaken and shattered, none of them fell; which the people universally attributed to the interference of the saint, whose rites they were celebrating. Not more than forty dead bodies were found in the ruins. It appears, by the concurrent testimony of several, that the whole duration of the earth's motion was not longer than fifty seconds or a minute; yet, if the time were marked by the passing sensations of different people, that brief space appeared to be hours.

The elements of the earthquake seemed to have mingled themselves with the heavens. The very face of nature was changed from its mild and calm aspect to that of a perfect storm; and it was in vain we attempted to hold communication with the frigate, which we ardently wished to get on board of. Nothing could be more comfortless than our situation; the inclemency of the weather would not suffer us to remain abroad, and the tottering state of the houses did not invite us in, particu-

larly as every hour some slight shock informed us that the convulsion was not over, and was likely to prostrate what remained of the shaken city. There was now formed a solemn procession to St. Dyonisius, which I joined, with the governor and some of his officers, as is usual in the Ionian islands on the festivals of the natives. But we were interrupted by a phenomenon more extraordinary and as awful as that of the night before. Just as we set out, the sky became as dark as pitch, the storm increased to a hurricane, and we perceived the sea close to the shore boiling as if in a cauldron. Suddenly a shower of ice burst on us from the skies, and fell with such violence as to prostrate several persons whom it struck! The fall of these ice-stones was generally broken by the roofs of houses, from whence they rebounded, shattering the tiles, and rolling along the streets, like cannon-balls! The procession crowded into the church, as a protection against these terrific "stones," which were certainly similar to the awful hail of the Scriptures. While engaged in solemn prayer another violent shock of an earthquake shook the church in the midst of the storm. I never saw the effect of awe and fear more strongly depicted. The whole congregation remained as still as death, but burst into a silent flood of irrepressible tears. With all these impressions on my mind I was called on by the governor and the ambassador to read a thanksgiving service at the palace, for our escape. I had no time to prepare, as I could wish, for such a solemn occasion, but there was no need to seek for appropriate words. During the prayers another storm came on, and another shock of an earthquake nearly caused the book to fall from my hand, seeming to rend the house asunder. My congregation, like those of the procession, were deeply affected. It was the voice of God himself that seemed to address them.

I had met the day before at the palace some of the officers of the 36th regiment, to which I had been formerly chaplain, and I promised to dine this day with my old messmates. Colonel Cross now called on me, and I went with him to see their mess-room. It had been a Venetian palace, built of hewn stone, ornamented with a pediment and a portico, and built in the most massive manner. It now seemed, as it were, upturned from its foundation; the marble steps of the grand stair-case stood all on their ends; the stone floors were broken up, as if by some implements, and all the parts of the edifice were inverted, intimating that the shock had come from below, and had acted perpendicularly upwards. Had the earthquake postponed but a few hours, till we had assembled at dinner, what a sudden destruction would have fallen upon us all! At the time it happened there was no one in the building.

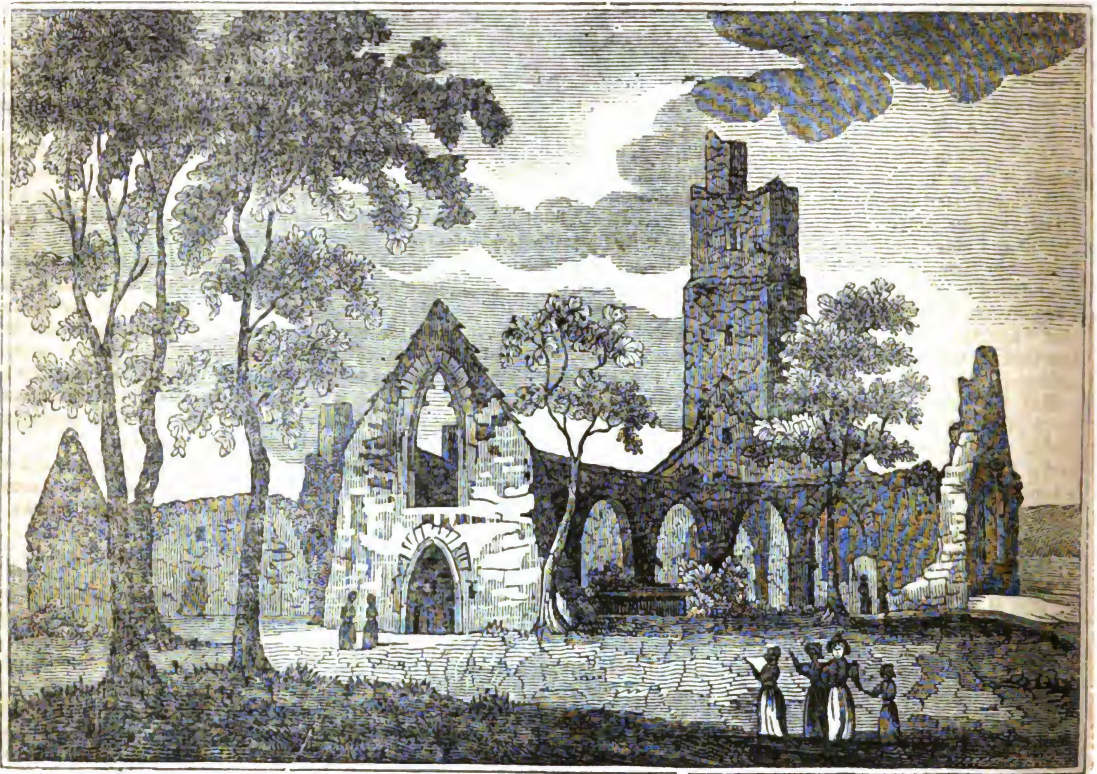
As the menage of the palace, and of almost every other house, was in confusion, we went to dine with a gentleman at another part of the town, which had not suffered so severely. The hail was now succeeded by thunder and deluges of rain, and when we were returning at night we found all the streets inundated. In wading across one of them my legs were impeded by something from which I could not extricate them. A light was brought from a neighbouring house, and it was with horror I found myself entangled with a corpse, several of which were floating through the streets. I next day learned the cause of this new catastrophe. The town of Zante is built at the base of a hill, and rises up the sides. The summit of the hill presents the appearance of a ridge, which slopes gradually down to the right; but nearly over the middle of the town it seems broken into a chasm, from whence it descends to the left very abrupt and irregular. It at once strikes an observer that the two hills on which the town stands, were originally one, but were cleft in twain, like Eildon-hill, by some convulsion: and this was the fact. In the great earthquake mentioned before, the hill was riven in two, and part of the ancient city, with the inhabitants, buried in the chasm. From the great quantities of rain which fell the day before, the water had accumulated in this rent. A strong mound of masonry had been made across, which served as a bridge to pass from one side of the ravine to the other; but this had been so shattered by the earthquake that it could no longer support the weight of water that pressed against it. Below was a suburb of the town, which had also suffered from

the shock, on which the water, bursting from its confinement, violently rushed. The houses all gave way, and the wretched inhabitants, who had retired to rest anxious and harrassed with the events of the night before, were now swept out of their beds by the inundation. They were soon suffocated, and, with no covering but their night dresses, were carried through the lower part of the town, and found next morning on the beach in different states of nakedness. It was one of these unfortunate people in his shirt, that I felt entwined round my legs, and it was their bodies that had encumbered the inundated street. I went to see the place. The desolation was very dismal; the hill seemed as if recently burst open; the valley was strewn with the wrecks of houses covered with mud; the poor people were digging in the wet rubbish in search of their friends; and the inhabitants on the side of the hill were looking in terror out of their cottages, expecting every moment that another convulsion would prostrate their houses, and another inundation carry them away.

The effects were not confined to the land, but were sensibly felt by the ships in the water. On board our frigate a noise was heard like that of a cable running through a house-hole, and the vessel seemed raised out of the sea,

and thumped as if she had been driven on shore. The master and officers ran on deck in their shirts greatly alarmed, supposing she had slipped her cable in the storm that had just commenced, and was bulging out her bottom on the point of Krio Negro. But they found every thing safe, and were still wondering what could have been the cause, when accounts at length reached them from the shore.

The moment the weather moderated we hastened on board; and the ambassador, instead of departing with the usual accompaniment of noisy honours, left the island silently and without pomp, deeming, very properly, that any such display would be altogether inconsistent with the melancholy events which had occurred. There never were, perhaps, greater horrors effected by the agency of nature than those of one short day in the island of Zante. We found it smiling in its beauty, with every thing that presented itself of a gay and lovely aspect. In a moment all was changed, the ground was rent open, towns were destroyed, the sky poured down portentous stones, mountains were burst asunder, inundations swept away whole streets with their inhabitants, and we left the island in horror and desolation, where nothing was heard but mourning, lamentation, and woe."



WEST VIEW OF KILCREA ABBEY.

This interesting remnant of antiquity, situated on the southern margin of the small river Bride, in the county of Cork, was founded in the year 1645, by Cormac, Lord Muskery. It was placed under the invocation of St. Bridgid, and flourished in high reputation until the general suppression of monastic houses.

The ruins occupy a retired and beautiful position, on the banks of the Bride. The most desirable entrance is approached through an avenue of venerable trees.

It would appear, from the ruins, that the buildings were not of great extent, nor do they exhibit the traces of any architectural peculiarities. They resemble, in design and character, the remains of several other ecclesiastical structures in Ireland, known to have been erected in the fifteenth century; and thus assist in showing that the pointed style of that era, as regards this island, differed little from the architectural mode prevailing at the same time in Britain. From the excellence of the materials

(quarries of marble being found in the vicinity) this edifice was of superior delicacy to many in less favoured parts of the country; but there are no indications of its having even on the interior, partaken largely of embellishment.

The abbey formerly contained a nave, one transept, a chancel, a small chapel, and the cloisters; all of small size, and now in complete ruin; nothing of any beauty remaining. The windows have been all long since destroyed.

This has long been a popular place of sepulture, and much noble dust mingles with the soil of its gloomy and neglected aisles.

I could not, however, find any stone with a legible inscription, beyond the date of 1739; though there are many that appear much older, yet they are devoid of inscription, most likely worn away. The following I copied:—

"Here lieth the body of Denis Mac Carthy, Esq., who departed this life, April the 2d, 1739, aged 45 years.
Let honour, valour, virtue, justice, mourn
Cloghrois Mac Carthy live less in this urn;

Let all distressed draw near and make their moan,
Their patron lies confined beneath this stone."

A large stone with the date of 1748, has a large cross engraved on it, and is said to mark the grave of Cloghrois Mac Carthy's father. Tradition speaks of him as a man of great strength and valour; the arms of the cross measure four inches and a half, which is said to have been the breadth of his own arms.

The numerous heaps of skulls and bones, which a few years ago were to be seen here, have been deposited in their mother earth.

The castle of Kilcrea, situated in this district, was formerly a seat of the Mac Carties, Lords of Muskery and Earls of Clancarty, with attached manorial rights and is said to have been built, in the fifteenth century, by Cormac, surnamed Laider, Lord Muskery. The ruins evince it to have been a pile of much strength, and of considerable but rude magnificence. A stairway, composed of a dark marble, led from the ground floor to the summit of the structure, a height of nearly seventy feet. Traces of outworks are still visible; and on the east side, is the bawn, constituting, when the castle was the abode of its former lordly owners, the place of recreation by day, and of shelter in the gloom of night, for the cattle of the domain, whose least noxious enemies were the wolves of the adjacent morass and woodlands.

THE BEGGARMAN AND THE BLACKSMITH.

About the beginning of the last century a wealthy farmer lived in the lonely district of Kilmacrenan, in the north of Ireland. His cottage was surrounded with hills, which were used as a sheep-walk, their surface was unsheltered, except where occasional clusters of stunted hawthorn and elder trees were scattered. About half a mile from the farmer's dwelling were the "cross-roads," distinguished by the white-washed forge and cabin of Paddy Murphy, the blacksmith, and called from this circumstance the "*Carthan bawn*." It was late in October, 1705, when the farmer, having collected what at that time was deemed a good sum, by his sales at various fairs, was suddenly called from home to attend the funeral of an aunt, which took place at a considerable distance from his neighbourhood. The money his traffic had brought him was necessarily left, in his absence, in care of his wife. On the third evening after his departure, the servant girl was washing the potatoes for supper, when a sturdy looking beggarman approached the house.

"Mistress, mistress, dear," cried Sally, "there's a strange *bocaugh* coming; any how, I don't like the look of him at all! He's the biggest man I ever see, beats the master out and out, and more by token, he has the devil of a wicked look!"

"Shut the door then," said the mistress of the cottage. Sally was about to obey, when it struck her mistress that, lonely and unprotected as they were, civility was their best play; as if the beggarman should choose to enforce his admission by violent means, they would not be able to offer resistance. He entered and unceremoniously seated himself by the fire.

"What are you getting for dinner?" he asked.

"Beef and potatoes," replied Sally.

"If you mean that bit of meat," rejoined the *bocaugh*, "it won't be enough to give a taste to the boys."

Mrs. Mac Gunshigan looked surprised.

"Ay, mistress, you'll have company here by and by, this is a cold, raw evening, and they'll want something comfortable."

"Put down more then," said the farmer's wife.

Dinner was nearly ready, when the blacksmith of the "*Carthan bawn*" entered.

"Then it's myself that's proud to see you," said Sally to him in a low voice.

Paddy Murphy's appearance did not please the *bocaugh*, who sturdily asked him, what brought him there?

Paddy looked astonished, but answered "that he merely called upon his way from a neighbour's, to see how his friend, Mrs. Mac Gunshigan, was."

"Then you may take yourself off again," said the *bocaugh*, "we don't want you here,"

"And who are you that orders me off?" asked Paddy Murphy.

"I'll show you in no time," said the mendicant, flourishing his shillelah.

"And if it comes to that, begad I'll have a hit too, before I leave this house at your bidding," said Paddy.

The beggarman aimed a blow at Paddy's head, but he dexterously avoided it, and his hammer descended with such fatal force on his opponent's temple, that the huge beggarman fell dead upon the ground with a single groan!

"Oh, murder, murder," cried the women, "you've kilt him."

"By dad," said Paddy, coolly, "it would have been the murder not to kill him;" and he opened the coat of the pretended mendicant, and exhibited his belt well furnished with pistols—a whistle hung from his neck. "Now," said the blacksmith, "we'll have all the murder out, if you can only fire a pistol."

"I can fire right well," said Sally.

"I'll try and fire, too," said Mrs. Mac Gunshigan.

At this juncture the farmer unexpectedly returned, to the great delight of his wife and Sally.

"What lumber's this?" he exclaimed, stumbling over the body of the bandit.

"It's a *corpse*!" said his wife.

"Lord save us! who's kilt?"

"The captain of a gang of robbers, and if I had not settled him, he and his gang would have left no one here to tell tales to-morrow," said the blacksmith. The farmer lifted up his hands, struck with astonishment.

"If we only manage cutely," said Paddy Murphy, "we'll have the other birds. The night is dark; you, and I, and the women, will take a pistol each; we'll stand outside the door, and blow the whistle; and when the gang are pressing in, we'll slap at them."

The farmer acquiesced—the whistle was blown loud, and the trampling of feet was soon heard, and half a dozen ruffians rushed in through the open door of the cottage, directed by the fire light within. As they passed the little party, four pistols were effectively discharged at them, killing and wounding an equal number of men; the two others, terror-struck at so unlooked for a reception, hastily fled through a door that opened to the farm yard—leaving their less fortunate companions behind.

The blacksmith was tried, acquitted, and honoured with the thanks of the jury, for his steadiness and heroism. The grateful farmer gave him more substantial thanks.

SIMPLE SCIENCE—BISMUTH.

Bismuth is brought chiefly from the continent, although it is produced by several mines in Cornwall. It possesses the singular property of *expanding* as it cools, and for this reason is used in the composition of the finer kinds of printer's types, as from this expansive property may be procured the most perfect impressions of the moulds in which the letters are cast. The composition of type-metal varies from four to sixteen parts of lead to one of antimony.

Pearl-white is an oxide of Bismuth. Ladies have used it as a cosmetic, but it is not only unwholesome, but has the inconvenient property of becoming black by the contact of sulphuretted hydrogen gas, or the fumes of roasted substances. The gas which arises from the burning of mineral coal will produce the same effects on it. It is related by an eminent author, of a lady of fashion, who had incautiously seated herself too near the fire, at a gaudy table, that her countenance changed on a sudden from a delicate white to a dark tawny, as though by magic. The surprise and confusion of the whole party had such an effect on the disfigured fair one, that she was actually dying with apprehension; when the physician dispelled their fears, by informing his patient that nothing more was necessary for her than to abstain from the use of mineral cosmetics, and trust in future to those charms which nature had bestowed on her. It is said that this oxide, mixed up in pomatum, will change the colour of hair to black.

Peuter is a mixture of one hundred and twelve pounds of tin, fifteen pounds of lead, and six pounds of brass: but many manufacturers add a quantity of bismuth in making

it. Bismuth has the property of contributing to the fusibility of many metallic alloys. If eight parts of bismuth, five of lead, and three of tin, be melted together, the mixed metal will fuse in boiling water. Tea spoons made of this alloy, are sold in London, to surprise those who are unacquainted with their nature. They have the appearance of bright pewter tea-spoons, but melt as soon as they are immersed in hot tea. A composition of lead, zinc, and bismuth, in equal parts, will melt with so small a portion of heat, as to be kept in fusion in *paper*, over a lamp.

E. B.

A VISIT TO JOANNA.

BY THE HON. MRS. ERSKINE NORTON.

I do not recollect ever having been more amused, in the course of my travels, than during a morning's visit to Joanna, a small island to the north of the channel of the Mozambique. It is inhabited by a horde of Arabs, who, as far as I could make out, took possession of it between two or three centuries since, and have remained unmolested, as well by their savage neighbours of Madagascar as by those of the opposite continent: their only enemies are the Mainotes, inhabitants of an island near them.

We anchored before Joanna early in the morning of the 22d of July, 1821.

Whilst I was dressing I observed a canoe coming off, and presently after, from the bustle on deck, I knew visitors had arrived. Of course I was prepared by the descriptions I had received; yet I found it a very difficult matter to preserve my gravity on being introduced in form by my husband to his old acquaintances (for he had been here twice before), Lord Wellington, Lord Sidmouth, Admiral Rodney, and the prime minister, who, although the most distinguished among them, bore only the simple title of *Bombay Jack*. Lord Wellington wore, over his loose and rather ragged drab trowsers, an old red coat with a pair of epaulettes, which had seen good service on some gay marine, and a cocked hat to match. Admiral Rodney sported a *naval* coat with two pairs of epaulettes, one laid over the other on each shoulder. *Bombay Jack* and Lord Sidmouth were in *plain clothes*, that is to say, arrayed according to their own fashion, with, however, sundry amusing decorations; all without shoes and stockings. They spoke English, *Bombay Jack* particularly well: he was a keen, shrewd, little old man, and had, under his king, governed Joanna for many years. He had received the appellation of *Bombay Jack* from the following circumstance. A ship belonging to the East India Company had been wrecked on some part of the coast of Joanna; the crew were most hospitably and kindly treated by these poor Arabs. Two vessels passing soon after for Bombay, part of the sufferers was put on board of one, and the prime minister, with the remainder, embarked in the other. They arrived at Bombay, and the Company, always noble in its rewards and encouragement, promised to send them every year a present of a little cloth, and some other articles valuable to them; this promise, I believe, has been punctually performed, and has not only secured the assistance and good-will of these islanders, but has also proved an inducement to their neighbours to "go and do likewise."

"You shall see, masters," said Jack, when seated in our cabin, with a glass of wine before him, "that *Bombay Jack* be no fool. Long, long time since—(early in 1800)—Frenchmen came here—like Joanna very much; ask no questions, come on shore, build huts, buy food, and then begin plant *cotton*. I no like this. Frenchmen very civil, but very sly; when cotton grow and money come, they take Joanna, and we go into the sea: no, no, that not do—*Bombay Jack* too cunning. Cotton planted—cotton coming up well. One dark night, when Frenchmen all sleep, we go *very quiet*, boil water, and pour it *very quiet* over all cotton plants. Next morning Frenchmen wake—cotton plants all dead; they come to me; I tell, 'Cotton always do so—a little time good—good, and then all die one night.' Very well. Frenchmen next day pack up, go on board little ship and go

away. Good bye, good bye," continued *Bombay Jack*, standing up, however, and waving his hands in exultation; then turning to us, he said, "what people say if I not do this? Why, they no more call me *Bombay Jack*—but they call me—*Jack-Ass*."

Each of these Joanna noblemen had with him a packet of papers, containing *characters* given to him by the commanders, officers, or passengers of different vessels, recommending the bearer as a good and honest washerman, &c. Some, also, had their patents of nobility, drawn up and signed by different commanders, who had dubbed them with the titles they bore.

As it was early, and they promised to treat us with plenty of good milk, eggs, and coffee, on shore, we agreed to accept their invitation to breakfast; accordingly, a young lady who was with me, and myself, put on our bonnets, and the boat was ordered. While we were assembled on the deck, ready for our trip, Lord Sidmouth came up to us and whispered, "you no give washing to Lord Wellington; great rascal he—not wash well, and always steal people clothes; better wait, and give to Prince of Wales on shore, he very good washerman, and very honest." We extricated ourselves from this little court intrigue by saying, that as we had so lately left the Cape, and should remain so short a time at Joanna, it was probable we should not require their services in this respect.

We were soon on shore. The village (or *city*, perhaps I ought to call it) was composed of small, low, irregular habitations, looking extremely hot, silent, and dull; the two last qualifications I attributed to the total absence of women, who, perhaps, on account of our visit, were kept more out of sight than usual. The abode of the king was singular, it was built of wood, in the shape of a ship, upon an arch; we went underneath the arch, where a small door opened to a narrow flight of stairs, which conducted us to his majesty's apartments; they consisted, as far as we saw, of three small rooms; the first was an armoury, containing a tolerable display of muskets, neatly arranged and in good order; the second was the presence chamber, where, at the head of a rude table, elevated on cushions, and wearing a scarlet mantle trimmed with tarnished gold lace and fringe, white petticoat trowsers, and a turban, sat the old king, high George the Third: round his neck, and on his turban, he wore what he intended to be taken for precious stones. Near him stood the Prince of Wales, a fine, intelligent young man, dressed neatly after the fashion of his country. No one sat down. The king nodded graciously to us (the two ladies), and asked my husband which of the two *belonged* to him, and then enquired why and wherefore the *other one* was not disposed of, with sundry other queer questions, which I began to think, the sooner I put an end to the bettes. I therefore requested his majesty's permission to pay our respects to the queen and princesses, which was immediately granted, and we were conducted by the Prince of Wales through a short, narrow, dark passage, which was ended by a curtain: this being withdrawn, we discovered, after peering about a little, three female figures seated on cushions on the floor; they had handkerchiefs placed rather gracefully over their heads, the rest of their persons were concealed by shawls. The two girls, so far as the dim light permitted us to observe, were good-looking, with fine, but heavy eyes: their whole appearance indicated melancholy and indifference; they stared at us, but I could not trace in their look either curiosity or interest. The old lady, who seemed to have a little more life in her, put one or two questions through her son. How long had I been married? How many children had I? She then spoke a few words in her own language to her son, and we courtied and took our leave; the three bowed their heads like automatons, and I was glad to escape from a scene which presented my sex in so miserable and degraded a condition.

On returning up the dark passage we went into the *third* apartment, which contained a table and a few chairs; the table was covered with a cloth (not over clean, considering there were so many washermen); cups, saucers, and plates, of English white ware, were placed on it, with two large bowls of milk; here we took our seats, A great

deal of talk and bargaining were going forward in the presence chamber for things wanted from our ship. When these important affairs were settled, my husband joined us, and rice, fresh eggs, and coffee, were placed on the table, and we managed to make a very good breakfast, after which, we took our leave of the shrewd and merry old king, and, according to a promise we had made, proceeded to the residence of the Prince of Wales, where we were to pass the morning, until the bargain that had been concluded was executed.

As we walked along I heard from one of the huts a buzzing, humming noise, like a set of school-boys at their tasks; I popped my head in, and found I was not mistaken, and, from the glance I had of the school-master, I was sure he was a European; but we were so hurried along, on account of the intense heat, that I had no time for further observation. The residence of the Prince of Wales, I was gratified by remarking, evidently shewed the improvement of the rising generation; it had a cheerful verandah, and two or three little rooms behind, which were airy and clean. The walls of the verandah were entirely covered with pictures, prints, wood-cuts, &c., with a number of little common looking glasses, children's toys, and beads. After we had taken off our bonnets, and rested and fanned ourselves until we were as cool as we could be in a shade where the heat was at least at 96° Fahr., we accepted the prince's proposal to introduce us to his wife, and accompanied him into a back apartment, very superior in all respects to that of the queen: a curtain that was suspended in the centre was looped up, and behind it sat the princess on a low couch, *a la Turque*. She was young, and near her first *accouchement*—more animated, but not so pretty, as her sisters-in-law. An old woman was seated on the floor, opposite the couch, who we understood was her mother, and who seemed wrapped up in the contemplation of her daughter's grandeur. She was not, however, grand enough to satisfy her husband, who whispered something to her, on which she reluctantly pointed to a bundle on a shelf behind her; this he took down, and, opening it, threw a shawl over her, which, I suppose, he considered richer than the one she had on, and, having laid another on the couch, put back the bundle and left us. As soon as he was gone, she spoke to her mother and smiled a little, as if she were amused at what he had done; she then turned to us with some attention and curiosity, and touched and examined the materials of our dresses; but as we could do nothing but stare and smile at one another, I was not sorry when his Royal Highness returned. As he appeared the most civilized of their community, I ventured to ask him whether the princess would not prefer sitting out with us in the verandah. He smiled, and shook his head. "Not to day, lady, too much stranger." He then inquired what we called that relationship that would exist between his father, the king, and the child that was expected. I explained to him the terms grandson, granddaughter, grandchild, grandchildren, which he quickly understood and repeated with a good accent. We soon took our leave, and returned to the verandah.

The island of Joanna, which, I believe, is about the size of that of Madeira, is very beautiful and fertile: a wild and luxuriant vegetation covers its surface, undulating with hill and dale to the very margin of the sea: towards the interior it is mountainous. Every thing that has yet been tried thrives exceedingly well, not even excepting *cotton*; of coffee there is abundance. The inhabitants themselves are eager for improvement, and very capable of it; and their veneration for the English is so great that I am sure with a little management, we might effect any change we judged proper.

When the breeze sprung up we took leave of Joanna, her monarch, and his court. As the island faded on our view, I could scarcely believe that what I had witnessed was *real life*. If, reader, you have ever had the luxury of sitting out a solemn play by strolling actors in a barn, with their robes and their rags, their tinsel, and poverty, their assumed dignity and inexorable gravity, you will be able to form a just idea of my impression—only that yours was produced by representation, and mine by reality. *Amulet*.

PEARL FISHING.

Extract of a letter from Sir Robert Redding F. R. S., concerning the pearl-fishing in the north of Ireland:—

"Dublin, 13th October, 1688.

"The manner of their fishing is not extraordinary; the poor people in the warm months, before the harvest is ripe, whilst the rivers are low and clear, go into the water; some with their toes, some with wooden tongs, and some by putting a sharpened stick into the opening of the shell, take them up; and, although by common estimate, not above one shell in a hundred may have a pearl, and of these pearls not above one in a hundred be tolerably clear, yet a vast number of fair merchantable pearls, and too good for the apothecary, are offered to sale by these people every summer assize. Some gentlemen of the country make good advantage thereof: and myself while there saw one pearl bought for fifty shillings that weighed thirty-six carats, and was valued at forty pounds; and had it been as clear as some others produced therewith, would certainly have been very valuable. Every body abounds with stories of the good pennyworths of the country, but I will add but one more. A miller took a pearl which he sold for four pounds ten shillings, to a man that sold it for ten pounds, who sold it to the late Lady Glenanly for thirty pounds, with whom I saw it in a necklace; she refused eighty pounds for it from the late Duchess of Ormond."

He mentions that he sent with the letter a few pearls taken in the river near Omagh; also, that there are four rivers abounding with the fish, that empty themselves into Lough Foyle; also, that there are other rivers in the County *Dunmagall*, a river near Dundalk, the *Shure*, running by Waterford, and Lough Lean in Kerry, which afford like fish.

CHARLES THE SIXTH, KING OF FRANCE.

Cards were invented by Jacques le Gringourent, a painter at Paris, in the reign of Charles the Sixth, King of France, to amuse that prince, who was occasionally insane. Piquet was the first game played. The ace, named from the Latin word *As*, which signifies, *generally*, wealth. Spades and diamonds mean arms; the heavy arrows formerly shot from cross-bows, being shaped like the diamonds in cards. Hearts mean courage. Clubs represented trefoil, an herb that grows in meadows; this was to imply that a general should never encamp without good opportunities for forage. The kings, originally, were portraits of David, son of Jesse; Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, and Charlemagne; each with his esquire, from *ecuyer*, called in the middle ages, valet, or knave, titles in those days considered as *honourable*. Judith, queen of hearts, was designed as a picture of the lovely *Isabeau de Barriere* wife of Charles the Sixth. Argine, the queen of clubs, is an anagram, formed of *regina*, and was a representation of Mary of Anjou, wife of Charles the Seventh of France. The queen of diamonds, under the name of Rachel, was Agnes de Sorcille, the mistress of that prince; and the queen of Spades, under the semblance of Minerva, was designed as a picture of Joan d'Arc. The commencement of the insanity of Charles the Sixth is thus related. That monarch was seized with a slow fever at Mans; on his march to attack the Duke of Brittany, his impatience to proceed induced him to resist the advice of his physicians, and to continue his march. As he passed through a forest between Mans and La Fleche, in the heat of the day, the bridle of his horse was suddenly seized by a man in wretched apparel, black and hideous; who exclaimed, "my king, where are you going? you are betrayed!" and then instantly disappeared. At that moment, a page who carried the king's lance, and who, under the pressure of fatigue, had fallen asleep, let fall the lance on a helmet which another page carried before him. This noise, with the sudden appearance and exclamation of the man, concurred to produce an immediate and fatal effect on the king's imagination. He drew his sword, and struck furiously on every side; three persons, beside the page who dropped his lance, were the victims of his frenzy; at length the king was disarmed and secured. The violence of the effort had exhausted his strength; and he was conveyed, senseless and motionless,

to Mans. This account, strange and improbable as it may appear, is yet supported by the concurrent testimonies of contemporary historians. The delirium lasted for three days; but though he recovered from it, he no longer possessed that clear comprehension and strength of judgment, which had formerly distinguished him; and another extraordinary accident replunged him into his former phrenzy, which unhappy state continued, though with some intervals of reason, to the last moments of his life.

A COLD.

At this season of the year, hardly a single person escapes what is called a cold, and but few so afflicted know how to treat it. The following advice is that given by a late physician of eminence. "When a cold, attended with a cough, is fastening upon a person, what is proper to be done? This ought generally to be known, as the poor cannot afford, and others at first will seldom take the pains to seek advice. It is not right then, in the beginning of a cold, to make the room where you sit warmer than usual, to increase the quantity of bed-clothes, to wrap yourself in flannel, or to drink large draughts of piping hot barley-water, boiled up with reasons, figs, liquorice-root, and the like. This is the right way to make the disorder worse. Perhaps there would be hardly such a thing as a bad cold, if people were to keep cool, to refrain from wine and strong drinks, and to confine themselves for a short time to simple diet, as potatoes or other vegetables, with toast and water. I have known instances of heat in the nostrils, difficulty of breathing, with a short tickling cough, and other symptoms threatening a violent cold, go off entirely, in consequence of this plan being pursued. I have found the pulse beat from twelve to twenty strokes in a minute less, after a person at the onset of a cold had continued quiet three quarters of an hour in a cool room. It is not only warmth, suddenly applied, that will throw any part of the body, after it has been starved or benumbed, into violent action, and bring on an inflammation; strong liquors will do the same."

It may be of use to state that spirits, or strong mixtures, are highly injurious, and should be carefully avoided during journeys in the open air. People are too apt to suppose, that a dram will fortify them against severe frost; but this is a gross error. If any part of the body be benumbed, it should be rubbed with cold water, or snow, and brought to its usual heat by degrees. When cold has occasioned apparent death, the body should be placed in a room without a fire, and rubbed steadily with snow or cloths wet with cold water; at the same time the bellows should be applied to the nostril, and used as is directed in the case of drowned persons.

SMUGGLING IN THE NETHERLANDS.

Dogs of a very large and strong breed for the purpose of draft, are harnessed in the Netherlands, like horses, and chiefly employed in drawing carts with fish, vegetables, eggs, &c., to market. Previous to the year 1795, such dogs were also employed in smuggling, which was the more easy, as they are extremely docile. As it is probable that this mode of smuggling may have been again resorted to since the year 1815, the following account will be found correct. The dogs were accustomed to go backwards and forwards between two places on the frontiers, without any person to attend them. A dog of this kind was often worth six or seven lous d'ors, as the training cost some trouble. Being loaded with parcels of goods, lace, &c. like mules, they set out, and only when it was perfectly dark. An excellent, quick scented dog, always went some paces before the other, stretched out his nose to all quarters, and when he scented custom-house-officers, &c., turned back, which was the signal for immediate flight. Concealed in ditches, behind bushes, &c., the dogs lay, till all was safe; they then proceeded on their journey, and reached at last, beyond the frontier, the dwelling of the receiver, who was in the secret. But here also, the leader only at first shewed himself, but on hearing, a certain whistle which was the signal that every thing was right, they all hastened up. They were then unloaded, taken to a convenient stable, where there was a good layer of hay, and well fed. There they rested till midnight, and then returned in the same manner back, over

the frontiers. In London, the butchers make dogs draw carts with a quarter of ox-beef; and the poor peasantry of Ireland might make dogs draw manure when they could not afford to keep a horse. J. D.

TO MY INFANT BOY.

BY ELIZABETH DICKENSON.

My cherub boy! thy young heart is light;
Thy glance of beauty, how wild and bright,
Tells of a spirit unchilled by care:
Long! long may such innocent mirth beam there!
Thy coral lip of frolic and glee,
May well to such eye meet companion be:
Thy rosy cheek and thy forehead high,
Bear promise most dear to a mother's eye.
The first tells of years of health for thee;
The second of mind's high destiny,
The silken locks that so lightly press
Around each fair temple's calm recess,
And shining fall on thy neck of snow,
Oh! far more dear are than Ophir's glow,
Thy limbs in infantine beauty cast,
Tell of a vigour and grace to last;
And thy guileless spirit, so frank and free,
Oh! dearer still is than all to me!
Vain were the wish! vain were the prayer!
That sorrow might ne'er mingle bitterness there!
My darling boy! I ask not, oh no!
That thou escape what each mortal must know,
I ask not that treasures of wealth be thine,
And fame ope the shafts of that golden mine:
Far higher my hopes aspire for thee,
Through the clouds of time to eternity:
There may I find thee a spirit of light,
When earth has returned to a chaos of night.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

When forth sallies Sol from the portals of heaven,
Right glad to revisit his kingdom again;
Should morn meet his gaze, with the blushes of even,
Don't stir from your home, for 'tis certain to rain.
Though Night on her goblin steed tramp to the west,
By the heralds of morning forbidden to stay,
Though the great giggling owl has retired to his rest,
And veiled his grim eye-balls aghast at the day.
Though creation above, all around, and below,
Seem to question your reason for keeping so close:
Still do not be tempted a gadding to go,
Remember the doctor, his fee, and his dose.
Oh! stay, lest the dragon-winged demon of strife
Slip his death-dealing tempests while you are abroad;
What would ever become of yourself or your wife,
Should you and they happen to meet on the road.
Not so, when in modest apparel, the morn
Steps forward to promise a sunshiney day;
Then, beware lest her kind invitation you scorn,
With wife, children, and all, to the hills trot away.
What is true of the weather's as true of the world,
How oft are the fair by a red-coat beguiled?
How oft for an empty head, feathered and curled,
Has poor Pat had to finish his days in the wild?
Gay meteors may plume the dark brow of the storm,
The bright hectic flush is the herald of death;
Apollyon may borrow Ithuriel's form
And a guinea outside be a copper beneath.
Then take my advice, when you purchase a wife,
A home, or a husband, or anything dear,
Judge not by externals, lest, haply for life,
A tempest may bellow my song in your ear.

DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 3, Cecilia Street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.

Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Panyer-alley, Paternoster-row,
in Liverpool, by Wiffmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Aubrey;
Birmingham, by Drake; in Nottingham, by Wright; in Edinburgh, by
H. Grant and Son; in Glasgow, by J. Niven, Junr.

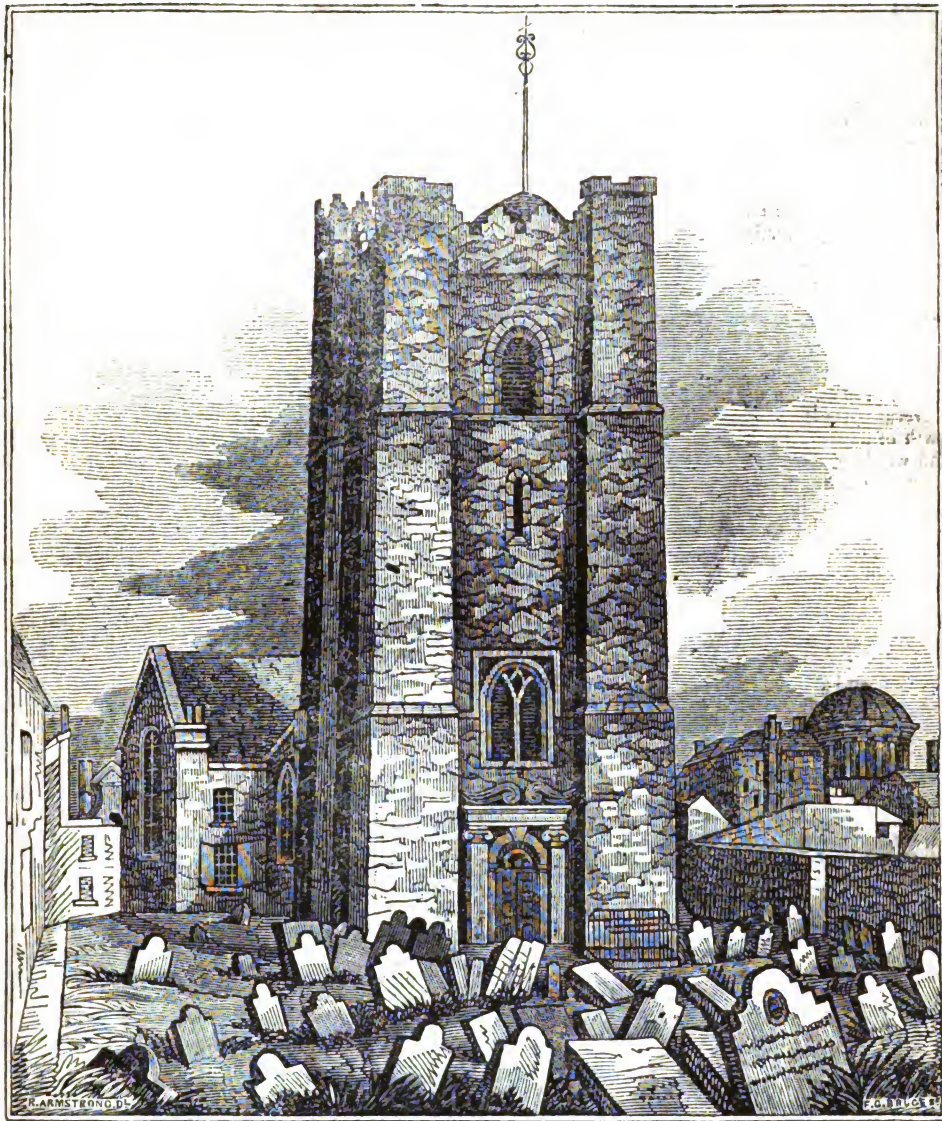
THE
DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 79. Vol. II.

P. D. HARDY, 3, CECILIA STREET.

JANUARY 4. 1894.



ST. MICHAN'S CHURCH.

Previous to the 17th century, St. Michan's was the only parish church in the city of Dublin, north of the Liffey. The old church was a fine building, one of the largest in the city, and furnished with a square tower, the embellishment in fashion at the period of its erection. The body of the church was taken down a few years since, and the present building erected in its stead—the square tower remaining in its original state. The adjoining cemetery was for many years, a favorable burying place; the ground in its vicinity, and especially the vaults underneath the building, possessing to a remarkable degree the quality of resisting the process of corruption and decay. Bodies said to have been “deposited here some centuries since, are still in such a state of preservation that their features are nearly discernible, and the bones and skin quite perfect.”

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The following remarks on this local peculiarity are extracted from an article published in a periodical paper, some time since, by a chemist of this city:—

“The bodies of those a long time deposited, appear in all their awful solitariness, at full length, the coffins having mouldered to pieces; but from those, and even the more recently entombed, not the least cadaverous smell is discoverable; and all the bodies exhibit a similar appearance, dry, and of a dark colour. The floor, walls, and atmosphere of the vaults of St. Michan's are perfectly dry, the flooring is even covered with dust, and the walls are composed of a stone peculiarly calculated to resist moisture. This combination of circumstances contributes to aid nature in rendering the atmosphere of those gloomy regions more dry than the atmosphere we enjoy. In one vault are shown the remains of a nun, who died at the

advanced age of 111; the body has now been thirty years in this mansion of death; and although there is scarcely a remnant of the coffin, the body is as completely preserved as if it had been embalmed, with the exception of the hair. In the same vault are to be seen the bodies of two Roman Catholic clergymen, which have been fifty years deposited here, ever more perfect than the nun. In general, it was evident, that the old were much better preserved than the young. A convincing proof of this was afforded in the instance of a lady who died in child-birth, and was laid in those vaults *with her infant in her arms*. Not long after, the infant putrefied and dropt away, while the mother became like the other melancholy partners of this gloomy habitation. In the year 1798, two brothers, of the name of Sheers, were executed the same day for high treason, and after suffering decapitation were laid together in these vaults; and, as a demonstration that this anti-septic power is to be attributed to the atmosphere peculiar to those regions, the bodies being just thrown at the entrance of the vaults, were exposed, in a great degree, to the influence of the external atmosphere, in consequence of which they shortly after totally decayed."

THE RESCUE.

A SKETCH TAKEN FROM IRISH LIFE.

At the foot of one of the large mountains bordering on the wildest part of the county of Tipperary, rises a rugged, narrow road; it is seldom used except by foot passengers, and in several parts is completely covered overhead by a wild growth of hawthorn trees and bramble. After many a turn and winding, during which, by means of rude stepping stones, it crosses more than one brawling mountain-stream, it seems to lose itself in a deep valley, thickly studded with the wild ash, and tall mountain pine. As you pass along, a few wretched huts, occupied by the very poorest class of peasantry, give some signs of habitation; but there the lowing of oxen, or the tingling of the sheep-bell, is seldom heard; as a "slip iv a pig, an' a small taste ov apratie-garden," generally constitute their sole possessions.

On a calm and starry night in the month of January, 18—, a solitary traveller paced slowly along this path, oftentimes stopping as if to gaze on some well remembered spot, and as often looking intently on the glittering planets, as if his spirit sought to commune with their inhabitants. It was, indeed, a lovely night! and its silver queen sailed along in bright and unclouded majesty, lighting up the wild mountain and the deep valley with a clear and beautiful radiance. The air was cold, but merely added fresh vigour to the nerves; and every blade of grass, with its fairy pinnacles of hoar frost, glittered with a silvery and diamond brilliancy. Oh! 'tis in such a scene as this, and not in the bustle and turmoil of cities, that man feels and knows the power and omnipotence of his gracious Creator! that his very soul bows itself down to worship, untrammelled by thoughts of worldliness—having solitude for its temple.

The traveller seemed about twenty years of age, and his pale, thoughtful cast of feature, and meditative eye, told of a studious life; his dress was black, plain and undecorated, having something nearly priestly in its unstudied arrangement; and the slight hectic of his cheek, with his thin form, bore the melancholy impress of consumption. He advanced slowly towards the deep valley we have before mentioned, evidently with the pace of one who was not there for the first time; and every stunted tree and bramble-bush seemed to be replete with childish remembrances. As he came suddenly in one of the turnings of the narrow path to the edge of a small stream, of whose propinquity, in consequence of its bubblings, he had been for some time aware, he perceived two wild looking figures sitting composedly on its opposite bank, at the very place where he should land from the last stepping-stone. They were both rather low sized, but very muscular, and were clad in the white frize jacket generally worn, while two caps of fur, evidently of their own rude manufacture, were pulled deeply over their brows, and nearly concealed their features. Though his approach must have been perceived, they did not move a limb; and as he stepped

from one stone to another, till he stood upon the last one the silence continued perfectly unbroken. At length the youth gave them the general salutation of—

"God save you, boys."

To which they both answered, "God save you kindly, *agragal*," without moving an inch.

"Would you be pleased to move a little aside, and allow me to pass?" again he asked.

"An' might a dacint boy ax for what id you be wantin' to pass here, athout offendin'" was the reply.

A gleam of indignation at being thus questioned, for a moment lit up his proud dark eye, but then seeing the folly of anger, he subdued his rising choler and answered,

"My business has nothing to do with you or yours, but by what right do you thus question me?"

"Maybe we have a right, an maybe we haven't," was the ready answer; "bud, anyhow, divil recave the fut you'll pass till we know yer business, seein' as how you might be an informer, or a gager, comin' still huntin', though to spake thruth, you havn't mooch the cut iv aither."

"Well then," said the youth smiling involuntarily at the rude compliment, "I have travelled many a weary day, and many a weary night, to look once more on the home where I was born, and yonder valley is the spot."

Here a hasty consultation seemed to take place between the two, and they suddenly interrupted, "an' what was the name the priest (bless his rev'rence!) gev you when he threw his hand across you?"

"Patrick Delany," he answered.

Then, as if frantic, they both bounded up, and with a hurroo that was reverberated with many a wild echo, flung their caps and sticks into the air, shouting, "is himself, the darlin', that didn't forget the cabin where he was rared, and left the grand college, an' all, to cum an' see his ould home. Delany for iver! hurroo!"

The youth by this time had sprung lightly upon the bank, and stood viewing their wild gestures with a considerable degree of astonishment, which was increased by the taller and more robust of the exulting pair suddenly pouncing on him, as if he were a child, raising him *volens* from the ground, and dashing off, accompanied by his comrade, with a deer-like speed towards the entrance of the valley.

Their haste, notwithstanding the burthen one of them bore, never in the slightest degree abated till they arrived at the entrance of a low hut or *sheeling*, built in the rudest and most careless manner, seeming, in fact, dug out of the mossy and ivy clad bank that bent nearly over it; with one dash of the leader's foot the door flew open, and he bounded in, still bearing his breathless and astonished burthen. The figure of a man slightly stricken in years then, advanced from an inner or sleeping apartment, and as the wood fire suddenly lighted up the entire group, he and the panting youth stood for some moments gazing at each other without the power of utterance; at length, the younger ejaculating, "Gracious Heaven, my father!" bounded forward, and hung upon his neck. The mutual embrace was passionate and fervid; and the father's broken ejaculations of "God bless and presarve my boy, that didn't forget the ould home! Oh! I wake wid the joy ov seein' you! I could cry like a child &c.," were affecting in the extreme. It was altogether a most extraordinary and impressive scene; and the red glare of the fire gave it a peculiarly wild appearance. The father and son folded in each others arms—one clad in the very rudest garments of the Irish peasantry—the other with such a fine *distingw* figure—and the two followers looking on with joy in their rugged features, the twitching of their limbs showing with what difficulty they restrained themselves from leaping and dancing about.

It was then about six or seven years since young Delany, having shown a decided taste for learning, and gone through the usual hardships of "a poor scholar," had departed for the university, where he procured entrance as "a sizar." When he left home his father was a comfortable farmer, but having joined one of the lawless parties then forming all through Ireland, and having been informed on, was taken, underwent a summary trial, and was sentenced to transportation. The moment his son

heard of it, he came home, but too late, as the ship had sailed; and again he returned to his solitary rooms, his high spirit completely broken by the ignominy and exposure attached to his name. Day by day he altered, and consumption at length decidedly showed itself; he then was recommended to try his native air, and was struck with astonishment at meeting with his father.

The wood fire was replenished—the two peasants had withdrawn—and young Delany sat on a low stool opposite his father, who occupied the common cottage seat, a straw bass. On the countenance of the latter there was an expression that told of wrongs endured, and deep suffering, but now 'twas almost all lost in the smile of joy that sat like sunlight on his rugged features, while a deeper spot of crimson rested in the centre of his son's pallid cheek, and almost gave him the appearance of health. "But tell me," said he, "how is it that I am so blessed as to find you here, when I thought myself almost alone in the world, and that you were thousands of miles away."

"It's a long story," he began, "an' there's grief in the tellin'; fur who wouldn't grieve to be obliged to leave their home, an' their country, an' their green fields—to lave thin in chains, athout biddin' farewell to the child ov their heart, an' to know that the informer, an' the murderin' *Sassenagh*, were burnin' and destroyin' all that they had. Oh! Patrick, *avick ma chree*! iv you knew the threatment I had to bear—if you knew the sorrow an' the sufferin' your poor ould father wint through, the very heart id bleed within you. Afther endhurin' nearly all, I escaped, an' cum to my home, bud found it deserted, and this little home standin' where I once had pace, an' happiness, an' joy."

"And where you again will find comfort," interrupted the listener, "in the society of your son, who *now* will never leave you."

"Never lave me, *agra*, will you folly me to seek another country, an' another home; will you folly a brandid outlaw, wid a mark upon his head, an' a price upon his blood?"

"Father, what means this—what *can it mean*? sure even if they know of your return they will not now pursue you."

The whole expression of the old man's face became changed as he answered, and its absolutely frightful look of ferocity, had an appalling contrast with the pale anxious *spirited* features of his son.

"Yis! yis! I am doubly outlawed now. Do you think I could endure such wrongs, and endure them patiently? Oh, no! oh, no! sailin' upon the broad seas, an' walkin' undher the burnin' sun, my dhrame day and night was a dhrame of revenge. I thought ov Bartle Daly livin' in my place, an' riotin' on my flure, wid my blood money, while I was wandherin' about, and abused as a rebel through the world. I met some ould followers ov ours, an' last night we burned his house, an' wheat, an' all. Not a blow was struck till I called out my name, an' ordhered Bartle Daly to cum forth; he sprung on me like a tiger, an' thought to throtle me wid his hands, but this (here he drew out a large clasp knife, while a palsied shudder passed through his son's frame) dhrank his heart's blood. I sint for you, an' thought of hidin' here till you would cum, thin to fly to any distant place, as the bloodhounds will soon be on my thrack."

"Oh, father!" young Delany had just commenced, the tremor of his voice telling his anguish at the recital he had just heard, when the door burst open, and one of the followers who had recently quitted them, rushed in, gasping with haste, and father and son, with one impulse, darted from the *sheddin'*, as he cried "away, Delany, away, the soldiers are on the mountain wid Bartle's son leading them on."

Patrick followed his father into the depths of the valley, who fled as rapidly as if he had the spring of youth in his veins, when suddenly they were both seized by the nervous grasp of two men who rushed from a thick hedge nearly opposite their path. His father attempted to make some resistance, but was soon overpowered, as three or four more advanced on him from the same cover, and he felt a rush of the heart's sickness in his bosom's depth, as his fancy, with lightning-like speed, glanced over the ignominy his son, although innocent, might have to

endure. Another soldier soon advanced to the assistance of his comrades, and binding the hands of both, they proceeded slowly and cautiously along, two of the party guarding the younger, who was a little in advance, and the others, about ten in number, and well armed, remaining round the father. When they arrived at the brook, where we first introduced the two followers to our reader, a slight embarrassment took place, and one of the party crossed singly, for the purpose of reconnoitering. Having reported that all was silent on the opposite bank, he again joined his comrades, and young Delany, with his two guards, was ordered to cross first. They landed without interruption, and had proceeded a little forward, when, as if by magic, two figures sprung from a bunch of bramble at their side, and a single blow from each, levelled the two guards. Then Delany was caught up in the same vigorous arms that had borne him before, and carried rapidly down the course of the brook, the trampling of his conductors' feet alone breaking the silence observed by one through surprise, and by the other through caution. The whole transaction, which did not occupy an instant, was seen by the hinder party, and in the same moment several carbines sent their bullets whizzing through the air in the direction which they fled, while three or four of the soldiers rapidly crossed the stream to give chase. They ran down for some distance, and then stopped to listen, and heard the crackling of the bramble bushes on the opposite side to which they were. Conceiving that the pursued had again re-crossed the stream, they dashed, without delay, into the water, but having beat about for nearly an hour without discovering any trace, they again joined their comrades. Then all, with their remaining prisoner, slowly and watchfully marched along the rugged mountain path. Their caution was needless, as they met with no farther interruption.

Patrick's athletic bearer never lagged in speed till, after passing many a deep and soft morass, and dashing through many a bramble hedge, they arrived at the centre of the mountain. Then letting down his rescued charge, he drew a long breath, and flinging his blackthorn in the air he caught it in its fall, gave it a twirl, though not a menacing one, round the youth's head, and shouted "och, the darlin' *shillelagh*, that laid thim pair of spalpeens nate an' clane on their backs, athout sayin' by yer lave, or givin' thim any thing to break their fall. Bud cum, *ma bouchal*, we'd betther be movin'; Dinis 'ill be afther us, as I just sint kim to mislade thim a bit, the set iv *omedhauns*." Then leading the way up the mountain, he was passively followed by Patrick, who hardly spoke, save in monosyllables, so bewildered was he by the night's events, and so anguished by the capture of his father. His guide seeing him not disposed to be talkative, strode on, occasionally chaunting with stentorian lungs—

"Hurroo fur the sweet shillelagh oh!
That laid the bloody peelers low!

Hurroo, hurroo," &c. &c.
till the rocks about them rang with a hundred echoes.

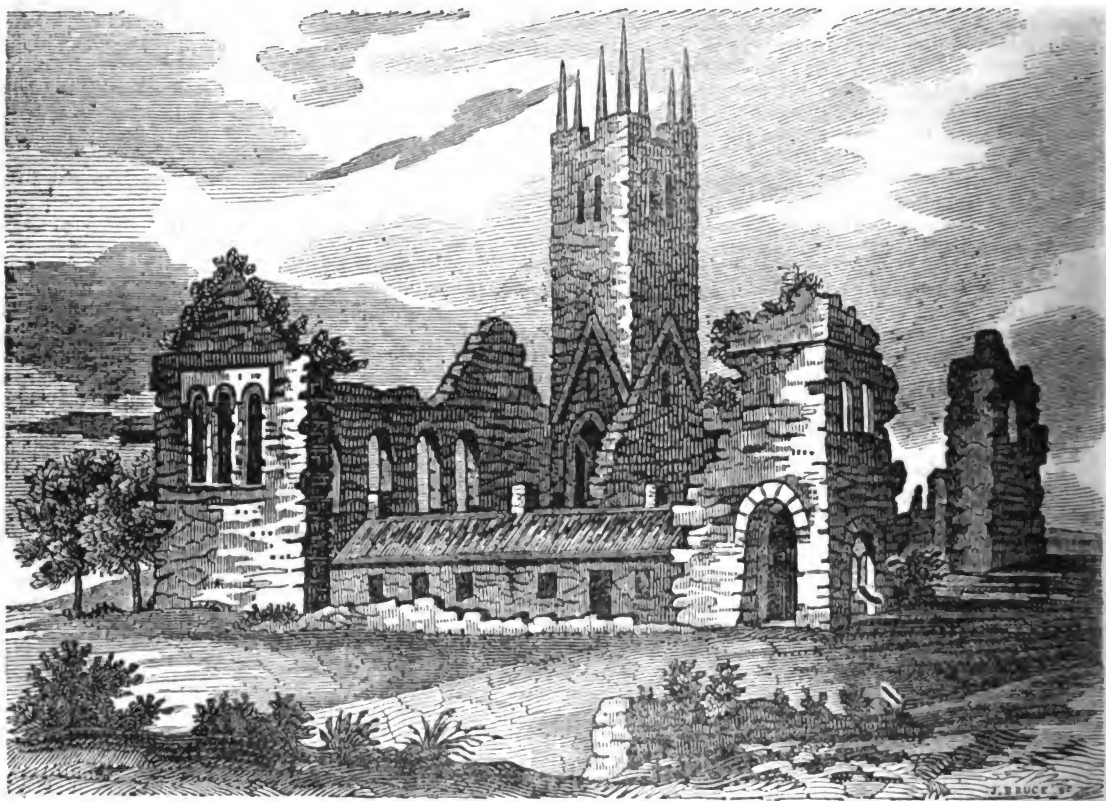
The next evening, about dusk, a party consisting of four mounted dragoons, passed along the high road, towards Limerick, with a prisoner, strongly bound, walking in their centre. It was the elder Delany whom they were leading to jail, having left their comrades behind to try and recapture his son. They advanced but slowly in consequence of the weakness of their captive, whose not being mounted, was merely urged by the cruel caprice of the officer commanding the detachment. It was almost dusk, and they were yet many miles from their destination, and they loudly murmured against their absent captain for not allowing the prisoner a horse. As they entered a part of the road over which the trees seemed actually to meet, they closed nearer to each other, and seemed to have a foreboding that all was not right—when on a sudden their horses bounded from the earth as if startled by a thunder clap, and their riders felt their hearts sink within them at a wild shout, which seemed to proceed from a hundred throats. They stopped and hesitated what course to pursue, when each trooper felt himself firmly grasped from behind by a pair of brawny arms, whose owners had dropped from the trees overhead, directly behind them, and at the same moment others bounding over the hedge, seized their horses' heads, and

with wonderful celerity deprived them of their arms. Another pause, and young Delany, who had led the rescue, was in the arms of his father, who was free and unbound, while his companions were busily engaged in binding the troopers.

The arms of the four being tied behind their backs, Patrick gave orders that they should be allowed to depart unhurt, but that they should retrace their steps on the road which they had just passed, as they were then near where assistance might easily be procured. They turned their horses round, and were just setting off, when the last, an ill-looking villain, by a sudden wrench, freed one of his arms, and drawing a pistol, which had been overlooked in the search, from his bosom, shouted, "for one of the re-

bel's hearts," and pulling the trigger, spurred his horse, and with his companions darted off with the speed of light. Young Delany flung his arms wildly upwards, hiccapped violently, and with one low groan fell lifeless into his father's arms.

Many years rolled over, and the events we have narrated were almost forgotten, when one stormy night an aged man, with thin white hair and furrowed brow, was observed entering the burial ground of —. In the morning he was found cold, stiff, and lifeless, lying across an humble grave, whose rude head-stone bore the name of "Patrick Delany"—it was the young man's father.



JERPOINT ABBEY.

This religious house was originally founded by Donough O'Donoughoe, king or prince of Ossory, in the year 1180, for Cistercian Monks. The ruins are situated on the river Nore, about two miles from Thomastown, and are very extensive, occupying nearly three acres of ground. The church was a cruciform structure, and consisted of a nave, the roof of which was supported by a range of six pointed arches, with a corresponding number of massy columns. Above and between these pointed arches, are the remains of six clerestory windows, narrow and rather rounded at their tops. The western or great window of the nave, consists of three distinct arches, separated from each other by a single mullion, with rounded tops also. The steeple, which is over the cross of the transept, derives its support from four massy square pillars, and the arches which spring from them. The two arches of the transepts, and that belonging to the nave, are of the pointed form: the arch which leads to the choir or chancel is circular.

This singular deviation in point of form between them, makes it very probable that the choir was the work of a different period; although the eastern or altar window, which is now built up to a smaller dimension, is also of the pointed form. Such an anomaly in the character of its architecture, can only be accounted for, by the supposition that it was built about the period when these styles—the circular and the pointed—were undergoing that change which occasioned the one to supersede the other. The roof of the choir is a circular arch of stone,

quite perfect, and in the chancel, sculptured in rude, though bold relief, opposite to the grand altar of the south cross-aisle, stand the remains of a tomb, upon which repose a male and a female figure, habited in the costume of the twelfth or thirteenth century. This monument is said to have been erected for Donough, king of Ossory, founder of the abbey, who died, and was here interred, in the year 1185. The male figure holds in the right hand, which reposes on his breast, the fragment of a crucifix. The left hand is directed towards a small harp, that hangs from his left side. The base of the monument is cut into compartments, in which are seen various images of the apostles. Two crowned figures appear at the foot of the monument, standing beside a kneeling angel, whose hands are uplifted, in the act of fervent prayer. Most of the figures wear long beards, and appear to be singing or laughing.

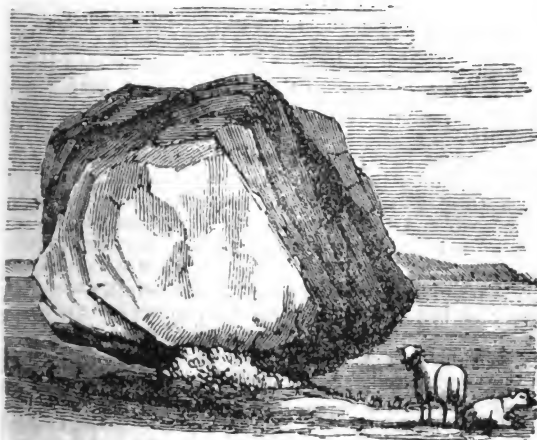
On a tomb of black marble lies the full length statue of an abbot, in his proper habit. In the left hand he holds a crozier, the volute of which contains an Agnus Dei, well sculptured. The right arm is uplifted, and the two first fingers and thumb are raised, as if in the act of swearing an oath of fidelity, or of some very serious kind, in the manner that is to this day practised on parts of the continent. A serpent, or monster, gnaws at the lower end of the crozier. The head of the statue reposes upon a pillow of much elegance. The inscription is illegible.

A second ancient monument of a religious personage

tains a statue, executed with conspicuous talent and delicacy. The crossier is of excellent workmanship, and in the right hand is a sprig of trefoil, emblematic of the Trinity. The table, or altar-slab, on which this figure reclines, is covered with trefoils and roses.

Several other disfigured monuments of ecclesiastics may be discovered amidst the rubbish with which the abbey-church is now choked up.

The roof of the steeple, over the cross transept, is curiously groined with springers, that are supported on each side by corbels of a neat ornamental form. The nave and transepts are uncovered.



THE ROCKING STONE, ISLAND MAGEE.

On the southern shore of Brown's bay, Island Magee, county of Antrim, near high water mark, is a large stone supposed to weigh ten or twelve tons, commonly called the *rocking stone*, from its being slightly tremulous when pressed by the hand. From this circumstance it is supposed by some to have been a *logan*, or *rocking stone*, formerly used as an agent in the superstitious rites of the Druids, and their mystical interpretations. This, however, appears a very fanciful opinion, as from the difficulty of giving this stone even a slight vibration, it was ill calculated to impress upon the people the occult power of the Druids, whose pretended miracles must have been calculated to deceive. Indeed, the fact in this case seems to be that, the earth and sand having been washed away from the base of this large stone by the influx of extraordinary tides, a knob has been formed beneath, which, acting as a kind of pivot, is the cause of its vibratory motion. Of late, by some means, this stone has been forced from its former position, nearer to the beach, and appears destined at no distant period to be precipitated into the sea, and to be rendered more agitated by Neptune, than ever it was by the Druidical priesthood.

Rocking stones, supposed to be of Druidical erection, have been found in almost every country in Europe, and also in several parts of America. Near a place called Durham, in the United States, is a stone weighing between fifty and sixty tons, so nicely poised that it is moved by the wind; and at a town called Stanton is another stone that can be moved by the hand, though it is thirty-one feet in circumference.

S. M. S.

"THE JUVENILE FORGET ME NOT."

EDITED BY MRS. C. S. HALL.

With this entertaining and instructive little publication, we shall close our notice of the *Annals* for 1834. Though last, its claim is certainly not the least to a fair proportion of our favorable regard. It contains numerous articles well suited to the class of readers for whom it is intended. The pleasing and instructive articles "On the formation of Hail and Snow," "The First Mariners," "Asiatic Adventures," "The Traveller," and several of a similar cast, render the little work decidedly valuable, and well fitted to put into the hands of young persons, while some others of a lighter and still more amusing

description will, no doubt, cause it to be eagerly sought after by juvenile readers generally. The story which follows, and which we have been obliged to abridge, although rather improbable, is certainly well told. We are informed that it has been translated from the MS. of a Portuguese traveller. "It is of so extraordinary a character," says the author, "that many of my readers will be inclined to suspect me of having blended fiction with fact. I confess such is my own opinion; but when I call to mind some of the many wonderful anecdotes of monkeys, whose instinct has been but a short remove from reason, I do not consider myself justified in rejecting the account as apocryphal. My young friends, will be, at least, amused by it, and will, perhaps, consult the better authenticated statements of naturalists, either to contradict or confirm that which I lay before them."

JOCKO, AN INDIAN ANECDOTE.

I had resided several years on the island of —, (as I do not wish to be known, I shall abstain from mentioning the situation I held there, as well as every other particular that might tend to disclose my name.) I shall, however, relate the following anecdote; a singular fact, to which I owe in part the opulence I now enjoy.

It was the height of summer; the great clock of the parish church had just struck five; the heat of the sun was intense. Wearing by the application required by the duties of my situation, I wandered alone in the forest of —, situated at a short distance from my dwelling. I had scarcely advanced two hundred yards into one of its darkly shaded and delightfully cool alleys, when I heard a slight rustling noise on my left, like that of a living creature gliding swiftly through the foliage. I listened awhile, but the noise ceased; and I continued my walk and resumed the train of my reflections.

A second noise, similar to the first, again struck my ear; I stopped, looked, and saw two pretty almond-shaped eyes peeping through the intermingled branches of several trees, and gazing upon me with a soft expression. The head to which they belonged appeared to be almost round, the nose small and short, but not flattened; and two fresh-looking lips, and a set of teeth white as milk, completed the features of a face which was at least pleasing. The colour of the skin at first sight, bore a great resemblance to that of a young mouse, only heightened by a slight silvery tinge.

Whilst I was revolving in my mind what this creature might be, by a sudden movement it thrust its body half out of the foliage. I stepped forward to seize it; but in less than a second, it climbed, or rather darted, to the top of a cocoa-tree. I had then a full view of it, and observed that its limbs were supple and flexible, and that its height, as far as I could judge, was about four feet two or three inches. Seated amongst the branches, it seemed to examine me with the greatest attention. I beckoned to it with my hand to come down to me; it mimicked my motion and beckoned to me to come up; an invitation which I should have found it difficult to comply with.

My numerous travels had afforded me frequent opportunities of seeing and comparing the various species of monkeys; the ourangs, the jockoes, the pongoes; and I therefore soon perceived that the specimen now before me was of the latter kind; but I afterwards gave it the name of Jocko, because that appeared to me the prettiest.

When going out on my long and solitary walks, I generally carried about me a little provision of bread, which I loved to distribute amongst the birds I met with on my way. Seeing that Jocko (for so I shall henceforward call her) continued to observe me with a sort of avidity, I took a piece out of my pocket, and threw it on the ground. She came down from the tree on which she had sought refuge, with the rapidity of lightning, snatched it up, smelt it several times, looked first at me, then at the bread with an air of doubt and suspicion, and did not eat it.

I knew that this kind of hesitation is natural to the jocko and pongo species, and in order to remove the cause of it, I took another piece of bread, ate half of it, and threw her the remainder. She caught it flying with admirable dexterity, and ate it; then turning to the piece which she had at first rejected, she smelt it once more, and swallowed it with great avidity.

As I now remained a few minutes motionless, she extended her paw towards me, and waving it with a kind of impatient motion, seemed to ask for more. I threw several other pieces of bread to her, every one of which she caught with the same dexterity; but as soon as I advanced a step towards her, she flew to a great distance from me, and would not at all suffer me to approach her. I then began to walk backwards, throwing bread at intervals; she cautiously followed, still stretching towards me her little paw, slightly shaking it now and then, and drawing it back towards her, emitting at the same time, a soft, silvery, and condensed sound, which she variously modulated, and which was surely intended to express something.

At last, seeing that I did not give her any thing more, she took a sudden resolution, sprang to the top of a large cocoa-tree, and gathering several of the nuts, threw them at my feet. I opened one of them with a large knife which I had in my pocket, and drank part of the milk and ate part of the fruit, and then retired at a short distance to allow Jocko to eat and drink the remainder. This she immediately did, and in a way that convinced me that this kind of food was not new to her. Night was now coming on, and I bent my steps towards the town. The little creature followed me some distance, but finding I did not notice her, she reluctantly turned back, and slowly walked away.

The next day, about the same hour, I returned to the forest. Jocko was at the same spot where I had seen her the day before. I found her lying across the branches of some young trees, and looking out through the foliage. As soon as she perceived me, she ran towards me with great demonstrations of joy; and in the eagerness of her haste, almost touched my clothes. She, however, did not remain, but climbed a tree 100 yards from me. In order to dissipate her fears I assumed an air of indifference, and walked on, throwing pieces of bread on the road. She then came softly down, and having smelt them, probably to ascertain whether they were of the same kind as those of the day before, ate them with great appetite. I had put several soft biscuits in my pocket; I broke one of them in two, and threw one half to her; she caught it with her usual dexterity, smelt it, turned it about, looking at it with an air of hesitation, and did not eat it. I then took part of the other half, and carried it to my mouth, and threw her the remainder, which she devoured in an instant, as well as the piece she already held; after which she expressed her satisfaction by various bounds and gambols, skipping and springing before me, and tumbling into the most graceful attitudes imaginable; and ever and anon advancing towards me, with her paws extended to ask for more biscuits.

Every afternoon a repetition of the same scene took place; I went to the forest with my pockets full, and came back with them quite empty: and each time, also, that I gave her a new kind of biscuit or cake she manifested the same doubt and hesitation; and would not eat of them until she had seen me taste them first.

Accustomed now to my appearance every day about the same time, she attentively watched my arrival. One day she ran to meet me, and placed before me, but still at some distance, several very fine cocoa-nuts. I could not help admiring her instinct; and having opened two of the finest nuts, I took one for myself and retired a little way off, to allow her to approach and take the other.

I drank the milk and ate part of the fruit of mine, and Jocko followed my example, looking at me at the same time with an air of intelligence. When it was time for me to return home, I amused myself by taking off my hat to her, and making her a low bow; at first she appeared rather embarrassed, but she had soon hit upon an expedient, and plucking some leaves of a banana tree, she in an instant, and with great dexterity, made a kind of cap of them, and, placing it on her head, made me a low bow in her turn, with an air of gravity most comical. We then separated and went our different ways. Thus, by degrees, suspicion and mistrust vanished; and Jocko joined me without the remotest hesitation or fear.

I returned the following day at my usual hour, but I did not find her; I called her and sat down to wait for

her, and in half an hour after, I saw her running towards me with her wonted agility. She was breathless; I offered her a biscuit and some wine; she refused the biscuit but eagerly took the wine, which she swallowed at a single draught; and then, seizing one of my hands, endeavoured to drag me after her into the thickest part of the forest. I must confess that I hesitated to follow her; I was afraid of finding myself amongst some monkeys of her species, and in too great numbers to be able to defend myself. However, after a moment's reflection, I overcame this involuntary feeling of timidity, for which I even upbraided myself, and followed her. She had an air of impatience, the cause of which I could not yet divine.

We proceeded about a quarter of a mile through underwood and bushes, and not without some difficulty on my part, until we reached a group of handsome cocoa-nut trees, in the midst of which I saw, to my great surprise, a pretty little hut covered with foliage, almost completed. I, however, immediately recollected that several celebrated travellers, and our first naturalists, have borne testimony to the existence of constructions of this kind. Jocko appeared delighted at her work; she clapped her industrious paws together, and repeatedly emitted the soft silvery sound which I have before mentioned, and which was one of her greatest signs of joy. But it was soon succeeded by disappointment and grief, when she perceived that I could not enter the hut without stooping excessively. She had proportioned the door to her little stature, and not at all to mine—her foresight had not extended so far. A kind of rage seemed now to have taken possession of her; and, hastily seizing the branch which determined the height of the opening for the door, she upset the whole in an instant; then, leading me a few steps off to a spot where lay several branches which she had prepared and collected as a stock of materials, she loaded me with some, took herself as many as she could carry, and motioned me to follow her. I obeyed, and the pretended lord of the creation became on this occasion the labourer of a pongo.

She immediately set about reconstructing the entrance of the hut: a single glance was quite sufficient to enable her to judge of the height proportioned to my elevated stature. I assisted her with very good grace, and in a very short time the work was finished. In the interior of the hut, and near the door, I found two seats of some length, formed of moss, and in one of the angles an ample provision of cocoa-nuts.

After having given full vent to her gaiety, appetite put in its claim; she sat on one of the seats of moss, and extended her two hands towards me, gracefully shaking them as usual when she wanted something. I gave her bread, some hard eggs, of which she had never yet eaten, and some nice biscuits; and to judge by the avidity with which she devoured every thing I offered her, the little creature must have passed the whole night and part of the day at work.

But the moment arrived when it became necessary for me to return to the town; I cannot describe the surprise and grief of poor Jocko on seeing me prepare to depart. She remained motionless, as overwhelmed with unexpected surprise, her body partly extended towards me, without attempting to stop me; but when I went out of the hut, she uttered a shriek so plaintive, that I could not help retracing my steps. I endeavoured to make her understand, in the best way I could, that I should come again the next day; and I do not know whether I succeeded, but I plainly perceived that she had planned and decided in her little head that we were henceforth to remain together: and for that purpose she had built a hut, made a provision of fruits and cocoa-nuts; in short, had formed a regular establishment after her own way.

All these proofs of sagacity and intelligence interested me very much, but did not in the least surprise me. I knew that the monkeys of the jocko and pongo species are in the habit of building huts; that, accustomed to unite in companies, or at least in families, they are no strangers to the use of fire, which they understand how to light, but do not know how to keep up; and I had seen so many instances of the powers of their instinct—of which Jocko

had already presented a remarkable one—that I was now prepared for all I saw.

The next day I purposely repaired to the forest earlier than usual. It was with some difficulty that I found the spot where the hut was built. Jocko was lying on her couch of moss; she started up at seeing me, and the usual silvery sound testified her joy. I had brought with me a saw, a hammer, some nails, a little box containing several small utensils, two cups, two glasses, a few plates, a coffee-pot, a steel to strike fire, and some tinder; desirous of putting the instinct of these animals to the test, of ascertaining how far they are susceptible of improvement, and of examining by my own experience the truth of the numerous facts I had found recorded in various books of travels and of natural history, the singularity of which had, I must confess, often excited many doubts in my mind. I gave all these treasures to my little friend, who seemed highly delighted; her eyes sparkling with joy as she looked at them and pawed them over. I took especial pleasure in adding each day to the furniture of Jocko's hut. I brought her a pitcher to carry water, two or three small tables, some folding chairs, and a little chest of drawers, which I conveyed to the forest piecemeal, not choosing to take any one into my confidence, and which I afterwards put together as well as I could.

After some trouble, she had learnt to prepare the table for a meal outside of the hut; to lay the cloth—that is to cover it with large banana leaves, to place two chairs opposite each other, one for herself, and the other for me; to adorn the table with flowers and fresh leaves, and to arrange on it, with some kind of symmetry, our wooden plates and dishes, and, on the latter, the fruits or the dry sweetmeats and little cakes which I brought from town. She was so very intelligent and so handy, that for cutting slices of bread, and making bread and butter, I would have matched her against any lady of Lisbon.

These simple but amusing scenes were every day repeated without ever tiring me, for I felt much interest in observing the progress of animal instinct. In the afternoon, as soon as my business was over, I invariably went to my little Jocko's hut, where I read or wrote as if I had been alone; and most frequently I found a little meal prepared for me when I arrived.

One afternoon, having fortunately gone out earlier than usual, I was surprised not to find Jocko waiting for me at the entrance of the forest; I bent my steps towards the hut, and, as I approached, I heard moans. I listened, but all was silent; I rushed into the hut, and there I saw the poor little animal stretched on her moss; her limbs were torn in several places, and thorns and small stones were sticking to various parts of her body, as if they had been forcibly driven into the flesh.

Fortunately, my poor Jocko was only slightly bruised about the head, and although all her limbs were frightfully mangled, there was no fracture in any of them.

She soon began gradually to recover, and at the end of a few days she was able to sit up on her bed; but she was still so weak, that having endeavoured to stand on her legs she fell down.

On one of the following days I took it into my head to bring a guitar with me, to observe the effect which music would produce upon her. At first she was frightened, particularly when, after having passed her fingers over the chords, she heard the sound produced by their vibration; she hastily withdrew her hand, and, with an air of curiosity and uneasiness at the same time, looked first behind the guitar, then inside, and lastly at me, with inquiring eyes.

I took the instrument from her hands, and sang with accompaniment a Venetian barcarole, and afterwards the beautiful music of Ralph, to these words:—

"Solitario bosco ombroso,
A te vien l'affitto cuore."

No! I cannot possibly describe the surprise, the delight of poor Jocko! All her faculties seemed suspended—she scarcely breathed. But of a sudden, waking as from a dream, she hastily rose, ran towards her chest of drawers, opened

the drawer to which she had a few days before endeavoured by signs to direct my attention, and brought me—O, ineffable surprise!—several shells of various colours, and amongst them about thirty of the largest diamonds I had ever seen, similar to those found at the foot or in the clefts and crags of Mount Oriza!

At the sight of these treasures the sordid feelings of the European prevailed over those of the man of nature; base avarice, unquenchable thirst of riches, in an instant fired my breast. I took Jocko in my arms, I pressed her against my heart with transport; I kissed the diamonds one after the other to shew her how much I was pleased with them, I imitated her own favourite gesture, extending my hand towards her, and shaking them as she used to do when wishing for more biscuits or cakes, and taking her by the arm, I advanced towards the door with eager step, pulling her after me.

She looked at me with surprise, but seeing that I again persisted in my intention, and observing my gesture, half entreaty and half commanding, which I repeated more than once, she hung down her head, shewed me her wounds with an air of dismay, and sat down upon the ground leaning her head upon the edge of her bed.

In less than a fortnight Jocko was quite well; and we resumed our evening meals, and our walks.

It will be easily imagined that I did not abandon the ambitious views suggested by my cupidity; I repeatedly shewed Jocko the diamonds she had brought me, I kissed them, I caressed them with my hand, I suspended them to my coat, and afterwards put them back into my pocket with particular demonstrations of care, hoping thus to make her understand the value I set upon them, and my covetous desires. And it seems that the little creature did understand me perfectly well, for she would immediately hang down her head and look disheartened.

One day, having arrived later than usual, I did not find Jocko in the hut, nor any thing prepared outside. In general the table was arranged, the chairs placed, and a fire lighted. I began to be rather uneasy, and went as far as the outskirts of the forest, looking right and left with some degree of anxiety. In about half an hour I saw her running towards me: she appeared breathless, exhausted with fatigue, and in a few minutes fell senseless at my feet. A bundle covered with banana-leaves, and containing something which seemed very heavy, hung on her right arm; I immediately endeavoured to take it from her, and the effort having brought her to her senses again, she herself tore off the leaves. O! how shall I express my feelings at that moment? my eyes swam in my head, I almost sunk to the ground, when, after having placed before me several shells of various colours, which the innocent creature seemed to prefer to all the rest, she gave me a quantity of diamonds at least triple the first. I raised Jocko from the ground; she was panting and half-choked either with fatigue or the rapidity of her steps. I could scarcely contain myself for joy; the present, the past, the future, all rushed to my mind at once, and as it were, overflowed my heart. Reader! do not judge of me by this description; could you but know the whole history of my life, you would, perhaps, be convinced that the sordid European feelings which I here displayed were foreign to my natural and usual disposition. But I forget that I am not writing my memoirs, but merely a simple anecdote, a single circumstance of my life, sufficiently important it is true, since it had the effect of changing entirely the whole course of my destiny.

One day, the 28th of December, 18—, propelled by a secret feeling of anxiety, I left home earlier than usual, and directed my steps towards the forest. I had taken a provision of those cakes and dry fruits which I knew my little Jocko loved best; and impatient to arrive, I was proceeding at a quick pace—suddenly I heard at some distance a noise unknown to me. I hastened my steps—oh terror! the path is marked with traces of blood—I rushed forward, and presently saw before me an enormous serpent, which I at first took to be of the boa species, but which I soon afterwards perceived to be one of those immense Java snakes, about eight or nine feet long, which are called yellow and blue, from their skin, variegated like a tiger's, and marked with squares

* Lonely and shaded grove,
Thou seeks the sorrowing heart.

Translator.

traversed by a streak of the most brilliant azure. The horrible reptile had seized the unfortunate Jocko, whose limbs were already frightfully torn in the struggle, and exhibited large wounds from which flowed torrents of blood.

I never went out alone without a double-barrelled pistol in my pocket. I took it—aimed at the head of the monster, and wounded him. He immediately left poor Jocko; and raising his neck and bending backwards, was going to spring upon me, when a second shot put him to flight, and he went and expired about a quarter of a mile from the spot where this scene took place.

Jocko lay senseless on the ground, not only from the loss of blood, but also from the terror occasioned by the noise of the report of the pistol, without mentioning the natural horror which the sight of a serpent inspires in a monkey. I took her up, carried her to the hut, and laid her on her bed.

I had advanced towards the door of the hut—a shriek from Jocko brought me back by her side. I gave her some calming draughts, to diminish, if possible, the horrible sufferings she endured. For a moment I thought she was saved: her convulsions ceased—she seemed to breathe with less difficulty—the fever left her as by magic—“Jocko! Jocko!” exclaimed I. She turned her pretty little head towards me—looked at me with an expression of gratitude and affection which I can never forget—made an effort to rise towards me—fell again upon her bed, and breathed her last.

Three days after this I sailed for Europe.

MOVING BOG IN THE COUNTY OF GALWAY.

On Tuesday, March 28, 1745, as James Carroll, of Killeeny, Esq., was superintending his men cutting turf in the bog of Addergoob, about a mile and a half from the town of Dunmore, in the county of Galway; about eleven o'clock, the day being very sultry, he observed a sudden gathering of the clouds, and had hardly time to warn his men of the approaching storm, when the most violent rain ever remembered, fell, accompanied with a dreadful noise, not so loud, but as tremendous as thunder, a little to the east of where they stood; though they ran instantly towards a neighbouring village, they were completely wet before they had gone half way. This shower continued little more than an hour, at the conclusion of which the turf-cutters saw the turf-ground they had left, containing about ten acres, floating, as it were after them, till it rested at last upon a piece of low pasture, of nearly thirty acres, by the river side, called Higgin's-park, where it spread and settled, covering the whole, to the astonishment of numbers, and the very great loss of Major Carroll; as it instantly became the wettest and most unprofitable piece of bog in that country. This moving bog also choked up the river, which consequently overflowed the back ground, and before evening, a lough of nearly fifty-five acres covered the adjacent fields. The lake increasing every hour, Major Carroll, in a few days, collected labourers, and began to make a large drain to carry the water by the shortest cut to the bed of the river, now dry; but perceiving the lake forcing itself into another line, he assisted its operations, and without much trouble, formed the present course of the river to its junction with the ancient channel, below the late formed bog. Before the passage was finished, and the lake let to run, it was supposed to have covered three hundred acres, but in seven or eight days it diminished to fifty or sixty acres. The river below the bog was nearly dry for more than a mile; and children destroyed all the fish, even in the deepest holes.

A descendant of Mac Carty More, King of Munster, had in his possession the crown, sceptre, and other regalia, appertaining to his ancient dignity and family. He had also a cup, said to be made from the cranium of an ancestor of Brian Boiromhe, whom the Mac Carty had slain in battle. It was highly polished, and had a lid of silver. Another descendant of the great Mac Carty More is now living in very humble circumstances, in the county of Cork, and he has in his possession the title-deeds of the vast estates of that family in that county.

THE HOME OF THE HEART.

“You do not know,” said a maiden bright,
Wherein is the place that I most delight;
I named it at once—in the banquet hall,
In the merry dance and the festival.
“Not there—oh! not there,” said the maiden fair,
“The home of my heart I have made not there.”

In some far off valley, wild and sweet,
Where channels of softest waters meet;
Where the trees shade out the summer beam,
And the willow droops in the gurgling stream;—
“Not there—oh! not there,” said the maiden fair,
“Sweet is the vale, but my heart is not there.”

“It is far away by the grass-green grave,
By the silent sod where the yew-trees wave,
Where no sounds of mirth through the peaceful shade,
Disturb the repose where the dead are laid;—
‘Tis there, oh! ‘tis there,” cried the maiden fair,
“The home of my heart for ever is there.”

SWISS WAR SONG.

See, from Jungfrau's pathless peaks,
Down the headlong avalanche breaks;
It hath a voice—to us it speaks
A message from on high!
Storm clouds hurrying from afar,
Thundering, toll the “arm of war;”
Swords are flashing—sweeps the car
Of death and destiny!

Heard ye nought beside the wall
Of the fierce and frantic gale;
Hark! ancestral voices hail
Ye ministers of fate!
Hark again! what sounds are pealing
Down the hushed vale? wrongs revealing
That arouse each manly feeling;
Vengeance, love, and hate!

Dash, dash the tyrant's cup away;
Burst his fetters—spurn his sway,
Who will tremble, who obey?
By all we hate—not I
By our nests upon the rock;
By their hands who tend our flock;
By the Switzers, branch and stock;
By all we love—not I!

By our country's mangled crest;
By those fangs that tore her breast;
By the bravest and the best
Who fought and fell at her behest;
By their first and their last rest;
By them—by all—AWAY!

POLAND

Shall fair freedom's oppressor now sink in repose,
And shall glory illumine her bitterest foes?
Shall the patriot sink under tyranny's chains,
And weep in the dungeon where slavery reigns?
Ah! no, it can't be, for Britannia's best pride
Is to conquer for freedom or fall by her side.

Poland's enslaved! sons of Albion arise!
Let the sweet cry of freedom be raised to the skies;
Let her banners victorious be waved on each height,
And summon each brave one to liberty's fight;
Let the autocrat know, that Britannia's best pride
Is to conquer for freedom or fall by her side.

BROOKLYN

DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 2, Cecilia Street; to whom communications are to be addressed.
Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.
In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Finsbury-square;
in Liverpool, by Willmer and Smith; in Manchester,
Birmingham, by Drake; in Nottingham, by Wright
R. Grant and Son; in Glasgow, by J. Niven, Junr.

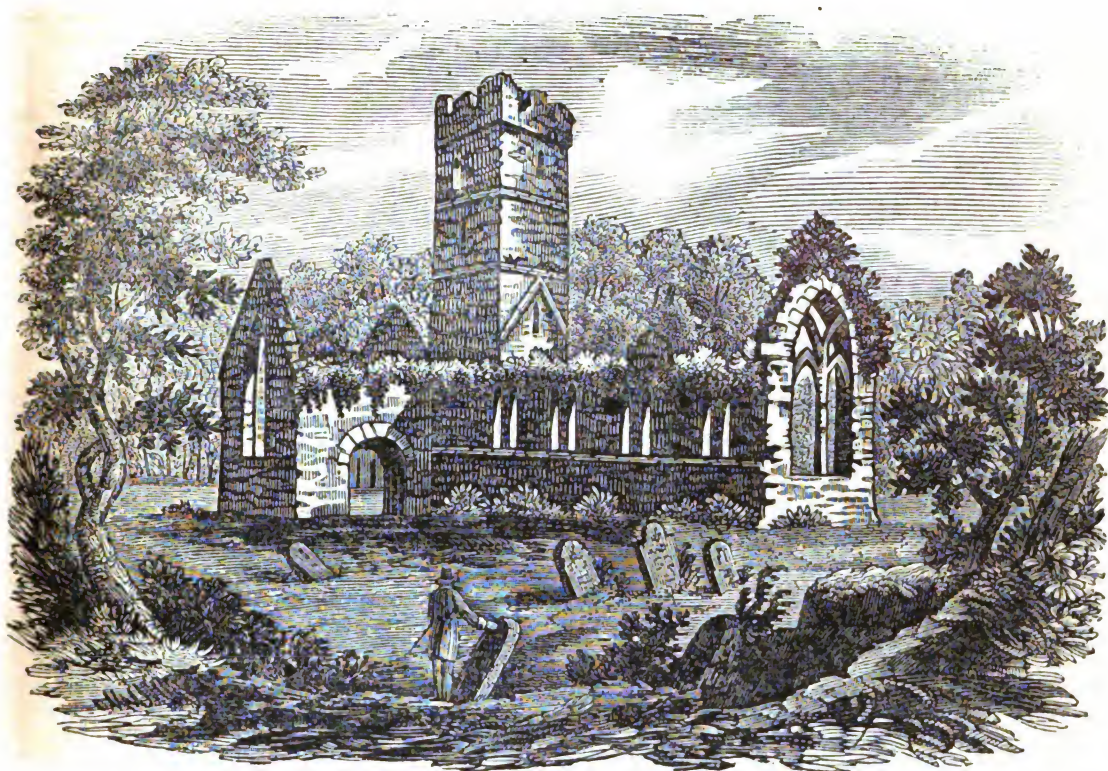
THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 80. Vol. II.

P. D. HARDY, 3, CECILIA STREET.

JANUARY 11. 1834



RUINS OF LOUGHREA ABBEY, COUNTY GALWAY.

Loughrea Abbey was founded about the year 1300, by Richard de Burgh, Earl of Ulster, for Carmelites or Whitefriars. At the period of the suppression of monastic institutions, it was granted to Richard, Earl of Clanrickard, and his heirs for ever. The style of the building is that in general fashion at the period to which we have referred as the date of its erection. The ruins are interesting:—

“Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart, once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empires might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre”—*Grey*.

BOTANY—THE WILD MOUNTAINS OF ROUNDSTONE, CUNNEMARA.

SIR.—The great variety of plants which I see neglected of those wild mountains of Roundstone, in Cunnemara, prompts me to trouble you with this letter, and among them are the Mediterranean heath (*Erica Mediterranea*) which was not known to be a native of Ireland, until lately discovered by Mr M——, of the College Botanic Garden, Dublin. The maiden hair fern, which is one of the most beautiful and rarest of our native plants, only was found on the island of Arran, in the Galway bay, until it was discovered here growing on the crevices and base of a rock which overhangs Bulard Lake. I have found here the white variety of the *Menziesia Palafolia* that was scerched for so often by botanists; and that on the side of a mountain, remote from any of its own species. It seems to be an old plant by its straggling appearance, the blossom is perfectly white, the calyx red, and the under side of the leaves of the plant are white, like the red variety.

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I believe there is no part of Ireland where such a variety of moss may be found as here, and in no other part of this island did I see such a variety of sea-weeds as are driven ashore in this neighbourhood; in fact, the flowers are left here heedlessly to decay without the knowledge of a botanist.

W. MAC——.

AMOR PATRIÆ.

The love of our country—an attachment to the land of our fathers—is a feeling which grows to maturity under all climates, and it is always in the manliest minds that it takes the deepest root. What but this feeling arms the true patriot in the defence of its freedom, and makes crowds troop round him, willing to share its fate and to die or conquer in its cause? Even the savage clings to his native soil, however barren, and disdains to barter his independence. There is no nobler answer on record than that which was given by a Canadian chief to some Europeans who would have bribed him to give up his patrimony. “We were born,” said he, “upon this spot; our fathers are buried here:—shall we then say to the bones of our fathers, rise up, and go with us to a strange land?”

In this respect there is something wrong as it regards Ireland. No people possess a greater love of country than they do, and yet how many thousands of them do we see annually expatriating themselves to foreign climes, to seek in distant lands that encouragement which they cannot expect at home. Irish landlords will, it is hoped, be awakened to their real interest; it depends upon them to make their native land happy, productive, and powerful.

THE BROTHERS.

"The broken soldier kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done."

GOLDSMITH.

During the winter of the year 18—, I was residing at the house of a farmer of the better class, in a remote country parish. The master was an intelligent man, who had evidently been reared in a higher sphere than that he now moved in; for at times traces of more cultivated manners would break through the rusticity that association with the lower orders gives; but these evidences of a higher caste were involuntary—they had grown with his growth, and were not exhibited from a vain wish of letting his hearers know he had seen better days; on the contrary, he never repined, but was most thankful to Providence, saying "that the independence flowing from honest industry was sweet indeed." He had a large family; the elder son was not at home during my sojourn; the two next were apprenticed; two girls, of nine and six, with a little curly headed rogue of three years old, were under the care of their mother—a quiet industrious woman.

When weary of reading and the solitude of my chamber, I frequently joined the family circle of my host, who usually assembled in their clean kitchen, around the ample hearth, upon which blazed a huge turf fire. On the most comfortable side was placed a large chair for the master, a smaller one for the mistress, and low stools for the children. The opposite side was sometimes occupied by the servants, but not often, as they were generally employed; but there was frequently some old follower or privileged person staying at the house, who smoked his pipe, or told his tale from that corner, or listened in wondering admiration to the anecdotes of the "strange gentleman, an' lowersha, it was a fine thing to hear him talkin', the Heavens may bless him, an' as easy to speak to him as iv he was the lik iv ourselves."

One night when the east wind was blowing keenly, and snow was rapidly clothing all objects in its lustrous mantle, we were gathered around the cheerful fire. In the midst of the joyous laughter and prattle of the little boy, we heard a loud shout from the direction of the public road, which was not far off. While we were debating what it could mean, another cry, as if for help, followed.

"Some accident has happened," said the farmer, turning to the servant man, "go, Tom, and see what it is; if there is any person in distress they are welcome to the shelter of my roof."

The servant went out, and in a very short time returned, accompanied by a man in the tattered and faded garb of a soldier; a green shade over his eyes, and the manner of his walking told us he was nearly blind. The servant said he had found him sinking down on the road side. The poor man was placed in a comfortable seat, and the kind hostess gave him some warm drink; after a little he was able to eat, and said he found himself much better, and he blessed the Almighty, and them, for his deliverance from death; adding, that if he had remained out much longer he could not have lived.

"I wonder," I remarked, "you ventured to travel on such a night, and your sight so bad as it appears."

"Indeed, Sir," he replied, "it is, I may say, gone, for I can't see much except in bright sunshine; but I was striving to make the best of my way to some place of shelter, being refused at many of the houses I passed, because, Sir, I had no money."

"May God forgive them that'd turn any creature out such a night as this," exclaimed the mistress.

"By your dress I'd suppose you belonged to the army," said the farmer.

"I did for a great many years," replied the stranger.

"It's not possible," resumed the farmer, "they discharge you without some allowance."

"I have a pension," said the other, "but when I found my sight failing, I left England to go to my native place; I'm a long time travelling from Dublin; I was ill on the way, and at a house where I lodged two nights ago, I was robbed of some clothes, and all the money I had. It is near two months to the next quarter; God only knows what I'm to do until then; but I deserve it all, and more,"

"If we were all treated according to our merits," interrupted the farmer, "we'd have another story to tell; but you must talk no more to-night, you want rest; to-morrow, please God, you'll be better able to tell us some of your adventures."

Tears of gratitude coursed each other down the poor soldier's care-worn cheeks, as the kind mistress led him to a comfortable bed.

Next day the soldier was much better. I had some conversation with, and found him possessed of intelligence more than his apparent rank in life promised. He was most thankful and grateful to his benevolent entertainers, and above all to the Great Being who implants those humane feelings in the human breast. The farmer was from home all day, but at night, when we were again collected around the social fire-side, the soldier asked his host's permission to give us a brief sketch of his story; it was readily granted, and he thus began:—

"My parents were in a very respectable line of life, but at my father's death, which happened when I was young, my mother was left with a very limited income to support and educate two sons, of whom I was the eldest. However, being a prudent woman, she got on better than was expected, and when able to fill it I was promised a situation by a friend of the family. My mother early inculcated the principles of religion on her children, so that if they afterwards erred, they could not plead ignorance, having been taught the difference between right and wrong. My brother's disposition and mine were very unlike; he was steady, while I was the contrary; and many were the warnings I received on this account from both mother and brother.

"Many times was I disappointed with regard to the promised situation, and much unhappiness did it cause me. I endeavoured to make myself suppose that my anxiety for employment was to relieve my mother of the burden of my support; but, in fact, it was my longing desire to enter the world, and revel in its highly coloured delights.

"At length I was appointed to the situation, and my destination was a village on the sea coast. Though greatly delighted, I could not avoid feeling deeply at parting those I loved, and the peaceful home of my youth; but my sorrow was greatly mitigated at the prospect of being able to add to their comforts, and perhaps soon seeing them.

"What the nature of my employment was, is now of no consequence; but I found it would be trifling, as there was another young man in the office. And my anticipations of seeing life were greatly disappointed, as the situation was even more retired than the one I had left; and I had no associate save my colleague in office. I never was fond of reading, therefore many of my leisure hours were spent in rambling along the sea-shore with a gun, sometimes alone, but more frequently accompanied by a son of the person with whom I lodged; a young man whose only acquirements were low dissipation and intrigue. I had often been warned on my love of inferior society—but in vain—the propensity still continued, and in the end I bitterly repented it. However, without resource within, I must have society, and clung to those young men, both of whom were my inferiors in every respect.

"It was early in summer when I arrived at this place, and during the fine weather, time passed very tolerably; but when a severe winter set in, the hours rolled heavily indeed. My colleague, Thompson, often proposed drinking; but reared in habits of strict temperance, I for some time resisted this temptation. Daly, the son of my host, was more successful; he introduced me to the dancing parties of the villagers, and many scenes of low dissipation. But I could not be thus engaged every night, and when obliged to remain at home, Thompson and I had recourse to cards; though the stakes we played for were small, and though I was tolerably successful, yet as time passed over I found my finances running low. I knew it was wrong thus to dissipate my salary, and deprive myself of the power to assist my parent, who, I was aware, stood much in need of it. Yet I had not resolution to fly the temptations continually thrown in my way.

"On parting my mother she said, 'my dear child, beware of running into temptation, or approaching the extreme bounds of innocence; if you do, you may be certain of falling. Seek continual assistance from on high to pre-

serve you.' But I was strong in self-sufficiency; I depended on my own powers, and sought not the only aid that could uphold me. Letters from home frequently arrived that disturbed me much: and from dram drinking, to keep off cold after a wetting, I insensibly began to drink more freely, as I foolishly imagined, to drive away care, that was increasing on me more and more every day, and all the effects of my own wicked conduct. I had an intrigue with a young female in the village, which was discovered by her family, and in an hour of drunkenness I was obliged to marry her.

"So passed the winter, and when spring came I had not a farthing to support myself and wife, nor any to expect for near three months. In this dilemma I applied to Thompson, whom I thought my friend, and with more reluctance than I asked, he lent me a small sum, which I repaid on receiving my salary.

"For some time previous, Thompson and Daly had been engaged in the smuggling trade, which was carried on extensively along the coast, and Daly frequently took trips with the captain of a smuggler that traded at the village. The evening of a quarter day Thompson came to my lodgings, and detailed some news that Daly, who had just returned from a cruise, told him.

"And do you know," he added, "I think the trade so good, I have sent out a larger venture than usual."

"Take care," I replied, "if a hint of this is given at — you may be ruined."

"Nonsense, man," he said, "who knows any thing of it, and even if they did, what matter. I'll warrant the great people do jobs in this way themselves."

"May be so, but that is no precedent for us," was my answer.

"Well let the last day be the worst, I won't let a good chance of more than doubling my money slip, and I'd advise you to do the same."

"I stared at him in astonishment; before I replied, he continued—

"Come, come, 'nothing venture nothing win,' you have others to support now, and should endeavour to better yourself; it's no sin to do what we can, every one for themselves in this world, and—"

"Stop, Thompson," I exclaimed, putting my hand on his mouth, "don't finish the saying; but as to my making a venture I have it not in my power; more than the salary I received to day I owe, and must pay."

"Did ever any one hear such folly," he cried, "it would be enough for a child to make such a speech; can't those you owe it to wait, it's well for them to get at it all, and you may never have such an opportunity of making money."

"But if I have paid my creditors already, I cannot get it back," said I.

"Paid it away," replied he. "you were in a confounded hurry; get it back, no, you'll never see it again;" adding, after a pause, "but it is still in your power to do something for yourself."

"In the name of wonder," I said, "how can I do any thing without money?"

"Do you forget the sum that lies in the office: you might borrow that, it will not be called for until you have it again."

"Are you mad, Thompson, do you really advise me to be guilty of such an act," I replied in astonishment.

"No wonderful act to borrow a sum of money that's not wanting for a short time; there's nothing mad in the idea I'm sure."

"I could not speak for some time; surprise, and thinking on Thompson's proposal, kept me silent. However, as ours seldom was a dry conference, materials for making punch were before us; I mechanically mixed some, and drank it off without well knowing what I did. The money was to a certainty within my reach, having been paid into the office a day or two before, and might not be immediately called for. Thompson continued to enlarge on the benefit of sending out a venture at this time with the greatest fluency, whilst I was silently drinking glass after glass, until I made myself incapable of judging rightly. But I need not enlarge further, you may conceive the result. Before we parted, a bargain was made with a man, whom Thompson had at hand, for certain commodities to be put

on board the smuggler, for which I paid him with the money entrusted to my care."

Here the soldier was interrupted by a deep groan from the farmer, and an audible ejaculation from his wife of—

"The Lord be about my poor boys, and keep them in the right way."

After a little the narrator resumed.

"Next morning I was terrified at what I had done; I went to have the bargain annulled, but it was too late, the goods were already on board. For some days I was like a person deranged, I knew not what I did, and I had no comfort from my confidant, who laughed at my silly fears, and said it was a pity one so chicken-hearted had the prospect of making so much money. It would be impossible for me to describe what I suffered during the voyage of the smuggler. I drank myself drunk every night, imagining it drove away care, but the morning brought back my tortures trebly augmented.

"After a long period of miserable uncertainty, Daly returned with the joyful intelligence of the smugglers being on the coast, having made a most successful voyage, but that the cargo could not be landed until the following night, as there was a revenue cutter on the look out. Thompson proposed that I should accompany Daly on board that night, as he feared to leave the place, lest he should be missed; and about the middle of the night we set out in a boat. The moon was shining brightly, and the sea quite calm, so we reached the vessel, which lay about five miles off, before day-light. I was delighted at the success of my venture, and flattered myself, after refunding the money, I should have sufficient to send out a much larger the next trip.

"On the following evening we began to make towards shore, when near the place of anchorage, and considering ourselves quite out of danger, to our great dismay the cutter was seen bearing down on us with all sail. The captain bore away along the coast, but the cutter being a superior sailer, soon came almost up with us. We had on board two pieces of cannon, which were frequently discharged without injury to our pursuer, as we endeavoured to get out to sea, but the cutter, aware of our design, kept on the outside, and when near enough, gave us a full broadside of musketry, which killed one of our men. This kind of running fight continued for some time, when our ammunition being nearly expended, the captain said we must either strike or destroy the vessel, not having sufficient hands to throw the cargo overboard; and as we were not far from shore it was resolved to blow up the ship, and endeavour to save ourselves by swimming.

"The resolution was scarcely announced, when in a transport of despair I threw myself into the sea. The destruction of my golden hopes was as nothing to the idea of losing my life. I felt I was not fit to die, and used all exertion to save myself. I was a good swimmer, and the tide beginning to flow, I hoped soon to reach land, which I found was much farther distant than I at first imagined. I felt myself getting weaker—I had a horrible dread of death—which I now deemed inevitable, and bitterly lamented forsaking the paths of virtue. My thoughts of home and loved relatives I cannot explain; they were beyond the power of language to express. The wind rose after I left the smuggler, and I had to combat against a rough sea. In the midst of my despairing reflections, while I felt myself sinking every moment, I was dashed by a huge wave with violence against, as I suppose, a rock, and heard or felt no more.

"When recollection returned, I found myself in bed in a small but neat room, the curtains half down, and the light of the window shaded. I felt as if awaking from a deep sleep, and the past events floated in my head like a dream. I endeavoured to sit up, but found I was too weak to do so; I lay for some time gazing around, when an old woman entered; I asked where I was, and what brought me there? she answered—

"Sir, avourneen, ye are in the house of a good couple, may the Lord reward them; an' d'ye want any thing, dear?"

"Not much wiser by the reply, I again asked how I came there, and at what time last night?"

"Last night!" repeated she, in surprise, "oh! wirra, Sir, dear, its more nor a fortnight since ye cum; the men goin

to fish foun' ye dead on the shore one mornin' an' brought the mather to see ye; he sed ye'd cum to, an' wid the help iv God, ye did; but ye are in a fever ever since, dear, the Lord be thanked ye cum t'yer mind—I'll tell the mistress."

"From the mistress, a respectable old lady, who soon visited me, I learned where, and in whose house I was, but she would not allow me to converse, gave me a composing draught, and left me to repose. The next day I was much stronger, and my host came to me; he was indeed a venerable picture of benevolence; taking my hand, he fervently praised God for having restored me to their prayers. He conversed with me in a manner so kindly affectionate, that I concealed nothing from him, and he promised to go where I had been stationed, and see what could be done.

"On his return he told me he had learned that the smuggler escaped during the darkness; that I was supposed to be dead; that Thompson had informed of my taking the money: and was put into my situation for his good conduct.

"The villain," I exclaimed, "he ruined me to advance himself, but he shall not long enjoy it, I will shoot him."

"Hush, hush," said my kind host, "these are the suggestions of the evil one—give not way to them."

"He continued to explain the sinfulness of my intentions, and that, at all events, I could not venture to appear in the neighbourhood, as if seen I should be prosecuted for robbery; he suggested that I should write to my friends, and begged I would remain at his house until I heard from them. I could not avoid seeing the reasonableness of his remarks, much as I disliked preaching, and agreed to do so. Nothing could exceed their kindness; I was soon restored to my usual health; but days and weeks wore away and I had no letter from home. I knew not what to do; I was weary of my residence, for though those good people relaxed not in their kindness, yet there was a strictness in their family—such a regular observance of religion, as suited not my taste, vitiated as it was by criminal indulgence.

"After two months, having had no answer to my repeated letters, I became so impatient of the restraints of my abode, that I one night left it clandestinely, and wandered I knew not, cared not whither. But in the darkness I took a wrong turn, and after walking all night, when day dawned, I found myself in the neighbourhood of my former residence. I should have immediately turned my steps another way, but there was some spell over me. I concealed myself among the rocks on the shore all day, intending to quit it at night; indeed I was greatly fatigued and soon fell into a sound sleep.

"It was dark when I emerged from my hiding place, to proceed to a village at some distance, where I was not personally known. I had not gone far on the shore when I saw two persons walking slowly before me, a man and woman, whose figures I thought familiar. I stole softly after them, and found I was not deceived—they were Thompson and my wife; a few words spoken by the latter in a loud tone gave me to understand the nature of their connection. Enraged to madness at the recollection of my wrongs, I grasped a stout stick, my only weapon, and crying, 'villain, the hour of retribution is come,' struck Thompson, while in the act of turning round, such a blow as laid him at my feet; and continued to beat him until actual fatigue obliged me to have done. His companion on hearing the voice, also turned round, and screaming loudly, fell on the strand without motion. I suppose she imagined it was my ghost who had overtaken them. Thompson lay quite still, and thinking I had added murder to my other crimes, I fled quickly, until I left the sea far behind, and found shelter at a late hour in a poor cabin. Early next morning I continued my flight, during which I encountered a party of recruits on their way to embark for foreign service. I hesitated not a moment in enlisting, and the following day left the shores of my native country.

"It would be useless to tell of all the scenes I was an actor in for a series of years; but I still continued my wicked courses, until I was several times brought to death's

door. It was while languishing in the ward of an hospital, that a good old man found, and spoke words of comfort, that I trust will never be erased from my bosom. He was a native of the place where I first began to sin, and informed me that Thompson was not killed by the beating I had given him; he suffered under it for a long time, and imagined it was inflicted by a spirit, for it was supposed that I was drowned; my wretched wife did not long survive the fright she had received, and Thompson lost his situation soon after, going no one knew whither.

"Such is my sad story, and if there are any young persons listening, oh! let them beware of straying from the paths of virtue. I am making my way to my native place, but am certain I shall be a solitary being there; my family are, I fear, gone, never having heard from them, though I wrote frequently."

The poor man ceased, and tears flowed from his almost sightless eyes. We were all affected, for there was a melancholy in the tone of his voice that touched the heart. The farmer drew the back of his hand across his eyes, and leaving his seat, went to the other side of the fire. He put his hand on the soldier's shoulder, saying in a low voice, nearly inarticulate from emotion, the single word, "Henry." The poor blind man started up, exclaiming—

"Good God! do my ears deceive me, who is it speaks?" and he shook like an aspen-leaf.

"My brother, my dear, my long mourned brother," said the farmer, and they clasped each other in a silent embrace. When at length their emotion a little subsided, the generous soldier disengaging himself from his brother's arms, dropped on his knees, and in the fervour of joy and gratitude uttered aloud his adoration of the Mighty Being who had thus unexpectedly restored him to happiness on earth.

W.

SIMPLE SCIENCE—TIN.

Tin was known, and in use, at a very early period; it is mentioned in the books of Moses, as also in the *Iliad* of Homer. The Romans had learned the method of tinning their culinary vessels with it, and used it to alloy copper in making those elastic plates which they employed in shooting darts from their warlike machines. Coins were also frequently alloyed with it, probably from the reason that it rendered copper more fluid, and enabled it more readily to assume all the impressions of the mould. It was also used by the ancients to imitate the silver currency. Tin has very little elasticity, and small specific gravity. It is not very ductile, but so exceedingly malleable as to be beaten into leaves thinner than paper. It is found principally in Cornwall, and so ancient were the Cornwall mines, that a writer who flourished forty years before Christ, mentions that they were worked in his time, and their produce being conveyed to Gaul, was by that means communicated to all parts of Italy. The miners of Cornwall were so celebrated for their knowledge of working metals, that about the middle of the seventeenth century, Becher, a physician of Spire, and tutor of Stahl, came over to this country on purpose to visit them, and it is reported of him that when he had seen them, he exclaimed, "he who was a teacher at home was glad to become a learner when he came there."

The purity of tin may be known by its weight, it being in the exact ratio of its levity; while gold, on the contrary, is fine in proportion to its density. About three thousand tons weight of tin are furnished annually by Cornwall, of which two-fifths are exported by the East India Company to India; and to induce them to take so large a quantity out of this market, they are allowed to have it at 70s. per cwt.

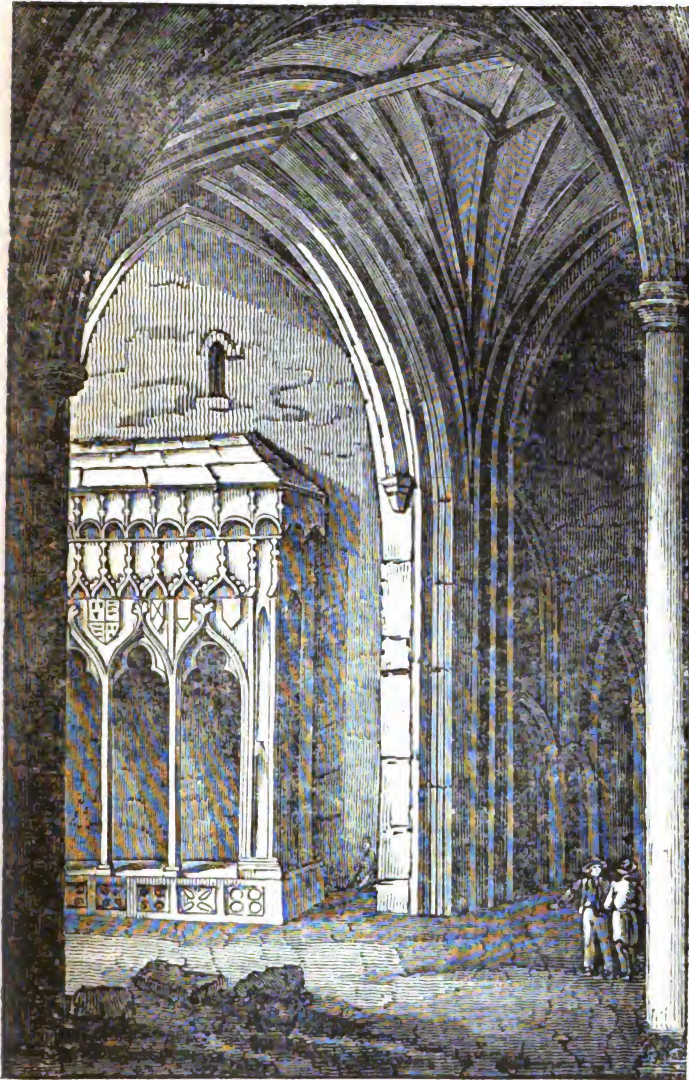
Tin is used in large quantities by the dyers; few arts have received such improvement from chemistry as the art of dying, for even cochineal gave but a dull kind of crimson till a chemist of the name of Kuster, who settled at Bow, near London, about the middle of the sixteenth century, discovered the use of the solution of tin, and the means of preparing with it and cochineal, a durable and beautiful scarlet.

Tin is employed to form bell metal, bronze, brass for cannon, and a variety of other compounds. The beautiful

article called *mosaic gold*, is a super-sulphuret of tin, and is used by artists to give a fine color to bronze. It is very probable that if the first notions of the alchemists did not arise from seeing the great change produced by this mixture of sulphur and tin, it at all events confirmed them in the vain belief that they might be able to find out some method of forming of different materials, (or at least by their plan of transmuting metals) a method of making gold. The consumption of tin for manufacturing what are improperly called sheets of tin, is very considerable. These plates are originally made of fine iron, and rubbed perfectly clean with sand, they are next passed under powerful rollers, which makes them quite smooth, and are afterwards steeped in a chemical liquor called sours. When they have gone through these preliminary operations, it.

they are immersed one by one in melted tin, which not only adheres to the surface, but in a great measure penetrates the whole plate. There are two kinds of tin known in commerce, viz.—*block tin* and *grain tin*. Block tin is procured from the common ore, and is usually cast in blocks of about three hundred and twenty pounds weight, after which it is taken to the proper offices to be assayed, where it receives the impression of a lion rampant—the arms of the Duke of Cornwall—which is necessary to make it legally saleable. *Grain tin* is found in small particles in what is called the *stream tin ore*. It appears to have been washed from its original bed in remote ages. This kind of tin owes its superiority not only to the excellency of its ore, but the care and attention paid to washing and refining it.

E. B.

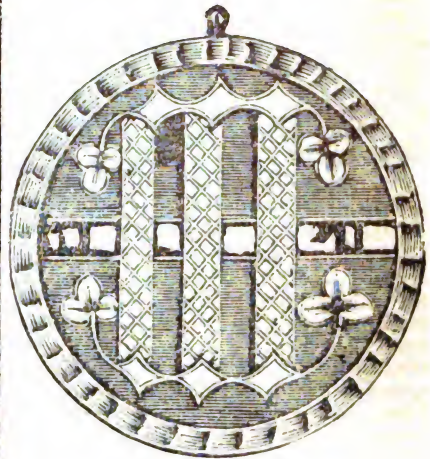


HOLYCROSS ABBEY.

The largest of the foregoing engravings represents a section of the abbey church of Holycross, situated on the river Suir, about two miles from Thurles, in the county of Tipperary. The architecture of the building was of the most beautiful Gothic then in use; consequently, as its erection was nearly coeval with the Anglo-Norman invasion, and the founder was evidently Irish, it affords another proof of the progress which Gothic architecture had made in Ireland, previous to the age of Henry II.

The groins and vaultings of that portion which is still roofed, have an air of elegance that nothing can exceed—so that the contrast they present, makes the beholder keenly regret the dilapidations to which it had once been subjected.

The monument is that usually supposed to have been erected to Donald More O'Brien, King of Limerick, who



ANCIENT MONASTIC RELICS.

founded the abbey of Holycross, and died in the year 1194. By a reference to the 42d 45th, and 47th numbers of our first volume, it will be seen, however, that the tomb was not erected by any of the O'Brien family, as is generally supposed, but at a more recent period than that assigned to it, either by a member of the Desmond or Ormond family—which of the two has not been decided; Sir W. Betham, King at Arms, contending for the latter—another intelligent antiquarian maintaining the former. Should any of our readers have in their possession any papers calculated to throw additional light upon the question, we shall have great pleasure in giving them insertion.

The two small engravings represent a bronze medal discovered along with a curious old cross, of brass, of high antiquity, while digging a grave near the abbey of Holycross,

in the county of Tipperary, in the year 1833, and is at present in the museum of Mr. James Underwood, of Sandymount. It is about three inches and a quarter in diameter, and appears to have been richly gilt, and inlaid with a composition in imitation of mosaic.

The letter M, which is represented on its surface, is beautifully wrought, and transversed with a cross, (in alto relievo,) and to which are attached four shamrocks, emblematic of the Trinity. This singular and interesting relic of antiquity is supposed to be upwards of five hundred years old, and was worn suspended from the neck, by an ecclesiastic, in the chapel dedicated to the Virgin.

C. J. W.

LEGEND OF ST. PATRICK'S WELL.

Str—Some months since I paid a visit to my friends in the county of Longford. One day, passing through the townland of F——, near Ballymahon, I chanced to enter a cabin in which resided an old man, a tenant on the land; one who, in his own phrase, might be termed "*one of the ould stock*"—indeed the only one of them then living. Having received a hearty welcome, I took the chair which his wife, after carefully dusting it with her *praseen*, politely offered me. The usual compliments of the season having been disposed of—the weather, the price of grain, the distresses of the farmer, the bad times, and the cheapness of pigs, of course successively engaged our attention. "Sure enough," said Ned, "they're sore times wid the farmer; oats down to six shillings the barrel—God help us, we can't ate so much as the pratie-skins, chape as they are."

"What do you mean by that, Ned?" said I, "don't you ate the potatoes, and are they not better than the skins?"

"It's the thruth for you, Ma'am, but sure we can't ate the pig that we feed wid the skins, though, sure, ther down to less than nothing."

Nearly opposite the door where I sat, stood a large and venerable ash-tree, the trunk of which is quite hollow, and always filled with water; at the root of this tree is a wide opening in the earth, the sides of which are completely lined with the interlaced roots of the tree; this opening is perfectly dry, but at about two yards distance to the left of it, is a small transparent well, with a shallow, pebbly stream flowing from it, and spreading over the lower part of the field into which it flows, thus rendering it soft and plashy. At the period of my visit to Ned, this tree was quite stripped of its leafy honours, but I have been told that the lower part of it sends forth fresh leaves every spring, though the upper part is entirely decayed. In the vicinity of the well is situated a small cemetery, in which stand some scattered fragments of mouldering walls, traditionally believed by the peasantry to have formed a part of a college, the very name of which, however, with that of its founder, has long since perished.

Having asked him could he give me any information relative to the tree or the well, which are usually ascribed to St. Patrick, he answered nearly as follows:—

"Well then, Ma'am, sence you axed me about that blessed well there beyant, and that ould three, I'll tell you all about it. It's one of the ouldst threes in the kingdom, and so holy that, two or three years ago, the branches iv it began to grow down, and what will you have iv it now, Ma'am? but ther beginnin' to turn up agin, just like my arm, that away; (explaining his meaning by stretching forth his arm, and then bending it upwards from the elbow,) and now I'll tell you how it kem to be there. Sure it was the blessed St. Patrick himself planted it, and why wouldn't it be called afther him. Before iver the saint come to Ireland at all, there was a great grove of threes just fornint you, where that one ould three is now, and inunldier that, they say there's a great big hole, as big as this house, and there was an ould woman called *Aghera Dioul*, (Devil's Mother) that used to hide herself in it all day, like a rabbit, and at night she'd come to the mouth iv it and light a candle, and there isn't one iver that 'id see the light of it but 'id drop down dead. Well, it happened that a quite, darent, ould woman and her seven sons lived in a cabin jist fornint the witch, (troth, they say 'twas in the very spot where the turf-clamp there without is,) howsomdever, Ma'am, the poor ould woman

lost her seven sons in seven nights, by the candle of the spiteful ould witch. The ouldst garsoon went out the first night, to turn the cows out iv the oats, and he spied the light, and down he dropt. The next night the second went out to put up the geese, and he never thought iv himself, but looked over toward the wood, and he seen the light, and fell down like a cock. Well, Ma'am, to make a long story short, out they all wint, one night after another, and as they did, they were all carried in dead corpses. Well, that was all well and good, 'till one night the poor, dissolate ould mother was sitting over the fire, after laying her seven fine boys in the churchyard there beyont. Sure she was crying bitterly, as well she might. Before she sot down she shut the door, and stopped every crevice for fear she'd see the light iv the witch's candle, when what should she hear but a rap at the door? Well, sure enough, she was frickened, and she axed 'who's there?' 'It's me,' says a man, 'let me in, honest woman, I'll do you no harm.' Well, as if somethin' told her, she opened the door, but still she was afeard to look out, and the man axed her what ailed her? so she up and she told him about the witch, and how she lost her seven sons. 'No matter for that,' as he, 'just put your feet upon mine, and you may look back over at the light, without any thing coming nixt or near you.' So she did, and the neir whit was on her, no more than there's on you this minit, (God Almighty bless us all.) Well, who was this, all the time, but the blessed St. Patrick himself; and so she brought him in and gev him lodging that night, and as much oaten bread and new milk as ever he could eat. So the next morning he got up airly, and went over to the grove iv trees, and dragged the ould one out iv her den, and dhriiv her an before him, and every fut as he went he was consecratin' the ground; so, you know, she couldn't come back on it; so he dhriiv her an every fut 'till he came to the brink iv the Shannon; he stoopd there, and med the sign iv the cross betune himself and herself, and gev a blast iv his breath, and away flew the ould beifer across the wather, into the island of Inchboshin, in the Shannon; and never stoopd nor staid till she was in the middle iv it; and she never had the power to leave it; and they say she was buried there. Well, whin the mia that was working about the place seen the ould one flying like a bird, some swore the saint was the devil, and more said it was St. Patrick, becaze they heard iv him afore. Well, howsomdever, when he had that job done, he turned about agin, and come straight back agin to the wood, and faith, in less than no time, every three in it was in a blaze of fire: well sorra a three ever he left in it good or bad, but he burnt to the ground, and then he gev his blessin' to the spot round the hole where the witch lived, and stuck the ash staff that he had in his hand, down in the middle iv it, so the nixt mornin' it was a great, big, ould three, as big as it is this minnit, and the well sprung out iv the print iv St. Patrick's fut, becaze the ground was soft, as it is still; and I'll lave it to any lady, Ma'am, if that place has not a right to be blessed. But, as I was sayin', Ma'am, he burnt the wood, and sure the half iv the country was there about him, and among the rest there was a fellow that the neighbours said had some call to the witch; anyhow, the people was afeard iv him. So he come up very bold, and staid beside St. Patrick, and when he seen him cuttin' the sign iv the cross on the ground, and puttin' down his staff in the blessed spot, he turned round, and stuck out his tongue at the blessed and holy saint. Well, sure if St. Patrick was another, he'd strike him dead on the spot, but he did no sich thing, de ye see, Ma'am, he only put his curse upon him, and said his carkiss should never get christian berrin. Well, in course iv time, happened that a great earthquake come, and the ground opened and swallowed up his body, and his head was seen every night roulung about St. Patrick's well for a hundred years afther, 'till at last the saints come and built that college yondher, and the fellow's scull went over and itself into a hole in the wall, and it is there from that day to this."

"And do you know any thing respecting that lege, Ned?" asked I.

"Not much, in troth, Ma'am," replied he, "it was the saints that built it; and its in the dea the night they uset to work at it, and wheresome

go in the day time, not a glimpse of them was to be seen at all at all; but when they had it built, they went and lived in it, and said mass in it every Sunday and holyday, and when they died they were buried in the little church-yard at the back iv it, and by reason of that, Ma'am, its the blessedest place in the three counties."

The recital of the legend afforded me considerable amusement, and, Mr. Editor, if you think it likely to gratify your readers, it is at your service.

W. C. L.

WHALE CATCHING.

Sir—The following curious incident is taken from Captain Hall's "Fragment of Voyages," first series, vol. 1, pages 122 to 129. It has occurred to me that it might not be deemed unworthy a place in the Penny Journal, especially as, in all probability, but few of your readers have had an opportunity of seeing it in the original work. In case it meets your approval, its early insertion will oblige,

Sir, yours, E. B. C.

"One of our party of mids (midshipmen), who has since turned out a valuable and enterprising officer, took it in his head to make a trip in one of the whale-boats of the Bermuda fishery. Having ascertained the time of starting, he obtained leave to go on shore, and completely succeeded in his object by being present at the capture of a whale. The monster, however, led them a considerable dance off to sea, and it was long after the time appointed for his return, when the youth made his appearance, delightfully perfumed with blubber, and with a glorious tale to tell of his day's adventure. This was voted by acclamation to be something like an expedition; and the youngster of course, gained great credit for his spirit. I was one of another party, who, I suppose, being a little jealous of our companion's laurels, took the earliest opportunity of trying to signalize ourselves in a similar way. A monstrous whale was seen one morning playing about the Leander, in Murray's anchorage, (at Bermuda) and of course, far within the belt of reefs already described as fringing the roadstead on its eastern and northern sides. How this great fellow had got into such a scrape, we could not conjecture. Possibly, in placing himself alongside of the rugged coral ledges, to scrub off the incrustations of shell-fish which torment these monsters of the deep, he had gradually advanced too far; or, more probably, he may have set out in pursuit of some small fry, and before he was aware of it, have threaded his way amongst this labyrinth of rocks, till escape was impossible. At all events, he now found himself in comparatively deep water, from eight to ten fathoms, without any visible means of retreat from his coral trap. All hands crowded into the rigging to see the whale floundering about; till at length some one proposed—rashly enough certainly—to pay him a visit in one of the ship's boats, with no better implements, offensive or defensive, than the ordinary boat-hooks. These are light poles, with a spike, not unlike a shepherd's crook, at the end of them, and not bad things for fishing up a turtle, when caught napping, but slender reeds in all conscience, against a fish, forty or fifty feet long!

Away we went, however, in our wild goose, whale chase, without any precise idea as to what we were to do if we should come up with the game. When we got near the Leviathan, his aspect became more and more formidable; and it was necessary to think of some regular mode of attack, if any were to be made; as to defence, it was easily imagined that was out of the question, for a whisk of his tail would have sent the cutter and her crew, boat-hooks, and all, spinning over the fore yard-arm of the flag-ship. All eyes were now upon the whale, and after a pause it was agreed unanimously, that we should run right on board of him, and take our chance. So we moved forward, but the whale, whose back was then just above the water, like a ship, keel upwards, perceived our not approving of our looks, or possibly not seeing us, rolled down clean out of sight, leaving only a monstrous pool of oily-looking water, in the vortex of which we continued whirling round for some time, like great ninnies

as we were, and gaping about us. At this time we were not above half a ship's length from the Leander, so that our disappointment caused considerable amusement on board, and the people came laughing down from the rigging where they had been perched, to see the grand fight between the whale and the young gentlemen!

As we were lying on our oars, and somewhat puzzled what to do next, we beheld one of the most extraordinary sights in the world—at least I do not remember to have seen many things which have surprised me so much, or made a deeper impression on my memory. Our friend, the whale, probably finding the water disagreeably shallow, for as I have said, it was not above fifty or sixty feet deep, or perhaps provoked at not being able to disentangle himself from the sharp coral reefs, or for some other reason of pleasure or of pain, suddenly made a spring out of the water. So complete was this enormous leap, that for an instant we saw him fairly up in the air, in a horizontal position, at a distance from the water not much short, I should think, of half his own breadth! His back, therefore, must have been at least twenty feet, in perpendicular height, over our heads. While in his progress upwards, there was in his spring some touch of the vivacity with which a trout or a salmon shoots out of the water, but he fell back again on the sea, like a huge log thrown on its broadside, and with such a thundering crash, as made all hands stare in astonishment, and the boldest held his breath for a time. Total demolition, indeed, must have been the inevitable fate of our party, had the whale taken his leap one minute sooner, for he would then have fallen plump on the boat. The waves caused by the explosion spread over half the anchorage; nor if the Leander herself had blown up, could the effects have extended much further. As we rolled about in the cutter from side to side, we had time to balance the expediency of further proceedings against the tolerable chance of being smashed to atoms under the whale's belly at his next leap.

All idea of capturing him was now, of course, given up; if, indeed, any such frantic notion could have seriously entered our heads. But our curiosity was vehemently roused to witness such another feat, and after lying on our oars for some time, we once more detected the whale's back at a little distance from us.

"Let us poke him up again," cried one of the party. 'Agreed, agreed!' roared out the others, and away we dashed, in hopes of producing a repetition of this singular exploit. The whale, however, did not choose to exhibit any more, though we were often near him. At last he fairly bolted, and took the direction of the north rock, hoping to make his escape by the narrow passage known only to the most experienced pilots of these intricate regions."

IRISH BRAVERY AND HONOR.

On the surprise of Cremona, by Prince Eugene, in 1709, when Villeroy, the French general, most of the officers, military chests, &c., were taken, and the German horse and foot were already in possession of all the town, excepting one place only, called the Po-gate, which was guarded by two Irish regiments, commanded by O'Mahony, and Bourke; before the prince commenced the attack there, he sent to expostulate with them, and shew them the rashness of sacrificing their lives where they could have no probability of relief, and to assure them, if they would enter into the imperial service, they should be directly and honorably promoted; the first part of this proposal they heard with impatience, the second with disdain. "Tell the prince," said they, "that we have hitherto preserved the honor of our country, and that we hope this day to convince him, that we are worthy of his esteem; while one of us exists, the German eagle shall not be displayed upon these walls. This is our deliberate resolution, and we will not admit of further capitulation." The attack was commenced by a large body of foot, supported by five thousand carabineers, and after a bloody conflict of two hours, the Germans retreated; the Irish pursued their advantage, and attacked them in the streets; before evening the enemy were expelled the town, and the general and the military chests recovered.

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.

During the time of the cessation of arms, in the year 1777, while the articles of capitulation were preparing at Saratoga, the soldiers of the British and American armies often discoursed with each other from the opposite banks of Hudson's river, (which at Saratoga is about thirty yards wide, and not very deep.) A soldier in a British regiment, named Maguire, came down to the banks of the river with a number of his companions, who engaged in conversation with a party of Americans on the opposite shore. In a short time something was observed very forcibly to strike the mind of Maguire. He suddenly darted from his companions, and plunged into the stream. At the very same moment, one of the American soldiers, seized by a similar impulse, resolutely dashed into the water, from the opposite shore. The wondering soldiers on both sides, beheld them eagerly swim towards the middle of the river, where they met. They hung on each others necks, and wept; and the loud cries of "my dear brother! my dear brother!!" which accompanied the transaction, soon cleared up the mystery to the astonished spectators. They were brothers—the first had emigrated from Ireland, and the other had entered the army; one was in the British, and the other in the American service, totally ignorant until that hour, that they were engaged in hostile combat against each other's life.

THE CRIMINAL—A POEM.

He sitteth at the window of his cell,
That bloodstained criminal, and his dark eye,
Where joy and happiness were wont to dwell,
Is full of deep despairing agony;
A long, a bursting, and remorseful sigh,
Proceedeth from his heart, and to his brow
His hands are pressed, as tho' it were to try
And crush the thoughts that sweep upon him now!

The thick dark bars almost exclude the day;
Yet thro' them gleams one ray of quiv'ring light,
Which, as tho' in mute mockery, doth play
Around his form and makes that dungeon bright;
The guilty one is fetter'd, and the might
Of his young limbs is strongly bound with chains;
But they do not confine the spirit's flight—
No link its dreamy fantasies restrains.

And what now are his thoughts? His childhood's hour;
His infant prattlings, and his sire's caress;
But why doth his pale brow so sudden lour
And darkly frown with phrenzied bitterness?
He sees in thought his mother's mute distress
When first he left his happy home: her eye
With all a mother's doating tenderness
Is fixed on his, full, agonized and dry.

His little sister too doth weeping stand,
And looketh wistfully into his face;
And his poor spaniel strives to lick his hand
As he returneth from his bounding race.
Those early scenes in after life we trace,
And keen and bitter are the pangs they bring;
But what were his—the branded with disgrace—
Whose conscience goaded with undying sting?

Altho' he wept not, his dark tearless eye
Had madd'ning grief in its half phrenzied stare;
(That grief that hath no tears is agony—
The very soul in silence it doth sear.)
And to his fevered brow the cooling air
Came murmuring through the prison bars, and played
With the damp matted tresses of his hair,
And fanned his cheek so wan and so decayed!

There is beside him an old feeble man,
With deeply furrowed brow and silvery hair,
He speaks of mercy—of the glorious plan
Which saves the sorrowing sinner from despair;
Now from his lips a pious fervent prayer
Is breathed forth for that dark man of crime,
Who heartstruck, gazeth on him as it were
On some soft spirit from a purer clime.

Oh! there are feelings in the human heart
That may for years lie hushed in deep repose,
Then in a moment from their slumber start,
Roused by the bitterness of human woes;
And dreadful are their agonizing throes:
The pangs of our whole life, in one wild sweep,
Rush o'er the soul—the blood half stagnant flows,
How blest are they who at such time can weep!

"Father," he said, while o'er his features came
A slight convulsive spasm, as he tried
To struggle with the consciousness of shame,
And fain his deeds from all the world would hide.
His voice was choking too as tho' he tried
To force himself to speak; and one faint tinge
Of crimson flushed his cheek, while tears did glide
In silence from beneath his eyes' dark fringe.

"Father! I had one sister—a sweet child;—
I loved her: she was all in all to me;—
So pure—so young—so beautiful—so mild—
So full of joy and youth's vivacity!
We were, when young, left orphans; and as she
Had no fond mother to watch o'er her youth,
My pride, my only pride, was aye to be
Instructing her in innocence and truth.

She grew up in her beauty, like a flower,
And loved me with an intense tenderness;
And were we parted but one little hour,
When I'd return I'd find her in distress;
Then to my heart her yielding form I'd press,
And kiss the tear-drops from her radiant eyes;
And they would laugh in their own happiness,
And brighten with her young heart's extacies!

Too soon, alas! the fell destroyer came
To wither up this flower with the blight
Of trust betrayed. He left her unto shame.
Her beauty faded—and her eye, so bright,
Grew glazed and lustreless. With aching sight
I saw her day by day grow worse. *She died.*
Then what was life to me? One endless night!
A dark, a stagnant, changeless, hopeless tide!

I lived but for revenge! I murdered him;—
I dashed him to the earth with giant force:
I gloated on each tortured stiffening limb:
Within my veins the blood did boiling course;
But in one moment, at its very source,
It grew congealed, and cold, cold, cold, and still:
I gazed upon the silent reeking corpse
And felt the pangs of him that blood doth spill!

I quaffed the maddening wine-cup—but it seemed
As tho' it were his blood! I tried to sleep—
But when I did—oh! God on high!—I dreamed,
I always dreamed of him. I could not weep;
My tears were dry; my anguish was too deep
For tears. I tried in God to disbelieve;
But nought, nought, nought stern thought from me could
keep;
Nought could my bursting anguish'd heart relieve!"

He spoke no more—the life blood quivering ran
Back to his heart, which burst, and on the floor
He sank a lifeless corpse. The good old man
Strove to restore him—but all pain was o'er.
His manly features were convulsed—they bore
The trace of recent anguish; his dark eye
Was sternly fixed and rayless; never more
Could he feel earthly pain or agony!

OSCAR

DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 3, Cecilia Street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.

Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Panyer-alley, Paternoster-row; in Liverpool, by Willmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Ambury; in Birmingham, by Drake; in Nottingham, by Wright; in Edinburgh, by R. Grant and Son; in Glasgow, by J. Niven, Jun.

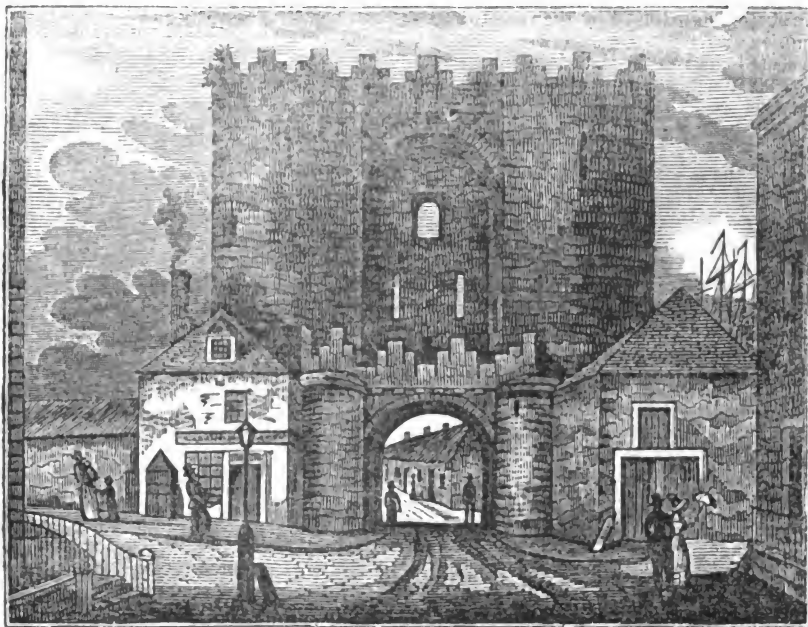
THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 81. Vol. II.

P. D. HARDY, 3, CECILIA STREET.

JANUARY 18. 1834.



ST. LAWRENCE'S GATE, DROGHEDA.

The town of Drogheda was formerly enclosed by high and massive walls, several portions of the ruins of which are to be seen in various directions. St. Lawrence's Gate is in excellent preservation, and a good specimen of the ancient buildings. The town is remarkable for having been several times besieged from 1641 to 1689; and for having been taken by Oliver Cromwell, who, after an obstinate resistance, and having been twice repulsed, reduced the walls to their present condition, and put the governor, Sir A. Aston, and all the inhabitants to the sword. In 1649 the utmost pains had been taken to strengthen and furnish the place for a vigorous and protracted defence; but Cromwell, actuated by the fierce and steady determination which characterized him, and sensible of the advantage of promptitude and decision, was not to be impeded by any ordinary obstacle. Disdaining the regular approaches and forms of a siege, he thundered furiously for two days against the walls with his great guns, and having effected a breach, issued orders for a general assault. The desperate valour of the assailants was encountered by the desperate valour of the garrison, so that with appalling havoc on both sides the troops of Cromwell were twice repulsed. But, determined on conquest, he led them in person a third time to the breach, and with an intrepid, steady, and impetuous charge, bearing down all opposition, gained possession of the ground.

In 1689, and the following year, this town was garrisoned by James II. but was given up to King William, without a struggle, after his victory on the adjacent banks of the Boyne.

The circumstances attending the surrender of this place on this occasion, are thus succinctly, yet satisfactorily stated by Mr. Harris. The day after the victory at the Boyne, the King sent Brigadier *la Molloniere*, with a thousand horse, a party of foot, and eight pieces of cannon, to summon Drogheda, where the Irish had a great magazine, and a garrison of thirteen hundred men, commanded by Lord Iveragh. The governor at first seemed resolute to defend

the place, and received the summons with great contempt; but the King sending word, "that if he was forced to bring the cannon before the place, he must expect no quarter;" his lordship, considering that King James's army being defeated he could expect no relief, accepted of the offered conditions, and marched out with only the garrison and baggage, leaving all their arms and stores. Colonel Cut's regiment took possession of the place, which they found well stored with wine and provisions, and took care to preserve the town from violence."—*Life of William III.* by Harris, vol. 3. pp. 98-9.

The corporation of Drogheda attained considerable military distinction in the reign of Edward IV. In an engagement which took place at Malpas bridge, the mayor of Drogheda, at the head of five hundred archers, and two hundred men armed with pole-axes, assisted in the defeat of O'Reilly and his confederates, who had committed great ravages in the county of Louth. In commemoration of this signal piece of service, King Edward gave the town of Drogheda a sword, to be carried before the mayor, and the sum of twenty pounds a year for its maintenance.

The town of Drogheda is situated on the river Boyne, by means of which vessels of one hundred and fifty tons burthen are floated up to the bridge, which crosses at the end of one of the principal streets. The extension and improvements of Drogheda have been rapid within the last few years: the principal street, as well as the new houses on the quay are substantial and handsome. It contains about eighteen thousand inhabitants, many of whom are of considerable respectability. A very extensive trade, particularly in the export of corn and provisions, and in the import of many articles of commerce for the interior of the country, is carried on. The lower orders, especially those who reside in the vicinity of the town, still retain much of the appearance and manners of the ancient Irish—many of them continuing to make use of the Irish language.

The priory situated near St. Lawrence's gate, is said to

have been founded by the mayor and citizens of the town, to whom it was granted on the dissolution of religious houses through Ireland.

THE COCK-FIGHT.

The course of our story leads us to the bank of a considerable river, on a lovely evening towards the latter end of April; some of the earlier trees in a wood on the opposite shore, were already clothed in soft green, and among their boughs innumerable tenants of the air were pouring forth their vesper song; not a breeze rippled the calm surface of the stream, now tinged by the roseate hues of the declining sun.

Two girls were seated close to the river in earnest conversation, their cans filled with the pure element, ready to put on their heads.

"Ye wor'nt at the chapel a Sunday, Kitty," said one.

"No," replied Kitty, "my mother was'nt well."

"I wish ye wor in id, nera one but the sight 'most left my eyes fwhen I seen Nancy Brady."

"Ah fwhy so, Peggy?"

"Orah, Kitty, dear, she was so drest; sorra the leks iver ye seen; a fine new Lighorn-bonnet, wid a power iv yalla ribbins, an a black veil."

"Is it a veil?" interrupted Kitty.

"Aye indeed, a veil, aghra, sorra a many was on her grannys," continued Peggy; "but stay tal ye hear all! A silk coat, my dear, an' a red scarlet shawl near down to her heels; new glous (gloves), an' to be shure, a handkercher in her fist."

"An' a silk coat, too," repeated Kitty, "fwhat colour was it?"

"Lik a dull green," said Peggy. "I doubt it's a cast off she bought from a dealer—it had'nt the skin iv a new one. O-h, iv ye seen her Kitty, sorra one iv her knew iv she was on her head, or her feet, so grand as she was."

"I'm thinkin' Peggy dear, 'ye minded Nancy Brady more nor yer prayers."

"How could I help it, Kitty, was'nt she the shew iv the whole chapel? an' all the boys afther her lik any thin, an Frank Davis up to her hip lik a pocket."

"Frank Davis!" exclaimed Kitty.

"Aye indeed," said Peggy, "an' fwhy would'nt he as well as another, an' faix a handsome boy he is, sorra the lek of him was in the chapel, an' Nancy Brady's very well too, only she put a power iv paint on her face—it was the moral iv the fire."

She might have run on much longer uninterrupted by Kitty, who was immersed in thought. After a silence of some minutes Peggy resumed.

"Ah, then, I b'lieve, Kitty, its fwhat ye're thinkin' iv Frank Davis yersel; I hard it afore, an' yer mother tellin' that she'd never give in to it."

"She didn't say so," replied Kitty.

"Nora word iv lie in it, mysel' was stanin' by."

"Fwhat can any one say agin him, Peggy?"

"The boy's well enough, Kitty, lowersha, it'd be hard to meet his match, only they say he's too much afther the sport, an' that his masher faults him for it."

"That's some iv Nora's lies, Peggy, becase he would'nt marry her daughter."

"Faix, may be so; mysel' docsn't know, only as the people ses."

Just then a loud voice was heard from the hill behind them, calling out—

"Horo, Peggy, will ye stay there all night?"

"There's my mother," said the girl, "will ye cum Kitty?"

But Kitty was not in a hurry, and the other putting her can on her head set off. Kitty was disturbed by the gossip of her companion; she had been long attached to Frank Davis, and the flame was mutual. Her mother, who was a widow, did not like the young man: she said he was a gambler, and said truly, that gamblers seldom make good husbands. However, though Kitty heard Frank's love of pleasure very generally commented on, she did not entirely credit it. The boy, she thought, is fond of sport, and why not? sure all boys are so; and she liked a boy to have some spunk (spirit); they always made better husbands than one of your dead-wigs.

It must here be remarked, that the epithet, boy, is common to young men, and indeed men who are not young.

But that Frank Davis should be paying attention to any other, Kitty did not approve. She conceived herself, and very justly, superior to Nancy Brady in personal charms; to be sure she had not a silk coat, nor a Lighorn bonnet with yalla ribbins, an' a black veil, and she would tell him her mind when they met.

Immediately on Peggy's departure, a little boat was pushed from amongst the reeds of the opposite shore, and a man stepping on board, polled it noiselessly across the river, a short way in the rear of where Kitty was sitting; having drawn it ashore, he stole lightly up, and putting his hands on her eyes, cried—

"A penny for yer thoughts."

She quickly disengaged herself, and said gravely—

"I want none iv yer freedom," Frank Davis.

"Don't make so free, tal ye're better acquainted," replied the young man, laughing and seating himself close by her, adding, "be the laws, Kitty, ye done it to the life, as cowl lookin' as the snow;" and he took her hand, which she snatched from him.

"Faix, maybe its in arnest ye are," he resumed.

"It's just in arnest I am," she said.

"Hoob, fwhat cum over ye the night?"

"Nothin' at all, thank God, but I might ax fwhat cum over ye this whole week?"

"It's not always I can get out, the masher watches very close—ye know, Kitty, I'd cum iv I could."

"Times was ye would, but times is greatly althered."

"Not wid me, Kitty, I'm always the ould six-and-eight-pence."

"Only fwhen ye meet fine drest girls at the chapel."

"Well, well," interrupted Davis "some gabby person was tellin' ye that I was talkin' to Nancy Brady las Sunday; och, fwhat news they had."

"An' if ye leked, fwhy not; she's a purty girl, a decent father an' mother's child, an' has grand clothes," said Kitty, endeavouring to speak calmly, though she was greatly agitated, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Iv I leked," repeated Frank, "an' d'ye think, Kitty, bad as I am, I'd ever fancy sich a painted thing?"

"Shure has'ut she a fine Lighorn bonnet, an' a veil?" said Kitty.

"To bottamy wid her bonnet an' veil to boot," cried Frank, "fwhat do I care for her; ye should'nt be listinin' to lies."

"It's no lie that ye wor wid her afther mass a Sunday," said Kitty, "an' iv ye think, Frank"—she hesitated and he said—

"Iv I think fwhat, Kitty; I was walkin' a piece wid Nancy Brady a Sunday, but it was to make game iv her, she was so prond. I tould ye often, an' now agin, there isn't a girl in the world wide I care for but yersel;" and he added with emotion, "though they say this an' that iv us, I would nt tell ye a lie for the boat full iv gold."

There is an old saying, that the falling out of lovers more strongly rivets the chain; and so it happened on the present occasion. Before they parted it was arranged that on the ensuing Monday, being the first after Easter, they were to be married; she was to meet him in the evening, and then proceed to the priest's house.

"An' now, Frank dear," said Kitty, "I have one thing to ax ye."

"Ax me any thing in the world, an' I'll do it," replied he.

"Its only," and she hesitated a moment, "its only, Frank, that ye won't cock-fight any more."

"Here's my hand an' word for ye, Kitty, that from this day out, I'll shun cock-fights, an' not go agin ye in any thing."

Frank Davis polled his little boat over the river with a light heart that night, for the dearest wish of that heart was about to be realised; he was fondly attached to the pretty Kitty Moore, and longed to call her his own. He was very young, and had made no provision for house-keeping; in fact, had no money save what would be expended on the marriage; but what of that, thought he, I am strong and willing to work, and God never sends mouths into the world, but he sends them bread to eat.

It is better to marry than do worse." With these fallacious arguments, to frequently brought forward by our young countrymen and women, Frank Davis put to silence a few qualms of conscience.

The next day was the last of the week, and after Mr. Arden's labourers had been dismissed, and that gentleman was returning to his house, Davis followed him in silence.

"Do you want any thing, Frank?" said Mr. Arden.

"To speak a word, iv ye please, Sir."

"Well, what have you to say?"

"I was wantin' a little money the night, iv its convenient t'yer honor."

"Money, Frank, to be spent in gaming, if so, I shall not give any."

"Shure, Sir, I'm no gambler, I wondher who told ye lies iv me."

"I want no one to tell me, Frank, you cannot be ignorant that your work is neglected, or performed in a slovenly manner, and how is your time spent? at cock-fights, ball-alleys, and such like places."

"An' beggin' yer pardon, Sir, shure that's no gamblin'."

"Then pray inform me what you term gambling?"

"Playin' wid the cards, pitch-an'-toss, an' the lek, Sir; I never cared for them, sorra card in the deck I know be-yant another."

"I trust you may long be so, Frank," said Mr. Arden. He then endeavoured to explain the nature of gaming, and warn the young man against it.

"Well, well, see that now," replied Frank, "I'm thankful to ye, Sir, an never will tolly the likes agin."

"Take care, Frank, do not be too confident in your own strength; and now let me tell you, that if you do not give up all such practises we must part. I shall give you the money, and hope it may not be squandered in gambling."

"Wid the help iv God, it won't, Sir."

"Seek that help, Frank, and you may be certain of doing well."

Though passionately fond of the cruel (certainly mis-called royal) pastime of cock fighting, and having two birds training for the usual battle on Easter Monday, yet Frank Davis resolved from that time to give it up. His master did not approve of it, and he did not wish to part so good a master; and Kitty Moore, the prettiest girl in the parish, so dearly loved, and so soon to be his wife, wished him to give it up—and he could not deny her any request. He would part his cocks on the following day, and never go to a cock-pit again.

Kitty Moore was early stirring the next morning, not that she had many preparations to make against her marriage. Her wardrobe was not extensive, therefore she had not many choices; but she was restless, and so nervous that every sound startled her. She was about to take an important step without her mother's permission; to unite herself to a person to whom indeed she was warmly attached, but who she feared was greatly addicted to pleasure. But marriage will settle him, she thought, having heard old women frequently say it was the only thing to tame a wild young man.

We have heard dowagers in a more elevated rank of life aver, that reformed rakes make the best husbands; but we think it rather a hazardous experiment for a young female to unite herself to a dissipated man, with the hope of reforming him; in a hundred instances to one it fails. But Kitty Moore was young, and moreover deeply in love, therefore did not pause much to ballance consequences.

"It's a fine day," said her mother, "Kitty, fwhy but ye go to the chapel; an' shure ye might go to the cock-fights, or the dance ather."

But Kitty did not wish to go out until evening. In the course of the day she sought her friend Peggy, and informed her what was to take place in the evening.

"Didnt I know well," Peggy exclaimed, "ye wor fond iv Frank Davis, an' God knows, a dacent clane boy he is, but Kitty, acushla, fwhat does yer mother say?"

"She doesn't know any thing iv it, nor won't for a fwhile," replied Kitty.

"Well the Lord send ye luck, anyway: did ye see Frank the day, Kitty?"

"No, I'm to meet him fwhere I could ye, in the evenin' late, an' Peggy, avourneen, ye won't forget."

"Never fere, Kitty, I'll do it."

What Kitty reminded her friend of, was to meet her after the marriage, that they might walk home together.

The full orb'd moon was emerging from behind the eastern hills, as Peggy quitted the dance to meet her friend; she had to walk about half a mile, and after getting away from her companions, all was silence, save the occasional bark of a distant dog and the low plaintive notes of the night singing bird. Peggy was tolerably stout-hearted; however, she occasionally looked around with a rather timid air, for the field she was traversing contained one of those forts said to be the favoured resort of fairies. But Peggy passed through and arrived at the place of meeting without encountering any of the gentry, where a scene awaited her that absorbed every thought.

On the ground lay Kitty Moore, insensible, with Frank Davis kneeling, and holding up her head: his face all smeared with blood and dirt, his head bound with a handkerchief, his clothes torn and muddy. Peggy clapped her hands and stood aghast for a moment.

"Aye, ye may well wondher," said Frank, seeing the cure, but not knowing to whom he spoke, "she's lyin' there, an' I kilt her."

"For God's sake," at length cried Peggy, "fwhat's the matter wid Kitty?"

"Didn't I tell ye I kilt her," replied Davis.

"Ah, Frank, fwhy but ye open her cloke, an' let the win' about her," said Peggy, tearing it open, she then carried water in the hollow of her hand from a pool, with which she plentifully wet Kitty's face, but for a long time in vain, so that the girl, in great alarm, feared her friend was dead. However, she persevered, and at length signs of returning animation began to appear. When Kitty was able to speak she requested to be brought home; Frank Davis wished to accompany them, but this neither would permit. He was reluctantly persuaded to leave them, on Peggy's promising to see him in the morning, and let him know how Kitty had passed the night.

It will be recollected that Frank Davis set out that morning with the determination of parting his cocks, and giving up fighting with them.

"Ye're early on the road the day, Frank," said a friend of his on overtaking him, "goin' to prepare the cocks, no doubt, an' a great fight it'll be; Mr. ———, is to have his birds there."

"I'm goin to sell my cocks," replied Davis in a hesitating tone.

"Is id sell yer cocks," exclaimed the other, "jukin' ye are."

"Faix, Billy, I'm in arnest."

"The masher won't let ye keep them its lek."

"Shure enough he's not very fond iv sport, but that's not it all out, Billy. I'm goin' to be marret."

"Goin' to be marret!" repeated Billy, stopping short, laying hold of Frank by the shoulder, and staring at him earnestly.

"It's thruth I tell ye," said Frank.

"Bethershin (maybe so), any way it's quare how quite ye kep it; an' who's the girl?"

"Shure ye might guess."

"Nera one iv me knows; maybe its Peggy Noon."

"No, in troth."

"Ye might see worse in a day's thravel, Frank, but I give it up."

"Fwhat would ye think iv Kitty Moore, Billy?"

"Kitty Moore," repeated Billy, and a dark cloud passed over his brow.

"Isn't she a good girl?" said Frank after a pause.

"Sorra better," replied the other, assuming a tone of cheerfulness, "an' I wish ye every luck, Frank; but shure that's no rason ye should give up yer fine two cocks, an' sport—there's not the leks iv them in the country round."

"They're well trained, Billy, an'll be shure to win, let who's will get them."

"Hooch, man, don't let any one get them, tal ye take one spree out iv them afore ye're tied for life."

"I can't Billy, I gave my hand an' word to Kitty, I would'nt keep them; any way I'm to be marret the night."

"Neel arugher (no help for it), cum along tal we see fwat ye'll do wid the cocks."

On arriving at the place, they met many others on the same intent; of course they must treat each other. Naggin led to naggin, and half pint to half pint, for some would not be outdone by others, until the unseasoned heads of the party, among whom was Frank Davis, was tolerably light.

Those who determine to forsake any besetting propensity, should, as a preliminary, avoid being led into temptation; importunity and opportunity are not easily withstood, and so poor Frank Davis found it.

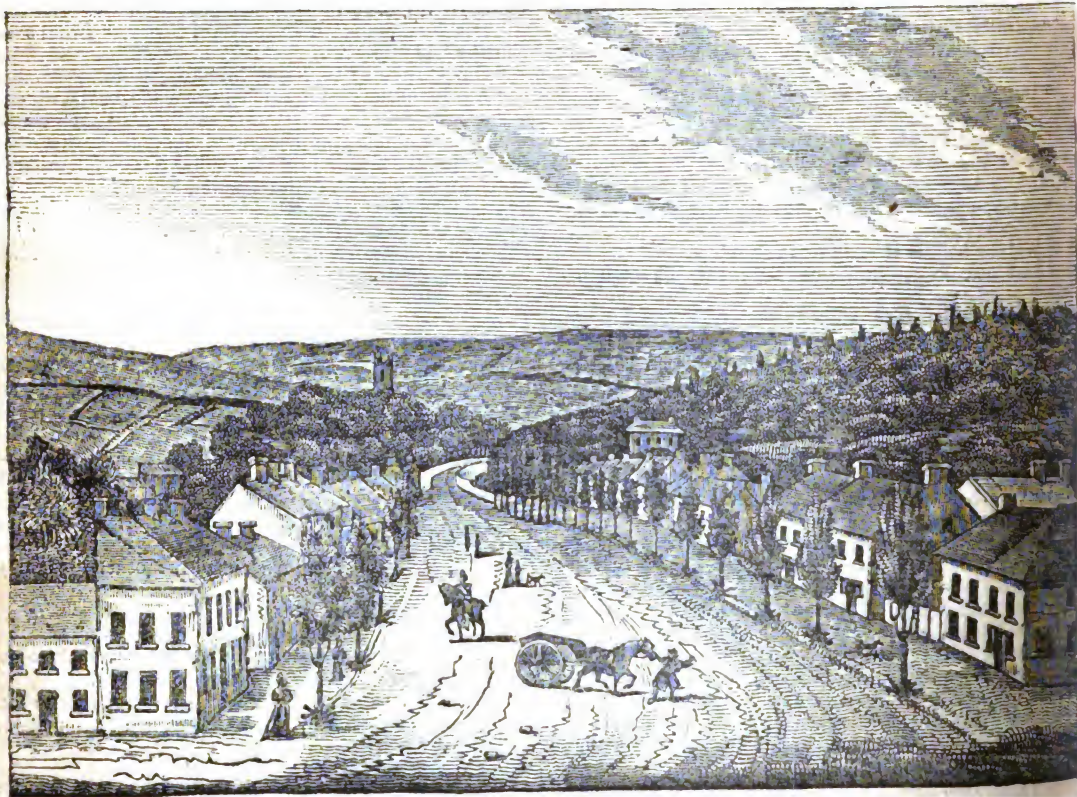
Already elated by the spirits he had drank, the bustle at the cock-pit put to flight all his new formed resolutions, and he was all himself again.

We shall not enlarge on the scene of degradation. Frank entered his cocks against those of Mr. —, they were beaten, and he lost all the money he possessed. He then got completely drunk, and was well drubbed by his friend Billy, who cut him deeply over the eye, and left him nearly insensible in a ditch; for, in fact, Billy was himself fond of Kitty Moore.

It was late in the evening when Frank awoke to consciousness; and perfectly sober, he then recollected his appointment, and how utterly impossible it was for him to fulfil his promise to Kitty; the thought was bitter in the extreme, but he determined to go to the place of rendezvous at all events. He bound a handkerchief round his head, and crawled, as well as he was able, to where Kitty had long been waiting with agonised thoughts and fear for his delay, and when he did appear before her in that state, we shall not attempt to describe her feelings: warm and affectionate, they received a shock, time alone could heal; and on hearing him distractedly tell his hopeless tale, animation fled, and in this state she was found by Peggy.

The sequel is soon told. Kitty Moore, before the dawn of the following day, in the presence of Peggy, solemnly promised her mother, never more to see or speak to Frank Davis; and the young man on hearing this death blow to his hopes, enlisted in a regiment bound for foreign service, and left the country, never to return. Dissipation, and the burning sun of a tropical climate, soon finished his career, and he fell, another victim added to the many who are yearly immolated at the shrine of gambling.

W.



CASTLECOMER FROM THE EAST.

While we willingly admit, that at times, we look back with pleasure to what our country once was, when men of contemplative minds, forced hither by the relentless fury of the Roman arms, took up their permanent abode in our island, and established throughout the country seminaries for learning, and places of divine worship, in which the pure religion of Christianity was inculcated; while with infinite satisfaction we reflect, that in the earlier ages, when all around was darkness and error, in this country the light of the gospel shone bright and clear, and that from this land many faithful ministers went forth to found similar establishments in distant countries; and while at times we feel our spirits rising within us, as we view in every direction in which we ride or walk, the ruins of our ancient castles and fortresses—those fading memorials of our country's greatness—still we would candidly confess that the feelings of satisfaction to which we have alluded, are infinitely surpassed, when occasionally we look

around on one district and another of our island, and witness its prosperity—in the changing of many of our little villages and hamlets, into populous, thriving, country towns—surrounded on all sides by an industrious and intelligent peasantry; and we cannot avoid expressing our conviction, that if the landlords of Ireland did but their duty to their tenantry—did they but act towards them as English landlords do to their tenants, in a very few years Ireland would present another appearance from what it now does.

It is our intention from time to time, to bring forward in our Journal, as examples to others, those districts which present the greatest appearance of improvement, and we are sure our English friends will turn with approbation from the deeds of rapine and plunder which our daily journals but too frequently record, to witness the progress of civilization and good feeling amongst us.

Who has not heard of Kilkenny, so far-famed for its
Fire without smoke,
Air without fog,
Water without mud,
And land without bog.

The foregoing engraving presents a view of the Main-st. of Castlecomer, which is the market town of the district where the celebrated fuel is chiefly raised; and we cannot but think that the neatness and comfort there exhibited in its wide mall, its shady rows of trees, and its slated houses, render it an object worthy the imitation of our resident proprietors in Ireland.

The town is situated on the confluence of three small rivers—the Clobogue, the Deen, and the Bruckhagh, which latter runs in front of the house of the Hon. C. H. S. C. Butler, Wondesforde, and is often called the Comer, or Comber, (a common name for a mountain-stream). A short distance to the east, and immediately opposite to his mansion, which is shewn on the right hand side of our engraving, there stands an high artificial mound, and on the top of it the ruins of a castle, and from the combination of these is derived the modern name of the town and surrounding district. Though standing very high with respect to the neighbourhood, the town itself is placed in a kind of bason formed by the surrounding hills, which being partly clothed with the timber belonging to the demesne of Wondesforde, affords additional ornament and shelter to its site. At a small distance, on the left, embosomed in trees, you perceive the “decent church which tops the neighbouring hill,” and in the town there are several schools and charitable institutions, which do credit to the fostering care of the proprietor of the estate.

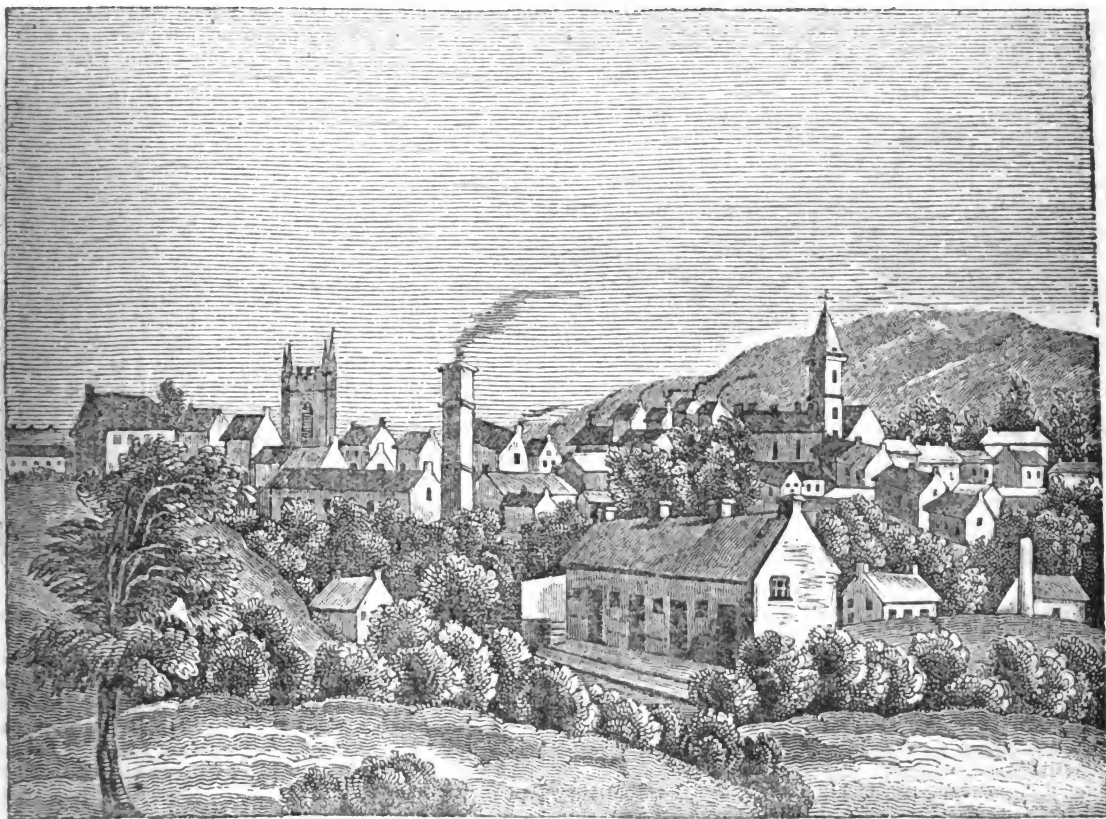
The neighbouring district where the coals are raised was

formerly called the territory of Idough, and belonged to the sept of the Brennans, which was forfeited, and purchased during the administration of Lord Safford in Ireland, by Sir Christopher Wondesforde. It is a curious circumstance, that the last representative of the branch of the Brennans died some years since, and by his will constituted the Countess Dowager of Ormonde, mother to the present proprietor, his sole heir.

That persons were brought over here from England to work the coals at an early period, is very evident from the names prevalent in the district.

The coal is admirably adapted for all purposes where a strong or permanent heat is required; such as distilleries, burning lime, or kitchen fires, but the unpleasant vapour which proceeds from it in close rooms, hinders it from being approved for general use. In the Lordship colliery there are at present very few pits open, in consequence of a horrible murder committed in open day upon one of the overseers, and the proprietor determined to suspend all works until the perpetrators were brought to justice. Such, however, is the spirit of combination and intimidation, that hitherto no trace of them has been discovered; and many hundreds are, in consequence, out of employment.

We should mention that the town, and Lady Ormonde's residence, was burned by some of the misguided peasantry in 1793, in revenge for the colliers not joining them in their unlawful proceedings. The spirited proprietor of that day soon after took up her residence at Ballyragget, about four miles distant, and set about rebuilding her own mansion, and gave great encouragement for the improvement of the town. Under her fostering care, from an obscure and dirty heap of cabins, it has become what we have given you a representation of in the engraving.



BALLYMENA.

The subject of the prefixed illustration, is a flourishing market town, situated in the centre of the county of Antrim. Within the last ten years it has been rapidly progressing in size and respectability. At present it contains about one thousand houses, with between four thousand and five thousand inhabitants.

There are in Ballymena two Presbyterian houses of

worship, one meeting house in connection with the Seceders, a Roman Catholic chapel, an Episcopal church, and a Methodist chapel. There are two academics and a free school for the children of the town and neighbourhood, whose circumstances prevent their attendance on the schools.

The country around Ballymena presents a very

appearance, being all well cultivated, and much ornamented by planting in various directions. A little hill, standing to the westward of the town, commands, towards the south, a pleasing view of a rich and cultivated valley, as well planted and as amply ornamented with houses, orchards, and hedge-rows, as any vale in England. The cottages and farm houses present that appearance of neatness and comfort which distinguishes the province of Ulster from many other parts of Ireland; the squalid misery and extreme wretchedness apparent elsewhere, and so irksome to the feelings of every benevolent mind, not being apparent here. The peasantry are rather well informed, and have in general that idea of independence which gives to the lower orders of this portion of the country such a decided advantage over those of the other districts of Ireland. They are, however, very superstitious, and attached to many old customs and pastimes.

A short distance from the town is a rath or mound of earth, connected with another mound, in the form of an amphitheatre. It is fifty feet high, and, being planted with trees, forms a very pretty object, and is well worthy the inspection of the curious.

About seven miles from Ballymena, and in the background of our illustration, is the celebrated hill, Sleive Mish, where St. Patrick is said to have tended the swine of Milco.

Rather more than two miles from Ballymena, on the Ahoghill road, is the handsome village of Gracehill, a Moravian settlement, which consists of about forty houses and four hundred inhabitants, and forms three sides of a quadrangle—in the front of which is a very beautiful hedge-rowed pleasure-ground. Midway to this place is Galgorm castle, at present the property of Lord Mountcashel, and partially fitted up and inhabited by one of the agents to the estate. There is a legend here relative to a former proprietor, who is said to have sold himself to the devil for a certain remuneration in gold. The box which contained the treasure being still to be seen in one of the rooms of the castle.

This settlement was commenced about seventy-five years since, on a townland containing about two hundred and twenty acres, taken from Lord O'Neill, the entire of which is in a state of high cultivation, numbers of comfortable cottages, and thriving gardens, surrounded with luxuriant hedges, appearing in every direction.

Midway from Ballymena to Ballymoney, somewhat to the left, are seen the Craigs rocks, or Fort of Craigs, which form a square of nine thousand feet in area, with a very deep trench, close to which are three pillars erect and tapering, supposed to have been placed there in honour of some valiant chieftain slain in battle; and but a short distance from them, in the hollow of a high and craggy ridge, there is a cromlech, or druidical altar—a slab of black heavy stone, one foot in thickness, ten feet long, and eight broad, originally placed upon five supporters. Beneath this is a chamber which communicates with two others, about seven feet square, and arched over—the whole standing within a circle of one hundred and thirty five feet in circumference, the ground underneath having formerly been hollowed into a kind of cavern. A writer in Mason's Statistical Survey, speaking of this place, observes—that it must have been the theatre of great events in former times; that it possesses more remains of antiquity than he has any where seen in the same space of ground. The place where the altar is erected is lonely and awful—it induces thought, and brings back the memory to former days, over which the mind broods with painful pleasure. Here Fingal and his clans of Mourne and Beiskeré may have displayed their valour—Torgis and his Scandinavians committed their ravages—Sourleboy (i. e. *Yellow Chorley*) and his Scotch played off their stratagems—or De Courcey and his English showed forth their heroism. All are now gone; a total change of laws, manners, religion, and war, has taken place—and a rational religion and mild government have blessed us with peace and knowledge.—See "*Northern Tourist*," published by Curry and Co.

HONORABLE SERVICE.

If one have served thee tell the tale to many;
Hast thou served many, tell it not to any.—*Opitz.*

SKETCHES OF CHINA—ENGLISH TRADE, &c.

Our principle import from China is tea, but we also bring from that country raw silk, nankeen piece goods, camphor, the paper used in copperplate printing, called India paper; toys, &c. Our exports to China from England are very limited; coarse woollens, watches, and flints, used by the Chinese in the manufacture of porcelain. The value of this is very trifling in comparison to the great quantity of tea we consume; and it is supposed by many, that the balance of trade is against us, and that we are obliged to pay in specie for our tea. This, however, is not the case, for we take to China large quantities of raw cotton, opium, and salt-petre, from our possessions in India; black pepper, rattans, ebony, sharks'-fins, and birds' nests from the straits of Malacca; and all of these we pay for in our own produce and manufactures.

It is the Americans who bring the dollars to China, as their other imports are limited to Turkey opium and sandal-wood; and when the trade is thrown open, we shall be able to cope with the Americans in the supplying the foreign European markets with tea, &c. As to our own tea we shall have it much cheaper than at present, as the profits derived by the East India Company on that article, cover their losses and expenses attending some of their foolish mercantile speculations elsewhere; but perhaps we may not have it of so good a quality as at present. No man can deal more fairly than the regular Chinese merchant; but the outside men (as they are called) who have no character to support or to lose, play all sorts of tricks; it is principally from the latter that the Dutch and Americans purchase—the East India Company never. Sometimes, however, the officers of their ships, who have a privilege in tonnage, do: and this tea is sold at the Company's sales in London, but not before it is examined; and if it is found bad it is not allowed to be sold in this country at any price. A few years ago some of this tea was found to be adulterated with the filings of iron, the next year a number of magnets were sent out, which being thrust into some of this adulterated tea, at once discovered the cheat to the astonishment and admiration of the Chinese, who said in the Anglo-Chinese jargon, "*Ha yau, how can be English man number one first chop man!*"

The Chinese refuse to take any lessons from us in our system of free trade, nor can they be convinced that it is not their interest to tax their exports as well as imports; all exports are liable to duty, and of their imports, rice is the only one admitted free: it is brought from Java and Manilla by the Dutch.

The Russians are permitted to trade with the Chinese on the N. West frontier, near the great wall; all other nations at the port of Canton only. Three or four years ago, a Russian ship bound on a voyage of discovery, touched at Canton, but was not allowed to remain; the governor sagely remarking, that they must be importers, as Russia was on the north side of China, and that, therefore, the ship could not come from the south if it were Russian. The Russians convey their tea over land through Tartary, to Russia, and it is generally of a better description than that which comes from Canton to us. In some parts of Russia the tea is taken without milk, in place of which a slice of lemon is put into the cup, a lump of sugar is held in the mouth, and the tea drank whilst it is dissolving; by this means one half the sugar generally used in England suffices. Those who cannot procure milk, whether on board a ship or elsewhere, will find the lemon a good substitute; one thin slice with the rind on it is sufficient for two or three cups of tea, being pressed by the spoon according to taste.

Smuggling is carried on to a very great extent in China, particularly in opium, the introduction of which is interdicted under the penalty of death. A kind of tincture is made of this drug, a portion of which is introduced into a pipe resembling a flute in shape and size; the tincture is then set on fire, and the fumes inhaled, the effects of which at first, are somewhat similar to the inhalation of nitrous oxid gas; rapture takes possession of the soul, and the mind riots to exhaustion in the glare of a heated imagination—the senses are locked in forgetfulness—the opium smoker sleeps long and soundly, but awakes to every feeling of

shame and wretchedness—his health impaired—his business neglected—and to escape from himself, and the bitter cup of reflection, he flies to the opium again. But notwithstanding the severe laws against it, the shame and poverty it must entail, and its very high price, yet immense quantities of it are consumed by persons of all classes, and it forms one of the principal articles of import into the country. The East India Company are too honorable to sully their fair character, as legislators and merchants, by suffering it to be conveyed to China in any of their own ships; but by one of those nice distinctions, which it is difficult to see wherein lies the difference, are themselves the sole cultivators and dealers in this very opium which they prepare for the China market, at the same time strictly interdicting any British ship from conveying any other opium to China, save that purchased from the said honorable Company.

There is a small island not far from the entrance of the river on which Canton is situated, called Lintin; here at all seasons of the year, from ten to twenty sail of merchant ships of three hundred or four hundred tons burden, English, (i.e. of British India;) American, and Portuguese, are to be found with cargoes of opium. This opium is sold in Canton by the supercargoes and foreign merchants, and an order for delivery is given to the purchaser, who pays in advance, and removes the opium at his own risk. A boat, with thirty or forty men on board, brings this order to the ship; the opium is taken out of the boxes in which it was brought from India, and packed in small baskets holding about twenty pounds each, and it is thus carried through the country by the smugglers, who sell it at a profit of a thousand per cent to their countrymen.

Occasionally the imperial fleet are sent down from Canton to drive away these opium ships. The writer was fortunate enough to be on board a ship lying at anchor near Lintin, and witnessing one of these exhibitions. In the middle of the night we were roused by the Chinese admiral's ship running foul of us, and carrying away some of our yards; at day light we found ourselves in the middle of the fleet, consisting of fifteen sail of large junks, carrying six or eight guns each; they had flags hoisted in all the pride and pomp of glorious war. Notwithstanding this a smuggler boat very soon came alongside of us, and commenced taking in opium. This boat was long enough to hold 30 men, at as many oars; it was of a beautiful construction—sleek as a prize-sailing wherry—and seemed to fly on the water. No sooner was it perceived by the admiral than signal was made, and each ship sent out a boat, manned by ten or twelve men (soldiers and rowers). Away went the smuggler with part of his cargo, and the ships' boats in chase, a soldier in each boat with a musket, firing at the smuggler, and when the latter got clear of us, the Chinese ships brought their guns to bear; with a good telescope I saw the faces of the smugglers who were pulling for life, with the boats nearing. Just as they doubled a cape of the little island they got a wind for their sail, which soon obliged the boats to give up the pursuit as hopeless. The admiral and his fleet weighed anchor, and returned to Canton, reporting that all the foreign ships were driven away. The smuggler sailed round the island and came to us again for the remainder of the cargo, without suffering damage from the shot or shells of the junks. F.

IRISH HONOR.

In the beginning of the war in Germany, after the surrender of the Saxons near Pirna, the King of Prussia did every thing that a brave prince should not do, to corrupt the Saxon troops; he soothed, he flattered, he menaced, and his endeavours were very successful. He applied amidst a circle of officers, to one O'Cavanagh, an Irishman, who was colonel of the King's guards, "Sire," replied the hero, "my life, my fortune, you may dispose of, as they are in your power, but my honor, far beyond the reach of human greatness, you shall not, you cannot wound. I have given my faith to the King of Poland,

and this faith I will carry unsullied to the grave." This bold speech was honorably mentioned in L'Observateur Hollandois, and other continental papers of that day.

SIMPLE SCIENCE—ANTIMONY.

There is not, perhaps, a metal more valuable to the community either in medicine or the arts than, antimony; from it is made the well known *James powder*, which has for many years maintained the character of being one of the most useful patent medicines. Butyr of antimony, antimonial wine, and tartar emetic, are also preparations of this metal, and important auxiliaries to nature in many of her operations. But the art of medicine is not the only one indebted for improvement to antimony; that of printing has been signally served by its employment in the manufacture of types. Lead types were too soft to bear the weight requisite to give a fair impression, and other metals necessary to increase its hardness would not melt easily enough, excepting antimony, which combines the requisite hardness with an easy fusibility that renders it very proper for the purpose, and with it and lead the type-maker forms an amalgam, quite hard enough to bear the impression, and yet not so hard as to cut through the paper. Antimony is found in Sweden, Saxony, Hungary, Norway, and often combined with silver or lead. It is a brilliant metal of a silvery white color, and though seemingly hard, may be easily cut with a knife; it suffers but little change by exposure to the atmosphere, excepting in the loss of a portion of its lustre. In years gone by, when dark eye brows were accounted a great beauty, sulphuret of antimony was used as a black pigment for staining them and the eyelashes. In the present day it is used for making specula for telescopes, and coloring glass, which it makes of a fine hyacinth shade. The preparations of antimony are in greater demand for cattle than any other medicine, they act as alteratives, and may generally be depended upon for the certainty of their effects.

E. B.

ON THE FORMATION OF DEW.

Every one knows that as soon as the sun begins to set, the dew begins to fall; but as many are ignorant of the cause of this, we shall endeavour to explain it. The rays of the sun act more feebly on the ground, and whatever covers it, just before the sun sets, on account of their taking a slanting direction. The air necessarily becomes colder, and, as it may be perceived, the grass under foot feels cold and damp. Now all bodies receive heat from the sun during the day-time, and on the return of night emit that heat, and become colder, unless they receive other heat to make up for what they have lost from the absence of the sun; if this were the case they would consequently remain as warm as before, but as it is not so they become cool, and the heat which they have emitted in cooling, surrounds them in the state of a warm vapour, which, coming in contact with the cold body, is condensed and becomes moisture. This is the cause of dew: after sunset, the grass or plants, and even the earth underneath them, emit the heat received during the day; therefore their temperature becomes colder, and the warm vapour coming in contact with their surfaces, is condensed, and deposited upon them in the form of little pearly drops of water which is called dew. On calm and clear nights, and during the presence of southerly or westerly winds, the dew is much more abundant than in stormy weather, or during a northerly or easterly wind. For if the night be windy, the warm vapour which is emitted is constantly kept in motion, and the temperature of the earth and herbage remain the same as before; but if the night be calm, the vapour is condensed without interruption. A southerly or westerly wind greatly helps the formation of the dew, as these winds carry with them much moisture, on account of their having to pass over a large tract of sea before reaching this country.

W. A.

CONNUBIAL AFFECTION.

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which woman sustains the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, adversity's bitterest blasts. As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is razed by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so it is beautifully ordered by Providence that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of nature, tenderly supporting the head, and binding up the broken heart. I was once congratulating a friend who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. "I can wish you no better lot," said he with enthusiasm, "than to have a wife and children. If you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity, if otherwise, they are there to comfort you." And, indeed, I have observed, that a married man falling into misfortune is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one, partly because he is more stimulated to exertion, by the necessity of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence; but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self respect kept alive by finding, though all abroad in darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a world of love at home, of which he is the monarch. Whereas a single man is apt to run waste and self-neglected, to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart falls to ruin, like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant.

SYNONYMOUS TERMS.

GENUINE—AUTHENTIC.

Genuine is original, not counterfeit; authentic is certain, not doubtful. A genuine lease; an authentic history: a genuine record, and an authentic copy of it. What is genuine remains in its primitive form, unchanged in every respect; if it be changed in any manner, it ceases to be genuine: what is authentic rests upon indisputable authority; if the authority upon which it stands be in any degree questionable, it is not authentic.

AUTHOR—WRITER.

The word author refers to the substance of a work: the word writer to the style or dress of it. A great author is distinguished by his profound learning and important discoveries: a fine writer by the delicacy of his sentiments, the beauty of his language, and the fine coloring his imagination spreads over them. We say a great, an eminent author: and a fine, a beautiful, or an elegant writer. Sir Isaac Newton is a great author. Addison and Gibbon are fine writers.

ASTRONOMY—ASTROLOGY.

Astronomy teaches the situation and motion of the heavenly bodies: Astrology pretends to explain their influence on human affairs. Astronomy is founded on knowledge: astrology on fancy. Astronomy belongs to the learned: astrology to the ignorant. An astrologer bears the same relation to an astronomer, that a quack does to a physician.

TO AWAKE—TO AWAKEN.

The former verb relates to the body: the latter to the mind. You yourself awake, or you awake another from sleep: and you yourself awaken, or you awaken another from a delusion, or you awaken in the breast of another a passion that lay dormant there.

The word poet is a general term, or compellation, applied to all these who in any country, or at any time, have written poems: thus Homer and Pindar, Virgil and Horace, Milton and Pope were poets. The term bard is particularly applied to the ancient poets of the northern nations: thus we read of the Welsh bards, the Scotch bards, the Irish bards, &c.

THE MARINER'S DREAM.

In slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay,
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind,
But watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danc'd o'er his mind:
He dream'd of his home—of his dear native bowers,—
And pleasures that waited on life's early morn,
While memory stood sideways, half covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn;—
Then fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise.
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes;
The jessamine clammers in flower o'er the thatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from the nest in the wall.
All trembling with transport he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call:
A father bends o'er him with looks of delight,—
His cheek is impearl'd with a mother's warm tear,
And the lips of the boy in a love kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear!
The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast—
Joy quickens his pulse, all his hardships seem o'er,
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest:—
Oh, God! thou hast blest me—I ask for no more.
And whence is that flame, which now bursts on his eye?
Ah! what is that sound which alarms his ear?
'Tis the lightning's red glare, painting hell on the sky,—
'Tis the crushing of thunders—the groan of the sphere.
He springs from his hammock—he flies to the deck—
Amazement confronts him with images dire;
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck;—
The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds are on fire—
Like mountains the billows tremendously swell;
In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save;
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death angel flaps his broad wings o'er the waves.
Oh, sailor boy! woe to thy dream of delight,
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss;
Where now is the picture that fancy touch'd bright—
Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honey'd kiss?
Oh, sailor boy! sailor boy! never again
Shall home, love, or kindred, thy wishes repay,
Unblessed, and unhonoured, down deep in the main,
Full many a score fathom thy frame shall decay:
No tomb shall e'er plead for remembrance to thee,
Or redeem form or frame from the merciless surge,
But the white foam of wave shall thy winding-sheet be,
And winds in the midnight of winter thy dirge:
On beds of green sea-flower thy limbs shall be laid,
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below:
Days, months, years, and ages, shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;
Earth loses thy body for ever and aye,
Oh, sailor boy! sailor boy! peace to thy soul.

BIZARRÉ.

DUBLIN

Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 3, Cecilia Street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.

Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Panyer-alley, Paternoster-row;
in Liverpool, by Willmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Ambery; in
Birmingham, by Drake; in Nottingham, by Wright; in Glasgow, by
W. R. M'Phun.

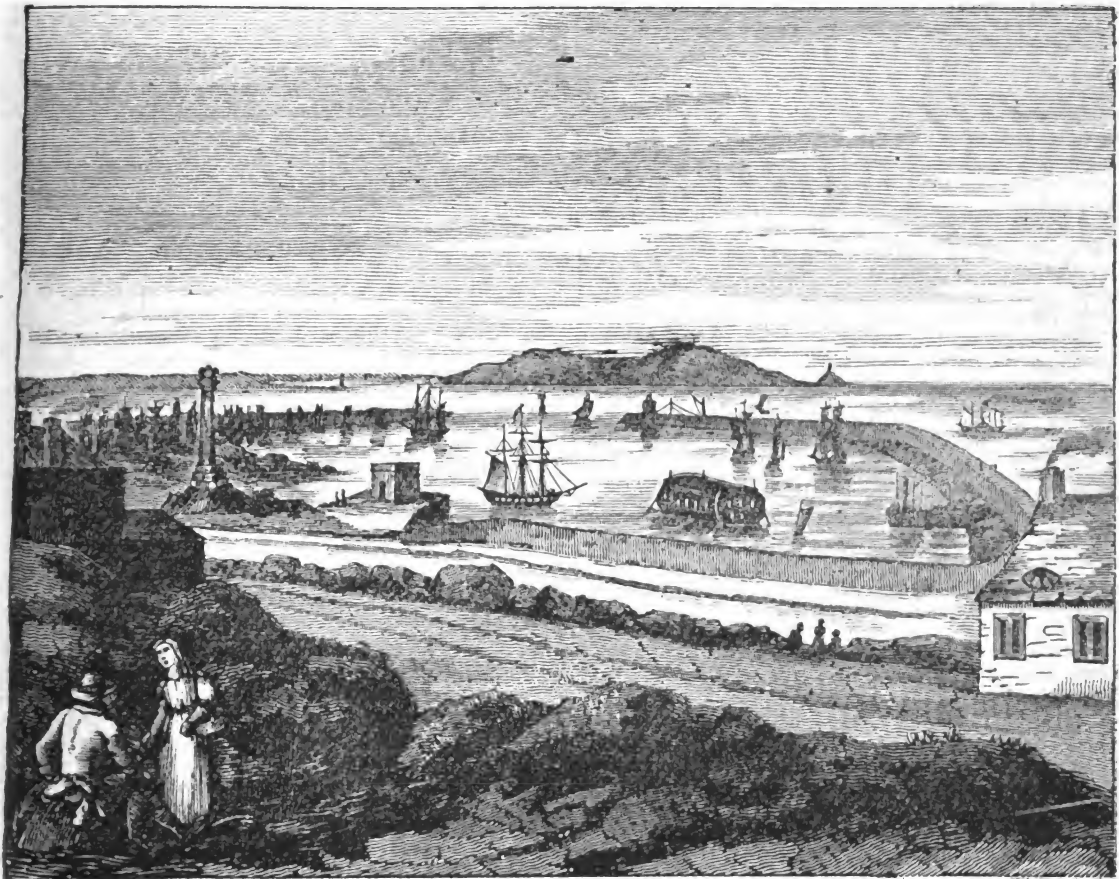
THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 82. Vol. II.

CONDUCTED BY P. DIXON HARDY, M.R.I.A.

JAN. 25, 1834.



KINGSTOWN PIER.

A THREE DAYS' RAMBLE IN THE COUNTY OF WICKLOW.

Reader—Have you ever visited the county of Wicklow, that spot of “our own green isle” denominated *par excellence*, the garden of Ireland, where in a comparatively limited space, nature is to be seen in her rudest and her fairest forms—where romantic glens and mountains are so blended with fertile fields and cultivated valleys—with woods and waterfalls—that the beholder might almost be led to look upon the picture as one in which the Great Architect had intended to give such a display of his power, his goodness, and his skill, as would force even the most careless to exclaim, while gazing upon its wonders and its beauties,

“The hand that made them is divine.”

Reader—Do you live in the metropolis, and have you never visited the Dargle, the Waterfall, and the Devil's Glen? More shame for you—take our advice, if you can possibly accomplish it, steal two or three days, during the ensuing spring or summer, from the cares and anxieties of life, and allocate them to a ramble through that delightful country—to inhale its healthful breezes, and to view its lovely scenes. Do you live in any other part of Ireland, and have not yet seen the county of Wicklow? Well, there may be some excuse for you if you have to

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plead poverty or want of time; but, peradventure, you are neither poverty-stricken nor time-bound, and tho' you may have crossed the channel to see the Scottish loughs or English lakes, still have not yet visited and viewed the county of Wicklow—we say more shame for you—and we trust you will not allow another summer to pass over your head without spending a few days in this lovely spot of “your own, your native land.”

But should you, gentle reader, be an inhabitant of the sister island, and have only heard of our country by the report of the public journals of the day, that it is a land of crime and of blood—disgraced by the foulest murders, perpetrated upon the innocent and unforgiving—believe it not—but come and view the country for yourself, and rest satisfied not a hair of your head shall be injured; we offer you a safe passport, and complete assurance that not a shilling from your purse shall be extracted without your own free will and hearty consent, and for which you shall receive good and substantial value—and having viewed the county of Wicklow—having skirted its lakes, and wandered through its pleasant vales and moss clad mountains, we have no doubt you will afterwards most readily accompany us in a few days' tour to the Giant's Causeway. In the mean time, however, let us beg the favour of your company for a day or two in our proposed excursion.

THE PIER AND HARBOUR OF KINGSTOWN.

Having viewed all that is worthy of seeing in the metropolis, you must be ready to start with us at an early hour in the morning, for Hayes's Hotel, at Kingstown, about five miles distant; from which, while eating your breakfast, you will enjoy as fine and splendid a view as you can well imagine—the pier and harbour of Kingstown, as represented in the engraving, lying at your feet at about one hundred yards distance, numerous vessels of various sizes and forms resting securely within their sheltering arms. Here the hulk, a convict ship—the well trained centinel slowly pacing its deck, surrounded by other military men, while many a heavy heart beats mournfully below, as memory brings to view scenes never again to be beheld—the mourning parent, the bereaved wife or sorrowing child; and where hope can scarcely picture any thing beyond a life of servitude and disgrace, in some far distant and unknown region of the globe. Dwell not on such scenes, however, but observe at a little distance the beautiful yacht, belonging to the Lord Lieutenant, how finely it is passed in double quick time, by a government steamer, with the mails and passengers for the sister island. Yonder in the bay, a fleet of merchantmen making towards the harbour, or with ample canvass courting the morning breeze—in the distance Lambay Island and the Hill of Howth—while all along the opposite shore are to be seen the stately mansion or the modest villa in many instances encircled by the waving woods or thickly planted shrubberies of the proprietors.

Here, also, while the horses are getting ready for the road, you will have an opportunity of examining the progress which the railway is making, as well as of witnessing the ingenious contrivances which are employed in its construction, and to which, perchance, we shall have occasion more particularly to allude in some early number.

BRAY—THE GLEN OF THE DOWNS, &c.

Once again fairly started for Bray, mind not the delay of a few hours which you will experience by making a little detour to the left, in order to obtain a sea-view from the top of Killiney Hill; and if the scene does not compensate the time and toil necessarily devoted to the ascent, follow not our instructions on another occasion.

But we should now inform you, that the tour of Wicklow is in general commenced at the town of Bray, about ten miles from Dublin, where travellers usually stop to change horses, and which is within a very short distance of some of the finest scenery, with the softest shading, to be met with during the excursion: but here remembering an old saying, that *self-praise* is no commendation, and feeling as an Irish Editor should say, and would say, that *we are an Irishman* to the back bone, lest it might be supposed that from love of our country we were led to exaggerate its beauties or conceal its defects, we shall in preference to any description of our own, allow an intelligent Scottish traveller* to speak for us on the occasion, simply filling up here and there such portions of the sketch as may have escaped his observation or been passed by unnoticed.

"The country is beautifully wooded, and every where presents a greenness and luxuriance of vegetation that is quite unrivalled. Even the ivy leaf is here a magnificent thing. In size it resembles some of the gigantic leaves of the tropical climates, and in the brilliance of its green far surpasses them. Yet when I tell you it is a land of glen, and flood, and mountain, you are not to expect the extensive glens, nor the majestic rivers, nor the vast and interminable mountains of the Scottish Highlands. You cannot, as you do there, travel weeks in a hill country. In a tour through Wicklow, you generally walk, if you are a pedestrian like me, in a level country, and only turn aside from the plains, to view what artists call a little bit of mountain scenery. Its highest hills would not be above third rates in Scotland, and its largest rivers are not superior to Ettrick or Yarrow."

About four miles south of Bray is the Glen of the Downs. On both sides the hills rise to above the height of one thousand feet, beautifully wooded to the top; and

so narrow is the glen, that there is merely room for the high way, which winds along the banks of a bright little mountain stream. On the hill to your left, as you pass from Bray, are a cottage, banquetting hall, and octagon temple, erected by the taste of Mrs. La Touche, which produce a pleasing effect, as they are seen peeping from the rich green woods, with which this hill is clothed. This glen is of no great length, but it opens on a scene not less interesting than itself—the magnificent demesne of Mrs. La Touche, and the village of Delgany hanging like a bird's nest on the side of a romantic little hill.

Bellevue, the seat of the Latouche family, is a plain but extensive building, commanding fine prospects, and surrounded by charming grounds. The Conservatory is entitled to particular notice. A quarter of a mile east of Bellevue Gate, is the pretty village of Delgany, with a Gothic Church, built by D. Latouche, Esq. in 1789: it contains a splendid monument in honour of that respected individual. Not far from the entrance to the Glen, and about three miles from Delgany, is the small but neat village of Newtown Mount Kennedy, which is seventeen miles and a quarter from Dublin. Here there is a very comfortable inn, which the tourist might make his head quarters, as the scenery of the vicinity presents numerous objects worthy of a visit.

THE DEVIL'S GLEN.

"The vicinity of Newtown Mount Kennedy, is celebrated for a number of beautiful demesnes; but as my taste has always led me to the study of nature in her rudest, rather than in her more cultivated appearances, we hurried into the Devil's Glen. This is a glen of the character of your celebrated Roslyn. The stream (the Vantrey) is larger than the Esk, and though, as in Roslyn, rude and precipitous rocks, that in some cases seem to be hanging in the air, are half hid by beautiful woods, yet certainly, in luxuriance of vegetation, and in freshness and brightness of green, the Irish glen has the advantage. One thing delighted me greatly;—this was the first mountain stream deserving the name, that I had seen in Ireland: and the heart-stirring sound of the waters was music to my spirits. The north of Ireland particularly, is deficient in rivers. But in this romantic glen, we have nature in her energies, triumphing over the tame efforts of art; vast jutting rocks, that seem self-supported; trees shooting their green heads into the air, where you see no earth to support their roots; and the river below foaming, and singing, and dashing on its way, as in scorn of the rocks that would impede its progress. At the head of the glen, there is a waterfall of one hundred feet high, which, as it shoots its whole length in one broken jet, produces a grand effect. But I must quit this interesting spot. The next place worthy of notice is Rosanna, through which flows the Vantrey in peaceful brightness, as if reposing after the exertion and fatigue of forcing its way among the rocks of the Devil's glen. The woods in this beautiful demesne are considered the finest in the country. The amiable proprietor is said greatly to have encumbered a fine estate, by acts of benevolence; and it was here that her ingenious daughter, under great bodily affliction, composed a work, which will give Rosanna more celebrity than all its fine woods, and rich lawns, and noble mansions. The Irish are a grateful race. You never mention the name of La Touche or Tighe, to those who have partaken of their bounties, or who had even heard of them, without drawing forth a torrent of blessings. "What kind of woman was the late Mrs. Tighe?" said Mr. —, to a man whom we met travelling through the demesne, "an excellent lady!" was the answer; "Was she charitable?" "Oh yes—there was no such woman in Ireland, England, or Scotland, nor in Europe." This man, as he informed us, had been eighteen years in her service. His kind mistress was no more—there was nothing selfish in his praises—they were the genuine language of truth and good feeling. One thing is obvious in all I have seen of Ireland, where the gentry are resident and attentive to the poor, the whole appearance of the country is improved, and the poor know no bounds to their gratitude. The Irish excel all nations in their manner of returning thanks for a favor; there is an eloquence even in the language of a beggar."

* See Letters originally published in the 'Bellevue Magazine.'

the street, or by the way side, as he blesses you for an alms, no matter how small. We received more blessings for a few pence in Wicklow, than so many guineas should have brought in any other country in Europe."

It may be well here to intimate that the traveller in his route should visit Dunran Glen, Glenmore Castle, Hermitage, and Altadore, all on the line of road.

THE VALE OF AVOCA.

"We next steered our course towards Rathdrum, a decaying village at the mouth of a romantic highland glen; and in the afternoon reached the celebrated Vale of Avoca. Here the genius of Moore pervades every thing, flings a halo of light over a scene in itself of great beauty. The junction of the Avonmore and Avonbeg, at the mouth of the glen, forms the meeting of the waters, which he has so sweetly and so faithfully described in his song of that name. It is singular, that while in your country, almost every glen and mountain calls to mind some celebrated poet—and almost every stream borrows music from his song; in Ireland this is the first association of the kind we had experienced—yet its glens would give as well as receive glory. The poetry of Sir Walter Scott has opened the Highlands to thousands of strangers, who but for it would never have thought of them; but he has received as much as he has bestowed. The rocks of the Trossachs and Glen Ard, will stand as an imperishable monument of his glory; and every time they are visited, his verses may be said to be read, as if they had been written on the beautiful tablets of nature. Oh! for a Sir Walter here; there are rich and ample materials for such a genius.

"The striking features of the celebrated Vale of Avoca are its woods and waters. After the conflux of the Avonmore and Avonbeg, the stream takes the name of the Avoca. It is nearly as large as the Ettrick at Tushelaw, and as remarkable for the purity and brightness of its waters, as the grass is for verdure. It is not a scene which a poet or a painter would visit, if he wished to elevate his imagination by grand views of nature, or by images of terror; but if he desired to represent the calm repose of peace and love, he would choose this glen as their place of residence. There are several gentlemen's seats in this lovely valley. At its mouth on the left side, overhanging the meeting of the waters, Castle Howard is romantically situated, and farther down is Bally Arthur. About four miles below the meeting of the Avonmore and Avonbeg, there is a second meeting formed by the junction of the Aughrin and Avoca, at the wooden bridge inn. The birth place of Homer was not more keenly contended for by the several cities of Asia, than the honour of the real meeting of the waters, by the inhabitants of the head and bottom of the valley. They are both well entitled to the honour, for both are very beautiful. A stone bridge is now built over the Aughrin, where there formerly was a wooden one. From the little hill above the inn, there is a view of three finely wooded glens, the Avoca, the Aughrin, and Arklow. After enjoying this lovely prospect on a beautiful morning, we walked down to the bridge to amuse ourselves, by examining it and the stream over which it is built—and even in this fairy valley, where wretchedness should never come, we discovered a scene of misery, more resembling what we should expect to find among the Pariahs of India, than the inhabitants of this fertile island. Looking over the parapet wall of the bridge, I observed smoke rising, and seeing a boy put out his head, I asked him if any one lived there. As he made me no answer, we walked back to the inn to inquire into the cause of the phenomena, and were then informed, that there was a family living in one of the arches of the bridge. We returned and examined the extraordinary habitation. The bridge was of three arches, and one of those we found inhabited by human beings. In summer when the stream is small, it flows within the middle arch, and leaves this part completely dry. They had built a wall in the upper part of the arch, so as to prevent the water from flowing in from above; but this was no security in winter, when the stream was swollen, and flowed in from below on the wretched inhabitants, who were not unfrequently knee deep. This miserable family consisted of an old woman of nearly eighty, her daughter, a woman of nearly fifty, and three boys, her grandsons.

"I shall leave to the mineralogist, the description of the valuable mines with which the surrounding hills abound, being as rich within, as they are beautiful on the surface.

THE SEVEN CHURCHES.

"The next place that attracted our notice, was Glendalough, or as it is more usually called, the Seven Churches. This is a dark mountain lough, overhung by naked rocky precipices, and is certainly the only place we had seen in Wicklow, to which the epithet sublime could in the least degree apply. It is of no great extent, but the hills rise abruptly from it, and fling over its waters their black shadows, in a manner that reminded me of some of our own Highland lochs. The most interesting objects here, are the remains of the churches, seven in number; not that they are remarkable for the magnificence of their structure, or the beauty of their architecture, but because they formed one of the most ancient seats of Christian learning in Ireland. St. Kevin, its founder, and patron saint, was born in the year 498; and much of the learning, and polish, and piety of these early times, must have been found here. No doubt, in many cases, their great antiquity throws over such places a glory that did not originally belong to them. Like distance in landscape, it softens asperities, and so disposes the lights and shadows, as to hide deformities, and brings out beauties, that vanish on a narrower examination; yet there is an inspiration in the very soil and atmosphere of ancient celebrity, and the most unpatriotic and irreligious will feel a glow of pious or patriotic enthusiasm, on the Isle of Patmos, or the field of Bannockburn.

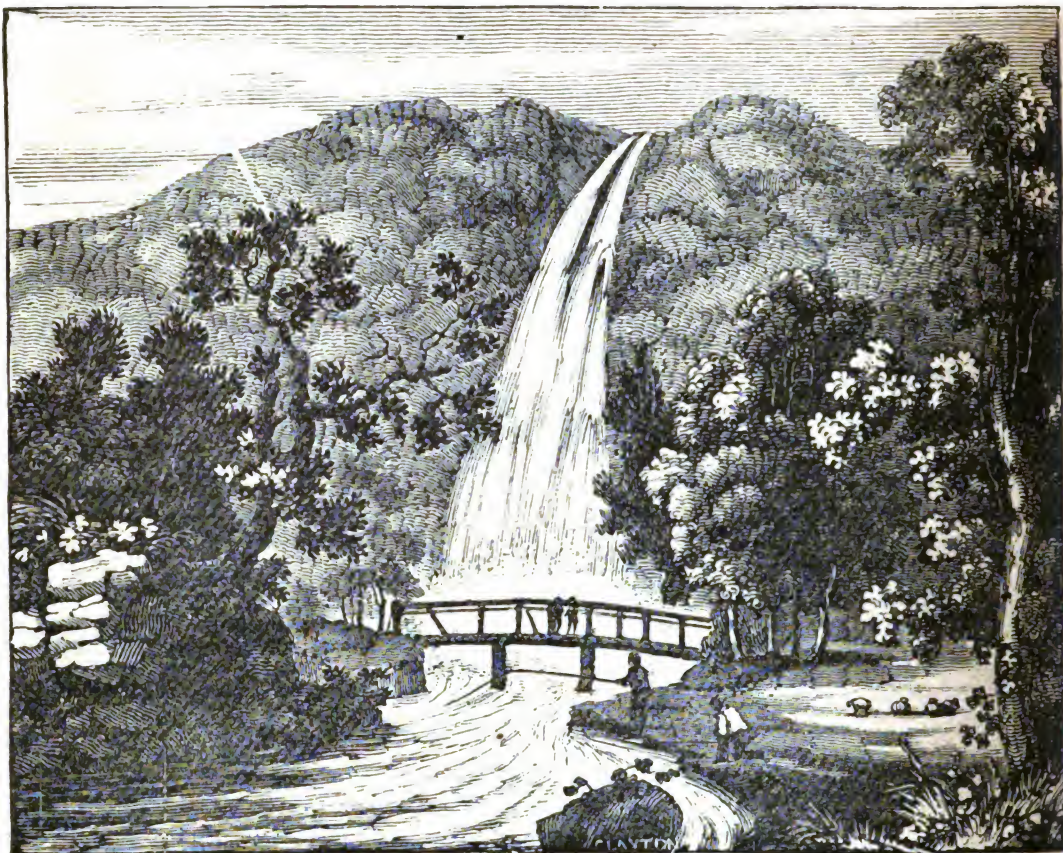
"From this to Luggelaw, the country is flat and uninteresting; but this singular spot amply compensates the traveller for the dreary tract over which he has passed. In common cases, the sides of lofty mountains form the banks of lakes, but here the beds of two loughs, Dan and Tay, are mighty excavations, sinking as much beneath the level of the surrounding country, as the mountains usually rise above it; the consequence of which is, that while in travelling along a level upland region, all at once two lakes are seen in a valley far beneath you, the hills on one side beautifully wooded, on the other dark and rugged, and the brown side of the Douce mountain crowning the whole. You then descend by a sloping path among overhanging woods, till you reach the shores of Lough Tay, which, at the head of the lake, extend into a beautiful lawn, in which is a hunting seat of Mr. La Touche. I have never seen a spot that calls up in my mind ideas of seclusion, solitude, and peace, in a more eminent degree, than this interesting glen. We reached Mr. Latouche's cottage late in the evening, and in consideration of our benighted state, and because there was a lady in the party, we were accommodated there for the night. The evening was fine, and there was a brightness over the whole scene, never to be erased from my memory. Next morning, we were advised by the housekeeper of this pleasant mansion, to ascend the Douce mountain, and thus pass into the Powerscourt demesne: as this would both shorten the road, and give us a magnificent view from the summit of the Douce. After travelling several miles over an uninteresting tract, we reached the deer-park, at the head of the Powerscourt demesne. This is by far the most extensive and interesting demesne I have seen in Ireland. The road winds along the beautiful stream, and the gentle sloping hills are even richer in the garniture of groves, than is usual in Ireland. The waterfall is much frequented, and I believe, much admired; but all these things depend on comparison. The surrounding scene is, indeed, beautiful.

THE WATERFALL.

About two miles from the princely residence of the family is the celebrated waterfall of Powerscourt. In this place the river, Anna Liffey, which rises at Glencolumbkille, and afterwards reaches the Joss mountains, is precipitated down a steep precipice of serpinginous basalt, about a hundred and fifty feet in height; in general, the quantity of descending water is small, so much so, that in very dry weather the wall of rock can sometimes be seen through the thin sheet of water; but after a little rain, an immense body of water is discharged, and falling down the dreadful height, affords a grand and awful

spectacle. The glen in which this cataract lies is called the Dargle, and being a secluded and retired spot, and nearly all covered with wood, mostly oak, to even the top of the mountains on either side, affords a fine relief to the eye, contrasted with the white foam of the descending

water. The bottom on which the water falls is entirely composed of loose stones or rocks. The stream runs or rather leaps in little cataracts over its bed of rocks, and is afterwards lost to the eye under the shade of a little wood.



WATERFALL AT POWERSCOURT.

The view from the top of the mountain is fearful and deep. To those who have not seen it, we say their time will not be thrown away, and those who have, whether Irishmen or foreigners, must acknowledge that though many others abroad may be more stupendous, yet they are not more picturesque.

THE DARGLE.

"The Dargle was the last place we visited, and to describe it, would be nearly to repeat what I have said respecting the Devil's glen, to which it bears a strong likeness; yet it is softer in its character, and richer and brighter in its features. But I must now bid adieu to this land of chrystal waters, and green leaves, and fair wild flowers."

* * * * *

The Dargle, so justly celebrated, is near Powerscourt, and forms a kind of amphitheatre, encircled by the sides of two lofty mountains thickly wooded. The approach to this scene is singularly grand, and the continued roar of the water through the gloomy forest, fills the mind with the most sublime ideas.

At the opening of the Dargle gate, the traveller is, in a moment, immersed in a sylvan wilderness, where the mountains, the champaign, and almost the sky, disappear at the bottom of a deep winding glen, whose steep sides suddenly shut out every appearance of the world. At the feet of the tourist, a murmuring stream continues to struggle with those rude rocks which nature, in one of her primeval convulsions, has flung here and there into its current. The opposite side of the glen, that rises steeply and almost perpendicularly from the very brink of the river, is one precipice of foliage from top to bottom—one tree ris-

ing directly above another, (their roots and backs being in a great degree concealed by the profusion of leaves on those below them), and a broken sun-beam now and then struggling through the boughs, sometimes contriving to reach the river, both sides of the glen completely enclosing the wanderer from the view of every thing external, except a narrow tract of sky directly over his head.

THE MOSS-HOUSE.

Arrived at this part of the Dargle* the rural traveller almost enclosed in wood, on the right hand side, feasts his eyes by looking between some low oaks growing on the

* From an article furnished us along with the drawing of the Moss-house, by our intelligent correspondent B, and from which our description is quoted, we extract the following note on the probable derivation of the name of this place, &c.

"The Dargle has, in all probability, acquired its name from the oaks which adorn it. *Dar glean* signifies the Oak Valley, and by corruption is easily changed to Dargle. The waters which ornament this glen are composed of those of the Glencree river, which has its source in the north-western corner of the half barony of Rathdown, county of Wicklow, and of the Glencaloe river, which rising near Warhill, not far from the source of the Liffey, in the same county, flows through Lord Powerscourt's deer-park, occasioning the celebrated waterfall in its descent. These two rivers unite between the deer-park and Powerscourt demesne, after which they pass the Dargle. A little lower down their united waters are met by the Glencullin river, and afterwards under the name of the Bray river, maintain their course to the Irish sea, into which they fall to the east of Bray town, dividing the counties of Dublin and Wicklow in the inferior part of their progress.

opposite bank of the river; through the foliage, edging the verdant scenery, the summer sky is occasionally seen: this appearance, added to a delightful elegance in the contour of the hills, has a most agreeable effect.

"Winding his way down to a rustic covered bench, called the Moss-house, situate on a bold and projecting rocky point, the admirer of nature is presented with a charming view



MOSS-HOUSE AT THE DARGLE.

"Immediately beneath him gapes a vast chasm in the huge granite rocks that seem torn asunder to afford a passage for the water, which, rambling far below over its hard and pebbly bed, struggles through a channel embosomed in trees; above frowns upon him the sombre gloom of a dark forest overshadowing the stream, and rising to so vast a height as to exclude every other object. To the left, the rill gently purls away over broken rocks, rendering the scene truly romantic and picturesque. From this point a sloping pathway leads the stranger farther down to the water's edge in the bottom of the glen, where is exhibited to him a new and delicious picture, of which not a single feature retracts from its chief character—that of awful sublimity. In a hollow, formed of impending fragments of granite, mixed with mountain ash, the lucid stream breaks forth as it were from beneath a ledge of caverned rocks, of which some, suspended in the air, seem ever ready to tumble into the channel, and stop the course of those waters whose continuous flow, during the lapse of bygone ages, has eaten a passage through the solid stone—as seen from some rocks near the opposite side of the river, the prospect is sublime in the highest degree. From thence the vale appears deep, retired, and gloomy; and the green shade, tinged with more solemn brown, is so thick and lofty, as almost to shut out even a glimpse of the heavens. At the feet of the beholder dimples that crystal brook in the

midst of which he has gained a precarious footing upon some huge stone, whose mossy base is kissed by the gurgling waters as they pass by. In front yawns the rocky chasm before described, and from which the stream falls in gently foaming and low cascades. To the right hand, half elevated to the skies, and crowning an abrupt and precipitous cliff, is seen the Moss-house, with its rustic base half raised above the topmost boughs of the tallest trees that grow in the bottom of the valley, at the same time that its thatched conical summit stands far beneath the roots of the timber clothing the upper ridges of the glen. Thus this charming little cottage appears suspended in the branches like the lofty ærie of some proud bird."

On ascending from this enchanting glen, right over the opposite boundary, the top of Sugar-loaf meets the eye in dim and distinct perspective. The sensations of a mariner when, after a long voyage without sight of shore, he suddenly perceives symptoms of land where land was not expected, could not be more novel and curious than those which will be excited by this little silent notice of regions for a moment forgotten. After walking a short distance, the glen, still retaining all its characteristic luxuriance, begins gradually to widen, the country to open, and the mountains to rise upon the view, and at length, after a gentle descent, the delightful valley of Powerscourt appears in sight. The valley, indeed, "lies smiling in its

beauty,"—the river, no longer dashing over rocks, and struggling with impediments, is seen flowing brightly and cheerfully along, bordered by meadows of the liveliest green; now and then embowered in a cluster of trees—one little field of the freshest verdure swelling forward beyond the rest, round which the river winds, so as, in appearance to form an island. To the left, the Dargle, where all the beauties which so much enchant now appear one undistinguished mass of leaves. Right opposite, the Sugar-loaf, with his train of rough and abrupt mountains, remaining dark in the midst of sunshine, like the frowning guardians of the valley. These, contrasted with the grand flowing outline of the mountains to the right—while far to the left the sea again discloses itself to the view, gives a finish to the picture which mocks the boldest effort of art and refinement.

"Amongst the principal stations, or prospect-places, must be noticed the summit of a precipice, locally termed *the Lover's Leap*, at no great distance from the entrance of the Dargle on the Powerscourt side. In the fore ground the river breaks over fantastic knolls of dishevelled rock, its white surge contrasted with the dark hue of those craggy impediments, and of the matted foliage which descends even to the margin of the waters. Beyond are displayed, with astonishing splendour, the unequal grounds of Powerscourt, and the adjacent country, richly verdant and adorned with forest trees and plantations, which gather into groups, or lie spread in long and massy continuance. The mountains on both sides recede in sullen magnificence, to admit of one of the finest sites in nature for the mansion of that territory; and, in the extreme distance, are ranges of mountains, in picturesque varieties of altitude and covering, their summits forming an outline of exquisite beauty.

"Having now wearied himself examining the various beauties in this lovely glen, the traveller will be glad to turn for refreshment to the neat little village of Enniskerry, situated in the immediate neighbourhood. It is placed on a gentle slope, and its white cottages, partially screened by foliage, presents a captivating picture of repose and rural beauty, at various points of the winding descent by which the village is approached.

"The scalp is a deep defile, formed by the operations of nature, in the bosom of a rock or mountain, composed of granite. The sides are acclivitous, but not so near the perpendicular as to prove inaccessible; and the whole surface of the ascent, on both sides, is covered with prodigious and disjointed masses of stone, which shoulder each other in tumultuous confusion, and threaten to fall upon, and crush, the passenger at each adventurous footstep. When the traveller looks back, and views this tremendous chasm in dreary perspective, he is almost induced to believe that the base of the mountain has, at some remote period, given way, throughout the extent of the ravine he has passed, and the incumbent mass fallen into the hollow of the earth; thus leaving a frightful channel, not to be accounted for on a consideration of the ordinary works of nature."

From this to Dublin is a pleasing drive of eight miles.

ROMANCE OF IRISH HISTORY—THE BANQUET.

The ascension of Edward the Sixth to the throne of England caused universal joy throughout that nation. Ambassadors poured in from all parts of the continent to congratulate the young king: banquet succeeded banquet—and every heart was joyful and happy, when freed from the tyranny of the eighth Henry.

It has seldom fallen to the lot of an historian to recount a more splendid scene of regal pomp and magnificence, than enlivened the palace of the Duke of Somerset (then Lord Protector of the realm of England during the minority of Edward), on the occasion of the German ambassador's introduction to court. The king signified his intention of being present at the gaieties, and accordingly every preparation that human ingenuity could devise, or wealth procure, was ready to greet the royal guest. At length a flourish of trumpets and cornets announced the king's approach, and in a few moments he entered the

banqueting room, accompanied by the newly arrived ambassador and his train, who took their places indifferently among the assembled revellers.

Popular indignation had long been rising against the Protector, and had lately been joined in by the clergy, who exclaimed loudly against him for his sacrilegious destruction of the parish church of Saint Mary's, and three bishops' houses, which he took down to make room for a magnificent palace, then building. As yet nothing but murmurs of the Duke's rapaciousness and extortion had reached the king's ears; but when he saw the grandeur and magnificence here displayed, he was perfectly dazzled, and inwardly began to think that those murmurs were not altogether without foundation.

Three months after the scene here described, the proud duke was an inhabitant of a dungeon—but events of far greater importance to Ireland than the arrest of the Protector of England, emanated from this hall.

After the king's entering the banqueting-room, rich cordials and generous wines began to circulate freely among the gallants; nor were the ladies excused from raising the golden cup to their pouting lips—every where was mirth and gaiety. From the banquet the revellers adjourned to the hall, when dancing commenced.

Amidst the glittering throng that now moved gracefully through the mazes of the dance, one couple attracted considerable attention. The gentleman appeared to be a foreigner, and belonged to the German train. He was a noble looking young man; his features inclined to the oval; his black hair curled negligently over his broad and manly shoulders, and the flashes of his dark eye told that he was proud in the consciousness of innate worth and independence. He appeared about the age of twenty, as did also his beauteous partner. Her form was slight, but beautifully formed; her blue eyes—but 'twould be impossible to do justice to her beauty; description would but lessen it. Many a glance was directed after her as she passed, and many a cup drained to the health of the daughter of Sir Anthony Brown—the beauteous Mabel; and many a young gallant wished her partner among the wilds of his native country.

The German and his partner seemed mutually pleased with each other, but there was a hopelessness in the gaze which he would now and then turn on her, that almost bordered on despair.

"Do you feel ill, fair Sir?" said Mabel to him, as she caught his dark eye resting sadly upon her.

"Nay, my sweet lady," replied the German; "but sad thoughts will steal through the heart in the midst of joy."

"Ah!" said she, smiling. "I understand you—your heart is left in safe keeping, and—"

"Indeed you wrong me," said he, interrupting her, and gracefully bowing, "my heart shall be always at your ladyship's service."

The maiden blushed, but remained silent.

Dancing had been ended, and he led her to the only seat vacant, at a retired part of the room. While here, both Mabel and the German were silent; his soul stood hovering on his lips; he seized the opportunity, and poured into her listening ear "his soul felt flame." She sighed, and turned her bright blue eyes upon him with a look of unutterable tenderness; her hand was clasped in his; she would have spoken, but the approach of company prevented her. Thus in the space of a few hours were hearts wooed and won.

"But tell me" whispered the fair Mabel to her partner, as they were again descending the dance, "tell me what nameshall I call you—the Baron—the Baron Von—what?" and she looked inquiringly in his face.

The German, who a moment before seemed the very spirit of gaiety, suddenly let fall her hand; his countenance changed to a deadly pale, and he remained a long time silent: at length he whispered to her, with a gentle pressure of her hand, which he had again resumed, "Call me," said he, "but plain Gerald."

These were the last words he spoke to her that night, as the ball broke up; but he obtained a promise from her to grant him a private interview in her father's garden; and when she left the hall, he felt for the first time as if he were alone in the world.

"Never before did Gerald (as we shall now call him) think a day so long as that which preceded the evening of appointment; and anxiously did he watch the last beams of the sun descend behind the purple mountains. As soon as twilight spread her "grey mantle" over the heavens, Gerald was at the appointed place. He heard a light foot, and the next moment he clasped Mabel to his throbbing bosom.

"And now," said Mabel, "have I not done wrong, very wrong—why should we have ever met?"

She thought she heard a foot, and she turned to fly, when Gerald, casting himself on his knees before her, entreated her to hear him for a moment—an instant. At length she consented; and Gerald rising with dignity, said—

"Lady! if you will accept of an outlaw's hand and heart, you shall have it; but 'tis all that Gerald Fitzgerald has now to offer."

"Mabel started at the name. She had heard of the misfortunes of the noble house of the Geraldine, and thought that they deserved them, and particularly for their late rebellion (that of Silken Thomas, the father, as our readers have now recognised, of our hero). She had been taught to regard them, and the whole Irish nation, with abhorrence; but when she looked upon the noble form before her—the last surviving branch of an almost royal family—and thought of his misfortunes, and the danger he was in at that very moment—for the attainder was equally against him as it was against his father or uncles—she found that she loved him doubly for those very misfortunes, and sinking in his arms, she faintly whispered—"Dearest Gerald! I am thine!—thine for ever."

They heard a noise among some bushes that were near; he impressed one kiss on her lips and disappeared.

A short time after the meeting here described, Ireland rejoiced at the return of one of her most noble children from exile; he was accompanied by a beautiful bride, to whom he owed the restoration of all his honours and estates. It was Gerald Fitzgerald and the disinterested Mabel, now Earl and Countess of Kildare. They had eloped together, and by the interest of her friends the fortunes and honors of the Geraldine were liberally restored.

T. A. G.—M.—N.

STORY OF MORGAN PRUSSIA.

George the Fourth, when Prince Regent, remarkable for his dexterity in telling a story, was fond of collecting instances of the whim and humour of the Irish peasantry.—One of those was—the history of Morgan Prussia.

Morgan, the gay and handsome son of a low Irish farmer, tired of home, went to take the chances of the world, and seek his fortune. By what means he traversed England, or made his way to France, is not told. But he at length crossed France also, and, probably without much knowledge or much care whether he were moving to the north or the south pole, found himself in the Prussian territory. This was in the day of the first Frederic, famous for his tall regiment of guards, and for nothing else: except his being the most dangerous compound of fool and madman among the crowned heads of the Continent. He had but one ambition, that of inspecting twice a-day a regiment of a thousand grenadiers, not one of whom was less than six feet and a half high. Morgan was an Irish giant, and was instantly seized by the Prussian recruiting sergeants, who forced him to volunteer into the tall battalion. This turn of fate was totally out of the Irishman's calculation; and the prospect of carrying a musket till his dying day on the Potsdam parade, after having made up his mind to live by his wits and rove the world, more than once tempted him to think of leaving his musket and his honour behind him, and fairly trying his chance for escape. But the attempt was always found impracticable; the frontier was too closely watched, and Morgan still marched up and down the Potsdam parade with a disconsolate heart; when one evening a Turkish recruit was brought in; for Frederic looked to nothing but the thighs and sinews of a man, and the Turk was full seven feet high.

"How much did his majesty give for catching that heathen?" said Morgan to his corporal. "Four hundred dollars," was the answer. He burst out into an exclamation of astonishment at this waste of royal treasure upon a Turk.

"Why, they cannot be got for less," replied the corporal. "What a pity my five brothers cannot hear of it!" said Morgan, "I am a dwarf to any one of them, and the sound of half the money would bring them all over immediately." As the discovery of a tall recruit was the well known road to favouritism, five were worth at least a pair of colours to the corporal; the conversation was immediately carried to the sergeant, and from him through the gradation of officers to the colonel, who took the first opportunity of mentioning it to the king. The colonel was instantly ordered to question Morgan. But he at once lost all memory on the subject. "He had no brothers: he had made the regiment his father and mother and relations, and there he hoped to live and die." But he was urged still more strongly, and at length confessed, that he had brothers, even above the regimental standard, but that nothing on earth could stir them from their spades."

After some time, the king inquired for the five recruits, and was indignant when he was told of the impossibility of enlisting them. "Send the fellow himself," he exclaimed, "and let him bring them back." The order was given, but Morgan was broken hearted "at the idea of so long an absence from the regiment." He applied to the colonel to have the order revoked, or at least given to some one else. But this was out of the question, for Frederic's word was always irrevocable; and Morgan, with a disconsolate face, prepared to set out upon his mission. But a new difficulty struck him. "How was he to make his brothers come, unless he shewed them the recruiting money?" This objection was at last obviated by the advance of a sum equal to about three hundred pounds sterling, as a first instalment for the purchase of his family. Like a loyal grenadier, the Irishman was now ready to attempt any thing for his colonel or his king, and Morgan began his journey. But, as he was stepping out of the gates of Potsdam, another difficulty occurred; and he returned to tell the colonel, that of all people existing, the Irish were the most apt to doubt a traveller's story, they being in the habit of a good deal of exercise in that style themselves; and that when he should go back to his own country and tell them of the capital treatment and sure promotion that a soldier met with in the guards, the probability was, that they would laugh in his face. As to the money, "there were some who would not scruple to say that he stole it, or tricked some one out of it. But, undoubtedly, when they saw him walking back only as a common soldier, he was sure that they would not believe a syllable, let him say what he would about rising in the service."

The objection was intelligible enough, and the colonel represented it to Frederic, who, doubly outrageous at the delay, swore a grenadier oath, ordered Morgan to be made a *sous officier*, or upper sergeant, and, with a sword and epaulette, sent him instantly across the Rhine to convince his five brothers of the rapidity of Prussian promotion. Morgan flew to his home in the county Carlow, delighted the fire-ides for many a mile round with his having outwitted a king and a whole battalion of grenadiers, laid out his recruiting money on land, and became a man of estate at the expense of the Prussian treasury.

One ceremony remains to be recorded. Once a year, on the anniversary of the day on which he left Potsdam and its giants behind, he climbed a hill within a short distance of his house, turned himself in the direction of Prussia, and with the most contemptuous gesture which he could contrive, bade good-by to his majesty! The *man* was long a great source of amusement, and its hero, like other heroes, bore through life the name earned by his exploit, *Morgan Prussia*.

A SURGEON'S STORY.

Some three or four years since, a friend of mine, whom I shall call Ormsby, removed from his chambers in the University, and entered himself as a resident medical student in Stevens's Hospital, Dublin. He was a very young man at that time, an orphan, and he knew that he should have to trust his own abilities and exertions alone, to win an honourable name in the profession, of which he was an enthusiastic member. He was of a thoughtful and pro-

found temper, tinged with a shade of melancholy poesy; it was his delight, like Manfred, to essay

"Philosophy and science, and the springs
Of wonder, and the wisdom of the world."

and to seek for that secret analogy which exists between the immaterial spirit and its fleshly encasement; and the returning midnight still found him in his solitary apartment, bending over the folios of Albinus and Haller, or patiently investigating the drawings of Leonardo Da Vinci. His principal reason for residing in the hospital, was to avail himself of the facility with which immediate *post mortem* examinations could be obtained; as he was then engaged in preparing a treatise in which he advanced an original theory, which, if he could succeed in elucidating, (as he confidently expected) would have proved a new era in the literature of medicine.

The day on which the incident I am going to relate occurred, brother student had dined with him in his rooms, and the cloth had only been removed, when a porter entered, and told Ormsby in a whisper, that the patient in the fever ward had just died. "Very well, bring him to the dead-room. Drury, you will wait, I'll shew you a beautiful operation."

"No, I thank you, I have got quite enough of the work to day; I have attended demonstration—chemical lecture—remained six hours in Park-street, and egad I'll have no more of it—it is now after six o'clock, and I must be off—*bon soir*."

"Thoughtless fellow! said Ormsby, as he took up his candle, and proceeded to the dissecting-room. To an uninitiated stranger it would have appeared a horrible and ghastly sight; gentle reader, I shall not describe it: yet so much are we the slaves of habit, that the young surgeon sat down to his revolting task as indifferently as, reader, you would open your chess-board: the room was lofty and extensive, badly lighted; his flickering taper scarcely revealing the ancient writings that he was about to peruse. On the table before him lay the subject, wrapped in a long sheet, his case of instruments resting on it, he read on for some time intently, unheeding the storm which raged without, and threatened to blow in the casements against which the rain beat in large drops; and this, said he, looking on the body, and pursuing the train of his thoughts, this mass of lifelessness coldness, and inaction, is all we know of that alteration of our being, that mysterious modification of our existence by which our vital intelligence is launched into the worlds beyond—a breath, and we are here—a breath, and we are gone. He raised his knife and opened a vein in the foot, a faint shriek, and a start, which overset the table and extinguished the light, were the effects of his temerity—though somewhat shocked, Ormsby was not daunted—and then turning to relight his taper, he heard through the darkness a long-drawn sigh, and in weak and sickly accents—"Oh! Doctor, I am a great deal better now." Ormsby said nothing, but returning deliberately, covered up the man thus wonderfully re-awakened from an almost fatal trance, carried him back, and laid him in his bed.—In a week after the patient was discharged from the hospital cured.

THE PLAID, OR CLOTH OF MANY COLOURS.

The different ranks in Ireland were formerly distinguished by the number of colours in their garments. The King wore seven; the Olhams, or Doctors, wore six; and the peasant only one. In Scotland, to this day, the several clans are distinguished by the arrangement of colours, which compose their plaids. The royal plaid contains seven, viz:—red, blue, purple, brown, yellow, white, and green.

The Duke of Hamilton's family being strangers in Scotland until the time of Bruce, have been long honoured with the royal plaid, on account of their fidelity and services to the nation and the throne, to which at one time they were declared the immediate heirs. In the precursory proofs, that Israelites of the tribe of Joseph, came from Egypt into Ireland, it is asserted that the plaid had its origin in the commemoration of the coat of many colours which Jacob had prepared for his beloved son. Indeed the plaid has never yet been satisfactorily accounted for in any other way.

J. D.

THE WARRIOR'S GRAVE.

No trophy marks his hallowed tomb—
No sculptured marbles rise;
From the red field of war, and his glories afar,
Here the valiant hero lies.
Is there nought there to point out the place of his rest?
Not a mark o'er his lonely bed;
Doth no cypress wave above the grave
Of the brave, tho' unhonoured dead?

Doth no tablet tell in lines of woe
The mouldering warrior's name?
Does he sleep forgot in this lonely spot—
Unknown in the rolls of fame?
Alas! no cypress waves o'er his tomb;
By no tablet his name is exprest;
This massy stone doth point out alone
The place where his ashes rest.

Then, say, why have they buried him here,
Upon the naked shore?
Say do not the brave deserve a grave
Afar from the ocean's roar?
The strangers came to our native land,
From their home beyond the sea;
They came to despoil our lovely isle,—
They came to make slaves of the free.

But lion hearts would not be slaves;
We met them upon this strand,
And tho' but few, our swords we drew—
We fought for our native land.
For awhile our chieftan's sable plume
Was seen in the van to wave;
Whilst the cliffs on high re-echoed the cry
That came from the fight of the brave.

For a while success crowned our little band,
And the foe before us fled,
'Till a feathered dart pierced the warrior's heart,
And he sank 'midst the heaps of the dead.
He lies where he fell, in his sea-beat grave;
No passing bell was rung—
Not a parting prayer was breathed o'er him there—
Not a requiem song was sung.

His passing bell is the thunder's peal,
Or the noise of the foaming tide
As its surges roar on the stormy shore,
'Gainst the precipices' side;
And the howling tempest's angry voice,
As it swells o'er the rolling wave,
Is the requiem song that sweeps along
O'er the valiant warrior's grave.

JULIAN

We are requested by our intelligent Correspondent, Mr. J. GETTY, to correct the following misprints in his article on Ornithology, which appeared in our 77th number:—For *Alapda*, read *Alauda*; for *Alanda Avenis*, read *Alauda Arvensis*; for *Alanda cristata*, read *Alauda cristata*; and for *pipis*, read *pipio*.

We should feel much obliged if our Correspondents, who favour us with articles on scientific subjects, would take the trouble of writing, in a legible hand, all classical or merely technical terms, as it can scarcely be expected that the reader, in the best established printing-office, will be as well informed on such subjects as the writer; and it would be impossible that the Editor could attend to the minutia of correcting the articles of his various correspondents.

DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 3, Cecilia Street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.

Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Panyer-alley, Paternoster-row; in Liverpool, by Willmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Ambury; in Birmingham, by Drake; in Nottingham, by Wright; in Glasgow, by W. & M'Phun.

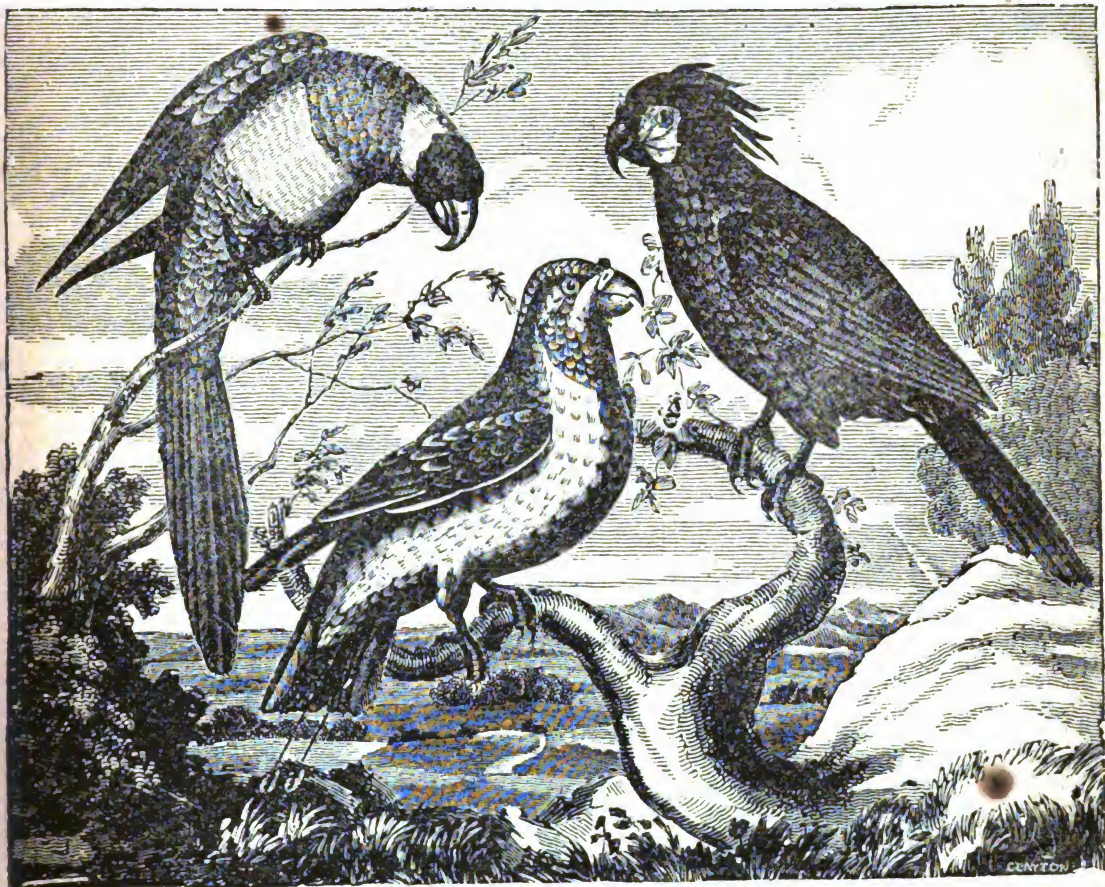
DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 83. Vol. II.

CONDUCTED BY P. DIXON, HARDY, M.R.I.A.

FEB. 1, 1834.



Zoned Parrot,

Battledore-tailed Parrot,

Black Cockatoo.

PARROTS.

"THE MISCELLANY OF NATURAL HISTORY."

This is really an entertaining little volume, and although its style may not be quite as scientific, nor its plates as well executed or coloured as Jardine's "Humming Birds," we are much mistaken if, after all, it will not be, by the generality of our readers, esteemed the "better book"—decidedly the more amusing. It is written in a style very much to our mind for such publications. We are no friends to that strait-laced philosophy which can never condescend, when treating on such subjects, to leave the professor's chair, or to turn from the dry detail of merely scientific description. To combine amusement with instruction should ever be the object of those who write for the young; and it is certainly for youth that such publications are, generally speaking, intended. But we shall allow our readers to form their own opinion. After some introductory observations on the physical characters of parrots, treating of their intellectual and imitative faculties, the writer observes:—

"Among the numerous foreign birds which are imported into Great Britain, the family of Parrots are better known than any others. They are especial pets, from the splendour of their plumage, the extreme docility of their manners, and their great intelligence. It is truly surprising with what facility they imitate and acquire different words, and even sentences.

"Those animals which, in any particular, approximate to the nature of man, have always excited in him more interest than any others. At the head of these, among mammiferous quadrupeds, may be ranked the extensive tribe of monkeys; and, among birds, the tribe of parrots. These are analogically connected; and both possess physical peculiarities somewhat allied to humanity.

"Monkeys approach mankind in their conformation, gestures, and in a distant resemblance in the face. In the use of their hands they also bear a striking similitude, while their internal organic structure approaches, in a wonderful degree, to that of man. Their faculty of imitating human actions, is not the least curious part of their similarity; and if they had the power of imitating articulate sounds, the resemblance would have been wonderfully complete: but the infinite wisdom of the framer and ruler of the universe has wisely ordered it otherwise; and in this respect they are far behind that of many other animals much less perfect in their organization; for we find that parrots,

• Vol. I. By Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart. F.R.S.E., and Captain Thomas Brown, F.L.S. The engravings by Joseph Kidd, Esq., Member of the Scottish Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. Edinburgh: published by Fraser and Co.

Vol. II. No. 31.

which are far removed in form and physical properties from man, are still more nearly allied to him in the faculty of acquiring articulate sounds, their imitation of his voice being so exact, as not to be easily detected. So that the approximation is of a higher kind in parrots than in monkeys—so far at least as speech is connected with mental operations—while gesture is simply a physical action.

"The whole members of the extensive family of parrots have a thick, hard, solid bill, round in all its parts, the base being surrounded by a membrane, in which the nostrils are pierced. They have a soft, thick, fleshy, round tongue, capable of great mobility, which, with their complicated larynx, provided with three muscles, enables them to imitate articulate sounds, and more particularly that of the human voice.

"Although parrots are endowed with the faculty of imitating articulate sounds, in a much higher degree than all other animals, yet we must not consider this a proof of their superior intelligence, as approaching to that of human intellect.

"The brain of parrots is larger and more perfect than that of any other of the races of birds. The organs are better developed, and more numerous in their convolutions, the anterior lobe of its hemispheres being more prolonged than in predatory birds, with a considerably wider encephalon, which is more flattened than long. But, with this superiority of cerebral development, we can by no means compare their intelligence with that of humanity. In form, as it were, a point of contact, but it has no resemblance, for all they utter is not from reflection, but from imitation; and it is quite certain that they do not understand the meaning of the words or sentences which they chatter.

"There are two kinds of imitations connected with animal life. The one is entirely of a physical nature, and depends on organic similitude; the other is dependant on the mind. The first of these is possessed by monkeys, parrots, and other animals; while the second is an attribute of man alone: the one dependant on memory only, with organic functions, fitted for acquiring; the other is dependant on mental reflection and study.

"Physical and mental imitations are widely different. That which can be acquired by an animal, being physical, dies with the animal, as he has not the power of transmitting it to others of his species. We never find any of the brute creation attempting to instruct its progeny in any of the acquirements which it has received under the tuition of man: the animal dies, and all his education perishes with him, and nothing remains to his progeny save the inherent qualities peculiar to his species.

"Locke in his *Essay on the Human Understanding*, quotes the following anecdote of a conversing parrot, from the *Remains of what passed at Christendom from 1672 to 1679*, in such a way as to lead us to suppose that he believed in it. "When Prince Maurice was Governor of Brazil, he was informed of an old parrot that was much spoken of, in consequence of being able to converse like a rational creature,—at least, it would answer the questions that were put to it. It was at some distance from the seat of government; but having heard much of its merits, the curiosity of the Viceroy became roused, and he directed that it should be sent for, that he might in person examine into the fact. When it was first introduced into the room where the Prince sat, with several Dutch gentlemen, it immediately exclaimed, in the Brazilian language, 'what a company of white men are here!' Pointing to the Prince, they asked, 'who's that man?' The parrot answered, 'some general or other.' When the attendants carried it up to him, he asked through the medium of an interpreter, (as he was ignorant of its language,) 'whence do you come?' The parrot answered 'from Marignol.' The Prince asked, 'to whom do you belong?' It answered, 'to a Portuguese.' He asked again, 'what do you do here?' 'I look after chickens.' The Prince, laughing, exclaimed, 'You look after chickens?' The parrot, in answer, said 'yes I; and I know well how to do it,' clucking at the same time, in imitation of the notes of a hen when calling together her young.

"Willughby mentions a curious story of a parrot. He says, "a parrot belonging to King Henry VII, who then

resided at Westminster, in his palace by the river Thames, was learned to talk many words from the passengers, as they happened to take the water. One day, sporting on its perch, the poor bird fell into the water, at the same time crying out as loud as he could, *a boat! twenty pounds for a boat!* A waterman, who happened to be near, hearing the cry, made to the place where the parrot was floating, and taking him up, restored him to the king, as it seems the bird was a favourite."

"The following curious circumstance occurred with a couple of parrots in London. A tradesman, who had a shop in the Old Bailey, opposite the prison, kept two parrots, much to the annoyance of his neighbours, one of which was green, and the other gray. The green parrot was taught to speak when there was a knock at the street door—the gray put in his word whenever the bell was rung; but they only knew two short phrases of English a piece, though they pronounced these very distinctly. The house in which these Thobians lived, had a projecting old fashioned front, so that the first floor could not be seen from the pavement on the same side of the way; and one day, when they were left at home by themselves hanging out of a window, some one knocked at the street door. "Who's there?" said the green parrot, in the exercise of his office. "The man with the leather!" was the reply; to which the bird answered with his farther store of language, which was, "oh, ho!" Presently the door not being opened as he expected, the stranger knocked a second time. "Who's there?" said the green parrot again. "Curse you, who's there!" said the man with the leather, "why don't you come down?" to which the parrot again made the same answer, "oh, ho!" This response so enraged the visitor, that he dropped the knocker, and rang furiously at the house bell; but this proceeding brought the gray parrot, who called out in a new voice, "Go to the gate."—"To the gate!" muttered the appellant, who saw no such convenience, and moreover imagined that the servants were bantering him. "What gate?" cried he, getting out into the kennel, that he might have the advantage of seeing his interlocutor. "Newgate," responded the gray parrot—just at the moment when his species was discovered.

"Some years since a parrot in Boston, America, that had been taught to whistle, in the manner of calling a dog, was sitting in his cage, at the door of a shop. As he was exercising himself in this kind of whistle, a large dog happened to be passing the spot. The animal imagining that he heard the call of his master, turned suddenly about, and ran towards the cage of the parrot. At this critical moment, the bird exclaimed vehemently, "get out, you brute!" The astonished dog hastily retreated, leaving the parrot to enjoy the joke.

"A gentleman who had resided at Gosport, in Hampshire, and had frequent business across the water to Portsmouth, was astonished one day, on going to the beach to look for a boat, and finding none, to hear the words distinctly repeated, "over, master? Going over?" (which is the manner that watermen are in the habit of addressing people, when they are waiting for passengers.)—The cry still assailing his ears, he looked earnestly around him to discover from whence the voice came; when, to his great surprise, he beheld the parrot, in a cage, suspended from a public house window, on the beach, reiterating the boatman's expressions.

"Willughby mentions a parrot, which, when a person said to it, "laugh, poll, laugh," it laughed accordingly; and, immediately after, screamed out "what a fool! to make me laugh."

"A parrot which had grown old with its master, shared with him the infirmities of age. Being accustomed to hear scarcely any thing but the words, "I am sick," when a person asked it, "how do you do?" "I am sick," it replied, with a doleful tone, stretching itself along, "I am sick."

"In October, 1822, the following announcement appeared in the London papers:—"A few days ago, died, Moon Street, Piccadilly, the celebrated parrot of O'Kelly. This singular bird sang a number of perfect time and tune. She could express her feelings accurately, and give her orders in a manner."

ing to rationality. Her age was not known. It was, however, more than thirty years; for previous to that period, Colonel O'Kelly bought her, at Bristol for one hundred guineas. The Colonel was repeatedly offered five hundred guineas a year for the bird, by persons who wished to make a public exhibition of her; but this, out of tenderness to the favourite, he constantly refused." This bird could not only repeat a great number of sentences, but also answer a number of questions put to her. When she sung, she beat time with all the regularity of a scientific performer; and she seemed so much alive to musical melody, that, if she mistook a note by accident, she would again revert to the bar where she had committed the error, still, however, beating time, and finishing her song, with much accuracy."

"We are told by Comte de Buffon, that his sister had a parrot which would frequently speak to himself, and seemed to fancy that some one addressed him. He often asked for his paw, and answered by holding it up. Though he liked to hear the voice of children, he seemed to have an antipathy to them, and bit them till he drew blood. He had also his objects of attachment, and though his choice was not very nice, it was constant. He was excessively fond of the cook-maid; followed her every where, sought for her when absent, and seldom missed finding her. If she had been some time out of his sight, the bird climbed with his bill and claws to her shoulders, and lavished on her his caresses. His fondness had all the marks of close and warm friendship. The girl happened to have a sore finger, which was tedious in healing, and so painful as to make her scream. While she uttered her moans, the parrot never left her chamber. The first thing he did every day, was to pay her a visit; and his tender condolence lasted the whole time of her confinement, when he returned to his former calm and settled attachment.

"Mr. Jennings, of Great Wakering, in Essex, had a parrot, which for many years manifested the strongest attachment towards him. When in the house the parrot was constantly perched upon his shoulder; and if compelled to move, which he would not do without reluctance, he could by no means be induced to go farther than the back of his master's chair.

"The bird expressed the greatest uneasiness during his master's absence; and at the hour of dinner would uniformly go to the end of the court, call him by name, and anxiously remain there until he had attained his object.

"After some years, the master became ill, which the faithful bird felt with the most poignant sensibility; and when at length death deprived him of his kind protector, the bird declined all sustenance; and, perching himself on the back of the chair, which had been the scene of happier days, gave himself up to the most exquisite grief, until the day of his master's interment; when, after moaning and lamenting, in a manner so audible and impressive, as to increase the affliction of the family, he sank down and died, a victim to an attachment as faithful as ever subsisted between human beings.

"Dr. Thornton had a blue Maccaw, which attracted great attention at the time. The doctor's son, observing the sagacity of this bird, undertook to instruct him. He taught him at word of command, to descend from his perch, and stand upon his finger; and by another order, he turned himself downwards, and hung upon the fore finger by one foot, although the body was swung about with much violence. Being next asked—how a person should be served? the spectator waited for an answer, but the bird said nothing, and seizing his master's finger, suspended himself by his bill, like one hanging. At the desire of his master he extended his wings to shew their beauty. He would then fan the spectators with his wings. He was next put on the ground, and then walked as readily backwards as forwards, with his two toes in front, and two behind. He would then clamber like a sailor up the mizen, and with his two open mandibles embraced his perch, which was nearly two inches in thickness.

• Vol. II. No. 10. We remember a parrot which belonged to a lady, Joseph Knight was the innocent means of getting his mistress into a very unfortunate scrape. A friend of hers having called on her one afternoon, the conversation of the two ladies took that

turn towards petty scandal, to which, we grieve to say, it is but too frequently bent. The friend mentioned the name of a lady of their acquaintance. 'Mrs. —' exclaimed the owner of the parrot, 'Mrs. — drinks like a fish.' These words were hardly uttered, when the footman, in a loud voice, announced 'Mrs. —' and as the new visitor, a portly, proud dame, came sailing into the room, 'Mrs. —' exclaimed the parrot, 'Mrs. — drinks like a fish.' Mrs. — wheeled round, with the celerity of a troop of heavy dragoons, furiously to confront her base and unknown maligner. 'Mrs. —' cried the parrot again 'Mrs. — drinks like a fish.' 'Madam,' exclaimed Mrs. — to the lady of the house, 'this is a piece of wickedness towards me which must have taken you no short time to prepare. It shews the blackness of your heart towards one for whom you have long pretended a friendship; but I shall be revenged.' It was in vain that the mistress of the parrot rose and protested her innocence: Mrs. — flounced out of the room in a storm of rage, much too loud to admit of the voice of reason being heard. The parrot, delighted with his new caught up words, did nothing for some days, but shout out, at the top of his most unmusical voice, 'Mrs. —! Mrs. — drinks like a fish.' Meanwhile, Mrs. —'s lawyers having once taken up the scent, succeeded in ferretting out some information, that ultimately produced written proofs, furnished by some secret enemy, that the lady's imprudence in the propagation of this scandal had not been confined to the instance we have mentioned. An action at law was raised for defamation. The parrot was arrested and carried into court, to give oral testimony of the malignity of the plot which was supposed to have been laid against Mrs. —'s good fame: and he was by no means niggardly of his testimony, for, to the great amusement of the bench, the bar, and all present, he was no sooner produced, than he began, and continued loudly to vociferate, 'Mrs. —! Mrs. — drinks like a fish!' till judges and jury were alike satisfied of the merits of the case; and the result was, that the poor owner of the parrot was cast with immense damages.

"Another incident, somewhat less serious in its consequences, but yet extremely mortifying, occurred to the family of a worthy citizen, who, by laudable attention to business, had accumulated so considerable a fortune, as to enable him to purchase a very nice villa, not an hundred miles from Hampstead. The worthy man had always enjoyed moderate comforts, whilst he could; but it was his misfortune to marry a wife, who made a point of ruling the roast, if she ever allowed him to have such a thing. This lady had an only daughter, by a former marriage; and as her greatest desire in life was to see the girl well settled in the world, she spared neither pains nor expense to effect her object. But this only whetted her natural parsimony at all other times,—her maxim being, to save all in secret, in order to be the better able to spare nothing in public; and this she carried into practice, by setting her good natured husband daily down to fare of the humblest possible description. One great economical scheme of hers was, the establishment of a pigery. On one celebrated occasion, she made a very profitable sale to a butcher of some half dozen or so of the fatted inhabitants of her sty; and that she might make the most of every thing, she supplied her husband's table whilst it lasted, with little else than fried pig's liver. As the good citizen was generally pretty ready for his meal, on his return from his daily business, the parrot often heard, and joined in the call which his master's arrival produced, to "come away with the pig's liver," which the lady vociferated over the stair to Rebecca, her only domestic, a great red checked, raw boned girl, fresh from the country. But in the midst of these daily commons, the lady was sparing no expense for a grand dinner she was about to give. By some accident the mother and daughter had picked up an acquaintance with a young man of quality, who had been struck with the showy figure of the young lady. Speculations and plots followed: and with the bold decision of an able general, the fond mother resolved to complete her daughter's conquest by a *coup de main*; and the young gentleman having rode out that way, with two of his fashionable companions, she lost not

a moment in asking them all to take what she called a family dinner, at the villa, on an early day, which she named. For this the choicest viands and wines were provided, and a French cook and powdered waiter were procured, and a quantity of plate was hired in for the occasion; so that the worthy lady felt so strong, both in troops and in the *matériel de guerre*, that she already, in imagination, beheld her daughter as the wife of the young honourable.

"The day, and the hour, and the guests arrived. Dinner was served. The lady so managed matters, that her daughter was seated next her admirer. Operas and balls were talked of; every thing was in apple-pie order; the soup and fish courses passed away; and a haunch of venison was announced, ambiguously stated as being from the park of a noble friend,—the real fact being, that it was purchased from a butcher, who had it from his lordship's keeper. During the interval that took place before its appearance, John was dispatched for champagne. The company waited; but neither venison, nor champagne, nor servant appeared. A dead silence ensued,—a silence that was agony to the lady. Minutes were added to minutes; the good old citizen rose from his chair, and rang the bell; it tingled in the ears of the company for a while—but its tingling was fruitless. The suspense became fearful.—

"What a pretty parrot you have got," said the young gentleman, at last, in despair. "He is a very pretty bird, indeed," said the lady of the house, "and a very intelligent person, too, I assure you. What have you to say for yourself, Poll?" "Becky, Becky! the pig's liver, and a pot of beer. Quick, quick! come away!" cried the parrot. "The horrid sailors teach these creatures to be so vulgar," said the young lady, in a die-a-way tone. "Becky, Becky!" cried the parrot, "the pig's liver! Quick, quick! Becky, Becky?" and having been once roused from his lethargy, he continued to bawl out the same words, at the top of his voice, till—what, ye gods! was the horror of the lady and her fair daughter, and what was the uncontrollable mirth of the three youths, when the great slipshod country wench entered the room, her left arm embracing an ample dish of smoking hot fried pig's liver, and her right hand swinging a creaming pewter pot full of beer. "Lucky, indeed, it was that I had it ready, ma'am," said she, as she set the dish and the pot bang down before her mistress, with a self satisfied air, that seemed to crave applause, "for Jowler, the big watch-dog, has runned away wi' the leg of carrion; an' mounseer, wi' the white nightcap, and t'other chap, wi' the flour on his head, will ha' enough ado to catch un." After such a *denouement*, the catastrophe may be conceived.



GYMNASTICS.

We have long had it in contemplation to devote an occasional Number of our little Journal to the amusement and instruction of our juvenile readers, who, we have no doubt, are frequently tired enough of our Old Castles and Ancient Buildings, some of them, perchance, even wearied with our Irish Stories; they may, therefore, consider the present week's publication as intended particularly for themselves. Gymnastic exercises are now so generally recommended by physicians, and are at once so agreeable and beneficial to the bodily frame, that we feel we could not offer the generality of our young friends any thing more to their mind, than an article on the subject with appropriate engravings.

The ancient and modern gymnastics are, indeed, of a very different character; the former were practised at a time when agility and strength were the principal requisites of a warrior, when leaping, hurling the javelin, racing, wrestling, &c. were exercises which alone would fit men for the field, enable them to repel the attacks of their neighbours, or in turn to become themselves the aggressors; when the defence of their own property, or the seizure of that of others, was the employment of a principal part of their lives, the gymnastic art would undoubtedly occupy a prominent place in the education of youth.—The ancient and modern gymnastics must not be confounded. The ancient gymnastics fitted men for the field.

and for the fatigues of war—the modern professes only to improve the constitution; to enable men to encounter without injury the close air of the counting-house or the drawing-room; to endure without trouble the fatigues of a city life.

In the engravings will be seen a representation of the manners and exercises generally practised in the schools of the present day—*running, leaping, vaulting, climbing the ladder, the pole and the loose rope, swinging on the bar and leaping with the pole.*

RUNNING.

It is evidently necessary to the performance of several of the other exercises that the young gymnast should particularly endeavour to acquire a swift and easy method of running. The most common fault is the taking too short and swift steps, which soon fatigue, and the progress is not so great in proportion as when the steps are longer though less quickly performed.

LEAPING.

Leaping is the best bodily exercise for the lower members, and therefore occupies a very prominent place in all modern gymnastics. In order, however, to practise this with ease, initiatory exercises are often necessary, such as hopping, and striking the lower part of the back with the feet, and the knees against the breast. In hopping care should be taken to make the steps short and quick, keep-

ing the arms crossed and the head erect. After these exercises have in some degree brought the muscles of the thigh into play, and rendered the knee-joints sufficiently flexible, the pupil may begin leaping. Of leaps there are several different kinds, viz. the long leap with or without a run, the deep leap, or the same leaps with a pole, all of which are very differently performed.

The high leap without a run. In order to practise the high leaps it is necessary to construct a leaping stand, which is generally made in the following manner: Two upright posts are fixed in the ground, at the distance of about twelve feet from each other, and having holes drilled in them at every inch, for the insertion of pegs, over which a cord is kept extended by two weights fastened to its extremities.

The leap over the cord must always be made from the side of the stand opposite to which the string is laid, in order that it may give way if struck by the feet. This stand therefore allows of leaping from one side only, and even then the weight often occasions the string to entangle the leaper, although his feet carry it off the pegs. A better stand may be made (if the leapers are not very numerous) with poles that shut up in three joints, one within the other, similar to some fishing rods, as shewn in the engraving. These being drawn out to any required length, and supported in their position by means of small

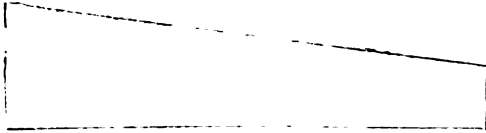
pegs, a thin light cane, in place of the string, is laid along the top of the two poles, which are slightly grooved to receive it. This will be found to fly off with the slightest touch, and never to embarrass the pupil: a circumstance worthy of consideration, as a fall when leaping to the height of eight or ten feet often produces serious injury. This stand may also be used with equal safety from either side; but the poles cannot be set so far asunder as in the other, it being difficult to procure a thin cane that is straight, above five feet in length. In order to learn the high leap without a run, the pupil is directed to place himself at about the distance of four feet from the stand, and having excited the elastic power of his feet by a preliminary leap of about three feet, he springs over the cane. The two leaps should be made very light, and fol-

low one another instantaneously, that the force of the first spring be not lost. It is better for young pupils to begin this with the cane no higher than the knees; but many persons will spring over a cord at the height of the pit of the stomach.

The deep leap is a spring from one side of a ditch to the other, which is considerably lower, or indeed from any high place to a low one, and is best performed with the assistance of the hands. By contriving to throw himself partly on his hands, and let the weight of his descent thus gradually pass over to the feet, the gymnast will soon be enabled to leap from a height, that to an unpractised eye would appear dangerous. By continual practise he will in time be enabled to leap with comparative ease from a two pair of stairs window, and thus have a considerable advan-

tage in case of fire over the idle or the sedentary man, to whom a leap from the first floor would be often fatal. For exercise this leap is often performed without the assistance of the hands, and great care must then be taken to fall on the ball of the toes, instead of the heels, as otherwise a very considerable shock may be given to the body. *Dropping* also from a height is often connected with this exercise, and great care must then be taken to keep the knees slack, and the body rather forward in the descent. These exercises must on no account be performed after a meal, as the shock on a full stomach may sometimes occasion hernia.

The *long leap without a run* is an excellent exercise, particularly for the muscles of the feet, calves, and thighs. It is performed merely by the elastic power of the feet, assisted by a swinging of the hands. The long leaps are best performed over a ditch about a foot deep, and increasing in breadth from one end to the other thus :



taking care that the margin of one side be composed of loose sand to the extent of about two feet and a half, in order that a slip in descending may not strain the feet of the leaper. The broadest end of the ditch need not exceed twenty feet, and the breadth should diminish gradually to about four and a half. Continued jumping from one end to another of a long piece of ground is also recommended as an excellent preparatory exercise.

The *long leap with a run* is to be practised over the ditch, and the run should never exceed twenty-five feet. The steps should be small, and increase in rapidity as they approach the leaping-place; long steps are to be particularly avoided, as they considerably diminish the force of the run. As it is evident that the spring can be finally made with only one foot, and most persons leap best with the right, some little practise is required to enable the leaper to so far measure the distance with his eye, as to bring that foot forward to leap with. When descending, the feet should be kept close together, the knees slack, and the chest well thrown forward, and on arriving at the ground a light spring should be again made to lessen the shock of the fall; though if the opposite margin be formed of loose sand to the depth of about three feet, as before recommended, no shock can be felt. Many young leapers, however, by throwing the feet too forward, fall backward on coming to the ground, or by separating the legs give to one of them alone the whole weight of the descent, and thereby are apt to receive some unpleasant strains. But, of all the faults of young beginners, the most common is that of endeavouring to hurl themselves along without leaping to a sufficient height: they thus come quickly to the ground, and generally fall on their faces by the strength of their own leap.

The *high leap with a run* may be performed either by bending the legs under the body as close as possible, immediately on leaving the ground; or by throwing the left leg over the cane, and by drawing the right sharply up to the bottom of the back; or by throwing them together, either to the right or left side, to prevent their catching against the obstacle over which you leap. The run, &c. is the same as in the preceding exercise; and many leapers will in this manner clear a wall considerably above their own height. At Greenwich this exercise is combined with a game of carrying off a ring on the top of a sword doubtless in the act of leaping, and this accustoms the pupils and brings with great precision and coolness.

The *long leap with a pole*.—We are now come to leap-wearied pole which has been said to be 'vaulting,' in- sider the proper, instead of supporting himself by an in- generally recom- carries with him a pole, which he places agreeable and bene- chooses. This is, however, by no we could not offer the support given by a wall, bar, or other any thing more to the ch you have to move, and on which lect with appropriate ed, bears but little resemblance to

a moveable pole which swings with your body, and on which you in a manner hang. The pole should be from about six feet to ten, or even thirteen feet long, and about two inches thick at the bottom, tapering to about an inch at the top: ash is the best wood, as fir, though more easily procured straight, is more liable to crack. This pole is held with the right hand about the height of the head, and the left a little higher than the hips. The run is the same as before, but the leap must be made with the left foot. The leaper then swings round to the right of the pole, making a turn, so that his body faces, on his reaching the opposite bank of the ditch, the side from which he set out. The body should be kept near the pole, and the swing must be carefully given, lest, by pulling the pole in a direction lateral to the ditch, you should fall sideways into the ditch. The spring and the fixing of the pole must be made at the same moment, as otherwise the swing is not so strongly made; and, in proportion as he becomes more expert, the leaper may advance his hands higher up the pole, and thereby have a more powerful swing. The feet should be stretched out as far as possible to reach the opposite bank, and if this should be lower than the one from which the leap is taken, the hands should be slid down the pole while in the act of leaping. This exercise is very common in Lincolnshire, Cambridge-shire, and the other fen counties which abound with dykes; but it is there common to throw the body strongly against the pole, and, letting it pass between the legs, to ride over, as it were, upon it.

The *high leap with a pole* greatly resembles the preceding one, except that, the sweep being smaller, the hands must be more raised, and the legs quickly turned, to prevent their coming in contact with the cord. The left hand should grasp the pole at the same distance from the bottom that the cord is from the ground. The pole is not always fixed at the same distance in front of the sand, but further, in proportion to the height of the leap. The swinging upward is principally effected by the force of the spring as connected with the quick motion occasioned by the run, which, being suddenly checked by the fixing of the pole, changes its horizontal direction to one of a slanting ascent, and thus carries the body of the leaper over the cord or cane. At the same time the leaper must observe to fix the pole right before him, and not either to the right or left, as otherwise the force of the run will throw him from the pole. The best criterion of a good leap is, that the pupil descend in an equal balance to the ground, that is to say, he is not compelled to run backward to keep himself from falling, which is too often the case. The descent should take place on the balls of the toes, and the knees should be slackened to prevent any shock.

VAULTING, or the art of leaping over an object with the assistance of the hands, requires next to be attended to. This is performed by placing the hands on the wall, bar, or gate, over or upon which you vault, and at the same time giving a spring; swinging yourself round, and descending with your face towards the object. The leaning of the hands not only gives direction to, but considerably assists the swing, and thereby augments the muscular power of the arms, shoulders, &c., as well as of the legs. In order that this exercise may be practised with ease and safety, wooden horses, whose sides and backs are commonly stuffed with wool, and covered with leather, are to be erected in the gymnasium. 1. The pupil places himself in front of the horse, makes one preparatory leap, and then fixing both hands on it, and springing up, throws his right leg over: the body is then suspended by the support of the hands, and descends gradually to the riding position. In order to dismount, the rider swings himself on his hands, first forward and then backward, and then, closing his feet, throws them both over to the ground. A person may soon learn to mount a horse of any size in this manner.

Vaulting over the horse ought to be frequently practised, as it is applicable in so many instances. With a short run a person may soon learn to throw himself over the height of his chest, and, by shifting the hands, over a broad table. Vaulting on, in a standing position, is performed with a short run; the pupil then places his hands at a little distance from one another on the object, and, at the same time, leaping up, draws his knees forcibly to-

wards his breast, so that the feet come up between the hands; the gymnast then, quitting the horse with his hands, stands upright. If he wish to seat himself sideways on the horse, he need only, instead of standing, continue to throw forward his feet, and he will be able to seat himself on the saddle; or should he still continue his leap, he will go over the horse straightforward.

SWINGING ON THE BAR.—This, though an exercise not so directly applicable to the accidents of active life as leaping, vaulting, or climbing, greatly augments the muscular power of the body, and must never be omitted in the gymnasium. Bars should therefore be erected similar to those shown in the engraving, and if possible they should be under cover from the rain and sun. The exercises on these bars are so various that we cannot be expected to describe them in detail.—On the double bars the principal ones are performed, either by raising the body on the two hands as the pupil is represented doing, or by swinging along them, or lowering and raising himself by degrees, by the strength of his arms only. On the single bar the most difficult is the seizing the bar with both hands on the same side and raising the body by pulling upward, the feet being meanwhile closed and hanging down. This exercise is very fatiguing, and, though many persons will go through it nine or ten times successively, twenty times will tire the strongest man. Hanging by the arms and legs, or by the arms or legs alone, and swinging in different ways round the bar, are the other exercises on this bar. They should, indeed, never be neglected, as they greatly facilitate the gymnast's progress in the following exercise.

CLIMBING.—The uses and advantages of this art are too evident to need any particularisation. In order to practise it in all its varieties, different kinds of stands or scaffolds have been recommended. An upright pole and a common rung ladder are to be attached to a stand formed of two strong posts, as in the engraving. The first thing for pupils to attend to in climbing is to be able to ascend and descend the ladder quickly, without fear, and carrying up with them some burden. When they can easily do this they may begin to ascend and descend the inside of the ladder; this also being accomplished, let them endeavour to descend it with their hands only. The last exercise on the ladder is to ascend it with the hands, the feet meanwhile hanging loose; this indeed requires considerable exertion, for the whole weight of the body must not only be supported but raised by one arm only, while the other catches at the second step above the head. Climbing the rope ladder is much more difficult than is generally supposed, for, the bottom of the ladder hanging loose, a person unaccustomed to it receives no support from his feet, but rather trouble, as they fly from under him, and give his arms very strong jerks. By degrees, however, he learns to keep his feet stretched out, and thus to avail himself of their assistance. The gymnast may now begin to climb the upright pole; this is done by alternately holding on and raising the arms and legs, and requires nothing but a tight hold by the legs and a strong pull with the arms.—The other methods of climbing the ropes, &c. are better learned by practice and actual inspection than any instructions, however detailed.

Germany was the first country that attempted the revival of these ancient and manly sports. In Denmark, also, the government, intent on a plan of education, issued an order that a piece of ground should be allotted to every public school for the practice of these exercises; and in 1803, no less than sixteen of these establishments were formed in that kingdom. In 1810 a gymnasium was erected at Berlin by the Prussian government, and placed under the direction of M. Jahn, by whose exertions similar institutions have been formed in various parts of Prussia and Germany. In fact no large academy is now considered perfect in those countries which does not include a course of gymnastics in its system. Early in the spring of 1826 a meeting was held in London at the Mechanics' Theatre, Southampton Buildings, Dr. Gilchrist in the chair, to consider the practicability of establishing a London Gymnastic Society. Professor Voelker of Germany came forward and offered to give his instructions gratuitously, and another gentleman pre-

sent advanced the money for the erection of the apparatus. A society was soon formed, and they purchased a piece of ground on the higher part of Spa Fields, near Pentonville. From its elevation it is dry, and capacious enough to accommodate about three hundred gymnasts. These are arranged in classes according to their size and capacity; and the various poles, &c., are constructed of different sizes accordingly. At the ringing of a bell each class changes the exercise in which it has been previously engaged, and begins a new one, according to a plan prescribed by the director. The success of the undertaking has exceeded even the expectation of the most sanguine of the projectors.*

In Dublin there are at present two public gymnasia, the one in Grafton-street, the other in Brunswick-street, where young persons of both sexes practice at different hours, having exercises suited to their age, habits of body, &c. They are, however, on a very limited scale.

TRIAL OF COURAGE.

Early in the last century a party of jovial and rather youthful companions were assembled drinking at a tavern in London, in the neighbourhood of a church-yard. One of the set had annoyed the others by boasting of his courage in various nocturnal adventures that he related. At length, another of the party said, that he would take a bet that, brave as he said he was, he would not venture at that hour to visit the church-yard, and bring thence a skull. "Done," said the boaster; and off he went. He soon reached the place and found a skull; twelve o'clock, "the witching hour," struck as he seized it, and a hollow voice from the adjoining tomb said—"That's my father's skull!" "Let him have it then," returned the better, as he threw it from him a little alarmed, and took up another. A voice still more hollow uttered—"that is my mother's skull!" "I'll leave it for her, then," replied the person, tremulously, as he dropped it; and searched for another. As he grasped the third, the voice uttered in a stronger and more sepulchral tone—"That is my own skull!" The person held it firmly, saying—"Then you must have a race for it," and set off more alarmed, which alarm increased as he heard footsteps in rapid pursuit. Exhausted and terrified he rushed into the room at the tavern, where the party was seated, and, flinging the skull on the table, exclaimed—"There's the skull for you, but the owner's at the door." One of those who had heard the bet laid, had slipped out before the boaster, and posted himself behind the tomb, having reached the church-yard before the other arrived there. However, when his companion set off with the third skull, he became frightened, and followed him as closely as he could, fearing some spirit might seize himself.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

Guelph, Duke of Bavaria, and his principal followers, were besieged in the castle of Weinsberg, and having sustained great loss in a sally, they were obliged to surrender at discretion. The emperor Conrad, however, instead of using his good fortune with rigour, granted the duke and his chief officers permission to retire unmolested. But the duchess, suspecting the generosity of Conrad, with whose enmity against her husband she was well acquainted, begged that she and the other women in the castle might be allowed to come out with as much as each of them could carry, and be conducted to a place of safety. Her request was granted, and the evacuation was immediately performed; when the emperor and his army, who expected to see every lady loaded with jewels, gold, and silver, beheld, to their astonishment, the duchess and her fair companions staggering beneath the weight of their husbands. The tears ran down Conrad's cheeks; he applauded their conjugal tenderness, and an accommodation with Guelph and his adherents was the consequence of this act of female heroism.

* Compiled from the "London Encyclopedia," which contains the plainest and most practical rules we have met with on the subject of Gymnastics.

HANGING CHOICE.

Six.—In the story of "Charley Flinn," in the 68th Number of the Second Volume of the Dublin Penny Journal, scenes are accurately described with which I am well acquainted. Above "the picturesque little town of Newtown Stewart," nearly half way up the mountain of Bessy Bell, are the remains of an old castle, which I first visited on a fine evening in summer, when the mists, stealing along the valley, began to obscure the landscape beneath. The peasant-boy that accompanied me related that the castle was built by Harri Ouri, a great king of Ulster, who ruled his subjects with a rod of iron, and so maintained his royal dignity, that none of his dependents in that vicinagedared breakfast before the sounding of a horn from the castle announced the monarch had finished his morning meal. My guide also informed me, that Harri Ouri had a sister with a pig's face, who fed from a silver trough, and pointed to some scratches at the summit of the tower, that he said were formerly designed to represent the profile of the Princess Ouri. Her royal brother was anxious to have her married, and many suitors eager for the alliance presented themselves. Harri Ouri always stipulated that the person who refused to marry her when he saw her should be hanged instantly before the castle. Numbers had been thus executed, and at last no more came to press their suit, till one day a fine-looking youth arrived at the castle, whose appearance found favour with the dreaded chieftain. The stranger offered to marry the lady; accordingly he was introduced to the pig-faced princess—but at the sight he called out in Irish, "*Cur suas me*," (Anglice, hang me.) "No, no!" exclaimed Harri Ouri, "enough have been hanged for her, and she shall now be hanged up herself"—which was carried into effect. As I roamed round the remains of this castle, I heard a low grunting sound, and asked the peasant what it was? He replied, "perhaps herself," half smiling; but turning pale as the noise became louder, "Oh! the pigs—the pigs!" he shouted, as running down the hill he sprang over the low stone wall that separated the field in which the castle stood from the road. As I did not wish an interview with pig-face, I followed him, nor did we cease running till we had got to some distance, when I became ashamed of my terror. However, as the neighbourhood was very lonely, I considered it was fortunate that the false alarm had sent me scampering before the dusk had increased. A few days afterwards a private still was discovered in the vaults of the castle, which accounted for the noise.

AN UNFORTUNATE MISTAKE.

Frederick the third king of Prussia, commonly styled Frederick the Great—said that the English fought for liberty, the French for glory, the Germans for pay; but that the Irish were the only people he knew that fought for fun. This monarch was one day riding in the neighbourhood of Potsdam, when he met; a fine looking country girl, remarkably tall, that he thought would be a suitable wife for one of the tallest soldiers in his favorite regiment of Grenadiers. He asked the girl where she was going, and every question that was necessary for the furtherance of his project, and finally demanded would she take a note from him to the Captain of the Guard at Potsdam, where she was going—the girl readily agreed to do so, not knowing that it was the king with whom she had been conversing; on reaching Potsdam, however, she found that she had too many private affairs to transact to deliver the note in person, as she had been directed; and meeting with an old woman of her acquaintance, she asked her to give the note to the captain of the guard. The old lady consented; she accordingly presented it to him; he opened it, read it, was surprised, but thought not of disobedience to the peremptory mandate; he detained the messenger—sent for the soldier, whose grief was immoderate at hearing he was forthwith to espouse the bearer of the note.

EPITAPH.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Stranger, here lies a woman who
Quarrell'd and storm'd her whole life through—
Tread gently o'er her mouldering form,
Or else you'll rouse another storm.

EXTRAORDINARY FACT.

About the close of the last century, a gentleman who was superintending the digging out of his potatoes in the county of Antrim, was surprised to see some persons who had entered the field, in conversation with his labourers, who only spoke Irish. He went to them, and learned that the sailors were from Tunis, and that the vessel to which they belonged had put into port from stress of weather. The sailors and country people understood each other; the former speaking the language spoken at Tunis—and the latter speaking Irish. This anecdote was related by a person of credit, and must interest the Irish scholar.

Cuttings of Russia leather laid in a chest amongst clothes are an infallible preservative against moths.

LAMENT OF MORIAN SHEHONE FOR MISS MARY BOURKE.

TRANSLATION OF AN IRISH KEEN.

There's darkness in thy dwelling place and silence reigns above
And Mary's voice is heard no more like the soft voice of love.
Yes, thou art gone, my Mary dear—and Morian Shehone
Is left to sing his song of woe, and wail for thee alone.
Oh! snow white were thy virtues, the beautiful, the young,
The ag'd with pleasure bent to hear the music of thy tongue,
The young with rapture gazed on thee, and their hearts in
love were bound;
For thou wert brighter than the sun that shed its light around.
My soul is dark! Oh! Mary dear! thy sun of beauty's set:
The sorrowful are dumb for thee, and the grieved their tears
forget;
And I am left to pour my woe above thy grave alone—
For dear wert thou to the fond heart of Morian Shehone.

Fast flowing tears above the grave of the rich man are shed,
But they are dried when the cold stone shuts in his narrow
bed:
Not so with my heart's faithful love—the dark grave cannot
hide
From Morian's eyes the form of grace of loveliness and
pride.
Thou didst not fall like the scar leaf, when Autumn's chill
winds blow—
'Twas a tempest and a storm blast that laid my Mary low.
Hadst thou not friends that loved thee well—hadst thou
not garments rare—
Wert thou not happy Mary, wert thou not young and fair?
Then why should the dread spoiler come my heart's peace to
destroy,
Or the grim tyrant tear from me my all of earthly joy?
And am I left to pour my woes above thy grave alone?
Thou idol of the faithful heart of Morian Shehone.

Sweet were thy looks, and sweet thy smiles, and kind wert
thou to all;
The withering scowl of envy dare not on thy fortunes fall;
For thee thy friends lament and mourn, and never cease to
weep:
Oh! that their lamentations could awake thee from thy
sleep—
Oh, that thy peerless form again could meet my loving clasp,
Oh, that the cold damp hand of Death could loose his iron
grasp:
Yet, when the valleys daughters meet beneath the elm tree,
And talk of Mary as a dream that never more shall be;
Then may thy spirit float around like music in the air,
And pour upon their virgin souls, a blessing and a prayer.
And am I left to pour my wail above thy grave alone—
Thus sinks in silence the lament of Morian Shehone.

J. L. L.

The above is a translation from an Irish *keen*, of which Mr. Crofton Croker has given a literal one.

DUBLIN :

Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 3, Cecilia Street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.

Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Panyer-alley, Paternoster-row;
in Liverpool, by Willmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Ambery; in
Birmingham, by Drake; in Nottingham, by Wright; in Glasgow, by
W. R. M'Phun.

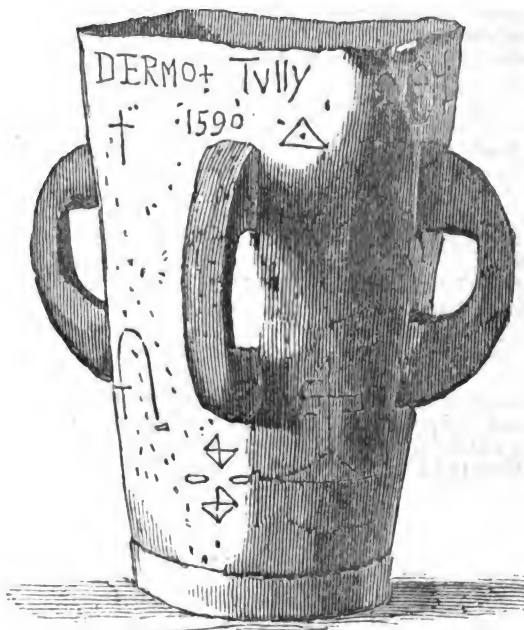
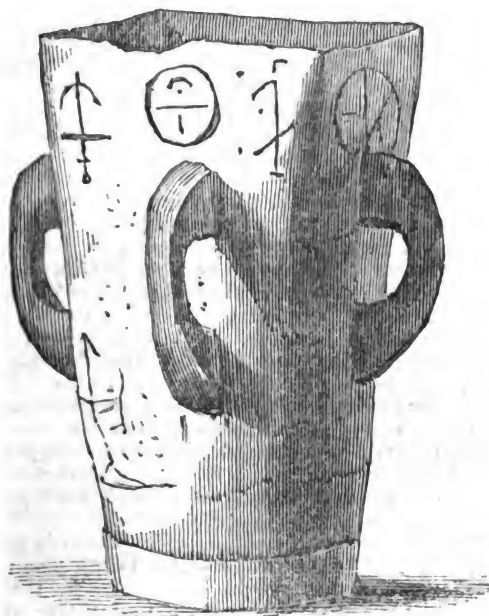
THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 34. Vol. II.

CONDUCTED BY P. DIXON, HARDY, M.R.I.A.

FEB. 8, 1834.



THE IRISH METHER.

Your ingenious correspondent "P," furnished on a former occasion, a drawing of one of the ancient Irish drinking vessels called "Methers." Having now in my possession one of the same kind bearing an inscription and exhibiting many curious carvings, I send you the foregoing two sketches of it for insertion in your Journal.

The size, dimensions, and contents of this Mether exceed those described by "P." Its height is eight inches three quarters; its circumference round the top eighteen inches, and its contents exceed two quarts. The material of which it is made appears to be solid crabtree excavated, so as to form a circle towards the bottom, while the upper part is perfectly square; on each side is a handle with hieroglyphic carvings, not intelligible; and on one side is the inscription, "Dermot Tully, 1590." This inscription is evidently much later than the making of the Mether itself, and only shews it was in the possession of Dermot Tully in the year 1590. Who this person was, I have not yet accurately ascertained: but on making enquiry of the officer who has charge of the chancery muniments relating to all the family estates, he most kindly and politely showed me that there once existed a family named Tully, in the county of Roscommon, of considerable estate and respectability, and who retained their property there until long after that period.

The appearance and contents of the vessel are sufficient to satisfy us that it never was intended for that liquid fire (whiskey) which cannot be taken draughtwise, and which even the most seasoned of its admirers can only use in measured proportions. No; the Mether was intended for the rich wines, foaming ales, and other generous drinks which were used in Ireland long before whiskey had been known to its natives. That wines, ales, and such wholesome drinks were used by the people, and that whiskey is really a spirit of comparatively modern invention,

may be a matter of surprise now a days to some, yet decidedly they are at the same time facts most easily shown. I have seen in the manuscripts of a gentleman who was pleased to throw them open to my enquiries on this subject, a parliamentary proceeding regulating the sale of wines in Ireland so far back as the year 1269; afterwards wines continued cheap and were generally used by the inhabitants, and in the year 1545, when the mayor of Drogheda was fined for selling wines by retail in a tavern, contrary to the act of parliament prohibiting mayors from selling wines during their mayoralty, we find he had sold 8 hogsheads of sack, value only 100 SHILLINGS each hogshead; and 2 hogsheads of Gascony wines, value FOUR POUNDS EACH HOGSHEAD, all by retail, and during one year only. In fact, it was not until 1569, that any tax or duty was imposed upon wines coming into Ireland, and the very reason given then by parliament for imposing this duty, most fully shows its general use amongst all classes of the inhabitants: "because by the superfluous abundance of wines that are yearly discharged within this realm, grievous decay of tillage and husbandry, and idleness, the mother of all vices, have been perniciously bred and nourished. To check this a duty was made payable to queen Elizabeth upon all wines imported, but this duty was moderate, and left wine still within the reach of the least affluent, until within the last fifty years, when tax being heaped upon tax, the drinking of wine was almost prohibited; and now, except amongst the most affluent, it is become generally disused.

Ale, beer, mead, &c., were in almost universal use from the earliest period in Ireland. On reference to the "Monasticon," published by the Rev. Mervyn Archdall, it will be seen that so early as the year 1185, Prince John endowed Thomascourt Abbey, in our city, with the toll of beer and mead, payable out of several places in Dublin.—Mr. Archdall also, in giving the agreement between the prior of the house of St. John's of Jerusalem, the site of

the late royal hospital) and Walter Istelep, who was about entering into the priory for life, particularly mentions that when he was to dine with the prior in the public hall, it was stipulated this Walter was to sit on the prior's right hand, and was to have for his "*evening potation*" *three flaggons of the best ale*, but when he dined separately in his own suite of chambers he was to have *ten flaggons of the best ale*. Let it be observed that these ales, &c., were not as now, the produce of public breweries,—no such establishments then existed. Each family had its own brewery, and thus possessed one source of domestic economy and employment within itself. Nor was this confined to the wealthier classes, for even the very poorest description of people brewed their own drink heretofore in Ireland; and in the list of those who paid to the crown the old custom called the "Mary Gallon," being one gallon of ale for every brewing, I have seen tanners, bakers, *fishermen, husbandmen*, and even *labourers*, regularly entered, as brewing their own malt drink. In the course of time, however, an accumulating body of excise laws and regulations discouraged this; the private brew-house gradually disappeared, and it would be difficult now to name any district in the kingdom where private families continue still to brew.

Aqua Vitæ, or whiskey, that bad substitute for all that was generous, wholesome, and good, is but of comparatively recent introduction or invention. Whiskey in the middle of the sixteenth century (and the fact is now undeniable) was found to be made amongst the English settlements in Ireland for supplying to the native Irish.—Queen Mary was the first who endeavoured to check this evil, and the parliamentary enactments then made, describe whiskey to be a drink, "*nothing profitable to be used, and drunken*, is now universally, throughout this realm of Ireland, made especially in the borders of the *Irishry*, and for the furniture of *Irishmen*, and thereby much corn, grain, and other things are consumed, spent, and wasted; to the great hindrance, loss, and damage, of the poor inhabitants of the realm:" wherefore it was ordered no person but peers, &c., should make it without license from government. The restrictive or licensing power, thus through the best motives vested in the crown, was afterwards turned to good account by James the First, who rewarded his favourites (most of them noblemen, as will be seen in Mr. Lodge's work), by licenses to make *aqua vitæ*, and to keep public houses for sale thereof. But this system of licensing proved so profitable at length, that whiskey-selling became one of the regular items of the excise revenue, and so continues to the present day.

I never view the Mether, believe me, without melancholy reflections. I look on it as a surviving testimony of that lamentable change in the national beverage which I have above described; and convinced that whiskey is that "furniture" which debases the mind, the domestic habits and morals of a nation, I hope I may live to see it again prohibited, and to witness a foaming or sparkling Mether on each man's table.

I will now only add what may be useful when that day arrives, namely, that to drink out of the Mether, you must apply one of the four corners, and not the side to your mouth. When Lord Townshend left the vice-royalty of Ireland, he had two massive silver methers made in London, where they were regularly introduced at his dinner parties; the guests most usually applied the side of the vessel to the mouth, and seldom escaped with a dry neck-cloth, vest, or *doublet*; Lord Townshend, however, after enjoying the mistake, usually called on his friend, the late Colonel O'Reilly, (afterwards Sir Hugh Nugent, by the king's sign manual) to teach the drill, and *handle the mether in true Irish style*. I am Sir, &c.,

Henry-street.

W. A.—N.

USEFUL HINTS AND EXPERIMENTS.

ON PLANTING FOREST AND FRUIT-TREES, POTATOES, &c.

SIR—Having lately read in one of the numbers of the Dublin Penny Journal an advice respecting the utility of planting woods in Ireland, in which I fully agree, especially on mountains, or if on the low lands, in broad belts around

the farm, or at least on the west side, I will venture an opinion on the most proper trees to plant, viz:—oak, larch, ash, elm, sycamore and horse-chestnut; as for the other kind of forest trees, they are mere thrash: now the proportion in every one hundred trees that would be planted, should be two oaks, fifty larch, twenty-five of ash, fifteen elms, four sycamore, and four horse chestnuts: they should be planted in regular rows, three feet asunder, and the same distance in each row; one acre of Irish plantation measure will contain seven thousand eight hundred and forty trees. The first thinning may take place about twenty years after they are planted; every alternate row should be cut out, except the oaks, and these should be planted far asunder. This thinning will give three thousand nine hundred and twenty trees, which if sold at six pence per tree, will produce the sum of ninety-eight pounds sterling, which would be nearly five pounds per annum for the acre of land on which they grew; the remainder will certainly pay for the cost of all the trees, planting, and interest of money, &c.

The reason which I will give for planting trees in regular rows is, a cart can be brought through woods so planted, whereby the timber can be carried off easier; besides a man can cut the grass which will grow between the trees much easier, and carry it away on his back or that of a horse, which grass will feed cattle in houses during the summer. Every seventh tree in the first row should be an oak, and also in every seventh row, so that in the course of years the wood will be composed of oak trees only.

In order to give protection to forest trees, every gentleman and farmer should enclose a piece of land, and plant it with osiers; a few might be allowed to grow so strong as would be fit to make handles for shovels, forks, rakes, &c.—the marshy part of a farm would answer this purpose best.

If every farmer would rear a few forest trees in his garden, it would give a great stimulus to the planting of woods, even if they should plant seedlings, the cost would be small, in comparison with paying several pounds for well grown trees. There would also be another advantage, the trees reared on a farm would grow much better than those reared in a regular nursery and good soil, not taking into consideration the probable difference as to situation of country; particularly if the farm is on mountain, and the trees reared on the lowland, and which generally is the case. Trees when registered becomes the tenant's property.

Having read of a new method of propagating fruit-trees, without the labour or delay of sowing the quinces, &c., accordingly, on the 6th of February last, I stuck into whole potatoes, (as was recommended) proper grafts of apple-trees, pears, apricots, and cherries; I then placed the potatoes in a drill, and put the usual covering of earth upon them. The result has been, I had a crop of potatoes but not fruit trees.

On the 5th of April last, I planted Bangor potatoes (also without cutting them) in holes three feet apart, and in order to mark the places, I stuck into the earth shoots of last year's growth, of pears, apricots, and cherries; also apples, none of which shoots took root, although some of them threw out small leaves.

Most of the Bangor potatoes rotted, and such of them as did grow, were, in the course of the summer, cut off by slugs, the clay which I heaped round them formed cones, and also gave protection to these slugs.

Since I have mentioned Bangor potatoes, allow me to state a few reasons formed by Gardeners, &c.; why they rot so frequently, even when planted in beds, (by some called lazy-beds) having stable manure laid under them, and the furrows so deep as to carry off all water: First, by reason of bruises received on board ship from Cumberland; second, bruises received on board ship, and then impregnated with sea-water; third, that they are taken out of the ground before they are ripe; fourth, that frost is allowed to come at them. It is very probable that some or all of the above conjectures are correct: it would be well if the true reason was discovered and prevented.

With regard to manure, allow me to mention an idea that occurred to me recently respecting that invaluable ar-

ticle to the farmer, and to the small landholder in particular; they should be very careful to prevent the urine of cattle, night soil, and soap-suds running into rivers or ditches. The idea I have alluded to, is particularly for the benefit of the cottier's garden; no person should be above his business in any station of life; and as an Irish cottier's family depend very much upon the produce of their potato-garden, every means possible should be taken to provide manure for it. We are informed there is in China a penal law against any person who throws night-soil into rivers, &c. In England children gather the dung of cattle off the roads; and surely the children of an Irish cottier could not be better employed than in collecting the same for their little garden. In England the labourer has support given him when idle, out of the parish rate; but in Ireland he is left to shift for himself and family, and that in a country where there are very few gentry, and rents gathered to be spent any where but in it.

There is no method so beneficial to the small landholder to plant potatoes as in the drill two feet asunder, it will require less manure than the ridge (lazy-beds); weeds (such as docks) can be rooted up, also some stalks which grow out of old seed; the frequent hoeing between fertilizes the ground.

In September, 1830, as I was riding between Graig and Ross, I saw most miserable crops of potatoes; and I am sure if they were planted in drills, as above described, the same land would have produced five times the weight. An Irish cottier plants his garden in the latter end of May, when there is no great fear of the potato seed rotting. If a few ounces of flat Dutch cabbage-seed were sowed by him in June, the plants would be fit to put out when the potatoes were taken up, especially pink-eyed potatoes; this crop could be sold in the next town, or eaten by the family; the potatoe stalks should be carefully pulled up at the time when the potatoes are being dug out; they will be useful to thatch, cover the potato-pits, make beds for the pigs, &c. Another advice I would give to farmers and cottiers is, to shear their thorn hedges once every year; it would make a country look neat, also make it warmer in winter; it would give employment to men when nothing else could be done. The cottier has, unfortunately, too much time on his hands, especially in winter. He might borrow a shears; if not, a few families could subscribe and buy one. A person who has but a few acres of land should never let a tree grow on it, but the higher the hedges are the better, if kept clipped.

With Cobbett's method of feeding a cow the whole year round upon one rood of land, I don't agree; neither with his plan of growing cabbage. After raising the plants in the seed-bed, he gives directions to plant them out in rows 8 inches asunder and 8 inches apart in the rows; also to hoe between them often. Now I think there are very few persons who could perform that work without tramping down most of the crop. I think there is not much nutriment in cabbage (except the rape kind); if rabbits are fed on it they will die of the rot, which is certainly dropsy. Turnips will feed any kind of cattle, because there is an aromatic virtue in the peel and leaves, but nothing of this kind in cabbage. Turnips can be raised upon land that half the weight of mangel worzel could not be got from; but of all esculant roots the potato takes the lead for nutriment. That root will be eaten by every living animal on the farm, and will support life with a profit; besides one half the manure will do for the same space of ground that cabbage would require. Although I have said so much in favour of potatoes in opposition to cabbage, for the purpose of feeding all the animals upon a farm, I hope to see that day when our peasants will be able to buy wheat bread for their support, more than what they can do now. As potatoes cannot be saved more than one year, there will be a periodical famine in Ireland, and which, I am afraid, will take place next year in consequence of the partial failure of the potato-crop.

There is a kind of clover called lucerne, which will grow in sandy ground better than in any other land, the roots of which will go down thirty feet or more; it may be cut five or six times during the summer. It must be sowed in drills eighteen inches asunder, and the ground hoed between the drills after every time it is cut. Cattle must not

be allowed on it any time of the year. This crop wants no manure; only keep it free from weeds, and it will last twenty years. Hills of gravel, the grass of which is burnt up every summer, could be profitably employed if planted with lucerne.

In a country where fuel is scarce, French furze hedges ought to be planted. French furze will grow seven feet high, and may be cut every three years. J. J.

In addition to the foregoing observations we would remark that one grand object should be to raise those articles at home, which we import from other countries, at a great expense, while their supply is often scanty and precarious. Ireland seems well calculated for raising hemp and flax, and this would secure us from the necessity of applying to America to increase the quantity of these essential articles and reduce their price.

THE BATTLE OF THE PROFESSORS.

Some ages ago, when the wise and the learned,
Superciliously proud, to believe would have spurned
That the earth (as an ancient philosopher wrote,)
Is an animal huge, that in ether does float;
That the trees are the bristles that grow on his skin,
And men are the reptiles that nestle within;
When they know that the world just resembles a shoe
As much as it does Heraclitus' canoe;
Nor believed that its shape (tho' the notion had origin
With Anaximander,) is much like a rolling-pin,
And yet inconsistently choose to forget
The lessons that good old Pythagoras set;
When with quibbles sophistic, and logical prate,
They astonished the vulgar and turned their own pate;
'Twas when sages were just in this pitiful plight,
That Ptolemy stept in to set them all right:
"And," says he, "my good friends, if you have any
discerning,

You sure must admit my proficiency in learning;
And now as I see the wide world by the ears,
I'll tell you the truth with regard to the spheres."
Then he shewed them the earth sitting easy and quiet,
While the planets and stars made a terrible riot,
And kicked up such fuss with their galloping round her,
That 'twas surely enough to amaze and confound her;
And then that he might all professors surpass,
He stuck o'er the concave a heaven of glass,
In which he bored holes, that the stars there might twinkle;
And polished the whole without leaving a wrinkle;
Then to make his strange system with nature consist all,
He formed epicycles and heavens of crystal;
And wove them together with cunning so wary,
You as well might unravel the web of a fairy.
The wise were just thinking the thing wouldn't do
When Tycho stepped in and he made a low bow;
(But tried with his hand his visage to muffle,
As he haplessly once lost his nose in a scuffle.)
And cried, "gentlemen surely you've all had enough
Of talk from this vile astronomical puff:
What! a heaven of crystal! defend us all from it;
What then can we think of the flight of a comet?
It would batter his head when through ether he'd sail;
Or he'd smash it in bits with his fiery tail!
Such a system to make, and to blow such a breeze,
One might just as well say the moon's made of green
cheese;

And with what disrespect of the sun, too, he spoke;
Believe me, learned friends, the matter's no joke,
You might better extinguish than thus to confound him,
For in their due times, all the planets go round him.
I grant you, that once, in the space of a year,
And, also, in twenty-four hours, it is clear
That the spheres, (as the Aristotelians well know,)
In their race round the heavens run round the world too."
The wise smoothed their beards, and looked over their
chart,

Still thinking and doubting, when René des Cartes,
With a look magisterial, and logical brow,
Exclaimed, "you've been groping in darkness till now,
With your flying glass heavens from reason you've flown;
And a mere running foot-boy have made of the sun;

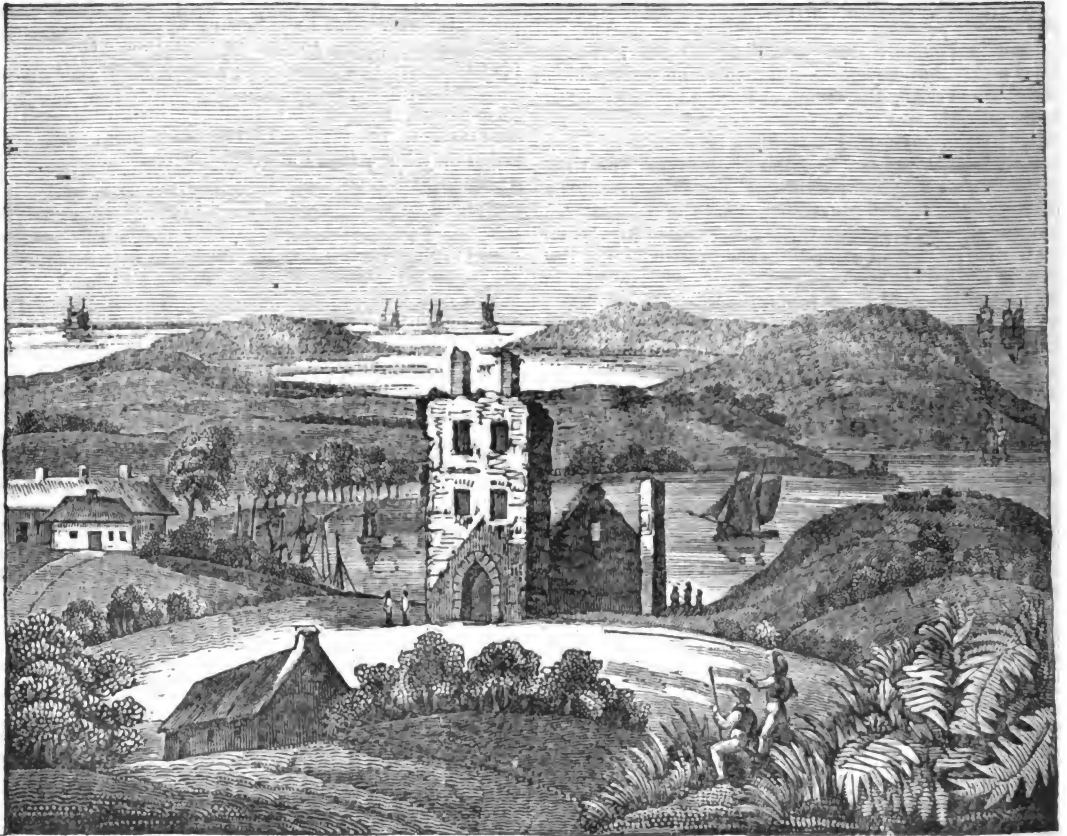
With your doctrine so puzzling, that none can agree on,
Between Ptolemaic and Tycho Brahian,
One never can know what one sees or one hears,
Or whether the heavens will split in our ears.
Here's truth for you now, if you ever have sought her ;
So he popped all the spheres in a basin of water ;
And fearing each globe in its orbit might linger,
He stirred it sagaciously round with his finger ;
" Now, my friends, you must know, while this whirlpool
is sailing,

That the planets and stars are along with it trailing ;
They swim, just like fish, round their centre, the sun,
From period to period the way they begun ;
'The satellites, too, (you perceive what I've shown,)
They swim in a neat little stream of their own ;
One vortex, observe now, popp'd into another :
(The little ones, children ; the great one the mother ;)

For take notice, the universe (you may rely it is)
Is fully surcharged with a *materia subtilis*."
" Hold, hold !" they exclaimed, " none can then stir a peg,
Nor even can venture to put out a leg ;
For if there's no space, to breathe or to move we can't,
No more than if stuck in an ocean of adamant."
Just as they began disputation scholastic,
Copernicus entered with flourish majestic ;
'Twas he who with arguments solid perplexed them
In his " *Revolutionibus Orbium Celestium* ;"
The vortex Cartesian upset at his will,
And broke the glass skies with Sir Isaac's goose-quill.*

LUCRETIA.

* Although Copernicus was born upwards of a century before Newton, yet the former may be said to have written with the pen of the latter, as both wrote with the pen of truth.



CARRIGAHOOPLY CASTLE.

Carrigahooly Castle is situated at the end of a nook or inlet, in the bay of Newport, in the county of Mayo.—The proper name is Carrickauile ; it is a strong square tower, about fifty feet high, divided into four stories ; and at the north and south angles are two small projecting turrets. The roof was raised considerably above the parapet wall that surrounds it, as may be perceived by the gable ends, in one of which was a window. This served as a banquetting-room, as it has a chimney, the only remains of one to be seen in the building. On the south-west angle is a low round tower, which served as a guard-room, this has two stones and loop-holes for the discharge of musketry.

In this castle lived the famous Grace O'Maley, known among the Irish by the name of Grana Uile. She was the daughter of Owen O'Maley, and widow of O'Flaherty, two Irish chiefs in those parts. After the death of the last, she married Sir Richard Bourke, styled Mac William Eighter, who died in 1585, after having by her three sons and one daughter.

In 1576, lord deputy Sidney wrote to the council in England, "that O'Maley was powerful in galleys and men." Grana, who was a high spirited lady, became fond, at

an early age, of the watery element, and accompanied her father and his sept in many naval expeditions. The coast was plundered of cattle and other property, and many people were murdered during these excursions. Grana was ever foremost in dangers ; and courage and conduct secured her success. All along the north-west coast the affrighted natives trembled at her name. Her fame attracted many desperate and hardy mariners from distant parts ; her larger vessels were moored in Clure Island, where she had a strong castle ; her smaller craft she kept at Carrigahooly. A hole in the castle wall is now shown, through which passed a cable from a vessel, and fastened to her bed, that she might be the easier alarmed, and prevent surprise.

In 1575, Grace O'Maley brought four vessels of force before Howth Castle, and landed a number of men to besiege it. The cause of offence was her messenger being refused admittance at dinner time ; she carried her purpose into effect, and the condition of peace was, that the gates of Howth castle should never be shut at dinner-time ;—a practice which was observed for many years after.

T. D.

THE SMUGGLERS.

A SKETCH FROM IRISH LIFE.

"A real fine dark night, Thady," said Phelim O'Rourke to his companion, as they both walked up and down on the soft sand before the frowning entrance of a large cave, formed by the hand of nature in the huge rocks surrounding the wild coast of Kerry, "the whitefaced moon's not darin' to show herself, an' so much the better for us."

"It was just on such another evenin' as this," observed Thady, "that *Pretty Polly* cum in afther her furst thrip, when the villainous revenue watchers attacked us."

"Ay, ay, Thady, so I often hard Brady sayin', bud you know I wasn't wid you thin."

"About that same Brady," interrupted the listener, "do you know, now, I don't half like him, an' I doubt iv he's one of the right sourt; there's a quare kind ov a frownin' look in his eye that seems as iv he hadn't the tindherest conscience in the world."

"In throth yer perfectly right, Thady, an' I too have my doubts of the same ugly gossoon. I wondher Murphy id thrust him at all at all, and there's his purty daughter, too, its odd how the likes ov him id dar to look in her smilin' face."

"Och, mischief rasave the chance he has there," cried Thady, "fur wid all his coortin' an' his throuble, Phil Egan is the boy for her, as anybody might see wid half an eye."

"An' a brave, clever, strappin' chap is that same Phil, an' a better nor an opener hearted I niver met wid," exclaimed Phelim, "besides I think it's not unknownst to Brady that he's better liked, as I hard Polly tellin' him so this identical mornin'."

"I wondher where he's gone sence," interrupted Thady, "I met him above in the pass ov the rocks, an' his face was black an' swelled wid passion, an' his eyes flamin' like fire. I know I don't half like the business altogether."

"No nor neither do I, Thady, seein' as how its as likely as not that we'll be discovered on thro' his manes."

"Thady," here interrupted a soft female voice, that proceeded from the entrance of the cave, "my father's awake now, an' he wishes to see you an' O'Rourke; while yez both go in I'll stand here, an' watch that nobody comes."

"Very well, Miss Polly," answered the man addressed, "bud hadn't you better put yer cloak about you, as the wind's gettin' colder an' colder, an' a few dhrops ov rain are beginnin' to fall."

"Thank you, Thady," she answered, drawing on her cloak as the two men were entering, "bud I'm not afeard ov gettin' a little rain, altho' much obleeged to you fur your good nature."

The interior of the cavern we speak of was formed of rugged pointed rocks, hung over on the sides nearest the entrance with various kinds of sea-weed. However, as the two men advanced farther into it, the bottom was covered with firm dry sand, and at the extreme end, where the sea never penetrated, there were several bales, parcels, and boxes strewed about, that plainly told the nature of the contraband trade there carried on. There was a figure seated on one of those, but dimly seen from the flickering light of a small oil lamp, that was suspended from an iron rod driven between the rocks, immediately over his head. He was a man of about the middle age, clad in a coarse peer jacket, and wide sailor's trowsers; his features were very much embrowned, probably from toil, and there was many a deep wrinkle on his brow that evidently told of former suffering and care. His brawny hands that were held over a bright fire made with various lids of boxes and pieces of wrecks, were sinewy and large, and his whole person denoted a man possessed of immense strength.

"Well, Thady," said he, as both men drew near, "the night still continues dark and stormy, an' there's no appearance of the *sharks* abroad, eh?"

"None whatsoever," answered the person addressed, "they're all snugly tucked up in their dales (in their beds) afore this I dar say."

"Anyhow," said Phelim, "you know we can be ready to give thim a pepperin' that won't agree wid them all out, as the sayin' is; an' maybe it'll keep thim from

thrustin' their noses into what don't concern thim be no manner ov manes in the world wide."

"Right, Phelim," answered Murphy, "bud led us spill no blood iv it can be helped. I'm now nearly five years in this little thrade—that's off an' on—an' tho' I've had many a *brush* wid the revenue in my time, I never yet was present where there was a life tuk. But I wanted to ask yez iv you seen Brady any where since mornin'; he knows that the boat's to be in to-night, an' I wondher he's not to the fore as usual."

"I don't think he's throe to the cause," bluntly exclaimed Thady, "an' I'm mooch concerned that he knows of to-night's business, as now, be the good stick, he has us all completely in his power."

"He an' Polly had a *tiff* this mornin'?" continued her father, "an' she hard him muttherin' somethin' to himself, about bein' up to her yet, an' things ov that soort, about revenge an' so forth; that's what makes me uneasy about id. But, psha, he may be here yet. Sit down, boys, an' dhrink a dhrop of brandy, fur this is a night that we'll all want somethin' to keep out the cold."

Upon this the three men drew closer around the fire, and sat together half smothered, or rather fully enveloped in the smoke that had no egress but the mouth of the cave, and the brandy bottle was passed from one to another with great rapidity, while they discussed the various causes that Brady might have for his continued absence.

Polly Murphy, the smuggler's only daughter, was a pretty little brunette: her hair, that was darker than the wing of the raven, hung in natural tresses and curls about her face, and her round black eyes, shaded by their long and silky lashes, glittered like diamonds. Notwithstanding the rough life she had been always used to, she was finely and delicately formed, and a prettier foot or ankle was not to be seen in all Kerry.

Her mother had been long since dead, and her affection for her father was the strongest feeling of her gentle nature; in fact it is always thus—where there is but one parent, a child's fondness for both is concentrated in him, and he is loved with a deep, fervent singleness of heart. Amongst the men who were joined with her father in his rude trade, she had, of course, two or three admirers, and equally, as a usual occurrence, one was preferred before the rest. There must decidedly be some freemasonry in the soul that incites its warmer feelings, and controls its deeper passions. But what have we to do with feelings or passions? Every one plays the fool at some time of their life, and so, we dare say, the gentle reader knows all about it; "anyhow" as the saying is, "he must have more experience than us."

Phil Egan was the elected youth, and a braver or a nobler heart than his did not beat in mortal bosom. His feeling for her was not the morbid, sickly, pining passion that boarding-school misses denominate *love*. It was a warm, a deep, a devoted fondness, that can be felt but once, and but for one, and was as pure and innocent in its nature as the being that first inspired its fervent and uncontrolled sighs.

Tom Brady, who had been her constant attendant from the very first, soon saw that Phil was preferred before him, and yet he did not, (as an Irishman generally would do) desist from his pursuit, envying, but not attempting to interfere with his rival's "better look." On the contrary, he still persisted in his attentions; and although Polly snubbed him, there was an undefined feeling of dread inspired by his presence, that kept her from openly declaring her dislike. However, on that morning, when Phil was absent, he was more pressing in his advances than usual; and when she at last told him of her affection for another, and her indifference to him, his whole cautious demeanour seemed suddenly to desert him, and he left her in a kind of jealous phrenzy, muttering a half indistinct threat of vengeance. She grew alarmed, and immediately informed her father, who waited all day in expectation of his return; and when night came felt particularly uneasy, as his vessel was then to come in, and the last cargo was not yet removed from the cave.

The night that Phelim had denominated "real fine," was as dark as pitch. Not a single star was peeping forth from the lowering sky; and the wind that blew in low

and hungry gusts occasionally brought down large and heavy drops of rain. The surges foamed and dashed amongst the rocks, now and then emitting a lightning-like phosphoric flash, and the sea-bird's wild and wailing scream was occasionally echoed o'er the waters. Polly, with her dark cloak wrapped closely round her figure, leaned on a smooth piece of granite at the entrance of the cave, and her feet were softly patting the smooth sand to keep time with the following words, that were half sung, half hummed, in an untutored but naturally sweet voice :—

He courted not as others do ;
 He did not say his heart was mine ;—
 He never praised my cheeks' soft hue,
 Or said without me he should pine !
 Oh, no ! oh, no ! but still to me
 He always looked sincerity !
 He never said my eyes were bright ;
 He never praised my jetty hair ;—
 But when he'd leave my home at night,
 He looked as if his heart was there !
 'Twas this ! 'twas this ! first vanquished me,—
 He looked so like sincerity !

Suddenly her song ceased, as a male figure clambering down the rocks arrested her attention, and ere she could move from her position he was at her side, and had grasped her reluctant hand.—It was Brady, who appeared slightly under the influence of intoxication, for he immediately began an unconnected rigmarole, expressive of his admiration ; and although she attempted to withdraw her hand, she could not, for he held it so firmly that he hurt it with his rude gripe. His conduct grew, by degrees, more and more outrageous, and at length trying, as he said, " to stale a taste of a kiss," she became so alarmed, that she shrieked out loudly for assistance. Just as her father, who immediately came forth, appeared at the front of the cave, Brady received a blow from a hand till then unseen, that dashed him to the ground, and Phil Egan, his fine form dilated and swelling with passion, exclaimed—

" There, scoundrel, take that fur darin' to lay a hand on Polly Murphy."

" Brady, who if he were at all tipsy, was completely sobered by this unlooked for rencontre, slowly arose, his eyes almost hidden from the deep lowering of his shaggy brows, and his teeth clenched convulsively together : for a moment he stood perfectly moveless, and appeared to be collecting all his energies for one furious spring upon his rival ; but then, with great mental exertion, he seemed actually to gulp down his rage and vexation, and he hissed from between his teeth—

" You'll be sorry fur that blow, Phil Egan, mind what I say, an' mark my words, you'll be sorry to the longest day you live, iv it's in my power to make you so, an' I hope an' thrust it is."

" I'm not a bit afeard ov anything a *gommoch* like you can do," answered Phil, turning away, while Polly shuddered, she knew not why, at his dark and determined threat.

All was soon explained—they a second time withdrew to the cave, leaving Phelim outside to keep watch—and after much deliberation it was at length agreed that they should hang out the *safety signal* in case the " Pretty Polly" should put in, and that early on the following morning they should remove the cargo in the cave, and thus prepare for the worst that Brady's treachery might effect.

About two hours afterwards a large lanthorn, darkened at all sides save one, was brought out, and Thady clambering up the rocks, with the assistance of Phelim placed it on a high pinnacle, with the bright side to the North. This was the signal agreed on with those at sea, in case there were none of the revenue out on the watch, and its brilliant light had not been long displayed, when a small vessel was discerned in the offing drawing in towards them. Murphy having examined her intently through his eye glass, pronounced her to be the " Pretty Polly," and the friendly hail from her decks was cheerily answered by those on land. The wind at this time had considerably abated, yet the surges still were rough and white, but

outside their circle or belt, the waters were tolerably smooth, so that the smuggler's vessel was riding easily and with little motion. A boat was now lowered from her side, and manned with five or six hardy fellows, who, with infinite toil, pulled close into shore, sometimes appearing to pass actually through the surges. When their keel grated on the strand between the rocks, they sprang out, and made fast a large cable to an iron ring firmly fixed in a huge mountain of granite ; the other end of this was in the vessel, and thus a means of communication was open. Losing no time in conversation they all immediately set to work, and large kegs and barrels of different commodities that were strongly protected from the wet, were attached to the rope by those on board, and then, at a given signal, immediately drawn on shore, and deposited in the cave, Thady and Phelim being there to arrange them as compactly as possible. In a space of time almost incredibly short, the best part of the cargo was landed, and all the men, who were dripping with sea water, rested for a short time from their labours, and drank each an allowance of brandy handed about by Murphy, while rude jests were interchanged, and toasts such as " Glory to free traders,"—" Bad luck to the revenue dogs," &c. hastily given.

" What do you think ov Brady now ?" said Thady to O'Rourke, as they placed the wet goods along the sides of the cavern—" I thought we'd a heard from him afore now, seein' as how he wint off wid such a flay in his ear."

" Throth myself thought so too, avick," was the answer ; " bud I suppose he's only waitin' till mornin' iv it's goin' to discover on us he is—for shure it's only agin Phil he has the hathred, an' maybe we're safe enough."

" I wouldn't put any thrust in him at all," said Thady ; " and neither would you iv you'd a seen his black face as I saw id, thrimblin', an' shakin', an' burnin' wid fair passion. Och, what it is fur honest min to have anything to say to the likes ov him."

" A thruer word never was spoken nor that, Thady, any how, bud it's my opinion he'd be afeard ov turnin' traitor, knowin', as he does, that iv he did he'd sartinly be paid off."

Here their conversation was suddenly interrupted by one of the men who had lately landed, rushing into the cave, and exclaiming—

" Silence ! boys jewels, silence ! as you value yer lives—we're betrayed, an' the bloody revenue peelers are comin' down."

At the same moment, with one violent sweep of his wet sea cap, he extinguished the lighted lamp, and they were all three left in total darkness.

" I'll swear," whispered Thady to Phelim and the new comer—" that cursed Brady is at the head ov this, for well I knew his threatenin' wasn't given in vain."

" Hoosh ! hoosh ! man," said Phelim in the same low tone, " here's somebody comin' in—it's Murphy himself, I believe."

" Lie still a minut, boys," said he, on entering—" I'm afeard it's all up wid us ; but anyhow they can't take the little vessel, as the rest ov the lads are on board, and we've made the signal fur them to stand out to say. Here, Phelim, give me one bundle ov lace, an' do you, aich ov you, take another, and folly me up the rocks. I thrust there's no onc guardin' the back passage, as they're all comin' down the beach."

The moment they appeared on the piece of level strand immediately before the cave, they perceived at a little distance, by the light of the lanterns that they carried, a large party advancing towards them, and on looking out to sea, they found that the " Pretty Polly" had turned her head from land, and was making rapid way from the shore.

" It was well for you that you sint Polly to her aunt's this evenin'," observed Thady to her father still in a whisper, as they noiselessly approached a narrow path, where, by rude steps, they could clamber to the top of the rocks, " as God knows but she might be hurted iv she wot here."

" Indeed it is," answered he ; " but it's odd that Phil who went wid her isn't come back yet. I've an uneasy feel least he should fall into the hands of those *land-sharks* as he's returnin'."

Here they commented the rugged ascent, and when they had arrived about mid-way, they stopped to look back on the proceedings of those below. The revenue party, who were fully thrice their number, so that resistance would have been madness, passed into the cave, and then re-appeared, as if disappointed at not finding them within; then after a moment's consultation, they began to advance rapidly towards the pass on which Murphy and his party stood. He had been looking in vain for Brady, as it was him that he expected would be leading them, and on observing this movement, followed by Phelim, Thady, and the new comer, each heavily laden, he precipitately continued his retreat.

"Stand!" roared a voice from the top, and the click of a pistol was heard, as the trigger was drawn back. Murphy at this did not hesitate a moment, but still continued to move on, though more cautiously than before, and when he placed his foot on the last or uppermost step, a figure with uplifted hand and pointed pistol opposed his farther progress. It was Brady, whose treachery now was seen in its fullest extent. The smuggler did not pause for an instant, but drawing back a little to give more impetus to his exertion, with one spring he bounded up on the traitor, and wound his powerful arms round his body. His three companions instantly followed, but ere they could lay a finger on either, the fierce struggle was fatally concluded. Murphy had held him with a giant strength, but just as the others were within a few feet of them, a loud pistol report was heard, and Murphy's death-cry rang upon their ears. His huge arms no longer clung round the murderer's body, but shrank back as their fibres became weak and relaxed, and Brady giving him a rude push from him, he tottered to the edge of the rocks, and fell like a lump of lead on the foremost of the revenue party, who had then commenced the ascent.

Thady and his two companions were completely horror-struck, and did not attempt further retreat or resistance; and when they were bound and leading off with muttered curses, they perceived Brady and the officer commanding the detachment, in close and amicable converse. The body of the unfortunate smuggler was removed to the cave, and a party remained to keep watch; while the remainder, accompanied by the informer, led their prisoners to a place of security. The ball had passed directly through Murphy's body; and though there was a slight trace of agony in his features, yet they still wore a calm and almost sleeping appearance. His lips were firmly closed together, but his eyes, not having been shut after the last dread struggle of the escaping soul, were wide and staringly open. Oh! there is nothing more awful or frightfully moving than the cold, rayless, dull eyes of the dead—the soul has departed, and *they* that could once tell its every emotion yet remain—but, oh, how changed!—how terribly, how completely changed! They laid his body on the white sand at the upper end of the cavern, and the pale sickly light of the replenished lamp rested fully on his marble features, and gave them a bluer and more ghastly paleness. Then they rummaged amongst the keys and boxes, till they discovered some brandy, and forming a rude table near the entrance, of various boards and barrels, they all sat down to a regular carouse.

It was a strange contrast that the cavern presented on that night. Death—sudden, unlooked for, and violent death—presiding, as it were, in one part; while, in the other, laughter, and song, and revelry, held their bacchanal festival. 'Tis ever thus with man—still unmoved and unrepenting even on the very borders of the grave—having still an appetite for earthly pleasure, still giving a loose rein to all his wishes and desires, though death be following his footsteps with the tenacity of a trained bloodhound! Oh! how little do we dream of our after life, or think of forsaking the sinful amusements of this! Oh! how we shun the thought of our being unprepared, till the "silver cord" that binds us to the world is almost snapped in twain! Then, then there is weeping, and wailing, and repenting; and as we stand on the very brink of the two worlds—the one that has passed away, and the other that is yet to come—we shudder at the unknown mysteries of eternity! We see and feel the littleness of this life, and yet we cling to it,

for we cannot look without dread and trembling to our future fate!

Of Polly's deep and concentrated agony, it were vain in us to speak, for who could describe the sinking of the heart—the thrilling and overwhelming desolation, and the tearless, settled despair, that wrung the poor orphan's soul, when she beheld him who had given her life, and fostered her in her infancy, all cold, and still, and feelingless!

Morning again dawned—

"The dewy morn,

With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,

Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,

And living as if earth contained no tomb"—

and the body then was removed from the cave to his brother's cottage, his poor bereaved daughter mechanically following the footsteps of those who bore it; and when at length it was laid down, unmindful of all around her—almost unconscious that any one was present—without speaking a word, or uttering a single shriek, she sat down quietly at the bed-side, breathing heavily, and as if her very heart would burst. She attended at the grave-yard, and saw him laid in the silent tomb. She felt that the last tie that bound them together was cruelly wrenched in sunder; and yet she did not weep, nor did her pale lip tremble, nor her eye grow dim. They led her home as dull, and, apparently, as feelingless as if her pulses had ceased to vibrate; and as she silently motioned them to place her near the bed whereon he *had* lain, they did so, and she covered her face with her hands and sat as still as marble, but a single tear did not force itself between her fingers! Evening approached—the door of her room was slowly opened—and her lover, who could no longer restrain himself, entered, and approached her—she all the time appearing unconscious of his presence. His arm was wound round her, and he tenderly drew her yielding form to his panting heart, while he exclaimed, in a voice inarticulate from excessive emotion—

"Polly! my own poor Polly, look up!—do look up and be comforted for God's sake!—Spake to me Polly *athore machree*! won't you spake to me? only one little word?"

A shivering sensation appeared to pass through her entire frame. She drew back a little, and raising her hands, parted the clustering hair from his throbbing brow, and opening her eyes to their fullest extent, gazed long and anxiously at his features; then, as if satisfied with her recognition, she hid her face in his bosom, and a blessed burst of weeping relieved the maddening anguish of her heart.

"God—God be thanked," she faintly sobbed—"I am not robbed of all—I have *you* left yet—I have you to protect me. My poor father is gone—gone—Oh God, he is gone for ever—but you, Phil!—you yet are mine, and we shall not be parted!"

But why dwell on this? Time, that hath a balm for every wound, after a little dried up her tears, and she and Phil were "not parted," but united in that bond that only can make mortals truly—purely happy!

The three smugglers that were taken underwent their trial, and Brady appeared as a witness against them. They were each imprisoned for two years; but his malice after all was unsatisfied, for Phil—his rival and his detestation—escaped his clutch, as not being caught in the fact, no swearing could commit him. This marred all his revenge; and though he received the reward of his villainy, and was unpunished for the life he had taken in *self defence*, his fiendish soul was filled with the pangs of hell at seeing Phil and Polly united. However that part of the country soon began to grow too hot, and he suddenly disappeared, whither none knew or cared.

About two years and a half after the events we have just narrated, on a dark and stormy night in January, a number of men surrounded a small though comfortable looking cabin that stood at the foot of one of the mountains bordering on the County Kerry. The snow lay deep on the ground—the branches of the leafless trees were covered with a mantle of glittering hoar frost, and all around had the desolate appearance of a severe winter.

The men were all clothed in coarse blue jackets, and small round hats—their faces were blackened so as effectually to disguise their features, and each of them was armed with some rude weapon. When they drew near the door, their leader, a strong limbed and muscular man, accompanied by two others, advanced, and with the butt end of a pistol rapped violently against it; upon which a stir was immediately heard inside, and a trembling voice demanded—

"Who is there?"

"Open the doore," thundered one of the three, "an' you'll soon know."

He then waited a moment, as if in expectation of his demand being complied with, and on the person inside again asking what was wanted, answered—

"We want yer own purty self, Tom Brady. Just to hold a little converse wid you about ould times."

"Its too late," answered the voice from within, with a forced calmness, that ill disguised the speaker's terror, "I can't let yez in at this hour ov the night."

"Och, how mighty particular yer growin' all ov a sudden, acushla," interrupted the person who had before spoken, and at the same instant, assisted by his two companions, he placed his huge shoulder against the door, and with one push it was driven from its hinges.

"Oh! fur God's sake, gintlemin," said the trembling Brady, whom they now seized on, "what is the matther?—shure ver not goin' to murder—gintlemin jewils shure yer not!"

"Asy wid yer palaverin'," answered one of them, striking him rudely across the mouth, "or may be we will—cum on peacefully, an' we'll not take yer life all out, but iv ye continue your blasted squalling, look at that—(and he held a pistol to his head)—it's gapin' to blow yer brains out, and faix its a'most a pity to baulk id."

They then led, or rather dragged him to some distance from the cottage, leaving two of their party as guards over his shrieking wife, and placing him on his knees in the snow, swore him to quit the country for ever. The poor wretch mumbled out the oath, shaking all over from head to foot, and then as they were seemingly about to let him go, his eyes flashed at the anticipated easy escape; but one of them turning to the rest, exclaimed—

"Well boys, yez know we must lave our mark on him, so say the word, will we *card* him, or prevint his turnin' INFORMER a second time?"

"Oh! fur the sakes ov yer wives an' yer childre," shrieked he, "spare me from the torture!—I'll sware never to thry an' find yez out!—I sware to lave the counthry to-morrow!—this instant!—oh! do forgive me only this onst!"

"Listen to the deludhin' tongue ov the baste," said the last speaker, "thryin' to *cum over us soft* agin; musha bud yer a fine boy wid yer spakin' weapon any how, and I think it id be a pity not to slit it a little bit: boys yez all know a parrot spakes bether whin its tongue's cut, and why not an INFORMER."

At the second mention of this hateful name, towards which the Irish always have a strong detestation, the terrified Brady shuddered convulsively; and when they all tumultuously agreed with the proposal of the last speaker, his senses seemed actually to desert him from fear and agony. The cold drops of sweat fell thickly from his brow as they violently seized him, and despite his frantic struggles, fastened a strong cord with a noose on it round his neck. One of them then pushed him back, and laying his knee on his chest, pulled it so tightly that his face grew black—the veins in his forehead swelled, and his tongue protruded considerably from his mouth.

"Hould on now an' that'll do," said the man who first seized him, and at the same time he quietly opened a clasp knife, and seizing the thrust out member with his nails, he pulled it till it could come no farther forwards, and cut it off from the very root. "Loose him now, avick," he then calmly said to the man who was assisting him, who immediately unfastened the cord—upon which the poor mangled wretch lay bleeding and senseless from the extreme pain.

"I wondher would he be so glib wid his *gab* iv he wor sinable now," he continued in an unmoved gravity of

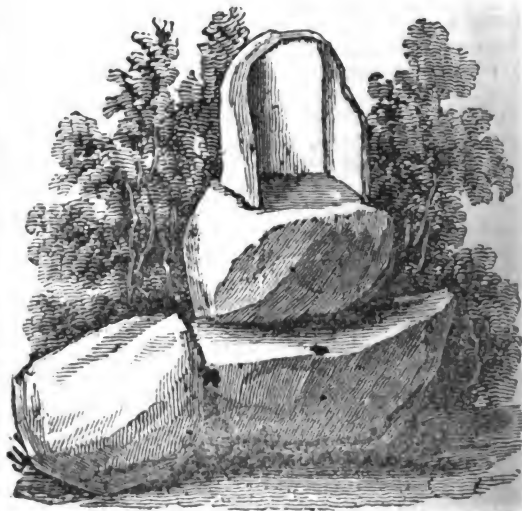
accent—whoo! hüd what a tongue the baste had, as long as my arm, and amost as thick—in throth its no wondher he could sware an' give evidence."

"Put it in his pocket iv he has one," said another, "an' whin he wakes it'll divart the hunger off him."

With much laughter and joking this was done, and in a few minutes after they all had departed, and there was no trace save a pool of blood that crimsoned the snow, to tell of the deed that had been there perpetrated, for his wife on being released had removed him again to the cabin.

The mutilators never were discovered, and Brady having lingered for some time, died with all the agonies of mental and bodily suffering. Phelim and Thady were constant visitors at Phil's cabin after their release, for he had given up smuggling totally on his marriage, and it was remarked that whenever Brady's name was mentioned they exchanged looks and were silent, but any thing further never transpired.

TIM. SIMKINS.



DRUID'S JUDGMENT SEAT.

A few perches from the road leading from the town of Killiney to Bray, by Shankhill, (on the land side) and nearly in a line with the Martello tower, stands a chair formed of stones, nearly similar to that described as the coronation chair of the O'Neils, in one of your early Numbers. It is formed of several large blocks of granite, and is popularly styled in that part of the country, "the Druid's Judgment Seat." Not knowing its history, I wish to draw the attention of some of your antiquarian correspondents to an object of so much interest. When I visited the spot some time since, it lay nearly hid in a clump of dwarf trees, and was then completely overgrown with briars.

C. H. W.

The following singular phenomenon occurred nearly fifty years ago on the coast of Magilligan. A remarkably large rock was blown by a storm half way up the cliff, where it remained stationary; many persons are still living in that neighbourhood who remember the event.

It is but justice to an Irish artist to mention that the engravings in our last and present, as well as several of the best of those in recent Numbers of our Journal, have been executed by Mr. Robert Clayton, of this city.

DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 3, Cecilia Street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.

Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Panyer-alley, Paternoster-row; in Liverpool, by Willner and Smith; in Manchester, by Ambery; in Birmingham, by Drake; in Nottingham, by Wright; in Glasgow, by W. R. M'Phun.

THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 85. Vol. II.

CONDUCTED BY P. DIXON HARDY, M.R.I.A.

FEB. 15, 1834.



DALKEY, COUNTY OF DUBLIN.

The Island of Dalkey, of which the foregoing is a view taken from Bullock, is divided from the mainland by a channel called Dalkey Sound, in which ships may safely ride at anchor in eight fathoms of water, sheltered by the island from the north-east wind, to which every other part of Dublin Bay lies exposed. This island is said to contain eighteen acres, and, although covered with rocks, is esteemed an excellent pasturage for cattle of all kinds. It is curious to see the people conveying black cattle hither from the mainland. They fasten one end of a rope about the beast's horns, and then tie the other end to the stern of a boat, which is pulled with oars in the direction of the island. By this means they drag the animal into the sea, and force it to swim after the boat across the sound, a distance of about a quarter of a mile. Besides good pasturage, Dalkey island produces some medicinal plants, and there is a ruin on it, said to be that of a church, but (the belfry excepted) no lineament survives that would induce a person to suppose it the remains of a place of worship. I much doubt its having ever been used for one. The side of the structure where some traces of an altar might be sought for, presents no such appearance; but, on the contrary, a fire-place and chimney are to be seen where the altar should stand, had the building been for ecclesiastical uses. There are also visible in it vestiges of its having been lofted. It is therefore probable that the fabric, which is small and in the form of a parallelogram, was used for domestic or commercial and not for religious purposes.

Tradition informs us, that when the city of Dublin was visited by a plague in former days, some of the citizens

retired to this island as an asylum from its desolating effects. It is certain that Primate Usher retired with his family from the same calamity to Lambay, and that he introduced a clause into the leases of that island, that, in case Ireland should again be visited by plague, the Lambay demises should be void, in order to ensure a safe retreat for his family.

There is a battery mounting three twenty-four pounders on the Island of Dalkey, whose highest point is crowned by a martello tower that differs from any I recollect to have seen elsewhere. The entrance to the tower is at the very top of the building, while the doors of most others stand no more than twelve or fourteen feet from the ground. Dalkey Island is uninhabited, save by the military stationed in the batteries.

The engraving which accompanies this article also exhibits a view of part of Dalkey common, which extends from the village of the same name on the west, and the Government quarries on the south side to the sea. There is a dwelling house of a most extraordinary kind now being completed on a portion of this common. It is seen in our drawing, two stories in height, standing alone, with the front door opening within a few feet of a craggy mountain-precipice, and its ere wildly hanging over a dreadful rocky steep washed by the boisterous sea. The erection of this extraordinary edifice was a strange vagary of the projector. The first glance of it at once suggests to the imagination, ideas of the amphibious retreats of desperate smugglers, or cruel pirates of bygone times, rather than of the rural summer haunt of a peaceful citizen. The occupier might repose in it, as it is said the celebrated *Granua*

Uile used to do in Carrickahooly castle, where her ship-ping was moored to her bed-post, for the purpose of preventing surprise.

The name of Dalkey common is perpetuated in the convivial song called the Kilruddery Hunt, written in 1774 by Father Fleming, of Adam and Eve Chapel, and of which a copy is said to have been presented by the Earl of Meath to King George the Fourth, when he visited Ireland. The expression, "*Dalkey-stone common*," in that song, leads me to remark that there was formerly a druidical rocking-stone in the neighbourhood of Bullock or Dalkey. I find mention made of it by some old writers, and also by Wright, in the Guide to the County of Wicklow: but although I have devoted several days to searching for it, I am with regret obliged to say, I have not been able to find it.

The Government quarries on the common are at present worked by the respectable firm of Henry, Mullins, and M'Mahon, who have contracted for the completion of Kingstown harbour. The largest blocks of granite, raised in the quarries by the force of gunpowder, are lowered (to the long level of the railway where the horses are yoked to the trucks) by a succession of three inclined planes, in the following manner. A large metal wheel with a groove in it, and revolving freely on an upright axis, is fixed at the head of each inclined plane. Over the groove a strong endless chain is passed, and from thence carried down a railway to the bottom of the inclination, where, running over friction-rollers, it returns up another rail road, parallel to the former, back to the wheel first mentioned. When a laden truck has to be lowered, it is brought to the verge of the descent, and there attached to the chain. At the same time, an empty truck is fastened at the bottom of the descent to the ascending portion of the same chain. The laden truck is then pushed down the sloping rail-road, and by reason of its weight (from five to seven tons) proceeds rapidly down, drawing at the same time the empty truck up from the bottom of the parallel railway. There are generally three laden and as many unladen carriages moving up or down the steep in this manner at the same moment. Should the motion become too rapid, a man at the top has the power of regulating it by means of a friction-band, which, with the help of a compound lever, he can close upon the grooved metal wheel. The same contrivance serves to stop the descent altogether, the instant the trucks have arrived at their destination. Thus, by the aid of a simple combination of mechanic powers, a single man is enabled to move and controul the motion of six heavy carriages, bearing an aggregate weight of granite of about twenty tons, a task which it would require twenty-seven horses, with the ordinary modes of conveyance on common roads to accomplish.

The village of Dalkey stands about seven miles from Dublin, at the northern side of Dalkey hill, on which was formerly a telegraph, now dismantled, and nearly undermined by the quarrymen in the neighbourhood. The village was formerly a place of great importance. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it was a repository for the goods imported or to be exported by the merchants of Dublin. The ruins of several castles are still remaining here; they were built for the protection of trade against the hordes of land and sea robbers that infested the country at a remote period.

B.

THE DANGER OF PROSPERITY.

A supposed dialogue between Socrates and his pupil, Alcibiades.

What can afford greater happiness than uninterrupted prosperity? This was a question proposed by Alcibiades to his tutor, as they sauntered on the banks of the Ilissus. It was suggested by a previous conversation on the history of Xerxes, and on the changes to which every thing earthly is liable;—a liability strikingly displayed in the life of that extraordinary monarch. "Prosperity," said Socrates, "marked with her favours the commencement of his reign. The Persian diadem was placed upon his head; while his elder, but less fortunate brother, Artabazanes, was passed by with cruel and unjust neglect. Xerxes received the king-

dom in a flourishing state; and seemed qualified by nature to maintain all the glory and all the power which his father had acquired; nor was there, if we may credit the assertions of his panegyrist, in the extensive empire of Persia, one so worthy to manage its affairs. Though the dominion he received on his accession to the throne was vast, he established his fame, increased his wealth, and added to his almost boundless possessions by the conquest of revolted Egypt. Yet in the midst of all his glory and his greatness, while on the march to universal monarchy, his pride was mortified, and his progress checked by a handful of Spartans at the pass of Thermopylæ.—Subsequent defeats completed the ruin of his projects, and sent him back to Persia covered with disgrace. In a small fishing-smack, he repassed the Hellespont, which but a few months before, he had pretended to chain, and lash into obedience. To complete the tragic tale, scarcely had he reached his home, and begun to lose the memory of his sorrows and disgrace, in the gratification of every sensual desire, when the assassin's dagger disturbed his effeminate repose, freed the unhappy monarch of his earthly cares; but sent him to those dismal shades reserved in Tartarus as the abode of tyrants, and fixed his residence in the place allotted for the punishment of those who attempt the destruction of the peace and happiness of man." From this detail of facts, which had transpired within his own memory, Socrates furnished his disciple with many moral reflections, obviously deducible from the history, and peculiarly adapted to allay the raging thirst for power, which was parching the soul of that noble youth. "You may always," said he, "rest upon this observation, that uninterrupted prosperity never has been, nor shall be the lot of man. Adversity clouds his brightest scenes, and embitters his sweetest draughts. Night does not more regularly succeed the day, nor winter the summer, than misfortune follows a train of prosperous events."

"Wherefore, then," murmured Alcibiades, after having remained for a time wrapped in thought; "wherefore have the gods denied us such a source of happiness; for what can be more conducive to the happiness of man than uninterrupted prosperity?"

"My young friend," said Socrates, "from which of these two sources do you imagine the purest felicity to spring—a life of virtue or of vice?"

"Doubtless," replied the youth, "from a life of virtue. You have frequently proved to my satisfaction that the more virtuously we live, the more do we approximate to the life of the gods—that however distant the result, misery is the inseparable attendant of crime, and happiness the invariable reward of virtue."

"Well," then, said Socrates, "wherein, think you, does a virtuous life consist?—In the inaction of apathy, or sloth; or in the exertions of industry and application?"

"Certainly," replied Alcibiades, "in the proper exertion of both corporal and mental powers for the attainment of justifiable objects."

"And do you not perceive," continued the philosopher, "that while prosperity damps and deadens the energies of man, adversity appears to recruit his faculties with unusual vigour, and affords powerful incentives to renewed, redoubled efforts?"

"Proceed," said Alcibiades, "when I disapprove, I shall signify it by a negative."

"To refer," said Socrates, "to those interesting events which just now occupied our attention, do you imagine that prosperity would so completely (if at all) have elicited the fortitude of Leonidas, or so effectually called his valour into action, or so signally developed his patriotism, as the adverse circumstances in which he was placed actually have done. Had Greece been in a prosperous state, would Themistocles so readily have sacrificed his ambition for the welfare of his country, as he did, when he saw destruction impending over Athens, and waved his claims, and permitted his rival, Eurybiades, to command the confederate fleet, a post of honour to which the former thought himself alone entitled to aspire? Is it possible that victory would have crowned him with glory, and emancipated Greece from the fear of bondage, in the naval conflict at Salamis, had not the Grecians perceived

themselves," by the artifice of their general, reduced to the desperate alternative of submitting to slavery, or obtaining a triumph?

"If we refer for illustrations to the events of private life, the young merchant possessed of but a small patrimony engages with avidity in commercial concerns, and gives up all his soul to the acquisition of gain. Prosperity crowns his exertions, and pours the treasures of India at his feet. But the golden flood as it fills his coffers, drowns and smothers all his energies, which once gave life and vigour to his efforts. His desires are satisfied, and unless some fresh stimulus to action is presented, he becomes at once the prey of indolence, resigning the conduct of his commercial pursuits into the hands either of a stranger or a hireling; he bids a last farewell to the busy scenes of the Piræus; and either choosing some splendid mansion in the city for his future residence, there wallows in luxury and debauchery, or seeking some retired corner of Attica, buries himself in the slothful apathy, which too frequently pollutes the villas of the great. As virtue then is the true source of felicity, and as prosperity is generally found fatal to active exertion, I wish you to draw the conclusion."

Alcibiades remained silent, while his venerable instructor proceeded in the argument.

"To take one more view," said he, "of the subject, whether do you think the gratification of a selfish individual, or the good of mankind, of the greater importance?"

"Beyond all question," replied the youth, "the good of mankind."

"And," continued Socrates, "if these two objects be set in competition with each other, which should have the preference?"

"Certainly the latter."

"Remember," said Socrates, "what you have admitted, and recognising these sentiments, turn for an exemplification of the argument to the history that has furnished us in a great measure the matter of this dialogue. Suppose that the prosperity of Xerxes had been uninterrupted, and that he had conquered Greece; (may the gods avert the omen,) his vanity would have been flattered, his pride fed, and every selfish desire of his heart gratified—but how? By the misery of Greece. One worthless individual would have succeeded in the most infamous designs; while millions of the human race were hurled into the abysses of adversity and woe. Look through the world, and see the connexion that exists between the different members of society. Like the several parts of the body, to each of them the fates have allotted some particular office to fulfil, some particular sphere in which to move. If one member were allowed to absorb the moisture and engross the nourishment which should strengthen another, the body would become monstrous; and if this were to continue for any length of time, the whole corporal system would be disorganised. The same appears to me precisely applicable to the relation which the individuals of society bear to each other. The desires of one, thwart the wishes of a second; and the desires of the second will be found to run counter to the wishes of a third. If uninterrupted prosperity were to attend the plans of the ambitious man, what could you expect but that destruction and death would devastate the globe?—If uninterrupted prosperity were to crown the sordid pursuits of the covetous, in what caves should the helpless widow, the unfriended orphan hide their devoted heads? If uninterrupted prosperity were to smile upon the malignant devices of the envious, the infamous stratagems of the debauched, the deep laid schemes of the unjust—where could we provide an asylum for virtue, or a refuge for chastity, or a sanctuary for justice? Explain? But were the gods to grant prosperity to all; the flood gates of misery would be opened, and the world deluged with blood. Anarchy, worse than primæval, would destroy the noblest works of Deity, and the reign of chaos recommence with tenfold horrors."

"You have convinced me," cried Alcibiades; "I am ashamed of my rash exclamation; I see that were the gods to grant what I murmured against them for denying, the spark of virtue that lingers in the human soul would

become extinct; and every bond that holds society together would be annihilated."

"Instead then," said Socrates, "of seeking a temporary happiness from the intoxicating draughts of prosperity, seek that true and lasting felicity of which virtue is the only source."

THE GERMAN WALTZER.

SIR—The observations on waltzing, in the 65th Number, Second Volume, of your amusing Penny Journal, encourage me to detail the event that has made me an old bachelor. In 1806 I was in love with a fair creature, who seemed to be all my fond heart could wish, and I flattered myself that I possessed her affection. Although her reserve had never permitted her to bid me hope, still, from the graciousness with which she listened to my suit, and the evident pleasure that her countenance expressed at my approach, I ventured to open my mind to Mrs. Baker, the mother of my mistress, who gave me the most favourable answer, and assured me that modesty alone prevented my Margaret from personally avowing to me her predilection in my favour. My mother, therefore, proceeded to settle the nuptial preliminaries with Mrs. Baker. My fortune was much more than Margaret was entitled to expect; as love turned the scale, I rejoiced that I could prove my disinterestedness. Full of the most delightful anticipations, I went to Dublin, to give directions to my solicitor concerning the settlements; on my parting with Margaret, she would not even allow me to take her hand, though, sweetly smiling, she whispered her consent that it should become mine on my return; this maidenly reserve charmed me still more. Tired by the legal delays, I returned to my residence before the settlements were completed. So anxious was I to see her I loved, that I proposed to visit Mrs. Baker the day of my return: she lived in a town about ten miles from Elmville, my abode.

"You will meet Margaret at the ball this evening, Charles," said my mother; "I think as I propose going there you may delay your visit for a few hours."

I agreed. We set off for F— after dinner, and, from some delay on the road, did not arrive till past nine o'clock. "Let us drive to Mrs. Baker's," said I, as we entered the town.

"O, no, Charles, it is too late, she is certainly gone to the ball."

"But suppose she did not go there, I shall be so much longer without seeing Margaret."

"Well, let us ask at the assembly room as we pass." Accordingly we proceeded there. The strains of a fine military band were soon audible; the room was brilliantly lighted, and the street seemed illuminated from the lamps in the ball room; my heart began to beat violently at the anticipated meeting.

"Margaret will be surprised to see me," I said.

"Certainly, I fancy her reserve will be overcome by the pleasure she will feel," observed my mother, laughing.

The carriage stopped; I asked an attendant whether Mrs. Baker's family were at the ball.

"That they are, Sir, and all the world with them—a power of company there, sure enough, as ever you see."

We alighted, made our way through the crowd on the staircase, and entered the ball room, the centre of which was occupied by the military beaux, in full waltz with their partners, and every form and chair engaged by lookers-on at the strange movements.

"What on earth is this?" I asked, as our progress was impeded, my head too beginning to reel with the whirling of the waltzers.

"O, the troops have been exchanged for Germans since you went to Dublin, and this is the waltz," said my mother.

At this moment Mr. Bolton, an old friend of ours, joined us—"Is this Franklin?" he asked, surprised at my unexpected appearance. "Well, you are come back to see strange sights—very fine work this is—I'd rather see my girls dead than making such a scandalous exhibition."

"O, fie, Mr. Bolton," said a lady who had just ceased attempting to waltz, "it is a very pretty dance."

"I dare say you think so," he returned, "but I hope these foreign dances may never take root here, we are bad enough without them."

"The German ladies are very graceful," said Mrs. Bolton.

"Yes," returned her spouse, "they really twirl about gracefully, which our countrywomen never can do; and the Germans only look on these *frisks and embraces as their national dance*, but the case is very different with our Irish lasses."

"I vow," said another gentleman, who jumped off the form on which he had been standing, "it is a great sight to see Miss Baker waltzing with Baron Knyphausen."

As I stood, confounded and puzzled, my Margaret whisked past in the arms of the German. The sight left my eyes—I staggered to the wall. My mother was greatly shocked—"Charles, you must desire Margaret not to waltz; it is very strange she could think of doing so, but I'm sure she did not expect to see you here."

I groaned—"Oh! Margaret, Margaret, that I thought wise as fair."

With great difficulty my mother prevailed on me to remain and speak to my lost love; accordingly I made

way to her, just as her partner had waltzed her to a seat and softly uttering, "I tank," with a graceful bow, and his hand on his heart, he retired; her eyes followed him. I spoke to her—she answered evidently pre-occupied by him, and expressed neither surprise nor pleasure at my sudden return; her mother saw by my countenance that there was something amiss, and interposed with a profusion of civility to me, and various conciliatory whispers to Margaret—but the charm was dissolved—the mischief was done—I was not such an absolute fool as to marry one who would permit such familiarities. How Baron Knyphausen made love could only puzzle those that knew not love was an universal language. His English was confined to "I tank," and Margaret's German to understanding *Meta* was her name in it. Her lover was soon called away to sterner scenes, and fell in an engagement shortly after he went to Spain. Again Margaret sweetly beamed her most gracious looks on me, and her parents made many pressing offers for a renewal of my suit, but I declined firmly; and since that period the fair sex have never made any impression on your humble servant,
AN OLD BACHELOR.



PALACE ANNE.

RIDES THROUGH THE COUNTY OF CORK.

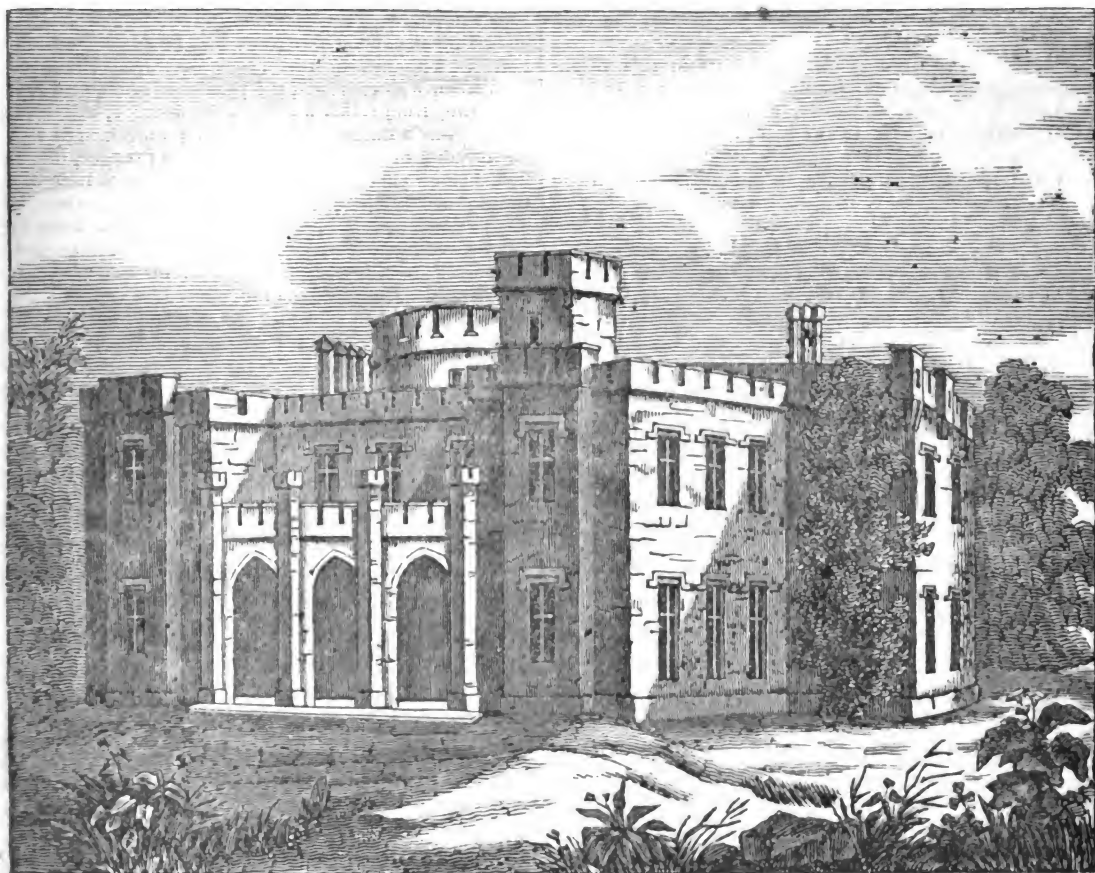
Among the most picturesque districts in the south of Ireland, may be reckoned the line of country between Innishannon and Dunmanway. The distance between these two towns is seventeen miles; and seldom does the traveller pass through more diversified and beautiful scenery. Leaving Innishannon, the road winds for nearly three miles through hills, thickly covered with well-grown timber; sometimes sloping to the river's edge in graceful beauty, and sometimes rising abruptly into steep, bold rocks, to the height of several hundred feet. Half way between Innishannon and Bandon, is the ivied ruin of Dundannion castle, seated on the 'water's edge, at the point where two romantic glens unite. Two miles farther to the west, is the town of Bandon, anciently renowned for its exclusive motto. It now contains nume-

rous sects of Dissenters, in addition to a large stock of Catholic and Protestant inhabitants; the social intercourse of all is characterized by christian harmony. All traces of old feuds are nearly obliterated. Bandon has suffered severely from the decay of the linen trade. It is the fashion in some places to speak of its growing prosperity; but the silent loom, the deserted dwelling and the monstrous mass of mendicancy in the streets, are melancholy proofs to the reverse. To the west of Bandon is the earl of Bandon's magnificent domain, Castle Bernard, which occupies both sides of an extensive valley. A noble forest of oaks, the growth of ages, stretches its hoary length along the glen for an extent of nearly two miles, and the trees often mingle their broad boughs across the rapid, broken current of the Bandon river.—A mile to the south of this domain an exquisitely beautiful

mansion has been recently erected in the pointed gothic style, for the Hon. W. S. Bernard, brother to Lord Bandon. The design was given by Mr. Buckley of Cork, and the works were contracted for and executed in the first style of excellence by Mr. J. Calnan, master-builder, of Enniskean, whose skill in his profession is attested by the numerous tasteful edifices which have arisen in this neighbourhood under his superintendence. Proceeding still further to the west, the domains of Kilcolman and Desert, to the south of the river, become conspicuous. The former is the seat of Adderly Beamish, Esq., the latter of the Rev. Mr. Longfield.

On the opposite side of the river, a mile farther on, is the fine old seat of Palace Anne, the residence of Captain Beamish Bernard. The house is an ancient brick-built mansion, erected in the 17th century by the ancestor of the present proprietor. The principal front is one hundred and forty feet long, consisting of a centre and wings: the centre rises into three ornamented gables in the old French style. Before the house there is a large pleasure garden, in which the clipped yews and hollies, and the old parterres have been scrupulously preserved in the taste of past ages. To the rear ascends a broad, high hill, clothed with fine old oak and walnut trees. Nearer to the river is the glebe of Morrigh, which the present incumbent, the Rev. Mr. St. Lawrence, has thickly planted with

forest trees. From Palace Anne the road runs westward through the villages of Enniskeane and Ballineen. The little white-washed chapel in the wood which overhangs the former, and the exquisitely neat and verdant glebe of Ballymoney, the residence of the Rev. Mr. Meade, near Ballineen, are objects, which by their simple and unassuming beauty, produce an exceedingly pleasing effect.—The river is crossed at Ballineen by an ancient stone bridge of ten arches. Half a mile to the west of this village, Fort Robert, the seat of Mr. Feargus O'Connor, M. P., for the county of Cork, stands proudly on the summit of a lofty hill. If the tourist has sufficient time to spare, we would strongly recommend him to ascend the long and winding avenue, and to take his station on the gravelled platform before the house: and his pains will be rewarded with the bird's eye view of the valley he has passed, displaying in the rich perspective all its groves, its whitened villages, its seats, its spires, its river, and the noble woods of Castle Bernard in the distance. Mr. O'Connor, so far from regarding the visits of the tourist to his fine domain as an intrusion, feels, we understand, particular gratification when the traveller indulges his passion for the picturesque by surveying the valley of the Bandon river from this elevated spot. Indeed, we have heard that in this respect, Mr. O'Connor's courteous urbanity cannot be too highly appreciated.



KILCASCAN MANSION.

Proceeding again to the west, the mansion of Kilcascan appears upon a rising ground on the southern side of the river. The domain of Kilcascan, the residence of Mr. O'Neil Daunt, is extensively planted, but a considerable part of the timber is as yet too young to be very ornamental. Behind the house, at the distance of nearly a mile from the river, is a chain of hills, which seems to have been intended by nature as the boundary of the domain. They are not planted, which we regretted, as from their position, with regard to the domain, plantation would have there been particularly ornamental. We learned that they once were clothed with a noble wood of oak which

swept down to the banks of the river, but which was cut down by the ancestor of Mr. O'Neil Daunt about eighty years since, and never either coppiced or replanted.

Kilcascan is built in the castellated style of the era of Elizabeth; and its irregular lines of roof and tall shafted chimneys surmounting the trees of the domain, look extremely picturesque from the road on the southern side of the river. We visited Kilcascan on a fine summer's evening, and enjoyed the prospect which the house commands to the west. The sun was setting behind the blue peaks of the Mielane and Nowen mountains. We lingered until twilight had commenced, and gazed upon the darkening

scene; the hue of the mountains had deepened into purple, and their dark, peaked outline was strongly relieved by a glowing saffron-coloured sky. The small wooded glen beyond was wrapped in shadow; the stream hoarsely murmured through its bottom, eddying round the rocks that obstructed its course. Immediately opposite Kilcaskan, is Manche-house, the seat of Mr. Daniel Connor. The domain possesses a long extent of rocky hill, which runs parallel with the road, and is covered at present with luxuriant oak copse. We have seen but few domains in the south of Ireland that possess the peculiar capacities for beauty that Manche can boast. An immense extent of fertile, level ground, strikingly contrasts itself with the steep abrupt hill to which we have alluded. Had a mansion, adapted to the extent of the place, been erected on the summit of this hill, the effect would have been magnificent. A striking air of comfort and neatness characterises Manche. The house, a handsome and commodious modern structure, stands upon a slight elevation near the road. Immediately to the west and north, the hill ascends almost perpendicularly to the height of one hundred feet, clothed with thriving young oaks, larch, and Scotch firs. To the east there is an extensive lawn, terminated by a wooded knoll called Carrigmore.

The ancestors of Mr. Connor resided in the old mansion-house of Connorville, which is now in the occupation of a steward. We cannot avoid mentioning that the houses of Manche and Kilcaskan were both erected by Mr. Callan of Enniskean, and reflect infinite credit on his skill and ability.

The tenants on Mr. Connor's property in this neighbourhood seem happy and comfortable. They have built comfortable slated farm-houses, and the ground appears well managed. A mile to the west, on the south side of the river, is the old feudal tower of Billinacarrig, seated high and dark upon its craggy rock, and reflected in the waters of its lonely lake. We promise our readers in some future number a view of this romantic fortalice, and the singular tradition of its erection. No seats of any consequence claim our attention between Ballinacarrig and the town of Dunmanway; the road, however, (to the south of the river) preserves its interest to the tourist, from the wild and magnificent chain of mountains which stretch before him to the west. Dunmanway wears, like most Irish towns, a still and listless appearance. It contains a market-house and a spacious church, erected by Mr. J. H. Cox; and the enterprising parish priest, the Rev. Mr. Doheny, is erecting a large and handsome chapel, with a cut limestone front. The linen trade here, as in Bandon, has quite declined. We derived some gratification from observing that a taste for planting now pervades the resident gentry of this neighbourhood. The nurseries of Messrs. Norwood and O'Sullivan are amply supplied with strong young forest trees of all descriptions, and are in constant requisition all the planting season.

J. F. W.

LADY BRINDON—AN OCCURRENCE OF THE LAST CENTURY IN DUBLIN.

In the good old days, or as an Irishman would say, the real *noctes ambrosiana*, when shops were not called saloons, nor markets bazaars, when hair-dressers did not advertise as artists, "pour couper les cheveux," and charity sermons were not jobbing speculations—which period, for exactness sake, we will lay down about seventy years ago—lived the Dowager Lady Brindon, the disconsolate widow of three worthy and short-lived consorts. Whether this occurred by fate, or the singular good fortune of the lady is not for me to hint at; certain it is that she obtained and got rid of them all at a quicker pace than the young ladies of the present time, albeit pupils of Logier and Montagu, can reasonably calculate on being able to waltz away their helpmates' properties, or music themselves into a suit of sables. Lady Brindon, at the time of our story, had been twenty years, or so, a widow, and never could be prevailed on, or, as she said herself, to listen to a suitor's vows after the last irreparable affliction. She inhabited a large gloomy looking mansion, which by an ancient map of our metropolis, I find to have stood in the

centre of a field not far from M—— church, as the building mania had not encroached so far then into the country, as in our house-making, house-breaking generation. The house was surrounded by a high dead wall; and the mouldy wooden gate was never unbarred, except to two chosen and favourite visitors; she was immensely rich, kept up a numerous suite of servants, (there never was a relative seen at her table), went twice a year to the Castle once a quarter disturbed the dust in her crimson cushioned pew in Christ church, and amused herself the remainder of the day with her old China, and the novels of Fielding. Her "*une grande passion*" was cards; every variety of game (I am wrong, she did not play *ecarte*), that the invention of Hoyle could devise, were as familiar to her as quacking to Dr. L——, or punning to Sam Rogers; they were her manuscripts, her library. She played high, bragged with spirit, and always wagered considerably on the "odd trick." I am told that when she lost, her anger, her fury was dreadful; she would curse the winners, and, dashing the gold on the table, pour an entire flask of wine into a large heraldic-mounted silver goblet, and drain it at a draught. One of her companions was a great tragedian, who is condemned to immortality in the writings of him "who blazed the comet of a season"—a man of great talent, who brought her all the newest and most sinful tales of scandal—revived her spirits, when she was low, by quoting Voltaire and Marmontel, and calmed her conscience by the aid of French philosophy. He was invaluable, for he was also her ladyship's butt, and he bore it all as he expected a legacy; and he got one—a stuffed parrot. The last of the respectable triumvirate was a gentleman who exercised the profession of medical doctor, and who, from rather a curious coincidence, attended all her ladyship's husbands in their last illness. His success be it good or bad, in this part of his practice, certainly had such an effect in his neighbourhood, that no one ventured to call him in afterwards. He sustained no loss, however, by the desertion, for, after the death of Lord Brindon, he set up his carriage, and became more intimate than ever with the dowager, over whom he exercised a most unbounded and mysterious influence. She dreaded, hated, and was chained to him. In her wildest temper, a look or a frown would paralyze her into motionlessness; while before strangers he would be all cringing and sycophantic servility. The doctor's house adjoined her ladyship's, with whom he spent more hours, than he allotted to his family, to whom his behaviour was cruel and tyrannical. Many rumours prejudicial to the character of all were circulated respecting their meetings and intimacies, and were not disbelieved. Lady Brindon was considered to be the worst and most disgusting of human beings—a bad old woman.

It was a Saturday evening in January; the usual party were assembled in the drawing-room at an early hour, as it was Lady Brindon's intention to go to the Castle that night. She had dined before the customary time, to enjoy a hand at loo before she retired to dress. The housekeeper was sitting in her own apartment, (a snug little Brussels carpeted room, whose wainscotted walls were hung with tapestry and Hogarth's prints,) reading the works of Thomas Aquinas (translated,) and enjoying a pinch of Mr. Lundy Root's snuff, which had not yet come into fashion. The College bell was tolling for night roll; and, as she remarked the hour, wondered also at the length of time her mistress prolonged the game; then giving the fire a stir, which made it throw out an enlivening radiance; reflected in the burnished fender and opposite mirrors, which testified her own diligence and economy, she composed herself again to her volume. Her thoughts were not this night on the proper tension for study; the characters were passed over by her spectacle aided optic, leaving no impression or idea behind; and the worthy old gentlewoman perceiving her situation, wisely shut up the book, went over with it to her own private shelf, where she deposited it, and returned with a large bottle labeled poison, but which was varacious French Brandy, and what was better, smuggled. Wishing a relish for her cordial, she pulled a bell, which was answered by Mr. Mahony, himself, the tasseled and powdered guardian of her ladyship's cellar. By his agency a cold pie was procured, and the

worthy subordinates sat down, like the mice in the fable, to the remnants of the day's feast.

"Did you hear any noise, Mrs. Lambert, last night on the lobby?"

"Bless me!—what do you mean, Mr. Mahony? Do not alarm me—you know how timid I am, and my residence with her ladyship is not calculated to strengthen the delicacy of my nerves."

"Well, I'd better not mention it. A glass of wine, Mrs. Lambert. But had you been as long here as I have staid, and seen one of the many horrid acts I have been forced to look at, you would be afraid to walk up stairs alone."

"I declare I wish I was safe home out of this house, the loneliness of it, (a little more paste if you please,) and the violent passions of her ladyship, make me quite unhappy. I really must—but bless me, there is the bell rung!—again—gracious, what noise is that!—'tis like her voice."

A crashing—a loud scream—and another violent pulling at the bell, interrupted and ended their sociality, and hurried Mahony up stairs. When he entered the room, the party had risen from their seats; the card-table was overturned—the cards blazing in the fire—the gentlemen in loud and angry altercation, and Lady Brindon fainting on a chair.

"Give your mistress a glass of water, she is unwell."

¶ [She rallied her energies when she heard the command.

"No, Sir, I am perfectly well—I want no aid. Send Lambert to my toilet, Mahony, and have my carriage brought round quick. Leave the room!"

The astonished man rushed down stairs, and gaspingly inquired, "Mrs. Lambert, for God's sake tell me how many gentlemen were playing cards with my mistress to night?"

"A foolish question to ask me; surely no others but Mr. M—— and Dr. Thompson."

"Then, as certainly as I am a living man, there was another in the room when I went in first. There were three round the fire, which burnt up higher than ever I saw it—but I could not see his face—but it was dressed like my old master. But she is ringing again; Mrs. Lambert, hurry up to her."

"God help me, she'll be in one of her tempers to night."

An hour after, the gentlemen having left the house, Lady Brindon, hooped and diamonded, taking the key of her dressing room with her, was handed into her carriage, and drove off.

The Master of the Ceremonies had just made his most exquisite and elaborate congee at the conclusion of a minuet, when a bustling ever-green courtier, a colonel in the Battle-axe Guards, forced a passage among the long trains and lappets of aldermen's, and other civic ladies, and whispered through the rouge and false curls, a message into the ears of Lady Brindon. She immediately left the vice-regal presence, and, pale, and passionless, flattered into her carriage. As she drove through the streets, she perceived a rushing of the people, a crowding of the mob towards the direction she was driving in. She pulled the check string, and inquired the cause from her servant. His answer was drowned in the hollow rattling of a fire engine, which flew past her over the pavement; and the air was heavy and suffocating with a dense fog of sulphur and smoke. When she turned into her own street, a loud cheering, as if in derision and scorn, called her attention to a house blazing in conflagration, and darting up its fiery particles to the black clouds that frowned down in anger on the ruin. Her heart was sickened, for she knew it to be her own. A passage was made for her through the mass of fire-men, spectators, idlers, and plunderers; she stepped out, and calmly looked on; she thought not then of her plate, her jewels, and her pictures. Her mind was engrossed by another and far different design. Thompson was most zealous in his attempts to save some of the property, and succeeded in rescuing various parchments and leases of the estate. She drew him aside, and asked him in tones of horror had he been in her boudoir.

"It was impossible," said he, "to penetrate to it. In that room, which you always kept locked, the flames burst out first."

The water, which was now flooded upon the flames, momentarily darkened their awful splendour; but vain was every effort to subdue them—they, like Medea's gifts, ceased not until they utterly destroyed. Lady Brindon here remarked a young stranger in a naval dress, among the foremost in the perilous task of working the engines; she was told by Thompson that he was his son, who had returned that day after a voyage from China. She called him to her and said,

"Sir, I have seen your bravery, and it shall be recompensed—you can still befriend me. Listen—dare to struggle up the stair-case; in the first room on your left, you will find a small box on the table—it is clasped with iron, and is marked with my name engraved in silver on it; I have sworn, on the penalty of my soul, never to sleep a night without that box being in my room. If you value your father's life, and my immortal welfare, bring it to me, for it contains what may hang your father and myself. Bring it, I say, and I will share you one half of the wealth still left me."

"Lady Brindon, I shall try to save it, but not for the sake of your polluted gold."

He dashed among the falling walls, like Curtius into the gulph, and an impenetrable cloud of smoke greeted his entrance. There was a cry—he was never seen more.

The hard heart of Thompson was unmoved—he heeded not his perished son. He and his partner in villainy grew pale, so very pale that the flames were reflected in their pallid ghastly features. With a demoniac smile he turned round to her, and asked her to walk into his house, as she saw nothing more could be done, and the night air was unwholesome.

"Not yet, Thompson, not yet. It is but right that I should see the bonfire that is provided at my own expense; 'tis the dearest I ever witnessed, and I shall see it out." And she remained and saw it out.

When the last spark was quenched, and the last beam of her mansion consumed, Lady Brindon retired to her room in Thompson's house. When they met next morning, the haggard countenances of both evidenced the agonizing pangs with which late awakened remorse had visited their hardened consciences. When the Sabbath bell rung for service, Thompson, who had not been seen in a consecrated temple for years, suddenly rose from the breakfast-table, and, beckoning in silence to his youngest son to follow him, left the house. Lady Brindon viewed him with wonder, but offered no remark, and shortly after sat down to write, at which employment she continued the remainder of the day. Thompson entered his parish church with the air of a terrified and pursued criminal, who seeks at the altar a sanctuary and asylum from enemies who hunt him for his blood. He avoided his own seat where his family always attended, and hid himself, in one of the back aisles, among the poor and contrite who go to pray and not to criticise. He listened patiently to the conclusion of the service, and then took a short path to his own house through the unbuilt-on and unreclaimed fields. His manner was less morose to his son, and he attended in silence, and interrupted not the childish prattling of the boy, who perceived his parent's dejection, and tried to cheer it away.

"Father, do you know what they say was the cause of the fire last night?"

"How could I. But they will give a wise reason I dare say; tell it to me."

"I am almost afraid to say it; but don't be angry with me. It is reported that the devil was one of your party at cards, and that he lost, and flung the cards into the fire, and breathed upon all the room, and——"

"Fie, William, to listen to the servants' ignorant and superstitious stories; never again repeat such nonsense. But wait, William, you are not able to get over that stile; let me go first, and then I can assist you."

The son was much astonished to see his father, (when he had ascended the last step which led over the wall which separated the field they were in from Thompson's garden,) start back, and grasp at the branch of a tree, against which he reeled.

"So soon," he murmured; "is it to be so soon?"

"Father, what is the matter? You look unwell."

"William, tell me," and he took his son's hand—"you are a good boy, and have been taught to speak the truth; tell me, did you see any figure leaning over that wall and looking upon me; it was like—but did you see it?"

"No, indeed, Sir, I saw nothing, and how could you?"

"Peace, you foolish child, let us hurry home."

Lady Brindon was still writing when they returned. Thompson desired his family to leave the room, and having locked the door, took a chair and sat down opposite her.

"You are busy to-day, madam, so have I been. I have a message for you."

He wrote down some words on his tablet, and handed them to her. She trampled the writing under her feet.

"You dreaming coward, what infernal scheme are you now planning against me?"

"None, madam; but we are playing a game in which I think we will both be losers."

"Then you must have been grossly deceived by imagination; you never saw it."

"It was not in the darkness of the night, when imagination may be cheated by unreal phantasies, and the faculties are powerless and weak, I saw it. No, in the brightness of the noon-day sun, in company with my child, whose spotless purity should have protected me, he confronted me and fascinated me with his accursed presence. The fiend has not forgotten."

"Then heaven have mercy on us both!"

"Amen, madam, we need it much." And their last conference was ended by the prayer.

Thompson, complaining of a faintness and benumbing coldness, retired early to his bed chamber, and was found next morning dead on the sofa, as if in a tranquil and spirit-stealing slumber.

On the evening of the day on which his remains were committed to the tomb, Lady Brindon having been left alone in her room, rung the bell violently. As the servant hastened to obey the summons, he heard a tremendous noise in the room, as though two individuals were engaged in a scuffle, which was succeeded the next moment by a dreadful crash and heavy fall; and, on opening the door, he found her ladyship lying senseless on the floor—the chair on which she had been seated, together with the tables on which the candles had been placed, all overturned. And he afterwards positively affirmed, that, as he entered the room, he saw something, bearing a form which he could not well describe, dash through the window in a vivid flame. A surgeon was instantly procured; and, after nearly an hour's exertion, her ladyship once more gave signs of animation: but, on opening her eyes, with an agonizing shriek, she exclaimed—"there he is!—there he is!" and again sunk back into a kind of swoon, from which she never recovered.

The extraordinary circumstances which thus caused her dissolution, formed, for a considerable time, the talk of the day, while the friends of the deceased endeavoured to make it appear, that it was merely the reflection of the candles, as their rays flashed across the windows in their progress from the table to the floor, which had operated on the servant's vision, in such a way as to produce a supernatural appearance.

* * * With the fame of the celebrated lady above referred to, we have no doubt, that the greater proportion of our Irish readers are well acquainted. As, however, there are two versions of the story, so far as regards her ladyship's concluding days, we think it well to mention, for the benefit of our readers in the sister island, that, by many, the concluding part of the story, relative to her ladyship either having been carried off or frightened to death by his black majesty, or one of his satellites, is altogether a fiction; that, after the death of Thompson, she gave up the world, and never afterwards resumed her station at the cathedral, castle, or card table. We understand that her monument is still pointed out, adorned by descending angels and weeping cupids, holding up a tablet, which commemorates her *charities and her virtues*! and we have little doubt, that, as she was rich and highly connected, she got an excellent character in the *Newspapers* of the day!—at least, if she did not, the Newspapers of former days must have been very different from what they are at present.

SLEEP.

One hour asleep is worth ten awake,
If fancy our rule and measure we make;
For what vessel of steam
Can scour like a dream—
In one nap a ten days' trip we can take.

And then, what engine can match the might
Of the spirit that comes in the watches of night,
To break our bars,
And fight our wars?—
And yet her pinions are soft as the light.

Oh! come with me to the dungeon tower
At the solemn noon of night's darkest hour
There gaze awhile
On the captive's smile,
And scorn the faint effort of mortal power.

Or view the exile whom sleep doth bear
Over hill and plain to his valley dear;
How free, how fair,
Is his tranquil air
As he lists the sweet carols he loved when there.

What muse inspires yon Burgher's strain,
His nocturnal pipe doth he tune in vain?
Oh, no! soup, stew,
Fricassee, and ragout,
All steam in his noddle and fatten his brain.

A board whose whiteness shames the snows,
By slumber's spell before him arose,
And the querulous gobble
Of turkeys in trouble,
Awake the loud Pœans that burst from his nose.

Yon dozing dandy whose captive waist
Is released at last from the tightened vest;
Could he sell his thought,
'Twould be cheaply bought
By the rich contents of yon Burgher's chest.

Sweet slumbering Belle what dream'st thou about?
Beaux, and all that kind of thing, no doubt;
In a chariot and pair
Rejoiceth the fair,
And away she goes to my lady's rout.

He of the visage wan and pale,
What visions athwart his fancy steal?
They are no abstruse,
That my sportive muse,
Would shudder if challenged those dreams to reveal.

And where is the soul of that withered flower,
The victim of love's capricious power?
She is now at rest
In her mossy nest,
Ere yet the despoiler had rifled her bower.

Whate'er you desire in each varied mood
A houseful of gold or a mouthful of food;
To bed, to bed!
With your wish in your head,
And I warrant you'll get it or something as good.

For the wishing cap and its grammarie
Was nothing else but a *bonnet de nuit*.
With night-cap and pillow,
Despite land or billow,
We may do what we please, and be happy and free.

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DUBLIN:

Printed and published by P. D. Hardy, 3, Cecilia-street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.
Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In London, by Richard Grose-bridge, 6, Fanny-alley, Paternoster-row;
in Liverpool, by Wilner and Smith; in Manchester, by Anbery;
Birmingham, by Drake; in Glasgow by W. R. M'Phun.

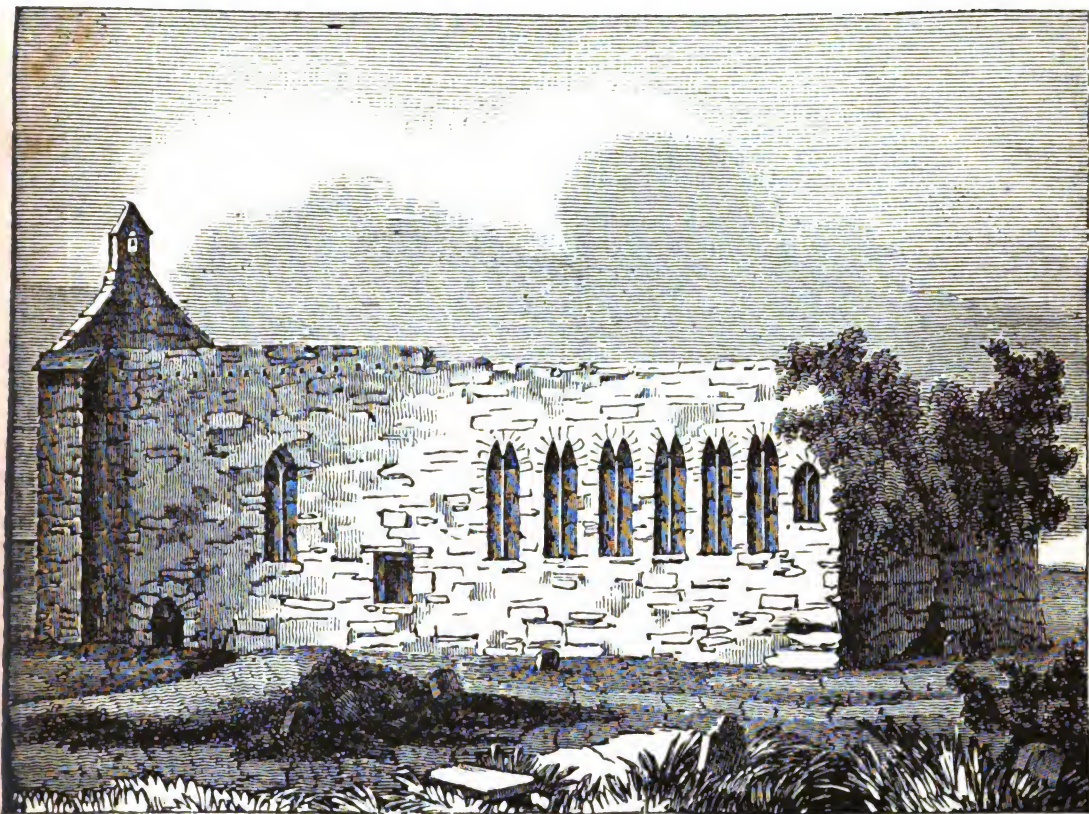
THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 86. Vol. II.

CONDUCTED BY P. DIXON HARDY, M.R.I.A.

FEB. 22, 1834.



LORAGH ABBEY.

The abbey of Loragh is situated about five miles to the N. W. of Burrisakane, in the county of Tipperary, in a parish to which it has given name. Of this extensive and magnificent ruin, antiquaries have said little, while other structures, far inferior to it in grandeur and extent, have been particularly described, and their foundations minutely traced. No doubt the abbey is situated in a remote or unfrequented district, and, with the exception of Comerford, no antiquary or historian has noticed it. The author of the 'Post Chaise Companion,' certainly speaks of Loragh, but in a way that does him little credit.

I have done all in my power to discover the true etymology of the name. Ledwich informs us that Larah is the common name for the Talk-motes, Mute-hills, &c. Now there is an artificial hill or mound convenient to the abbey answering well to his description, from which, perhaps, the name was derived.

The abbey is situated in a fertile spot, encompassed on almost every side by rising grounds, and on a rivulet which falls into the Shannon, at about two miles distant.

It is an oblong, uncompact pile of building, measuring one hundred and twenty feet by twenty-four within the walls, and the side walls about twenty-six feet in height. The windows are well proportioned, and have stone mullions, which branch out into two parts at top; over most of them are partly flat arches, badly executed, but yet capable of supporting a weight which, perhaps, the graceful ones beneath would not be sufficient to bear up. The east gable is thrown down nearly to the foundation, which has greatly injured the beauty of the building, as the great window which it contained was wrought with elegance and taste. The west gable, in which is a handsome Gothic

window, is still entire, being raised to a considerable height above the proportion of the roof. It served for a belfry, for which purpose it still answers. Within about three feet of the top of the side walls, and continued for half the length of the entire building, are projecting stones, placed at equal distances asunder, in which hollows were made, in order that the water falling on the roof might descend without having any communication with the walls. The building which was continued above these drip-stones served as a shield or breast-work to persons standing on the roof.

There were formerly three ways of entrance into the abbey; one near the east end, facing the north, which is now built up; another in the west gable, most likely to have been the principal; and the third fronting the south, but near the west end, the arched stones of which are picked out. At the left hand, just as you enter the abbey by the last mentioned door-way, is a niche in the wall, where, till a short time ago, was to be seen a wooden effigy of St. Ruaden, or Ruan, the founder. Of this image nothing now remains but the head, which is thrown about. As you pass towards the east end you see the remains of a cross wall, which divided the building into nearly two equal parts; the east of which has the windows facing the south, and those of the west opposite the north, except two, which look to the south.

There are a great many stone tablets inserted in the walls, most of which are highly ornamented, and bear Latin inscriptions. On one of these, which is of highly polished marble, is the coat of arms of the Mac Egan family. In the thickness of the south wall are several slight perforations, over each of which is an elegant Gothic arch; these

though having no funnels for the smoke to escape through, there is every reason to suppose served for fire places.

That the abbey was fitted up as a place of defence is very likely, as most of the windows are built up nearly to the top; but at what time this was done is now unknown. Cromwell certainly visited Lough, for tradition records him to have committed many sacrilegious acts in the English church-yards; as a proof of which, the remains of broken crosses are still to be seen; tradition also tells us that the abbey bell was, at the same time, transferred to a neighbouring gentleman's house for security, where its silver tongue was exchanged for one of a baser metal. That the abbey was taken possession of and burned, is likewise very probable, as the east end, before it became overgrown with ivy, showed several marks of fire. It certainly must have been unroofed before Cromwell's time, for had it been laid waste by him, tradition would not have so soon forgotten the date of its overthrow.

At the north side, and within a few paces of the abbey, is a ruinous old building, so much overgrown with ivy, that there is scarcely any part of the walls perceptible.

From its similarity to most other military buildings, I am led to think that it is the ruins of a castle, notwithstanding the general opinion is, that it was an appendage to the abbey. There are also the ruins of two other buildings at a short distance, (an account of which, perhaps, shall appear in a succeeding number) but of religious foundation; part of one of which being repaired, now serves for the parish church. A little to the west of the abbey is an elegant Roman Catholic chapel of late erection.

With respect to the time in which the abbey was erected, I can find no historical remains relative to it. I feel that to the style of architecture which it displays, we must be indebted for our information, a doubtful way of deciding, for although Comerford, in his History of Ireland, tells us that the abbey of Lough was founded in the sixth century by St. Ruán, still as the present building is not the one which that individual caused to be erected, this supposition will not serve in the enquiry. From the semi-circular and pointed styles of architecture being equally used in the erection of the abbey, I should have no hesitation in placing its foundation about the commencement of the 13th century.

When, or in what country the pointed arch had its origin is now impossible to determine. Some presuming Englishmen, have, no doubt, been vain enough to claim its origin for their own country, being ignorant, perhaps, that Ireland could afford much older specimens (even of the complete Gothic style) than can be found in England. I consider it altogether impossible to discover the exact age of our numerous ruined buildings simply by their architectural style, notwithstanding I am aware such a course is pursued, and, perhaps, in many cases correctly. I think that Ledwich assumes too much, when he places the foundation of the present monastery of Monaincha in the thirteenth century, upon the mere grounds of its architectural style. It is evident, from the plump decision which that learned antiquary gave concerning the age of Monaincha, that had he occasion to write the antiquities of Boyle, (a monastery that was built in the year 1152) and, having nothing to guide him but its architectural style, (it being in the Gothic fashion) he would have made no hesitation in placing its erection in the latter end of the 13th, or perhaps the commencement of the 14th century.

Partly owing to its similarity to other buildings whose date of foundation are well known, and partly to its ancient appearance, I am induced to settle the erection of the abbey of Lough in, or not long after, the commencement of the 12th century, but as I before observed, I consider there can be no certainty concerning this particular point.

T. A.

ADAM'S SLEEP.

He laid him down and slept—and from his side

A woman in her magic beauty rose,

Dazzled and charmed he called that woman 'bride,'

And his first sleep became his last repose.—Besser.

MORIARTY MCCARTHY AND THE FAIRIES.

A SKETCH FROM IRISH LIFE.

The sun had already gone down, and the beautiful evening of a sultry day in July was wearing fast away, as the wife of Moriarty McCarthy and her three children were seated on the garden stile that commanded a view of the narrow, winding road, leading from Macroom, by the ancient castle of Carrigafouka,* so wildly and beautifully situated high above the romantic and foaming river Sullane. Nelly cast many a longing look up the hill, anxious to catch a glimpse of Moriarty plodding his way, as usual, to his own home. Moriarty had gone that morning to the fair of Macroom† to sell two heifers, in order to make up the half year's rent for the landlord.—Darkness was closing slowly and imperceptibly around; she could now scarcely distinguish the faintly marked line of road on the brow of the distant hill—still she watched with eager looks and a throbbing heart. He had never stopped out such a length of time, and many a fearful thought rose in her faithful bosom as she turned into her solitary cottage and trimmed the dying fire. She hushed her infants to sleep, and hour after hour passed away and still she was alone, and a single sound never came to lighten her heart in the solitude and darkness of her cabin.

Morning came, and at the first dawn she was on the watch to catch a glimpse of Moriarty's return. The sun came up—the sky and the earth looked glad in his beams, but the heart of Nelly was in trouble. She would have gone to make enquiries but she could not leave the house, and the children alone; and in the most tormenting uncertainty she was obliged to wait for some tidings of her husband. One time she imagined he was robbed and murdered by villains for the miserable price of his two heifers. Again she pictured to herself his body being found in the rocky bed of the foaming Sullane; and the tears would rise to her eyes, and she was several times on the verge of raising the Irish cry within her cottage, so strong a hold had conjecture and imagination taken on her mind.

The children were awake, and began, unconscious of their mother's grief, to clamour for their breakfast. She set about preparing, and as it was just set before them, she walked Moriarty himself. Nelly ran and clapped her arms about his neck in the wildness of her joy, and the tears, which before she endeavoured to restrain, rushed down her cheeks. She lavished every tender and endearing expression which her copious vocabulary could supply upon him, in the overflowing fulness of her heart; but Moriarty received her caresses and welcome with a sad and changed countenance. She looked up in his face—it was pale and haggard; his dark eye was hollow, and had a frightened look; and his cheek had lost its healthful colour; while his black hair was nearly erect on his brow.

"Arrah, then, what ails my own cushla gra,‡ or where did you spend the night away from your own little creatures, or what's the matter with you then, at all, at all?—there's little Murty didn't sleep a wink all night, but axing for his daddy."

* Carrigafouka, or the rock of the demon or spirit, an old romantic castle, built upon a wild rock overhanging the river Sullane, about two miles from Macroom. The entrance is narrow and dangerous, being a pathway on a craggy rock over the foaming river. The whole situation is highly and singularly wild and beautiful, and it is said to have been built by the Mac Carthy's of Dreshane, at a very early age. Not far from this, in a lone field, are the remains of a Druid's altar.

† Macroom, or the twisted or crooked oak, a small but very ancient town in the barony of Muskerry, county of Cork, situated in the midst of hills. Its castle was erected by the Daltons, as it is said, in the reign of King John: it was, however, in the possession of Teague McCarthy in the year 1502. Teague was the father of Cormac Mac Teague Mac Carthy, so celebrated by Camden.

The castle was burned down in the rebellion of 1641, repaired by the earl of Clancarthy. It is now a ruin of the ancient and the modern. Macroom is the birthplace of Admiral Sir William Penn, and there is a cinder spring very near it.

‡ Cushla gra—My darling love.

Moriarty did not answer, but sunk upon a stool near the fire, and cast an anxious look around, as if to see was all right at home, and a gleam of joy passed over his features as he saw his three little children sitting contentedly round their *stirabout*. Nelly was thunderstruck. He had never before shrunk ungraciously from her kind word, and she felt something uncommon must have occurred thus to change his nature, for Moriarty was affectionate, and eager to please. She resolved to try again.

"Oh! Moriarty, jewel, won't you speak to your own Nelly!—do, darlin'; sure I've been sittin' up all night, an' watchin' you all the mornin', an' is id afther this way you thrate me, when I'm so glad to see you, an' when I know there's somethin' upon your mind, an' somethin' upon your heart."

M'Carthy replied by a long groan of anguish, that sprung from a heart bursting with grief—at length he found words. "I'm a misfortunate man, and the badness is upon me—I lost the price of the heifers."

"Thank God you are safe!" said Nelly, "an' sure iv that's all it's not worth frettin' about."

"But what'll we do for the rint, Nelly?" said Moriarty with a groan.

"Have'n't we the pigs, an' the *cowlt*; an' have'n't I the flock of turkeys; an' there's the oats that's not cut yet, an' sure there's no fear of us?" said Nelly; "but Moriarty, darlin', there's somethin' besides that you don't let on about, that troubles you."

"Oh! Nelly, iv you knew the terrible night I passed," replied M'Carthy with a convulsive shudder.

"Ah! where did you sleep?" asked Nelly.

"No where at all then," said M'Carthy.

"Well, then, tell us what kem across you, or how did you lose the money, or what kept you out, or where wor you, good or bad?" again asked Nelly.

"I was with the fairies, why," said Moriarty, with a violent effort, and looking round him with dread.

"The Lord pursave us then," said Nelly, "an' bless the nayburs, let alone all we wish well," and she stared in evident astonishment, "but tell us what they dun to ye; how did you get out of their hands?"

"Why you must first know that I didn't taste a singe sup tall I sowl'd the heifers; for sez I to myself, 'Moriarty M'Carthy, my boy, don't be a fool to yourself; iv you take one glass you may be timpted to take two, an' then somebody may get a bargain ov the heifers;' so I bowld right furnint me into the middle ov the fair, an' there I met Flan O'Flaherty wid his ould cow. 'Morrow, Flan,' says I. 'Morrow kindly then, Moriarty,' sez he. 'Is there any sort ov a price for the cattle to day?' then sez I. 'Heifers are goin' well,' sez he; 'but there's no call for milch cows at all—would you want a good baste?' I looked overat the ould carron, 'an' faix then,' sez I, 'that's a purty baste, Flan—what makes you part wid her yourself?' sez I. 'Why, then, I dunna,' sez he. 'Have you any fault to her?' sez I, 'or is she a springer or a sthripper?' 'The rale sort ov a right good sthripper' sez he, 'but the only fault I had to her was, that she was givin' too much milk for my small family.' 'Too much milk, aroon,' sez I, 'faix, then' but that's a small fault in earnest.' 'It's the thruth I tell you,' sez he, 'for you know the poor woman is in a weak condition; an' the docther sez its too much milk I give her, an' that iv I don't part *drimindhu* I'll have her death on me; but she'll just answer you that has the growin' family comin' on you, an' I'll give her to you chape, because your a friend.' 'I'm obleeged to you, Flan,' sez I, 'but its a *springer* I want, for I've an elegant *sthripper* at home.' So I left the heifers stan'in' along wid Flan's ould hurdle of bones, an' went through the fair to see how the prices were movin', and agin I come back there were two jobbers lookin' at the heifers, an' Flan was wantin' them to buy the three.

"Why sure that's not a heifer," sez one, pointin' to the ould cow. "The youngest of the three," sez Flan, "on'y she's the long-horned breed." "Why, man," sez the other, "there's as many marks in her horn as there's days in the year." "Mischievous pick the eyes out of you, but you're knowledgab'e," says Flan, atween his teeth. At any rate I sthruck up a bargain for the heifers on the spot, with the jobbers, an' got nine guineas down in my fist, an' as I was

leavin' the *green* who should I meet but your cousin Biddy an' her husband. 'Arrah, then, is this you, Biddy, an' how is every *tether's* linth,' sez I; 'an' how are you Maurice,' sez I to her husband, an' I kissed Biddy. 'Musha, then, I'm only middlin',' sez Biddy, kissin' myself back again, 'an' how is Nelly an' the childher,' says she. 'Faith, purty, I thank you,' sez I, 'an' how is everything with you.' 'Och! then, *acuishla*, its the black sorrow that's heavy a top ov us; sure I lost my little *cean bawn dheelish** last week, *achorra macree*, an' never seen a sight ov him, body or bones, ever since. Oh! then, if I had the satisfaction of cryin' my fill over his corpse, an' berryin' him dacent, like a christhen, it id be somethin'; but to lose him that way—och ochone, *machree gra gal avourneen a monum*!† why did I let you go?' an' the crather began to cry for the bare life, an' faix I was near crivin' along with her, for the big tears were rowlin' like pebbles from *Murriah's* eyes. Was he kilt, or murdered, or burnt alive, or scalded to death?' sez I. 'No, no,' sez she, 'but worse than all that,' sez she; but come and take a dhrop with us, an' I'll tell you all about it. In we went to Connor Sweeny's tint, an' had a weeny sup together, an' there she ups and tells me all about it.

"You know," sez she, 'that I lost a little girl before that died ov a sudden, 'ithout being sick or sore; well I thought it very quare, an' begorres, so it was; an' I called in ould *Shuann* Donoghoe, an' tould her about it; an' she thought it mighty quare too, an' shuck her head at it; 'an' God bless you,' sez she, 'at any rate take good care ov the next.' 'Well, sure, I was afther wainin' my own purty little darlin' with the laughin' blue eyes; an' the way he'd be aisy at night, I used to give him to the *garaghaula* to feed the little crather, an' sometimes I'd have to call her up, an' sometimes she'd waken an' come herself, and take him to feed him; an' he was thrivin' like a *flagger* by the side of the shream, an' my heart an' sowl lay in him, for the very beggars goin' the road id stop to look at him. Well, one day Maurice was out at the bog, an' a very purty dacent woman wid a red mantle, walked in an' sat down, quite tired an' weary, an' axed for a drink. I had the child in my arms, an' I gave her the dhriuk. 'Arrah,' sez she, dhivin' her two eyes into my fair haired *lanna*, 'that's a very fine child you have, honest woman.' Well, you see, she never said God bless my crather, an' I never thought to say it at the time, though it's afther I thought of it; an' away she went.

"We went to bed that night as well as ever, an' my sweet crather was laughin' an' crowin' in my arms; an' I thought there was'n't the likes of him in the world that night. Well, in the middle ov the night some person came an' wakened me out of my sleep. 'Thurum a paustha,'‡ sez a voice to myself, an' I thought it was the *garaghaula's* though I thought it mighty like the woman's. 'Shogh,' sez I, an' I handed out the child to be fed, an' it was whipt away out of my hands. When I thought she was keepin' the child too long I called her. 'Judy, Judy,' sez I. 'Eh!' says Judy. 'Give me the *Lannah*,§ sez I. 'Arrah, *Guddhene a Lannah*,|| sez she, leapin' out ov her bed! My child was gone! taken out ov my arms in the dark night, and carried away from its mother in its health and strinth. *Och wirra sthrue*! what 'ill become of me; an' the poor forlorn crather began to cry as if she'd lose her senses.—Well, we had two or three half-pints between us, just to dhrown grief, an' for old acquaintance sake; an' I was comin' home, when just as I was leavin' the town, who should I meet but your gossip, Bryan Barry. 'Are you goin' home,' sez he. 'Faix I am, straight,' sez I. 'So am I,' sez he. 'But I won't go home with the curse ov the fair on my back then,' sez he. 'Come in here an' we'll have a glass afore we go.' 'Sorrah may care,' sez I, 'since

* *Cean bawn dheelish*—My fair headed darling.

† *Ochone machree, gra gal avourneen a monum*—Oh! oh! my heart, the fair darling love of my soul. We have no words in the English to express the number and variety of endearing epithets with which the Irish language abounds.

‡ *Thurum a paustha*—Give me the child.

§ *Lannah*—Love.

|| *Guddhene a lanna*?—What love?—a question asked in astonishment.

I met with a friend.' So in I wint agin, an' faix one nagin brought on another till the night dhropt down on us; an' up we got to start for home. I thought myself dead sober till I walked awhile, and then faix I found I was dead drunk; but we shruugged on till we kem to the ould castle of *Carrigapouka*, and there, faix, the dhrop overkem me. I believe 'twas the fairies did it on purpose."

"The fairies, Moriarty, jewel!" interrupted the hitherto silent Nelly, "why, then, you did'nt see the fairies sure?"

"The Lord betune us and harm, its myself that did then," rejoined M'Carthy, "an' its I that had the misforthin, and the sorrow, for they robbed me of my good nine guineas, the thieves."

"*Bedh a hush a vourneen*," you don't know who's less-nin' to you—but tell me the whole histhery of your adventures."

"Well, then, Nelly, as we kem along the road over the river, I thought the *Boreheen* was twistin' an' turnin' every side ov me like an eel on a reapin'-hook; an' then the roar of the wathers below, an' the silence above, and the ould castle I thought walkin' about to see what was the matther with it; an' the narrow path I was walkin' on, and the ugly black, wet, dhrippin rocks hangin' over the white foam'n wather, fairly bothered me out and out; an' I was hardly past the castle when I missed Bryan, that was at my elbow before. 'It's no harm,' sez I to myself, 'sure I have not far to go, an' I know the road, at any rate, for its many's the day and night I thravelled it.' So on I went, thinkin' on nothin' in the wide world but yourself, an' the childher, till I heard a rale hurroo all at wanst, in the fields to my right, an' sure enough when I turned about there was a parcel of boys kickin' foot-ball like mad; an' havin' the sup in my head, out I leapt across the ditch to have a rise at the ball as well as another; but, faix, I was hardly on the sod, an' only got one kick at it, when a little weeny chap, that I could put in my pocket, gives me a hoise an' thrip that shook the heart 'ithin me; an' I was hardly on my limbs when another little chap gives me another souse, an' as soon as I was up again, I got another. 'Och, boys,' sez I, 'fair play for a Connaughtman.' 'Hurroo,' sez another little codger, 'fair play for a Connaughtman, Moriarty M'Carthy; an' then all took up the word, an' 'fair play for a Connaughtman,' was passed from one to another, an' every one of them in their turn took a rise out ov myself, till I thought they'd kill me; at last, 'begorra,' sez I, 'iv I don't stand up yez can't knock me down,' an' I lay quiet an' easy on the grass.—'Get up, Moriarty M'Carthy,' sez one, 'get up, Moriarty M'Carthy,' sez another, 'och,' sez I again, 'fair play for a Connaughtman, boys jewel—honor bright, iv I was the ouck itself.' with that one chap that seemed to be very decent, comes up, 'clear the way, boys,' sez he, 'Moriarty M'Carthy is right; fair play for a Connaughtman; honor bright; let's carry the poor fellow home,' sez he, 'an' give him somethin' to eat,' an' they all agreed. 'Bar play,' sez I agin to my own self, in a pig's whisper, 'yez 'ill wait awhile, gentlemen, before I taste bit or sup with yez. You may bring a horse to the wather, but, faix, yez can't make him dhrink.' Then they took me up an' carried me to the ould castle of *Carrigapouka* an' brought me into the grandest place in the world; where there was nothin' but ladies an' gentlemen, an' they all welcomed myself, an' wanted me to eat the finest things ever you saw.—'Yez must excuse me,' sez I, quite polite, 'for I darent touch the victuals good or bad.' 'Well,' says one grand looking fellow, 'you can't refuse to dhrink my health, anyhow. Here's to yourself an' the childher, not forgettin' the honest woman at home, Moriarty; an' he tossed off the glass as well as ever Locky Macnamara the piper did, an' then he filled one for myself. 'Come, dhrink to us like a gay fellow as you are, Moriarty M'Carthy,' sez he; an' myself was goin' to toss the glass, when a chap passin' behind me, who, I'd swear this minit, was no other than rather O'Leary, that we thought was dead these ten years, whispers to me, 'don't touch the lick for your life,' sez he; an' I was so frickened, that the glass dhropt down on the flure, an' was smashed to pieces. 'Good gracious purtect me!' sez I, 'an' I beg ten thousand par-

dons; but, that I may never touch the stirabout, but that minit I got a dounce on the lug that knocked me senseless; an' when I kem to myself I found I was lyin' at the foot of the big rock, a little this side of Carrigapouka."

Nelly's wonder was surpassing, and her joy at the escape of Moriarty from the good people surpassed her wonder, but her surprise and astonishment were at their height when in walked Bryan Barry. The usual greeting passed, when Bryan explained the whole affair. With difficulty he had contrived to bring Moriarty beyond the dangerous part of the road at the 'ould castle,' and he being in such a state of intoxication, as to be unable to proceed, and Bryan not being able to carry him, he was obliged to leave him at the foot of the rock in the shelter, and proceeded home: "but here," added Bryan, "is your money, safe and sound, that I took out of your pocket for fear somebody else, that would'nt have the honesty to return it, might do it for me."

"An' was it all a dhrame, then?" asked Moriarty, gazing alternately on Nelly and Bryan in astonishment.

J. L. L.



RUIN OF ST. CRONAN'S ABBEY.

ROSCREA.

On my way from Birr I arrived at the summit of a hill between Drumakeenan and Roscrea, which overlooks the latter place. The view from thence struck me with awful recollections of by-gone times. The aged round tower and saxon gable end of St. Cronan's abbey on the left, and the venerable steeple of the Franciscan monastery on the right, presented on both extremities of the view object claiming the attention of the antiquary and traveller while the middle space was diversified by the ruins of a round castle of King John's time, and those of a less ancient one of the days of Henry the Eighth. In the distance, reviving the long dormant spirit of Irish chivalry appeared Carrickhill, anglice, the Hill of the Red Rock, which is taken the title of the Earl of Carrick. The modern church and steeple, and Roman Catholic chapel exhibited a neat but humble contrast to—as they were placed by the sides of—their respective venerable neighbours, the ecclesiastical ruins first mentioned.

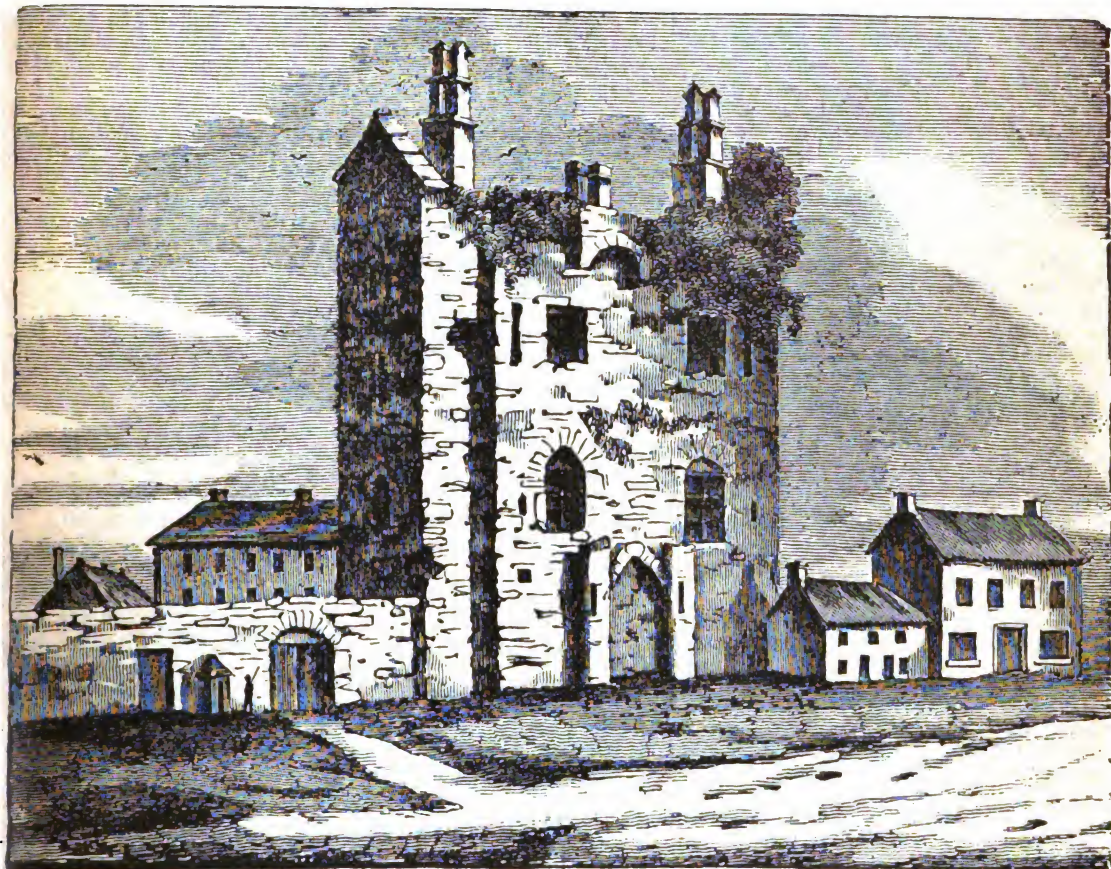
Descending from the eminence which afforded the view just described, I own I was both disappointed and disgusted on entering the town through a long and narrow lane, skirted on both sides with wretched and unsightly cabins, and having on the left hand a deep fosse well calculated to overturn the hapless traveller that might pass the town by night. From this lane I proceeded into a wide street leading towards the market-house. The appearance of this street convinced me that the industry and uncombined exertion, without the aid of general design, or the fostering hand of a landlord, produced what I beheld. Although many of the houses were good, there was neither regularity nor order

* *Bedh a hush avourneen*—Hold your tongue my darling.

the edifices were high, and well built—others low and homely. Here was a paved footway—there a rugged declivity ready to snatch the feet from the unwary. On this side lay rubbish and heaps of manure, and on that drays and logs of timber; while the highway in the centre was scarcely passable for innumerable large stones, ruts, and pigs. On enquiry I found that the town had the misfortune to belong to absentee landlords. I was told that it had been the property of the late Lady Caroline Damer, who devised it and her other county Tipperary estates, to a nobleman residing abroad, who in a short time sold or mortgaged the whole to either London Jews or bankers, for a sum of £400,000. Several of the houses in the

town being out of lease, the mortgagees cannot give encouragement for improvement, and the present ground landlord, if he had the mind, has not himself the power to do so. At present Roscrea is inhabited by a most deserving and industrious race of people, worthy a benign and encouraging landlord.

The gloom the foregoing relation is calculated to cast upon the sensitive reader, cannot, however, overshadow the bright hours that have gone by; for former benefactors, unlike the heartless proprietors of modern times, have left works behind them serving as sad memorials of the contrast.



ROSCREA CASTLE.

Roscrea is situate in a vale in the barony of Ikerrin, and county of Tipperary, distant sixty-nine miles from Dublin. The old name of this place was *Roskree* as it is written in the patent granting it to the Ormond family, and dated the 29th year of King Henry the Eighth, that is from *riasc*, a marsh, and *crē*, the creed. In the life of St. Cronan it is called *Stagnum Crē*, which means the same. Usher (Primord, 1065) calls it *Insula Roscrea*, Burke (Offices) designates it *Fluminus Insulam Roscreaem*. Roscrea formerly gave title to a bishoprick, was united to that of Killaloe about the end of the 11th century. It seems, likewise, to have been one of the few manors in Ireland; for Matthew Mac Cragh, Lord of Killaloe, in the year 1318, surrendered it to the King as such, receiving other possessions in lieu. The deed of this surrender is extant in the Rolls Office, Dublin, in the 6th membrane of the Patent Roll of the 11th year of Edward the Second. It is there spelled *Roskre*. The engraving as given above represents a large castle, built here by the Ormond family in the reign of King Henry the Eighth. It now serves as a house for the military, who are lodged in the barrack here. Adjoining the barrack, formerly the residence of the Earl of Dorchester, and on the river, is likewise another castle, in a circular form, built in 1213 (King John's reign) as

a barrier against the natives by the English, who after some contests with Murtogh, King of North Munster, possessed themselves of this place. This remnant of antiquity has been recently repaired and roofed.

St. Cronan founded an abbey here for regular canons, around which the town sprung up, or at least, increased rapidly. He was a native of Ely O'Carroll, being son of Odran, of that territory, by Coemri, a woman from Corcabasckin, in the now county of Clare. This abbey must have been founded subsequent to the year 606, and prior to 626, for the saint is said to have died the 28th of April, in the reign of King Fingen.

The modern church stands near the site of the ancient abbey, of which the only remains are a curious gable-end, now converted into an entrance way to the church-yard. This gable displays several arched niches ornamented with chevrons, and of the Saxon style, and presents over the doorway a full length figure of the patron saint. The engraving at the head of this article is a representation of it.

Heretofore a grave-stone used to be pointed out in the churchyard as the tomb of St. Cronan. However, when I saw it it was broken, and there did not appear anything to identify it as such, and I was also shewn another monumental stone at the neighbouring monastery of Moanaincha, as commemorative of the same person—but when I came to examine it, the inscription in the Irish language

and character was to the following effect—"pray for black Bran." The latter, therefore, is certainly not the tomb of St. Cronan, but that of Bran M'Colman, who was abbot of Roscrea, and died in 926. In the church-yard of Roscrea there still remains a stone cross, which, with another stone now forming part of the church-yard wall, the inhabitants call the shrine of St. Cronan. The following is a representation of this cross.



ST. CRONAN'S CROSS.

On the opposite side of the road to the church, stands on the brink of a mill-pond formed by the river, one of those ancient round towers so common in Ireland, and which afford an inexhaustible subject for antiquarian discussion. It is said to be eighty feet high, and is capped with a wooden umbrella-like roof.

Towards the Limerick end of the town is the venerable steeple of a monastery, founded in 1490 by Bibiana, daughter of O'Dempsey, and widow of Mulroony O'Carroll, nicknamed, *na feasoge*, or with the beard. This steeple serves at present for a belfry to the Roman Catholic chapel, to which it forms the entrance from the street.

The fairs held at Roscrea are very ancient. It is a well authenticated fact, that the Irish assembled at one of these fairs, on the festival of Saints Peter and Paul, in the year 942, beat the Danes, who had concentrated their forces from Limerick and Galway with intent to surprise and plunder the natives.* On that occasion the people who resorted to the fair, although congregated from different parts of the country, and of course strangers to each other, did not wait to be attacked in the town, but sallied out, and after a sanguinary conflict which took place near

* The line by which the Danish plunderers retreated may be easily traced from the skeletons at the present day. They fled towards Moneygall, on the road to Limerick, and most of the townlands in the line of their flight appear to derive their names from the transaction. Thus numbers of human bones have been found in pits between Cloneganna and the high road, and more of them in the bog between Moneygall and Cullenwain. It is curious that the bones found have been principally wherever there was either a dry sandy soil or bog. The absorbing nature of the sand preserves them in the one case, and the antiseptic quality of the bog in the other; but wherever the bodies were interred in rich earth they were sooner decomposed. The route they followed was by the stream called Owris, as if from the Irish *Oiris*, a stop, delay, or hindrance, because it interrupted the Danish flight, thence by Cloneganna, from *Cluan*, a retired place, and *geannam*, a sword, or *geangad*, a mauling or beating, by Clashagad, from *glas*, a field, and *giudad*, a wounding, by Finglas, *fiun*, troops, and *glas*, a green, and by Laughawn, (*Loec*, a pool, and *Un* evil) to Moneygall, where the battle is said to have ended.—Moneygall seems to be derived from *Moin*, a bog, and *Gall* a foreigner or stranger. Several human bones have been found in a moor near it.

Carrickhill, defeated the invaders, killing Olfin, the Danish chieftain, and four thousand of his men. It is from this circumstance that the hill of Carrick became so remarkable as to be selected to give a title to the noble house of Butler.

Roscrea was famed in former times not only for the magnificence of its buildings and valour of its inhabitants, but as a seat of practical religion also. Accordingly we find that St. Canice, who was born in 516 and died in 599, wrote a copy of the four gospels here. It was called *Glass Kennic*, or chain of Canice, and Archbishop Usher tells us that it was preserved in this town until his time. There was also a copy of the gospels written by Dimma, a scribe, the son of Engus, son of Carthin, which possibly is the MS. in the possession of Sir William Betham, which latter certainly was preserved at Roscrea in a most curiously wrought and ornamented box. The reader may consult a paper by Henry Joseph M. Mason, Esq., published in the transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, and in the Irish Antiquarian researches, by Sir William Betham, and a letter from Mr. Cooke to that author, published in the Dublin Philosophical Journal, for much information relative to Roscrea, as well as on the subject of the copy of the gospels just mentioned, which found its way to Sir William Betham in the following manner.

The late Rev. Philip Meagher, formerly parish priest of Birr, found it amongst the books of an uncle who had been a clergyman in Roscrea, and handed it to a Dr. Harrison of Nenagh, (since dead) who sold it to Mr. Mason, librarian to the King's Inns' Society, and he parted with it to Sir William Betham. Such being the history of the MS., it is strange how Sir William could have supposed this relic to have been found by boys seeking birds' nests in the Devil's Bit mountain, as he asserts it was, in the Irish Antiquarian Researches.

The ground about Roscrea is exceedingly fertile, and the town is still the grand emporium of trade to all the surrounding towns and districts.

We had, on reading the above, an idea that our respected Correspondent had quoted Sir W. BETHAM erroneously; and on reference to the *Antiquarian Researches*, find, that so far from Sir WILLIAM asserting the box was found "by boys seeking birds' nests in the Devil's Bit Mountain," his words are, "I conclude he (Mr. Mason) must have been imposed upon in the story of the box and MS. being found in the cave of a mountain; where it is obvious the latter could not have remained a month without decomposition." We are sure our Correspondent did not intend to misrepresent, but we must not be necessary to so serious a charge as that made against Sir W. BETHAM, which we find to be altogether unfounded.—Ed.

ADVENTURE IN THE WOODS OF NORTH AMERICA.

The settlers in North America frequently make shooting excursions into the woods, for the double purposes of pleasure and for procuring game. Being once on one of these shooting parties, during the American war, we met with an adventure which was very near being fatal to our party. Having set out somewhat before day-light, duly accounted and furnished with provision, we struck into the woods in hopes of meeting deer, great numbers of which live in the forests; but to our great mortification not one was to be seen in any direction. We had an Indian with us as a guide, as being better acquainted with the haunts of the game than a European. Having advanced a considerable way into the woods without meeting any game except a few red deer, one of these at length came within range of our rifles. The instant it was struck it reeled, fell, and with another shot we dispatched it. Having skinned the animal, and kindled a fire, we were preparing to cook it, when a cry so shrill met our ears, that we were for a moment paralysed. The Indian guide whom we had along with us instantly recognised the terrific war-whoop of a tribe of the Cherokee Indians, then at war with the English. What was to be done? We were only six in number, and by the yells of the savages we concluded that there were a little army of them collected together. To endeavour to run away would be useless, as there would be no chance of escaping our pursuers. We were each armed

with a rifle, and had plenty of ammunition, but what would it avail against overwhelming numbers. However, we resolved to fight to the last, rather than fall into the hands of the savages. Chance, more properly speaking, Providence afforded us a way by which we could more readily maintain a successful fight against an enemy so very much our superior in number. About one hundred paces from the spot where we halted, there was a rocky eminence, the approach to which was very difficult, except by a narrow causeway leading to the summit. Hither our guide directed us to make the best of our way, as time was precious; and we could now plainly see the Indians not more than two hundred yards from us. They had perceived the smoke caused by our kindling a fire, but upon its being extinguished they lost sight of the place where we were. If we had remained where we first halted, we would not have been discovered so soon, but we would have to fight on equal ground with an unequal and savage enemy. Accordingly we retreated slowly and cautiously to the eminence, and we had scarcely reached the summit when the terrific war-whoop again struck our ears, for it was now quite manifest that they had perceived us, and that we would have a hard game to play for our lives. They were now but a short distance from us, yelling and whooping like demons. We gave them a volley, which though it checked them for a moment, did not allow sufficient time to reload, for the following instant the first of them was on the causeway: a shot from our faithful Indian stopped his career. On seeing him fall, his companions, again pausing for a moment, gave us time to reload, and give them another volley, which took down all that were on the causeway. This had the effect of checking them, and they retreated in confusion, but, as it afterwards appeared, with the intention of assailing us in another quarter. One of our party giving up all for lost, fainted, and the Indians thinking that he had been killed by their fire, gave a loud and terrific shout. Indeed, to say the best of it, ours was a desperate case, being in the forests, far from aid, and only five of us capable of fighting. We were, indeed, perfectly conscious that it was impossible to escape unless Providence worked a miracle in our favour. The Indians having consulted, their fire ceased, and they divided into two parties; one to attack us on the causeway, and the other to climb up the rock at our backs, and attack us in the rear. Our fate now seemed decided,—and what a fate it was! To be scalped by the merciless savages, or reserved for tortures, the very thoughts of which were enough to make our blood run cold. We had not a moment to decide—but divided our small party—one to repel those attacking us on the causeway, and the other to resist those attempting the assault in our rear. They approached quickly, and, in the face of all opposition, by the effect of numbers, succeeded in disarming and binding each and every one of us; and were just commencing their infernal tortures, when a party of English troops emerged from a neighbouring forest, upon perceiving whom, the savages fled, leaving us thankful to Providence for obtaining so wonderful a deliverance. We were unbound, and treated with the greatest kindness. The soldiers to whom we owed our deliverance had been sent into the wood to apprehend some deserters, and were it not for that circumstance, trifling as it may appear, the consequence would have been fatal to us. We counted sixteen Indians dead, and twenty-four wounded, in and about the causeway. It is needless to say we availed ourselves of the escort to return to our quarters, and had every reason to be thankful to that God who had not deserted us in the most extreme peril, and as it then appeared almost forlorn hope.

W. B. M.

SIMPLE SCIENCE—ZINC.

Zinc, or spelter, as it is generally called by our English artists, is one of the most abundant metals in nature. Its properties are such that it seems to form a link between the brittle and malleable metals. It flattens under the hammer, and, therefore, cannot be readily procured in small pieces, yet it has been stated, that when made very hot it becomes quite brittle, and may be reduced to powder. It is found principally in Derbyshire; although there are beds of ore that produce it in abundance in

China, where it is made into coins, which have generally a square hole in the centre, that they may be strung, and more easily counted. Zinc is the most inflammable metal known, and if beaten into thin leaves will readily take fire and burn. It is procured by distillation from its ores, in the following way: the pounded ore with powdered charcoal is put into large pots, which are placed in a common furnace; these pots have tubes fixed in the bottom, and after the tops of the pots are covered, a strong fire is made under them, so that the metallic zinc being of a volatile nature, runs through the tubes into receivers placed for it. When combined with other metals, it forms some of the most valuable alloys. Three parts of copper and two of zinc, constitute brass; five of copper and one of zinc, forms pinchbeck; and a mixture of tin, copper, and zinc, forms bronze. Brass is a valuable alloy on many accounts, especially the superior brightness of its colour, in its not being so liable to tarnish by exposure to the atmosphere as copper, and in its being more readily melted, and more malleable when cold. Sieves of extreme fineness are woven with brass wire, after the manner of cambric-weaving, which could not possibly be done with copper wire. It has lately been proved that at a temperature of between two hundred and ten and three hundred degrees of Fahrenheit, zinc is really a malleable metal, and that after being annealed and wrought, it continues soft and flexible, and does not return to its original brittleness. This is an important discovery, and in future there will be no difficulty in its being formed into vessels of capacity, and sheathings for the bottoms of ships; it has already been tried with advantage for covering the roofs of houses and making water-pipes.

NICKEL.

Nickel in its pure state is a fine white metal, very malleable, nearly as brilliant as silver, and more attractable by the loadstone than iron; indeed magnetic needles have been made of purified nickel, and have been esteemed more than those of steel, as being less liable to be affected by a damp atmosphere. The most abundant mines of this metal are in Germany, but it has lately been raised in the parish of St. Ewe, Cornwall, where it occurs at a depth of twenty-five fathoms. It is rather a curious circumstance that all the specimens that have been examined of the stones which have been said to fall from the atmosphere, contain iron alloyed with nickel. These stones, which at different periods have been seen to fall on every quarter of the globe, are supposed by some writers to be cast from a volcano in the moon. So lately as 1803, a shower of them fell in Normandy which covered an extent of three quarters of a league long, and half a league broad. Nickel is employed in China in making white copper, which is a beautiful metallic compound, but it has not been used much elsewhere, excepting in the potteries, where the French manufacturers of porcelain procure from it a very delicate grass-green, which, like other metallic colours, bears the intense heat of their ovens without injury. A hyacinthian colour is also given to flint-glass with this metal, and it might be mixed with iron to great advantage, as an alloy of these two metals would not rust like common iron. The Chinese employ it in conjunction with copper, to make children's toys, and the valuable qualities lately discovered in it show that it might be applied to many important uses, particularly for surgical instruments, compass-needles, and other such articles, as it is not at all liable to rust. Should an easy method of working it ever be discovered, we may possibly find this to be better calculated for a variety of purposes than any other metal.

E. B.

THE BULLFINCH.

In some places this bird is called the thick-bill, the nope, and the hoop. It has a wild, whooping note.

The head is black, and large in proportion to the body, the breast of a crimson scarlet, other parts of a slate or darker colour. The beak parrot-like.

This bird is very docile, and has no song of its own, but readily learns, and never forgets whatever it is taught by the whistle or pipe. The hen learns as well as the male, and though hung among other caged birds, they invariably retain their acquired melodies. They are sometimes taught

words of command. Fine-piping, well-taught bullfinches are frequently sold at high prices. Handsome birds with these qualities, have produced from five to ten guineas each.

The male bullfinch is in bigness equal to the hen, but he has a flatter crown, and excels her in the vividness of the lovely scarlet or crimson on the breast; and the feathers on the crown of the head, and those that encompass the bill, are of a brighter black. When seen together, the one may be easily known from the other; but while the birds are young it is more difficult to distinguish them. One of the surest ways is to pull a few feathers from their breasts, when they are about three weeks old; in about ten or twelve days the feathers that come in the place of those pulled will be of a curious red, if a male bird; but, if a hen, of a palish brown.

The bullfinch breeds late, seldom having young ones before the end of May, or beginning of June. She builds in an orchard, wood, or park, where there are plenty of trees, or on heaths; her nest seems made with very little art: she lays four or five eggs of a bluish colour, with large dark brown, and faint reddish spots at the large end.

Young ones, to be reared, should be at least twelve or fourteen days old. They must be kept warm and clean, and fed every two hours, from morning to night, with a little at a time. Their food must be rape-seed, soaked in clean water for eight or ten hours, then scalded, strained, and bruised, mixed with an equal quantity of white bread soaked in water, and boiled with a little milk to a thick consistency. It must be made fresh every day, if sour it will spoil the birds. When they begin to feed themselves, break them from this soft food, and give them rape and canary seed, as to linnets, with more of rape. When ill, put a blade of saffron in the water. They may be tried with wood-lark's meat, or fine hempseed, but plenty of rape, with a little canary, is good diet. While young they will soon take tunes which are repeatedly piped or whistled to them, and learn words.

A full grown bullfinch weighs about thirteen drachms. It is six inches long, from the point of the bill to the end of the tail; the length of the tail being two inches.



BIG BELL-TREE, BURRISOKANE.

The above is a representation of a large ash tree, partly growing, and partly rotten, about three miles to the north of Burrisokane, in the county of Tipperary. It is called by the neighbouring inhabitants the Big Bell Tree. The reason why so called is on account of a large bell being once suspended on its branches; as a proof of which the beam that supported the bell was to be seen until a few years ago. Convenient to the tree is the ruins of an old church, that gave name to the parish of Aglish, in which it is situated, and to which the bell belonged.

It is traditionally recorded that in whatever house a portion of this tree should be burned, that house will meet

with the same fate, which though a piece of superstition has been productive of some good; for there would be scarcely a branch of the venerable tree remaining at this day, was there not some such tale circulated. There is a hollow between the branches of the part still growing, from which holy water used formerly to be taken. It was all standing (though one half being entirely rotten) until a few years ago, when the rotten part was blown down by a storm. Comerford, in his History of Ireland, relates that St. Ruaden, founder of the abbey of Lurcho, wrote the history of a wonderful tree. Now as this tree is but a few miles distant from Lurcho or Lorchagh, and being from time immemorial in a decayed state, we may reasonably conjecture that it was the subject of his history. From a slight examination a person would be led to suppose that they were two separate trees, but it is plain from the appearance of the roots that it was once a solia tree. It is impossible now to give its exact dimensions; but when it was all sound it must have measured, at least, thirty feet in circumference. Its height from the ground to the first branch measures ten feet, and from the standing spike to the farthest edge of the sound part, measures seven feet five inches.

T. A.

TRIUMPH OF BEAUTY IN THE NATIVE LOVELINESS OF IRISH MANUFACTURE.

I had well nigh ador'd Evelina,
So late from the Continent come,
But I thought upon faithful Malvina,
As fair, but a 'keeper at home.'

Again, from this bright Evelina,
Adorned in a gay Tuscan hat,
I was rescued in time by Malvina,
In a bonnet of Irish straw plat.

In a rich Cashmere shawl, Evelina
Aimed a wound at my wavering heart;
But an Irish silk scarf, my Malvina
Waved between, and averted the dart.

A glove of Fripon's, Evelina
Drew gracefully over her arm:
But the Limerick one of Malvina
Had a native and conquering charm.

In a French brodered robe, Evelina
My wandering senses beset:
But my guardian stept forth in Malvina,
Attired in our own tabinet.

Decked by Spain, India, France, Evelina
At the revel was 'murdering sleep';
While in fancy I saw fair Malvina
View industry's ruins, and weep.

Adieu then, said I, Evelina,
She hummed one of Italy's songs;
But I heard the sweet harp of Malvina
Complaining of green Erin's wrongs—

That her heaven-favored sons ever hasted,
To leave her forlorn and distressed;
And the wealth of her rich valleys wasted,
In regions less lovely and blest.

E. S.

DUBLIN:

Printed and published by P. D. Hardy, 3, Cecilia-street; to whom all communications are to be addressed
Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Panyer-alley, Paternoster-row;
in Liverpool, by Whitner and Smith; in Manchester, by Aubrey, in
Birmingham, by Drake; in Glasgow by W. R. McPhua.

THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 87. Vol. II

CONDUCTED BY P. DIXON. HARDY, M.R.I.A.

MARCH 1, 1834



CLONTARF CASTLE.

A DAY'S RAMBLE ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE CITY.

Reader—Should you have a desire to diverge from the confined and fatid atmosphere of our crowded metropolis, with its unvaried scene of bustle and activity, to enjoy the relaxation of an agreeable morning or evening's ramble in a delightful district, and inhale the pure and vivifying air of the country, impregnated with the balmy fragrance of the sweet wild flowers of the field, come with us to FINGALL, where you can enjoy the sea-breeze of Clontarf, a ramble by Merino, or a saunter on the Goosegreen road, without experiencing the suffocation or the annoyance occasioned by the driving of the jaunting cars, jingles, &c., on the opposite side of the city—the danger of being overrun by a drunken jarvey from Baggot-street, or the fatigue of a long walk, to breathe in country air.

The north side of Dublin may truly be termed classic ground. In former ages it was the scene of many fierce contests, some of which occupy a proud page in Irish history. Fingall, the land of the white stranger, a name which it still retains, was obtained from having been possessed by the Fionn, Gæl, or Norwegians, who held in their iron grasp a great portion of the kingdom for two or three centuries. The district so named extended, according to Lanigan, from the broad and fertile plain that stretches north of the Liffey, until it meets the highlands that hang over the Boyne.

This district is now one of the most beautiful and improved about Dublin. It is one delightful, wide spreading plain, studded with elegant seats, and no straggling,

disorderly villages to mar the beauty of the prospect ; with Dublin bay, the bold and rugged promontory of Howth, and Ireland's Eye—the residence of the sons of Nesson, in the prospective.

The Goosegreen road, which strikes into the country from the Richmond road, is but a short distance from Drumcondra bridge: fifteen minutes walk will bring you to it from Mountjoy-square, by Drumcondra or Ballybough. Opposite this road, on the town side of the Tolga,* which rolls along calmly and unbroken, save by the cascade at Waterfall-avenue, is Fortex-grove, the late picturesque retreat of Frederick Jones, Esq., formerly patentee and manager of Crow-street theatre.

Passing up a gentle ascent to the left, on an eminence stands Clonturk-house; a plain, yellow building, celebrated as the residence of the enterprising Dhuval, who speculated on converting this place into a second Vauxhall. Here he had fire-works, rockets, bombs, swing-awags, hobbies, and a mineral well. Oh, the reminiscences of 1819! The well, by the aid of sulphur, nails, old iron, &c., &c., was made to possess a chalybeate quality; and never were Abernethy, or St. John Long more sought after. Crowds of Belles and Beaux, the hale, and the unhealthy, came to taste those halcyon waters; and, oh! the bright eyes that glistened around that fount of health and life. Poor Dhuval! whilst your speculations lasted, what an able auxiliary thou wert to Gretna and old Hy-

* Commonly called the Finglass river.

men. Opposite Clonturk-house, on the left, is Belvidere, the seat of Sir Coghill Coghill, a handsome brick building, formerly occupied by Lord Chancellor Lifford; and on the right, Drumcondra castle: a square castellated building, the residence of Richard Williams, Esq., formerly inhabited by Sir James Galbraith. Further on to the left is Drumcondra-house, a magnificent square building, of Portland stone, erected by the late Earl of Charleville, now in the occupation of William Stewart Hamilton, Esq. Further on, at a serpentine curve in the road, is Hampton Lodge, the residence of Mrs. Williams, widow of the late Thomas Williams, Esq., secretary to the bank of Ireland. The neatly cropped hedges, nicely gravelled walks, and precise arrangement of the grass plots, give these well regulated grounds a neat appearance. At some distance forward, down an avenue which strikes off at another turn in the road, is Upton-lodge, formerly occupied by Major Upton. From this forward, and, indeed, in general, the road wears the appearance of an extensive walk in a nobleman's demesne: not a cabin is to be seen, while tall rows of stately trees overhang and meet across the road. A few perches forward from Upton-lodge, beyond a square ivy covered observatory, a few figures, rudely carved on the trunks of three trees, mark the spot on which a young lad, assistant game-keeper to Lord Charlemont, some time since lost his life in a scuffle with a young gentleman who had been shooting in his lordship's demesne, which lies a short distance to the eastward of this road. A cairn of stones, according to ancient custom was raised on the spot where he fell, but has been removed. The road now ascends in a gentle acclivity, at the top of which, to the left, is Sion-hill, the residence of Mrs. Courtney, formerly occupied by Colonel Mason. It is an antique brick building, commanding a magnificent view of Dublin, the Wicklow mountains, and the Park.

Opposite to it is High Park, the residence of Robert Grey, Esq., a respectable merchant in Linenhall-street.—The house is a very tasteful building, and the grounds judiciously and tastefully laid out: the late Master Ball, and Major Brownrigg, were successively proprietors of this place. Next to High Park is Hartfield, the residence of Neal John O'Neil, Esq. This house was erected by the late Colonel Hart, from whom it passed, about the year 1773, into the possession of the family of the late Hugh Hamill of Dominick-street, Esq., uncle to the lady of its present proprietor. The high castellated walls and embrasures by which the approach on the front is guarded, although a modern house, carry the mind instinctively to the contemplation of the scenes of strife that shook those plains in other days, amid the war-cries of the native Irish and their Danish invaders.

Next to Hartfield, on the opposite side, is Thorndale, the handsome residence of David Henry Sherrard, Esq., formerly occupied by Mrs. Twigg of Merrion-square. Next we come to Bellefield, a beautiful cottage lately occupied by the Hon. Major Jones, opposite to which is Elm-park, the residence of Hutton, Esq., of Summerhill.—The next, and last in this direction, is Beaumont, the beautiful seat of Arthur Guinness, Esq.*

But it will be considered almost time to say something relative to the Castle of Clontarf, the engraving of which lies before us.

What Irishman has not heard of Clontarf; and who is it does not feel his pulse beat high, his brow elevate, and his soul expand with conscious pride and exultation at the recollection of the glorious struggle which took place at this spot? when after a well-fought battle, the gallant Brian Boiromhe drove the proud invaders, the enemies of his country, before him into the sea, or strewed the surrounding shore with their lifeless bodies.

The Castle of Clontarf, it is commonly supposed, was erected in the reign of Henry the Second by the Netterville family, and was originally a commandery of the Knights Templars. It still retains, from the introduction of Gothic windows, a semi-ecclesiastical appearance, and so far coincides with the character of that order; and although it has suffered considerably from the effects of modern improvement, yet its general character and the noble and venerable timber that surrounds it, impress it with the stamp of "hoar antiquity;" and the recollections associated

with its name and former destination, make it an object of peculiar interest to the Irishman and antiquarian.

The village of Clontarf is situated two miles from Dublin, on the shores of the delightful bay. It consists chiefly of a long street, extending from the sea-shore to the castle, and forming a noble vista in front of that building. At a short distance was situated "a royal charter school," opened in 1749 for the reception of one hundred boys, but now closed for ever; and the building, which was ornamented with a fine portico and pillars, tower, cupola, clock, &c., is now converted into private dwellings. Near the castle stands the church, erected on the site of a monastery founded A. D. 550; a neat, plain, modern structure: in the cemetery attached are several enclosed tombs but no ancient inscriptions.

It was in the year 838 that the "Northmen" first invaded this country. They entered the Liffey with a fleet of sixty sail, and took possession of Dublin. The dubh-gael, (the "dark strangers" or Danes, possessed themselves of the southern parts, and the fion-gael, ("white strangers") or Norwegians, extended themselves northward. Previous to their invasion this district was called Bregii, and possessed by a people denominated the Bregii. In 856 Flanagan, king of Bregii, was killed by the Danes. From thence up to the eleventh century, Fingall was the scene of continual struggles between the Danes and the native Irish. It was reserved for the renowned monarch, Brian Boromhe, on the memorable plains of Clontarf, in 1014, to break their power.

This celebrated conflict, in which Brian and his son lost their lives, having been detailed in the 17th number of our Journal, it is unnecessary here to mention any of the particulars further than to state that it was occasioned by Maelmurry Mac Morrogh, son of Murchart, who usurped the crown of Leinster in the year 999, having in 1013, with the Lagenians and Danes, entered Meath and ravaged it. Maelseachlin, in retaliation, set fire to the adjacent parts of Leinster, and ravaged Fingall, as far as the Hill of Howth, where he was met and defeated by Maelmurry, and Sitric the Danish king of Dublin.

Brian marched from Munster to his assistance, and encamped at Kilmahnam, where he remained from August to Christmas without bringing them to battle, and retired again to Munster, but returned in the following lent, and passing by Finglass encamped at Clonturk, until Good Friday, 1014, when the battle took place on the plain at Clontarf. The result of this battle did not immediately extinguish the Danish power in Ireland; for we find that in 1052, Maelnambo plundered Fingall, and burned the country from Dublin to a place named Albene. The Danes of Dublin made opposition, and a fierce engagement took place outside the fortress of Dublin,† where many fell on both sides. Eachmarcash, son of Reginald, Lord of the Danes, fled across the sea, and Maelnambo assumed the lordship of the Danes.

In 1162 Mortough O'Loughlin plundered Fingall.‡

The early ecclesiastical establishments in this district, within the more immediate vicinity of Dublin, are St. Doolagh's, on the Malahide road, which is one of the most ancient churches in Ireland. It was erected by St. Doulach or Dulech, an Irishman, son of Amalgad. It was anciently called Clochar.

In 665, the year of the great pestilence in Ireland, St. Malaga (Molua) had a church and religious establishment at a place called Laorn-beachaire, in Fingall, near Dublin. It is conjectured the site was in the now townland of Clonturk, and within the demesne of Drumcondra-house, the residence of William Stewart Hamilton.¶ There is still in existence there the ruin of an old church, which tradition says was an abbey: but ancient ecclesiastical writings do not set forth any abbey in Fingall so near

* In a map of Dublin of 1610, "Fiann's castle" is shown at the verge of the Liffey, opposite Wood-quay.

† Mortough was prince of Tyrone and monarch of Ireland, of the Hy-Nial line.

‡ Lanigan, iii. p. 359.

¶ To this place we shall have occasion hereafter to allude more particularly.

Dublin, with the exception of St. Mary's Abbey, near the Liffey. It is supposed to have been erected in 948 by the Danes, for Benedictine monks.

Balldoyle, Raheny, and Portrane were given to Christ Church, as appears by a document in the black book belonging to it, which runs thus:—"Sitricus, King of Dublin, son of Ableb, (Aulof) Earl of Dublin, gave to the Holy Trinity, and to Donatus, Bishop of Dublin, a place where the arches or vaults were founded, to build the church of the Holy Trinity on, together with the following lands, viz. Balldulek, Rechen, and Portnahern, with their villans, cattle, and corn." In 1014, Donatus was named bishop of this see.*

THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

Having in the preceding article given some idea of the interesting district of Fingall, the following slight sketch of the rise, progress, and final destruction of the Knights Templars, to whom the Castle of Clontarf formerly belonged, may not be unacceptable.†

This society took its rise during the period of the first crusade at Jerusalem, about the year 1118; and although formed at a period later than the other military order of the Knight Hospitalers, or of St. John of Jerusalem, soon outstripped it in wealth and power, and was also the earliest abolished. The name assumed by the knights had, according to some, a reference to vows entered into for the defence of the holy temple against infidels; and according to others, from the accidental occupation of some chambers adjacent to the temple, by the original members of the order. The knights were ecclesiastics; differing in this from those of Saint John, who although bound by strict monastic rules were not in orders; their vows were very strict, enjoining celibacy, poverty, humility, and inveterate war against infidels; to the latter it must be admitted they adhered pretty steadily, but the former injunctions were often interpreted with great laxity. Their dress in peace consisted of a long, white robe, having the cross of St. George on the left shoulder, and worn after the manner of a cloak or mantle; a cap, turned up, such as heralds call a cap of maintenance, covered the head; and the staff or abacus of the order, having at its extremity an encircled cross, was borne in the right hand. Their panoply in war did not differ materially from that of the knights of that period, except the distinctive cross, the badge of the order being emblazoned on the cuirass, and the Agnus Dei was displayed on their banners.

Their superior, elected for life, chosen by the order, and styled the grand master, took rank as an independent prince. Immediately under him were the preceptors or priors, each ruling over his peculiar district, and subject to the grand master and the statutes of the order. The number of the knights' companions were unlimited; they were each attended by two esquires, who were usually candidates for admission into the order, into which none were enrolled but those who could prove their nobility of descent for two generations.

Their preceptories or priories were usually surrounded by what was called a *peculiar*; that is an ecclesiastical jurisdiction independent of the bishop of the diocese, and were generally erected near a river, often on a slope, or at the bottom of an eminence; they were sometimes built with that jealous regard to strength and security usual in the baronial residences of the day, but frequently were of a moderate size, capable of accommodating from twenty to thirty knights; the dread of the order, who were accounted the best lances in Christendom, serving them for ramparts and towers. There was always a chapel, and sometimes a church attached, and the surrounding meadow served them as a tilt yard and place of exercise.

Few of these buildings have escaped the wreck of time; many of them have merged into private residences, and of those which remain, Clontarf Castle is, we believe, the most perfect specimen extant in this country.

The institution of the Knights Templars exactly suited the taste of an age tinctured with all the elevating spirit of romance, and heightened by the spirit of religious enthusiasm; and the Christian world was so well pleased with the unexampled valour and Christian virtues displayed by the first members, that in the space of 126 years from their first institution, they were possessed of no less than nine thousand manors in Christendom; and at the time it was determined to put a period to their existence, they were in actual possession of sixteen thousand.

But these times of their prosperity passed away. Corrupted by luxury and profusion, they degenerated from their austere simplicity, and original purity and uprightness; and instead of illuminating the world by their good example, they became the model and standard of every vice that could disgrace humanity. Pride, covetousness, cruelty, and infidelity, aggravated by every species of tyranny and oppression, were the distinguishing marks of their character; and independent of all authority, and trampling on all laws human or divine, they became the objects of universal hatred and detestation; and their character, as given by Matthew Paris, fully presents the picture which Sir Walter Scott has so admirably portrayed of them in his novel of *Ivanhoe*.

Philip, King of France, was a prince naturally avaricious and jealous of his prerogative; he beheld their rising greatness with a malignant eye, and their possessions with envy; and taking advantage of the general feeling against them, he determined, in conjunction with the pope, to suppress the order.

Luxury, intemperance, and cruelty were crimes too general in that age to bear particularly hard upon the Templars—they were, therefore, accused of sorcery, unnatural lusts, and idolatry—charges so monstrous as almost to exceed belief; but which were readily credited in that credulous age: and the people being prepossessed against them, Philip found it easy to carry the iniquitous transaction through his courts; and upon the proofs adduced, their estates, houses, and effects were seized; and their persons simultaneously secured in castles, prisons, &c.—their estates and effects were sequestered into the hands of commissioners; and the grand master and several of his knights were subjected to the torture, under the extremity of which they gave vent to expressions which were afterwards wrested into a confession of their guilt, and they were publicly condemned and burned alive in Paris in the year 1307.

In England, Edward the Second, tempted by the amazing accession of property consequent on this persecution, followed the example of Philip—the designs of both being alike favoured by the pope. It was, therefore, publicly ordained by the king and his council, that all of the order throughout his dominions should be seized; and in the year 1307, the order for their suppression was transmitted to John Wogan, Justiciary of Ireland, on the Wednesday immediately after the feast of the Epiphany, enjoining him to have the same executed without delay. The mandate was accordingly obeyed; and on the morrow of the purification they were everywhere seized and committed to prison—Gerald, fourth son of Maurice, lord of Kerry, being then grand master of the order in Ireland.

It does not appear that the Templars of Ireland were as hardly dealt with as those on the Continent; perhaps, their conduct was not so flagrant: they had fought and bled in defence of the English power in this country; for in the year 1274, William Fitz Roger, the prior of Kilmainham, was taken prisoner with several others, by the Irish at Glyndelory, when many of the friars were slain; and in the years 1296 and 1301, William de Rosse, the then prior, filled the honourable situation of lord deputy of the kingdom; and in 1302, but a few years before their ruin, he was appointed chief justice of Ireland; this argues that he at least was a man of unblemished reputation and acknowledged probity; and, perhaps, may account for a degree of lenity with which they appear to have been treated by the authorities here; as we find the king, Edward the Second, found it necessary by his writ, dated September the 29th, 1309, to further command the said Justiciary to apprehend without delay, all the Tem-

* To the observation of our intelligent Correspondent ABOLUS, we are indebted for most of the foregoing particulars.

† Condensed from an article by R. A.

plans that had not yet been seized, and them to safely keep in the castle of Dublin, together with those who were before apprehended.

Their doom was not finally fixed until "1312, in which year, on the morrow of Saint Lucia the virgin, the moon appeared variously coloured; on which day it was finally determined that the order of Knights Templars should be totally abolished."

The trial of those who were seized was conducted with great solemnity in Dublin before friar Richard Balybyn, minister of the order of Dominicans in Ireland; friar Philip de Slane, lecturer of the same; and friar Hugh St. Leger; among other witnesses were Roger de Heton, guardian of the Franciscans; Walter de Prendergast, their lecturer; Thomas, the abbot; Simon, prior of the abbey of St. Thomas the Martyr, and Roger the prior of the Augustinian friary in Dublin. The depositions against them were weakly supported; yet they were condemned, and their lands and possessions of every kind granted to their rivals—the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, an order still represented by the Knights of Malta.

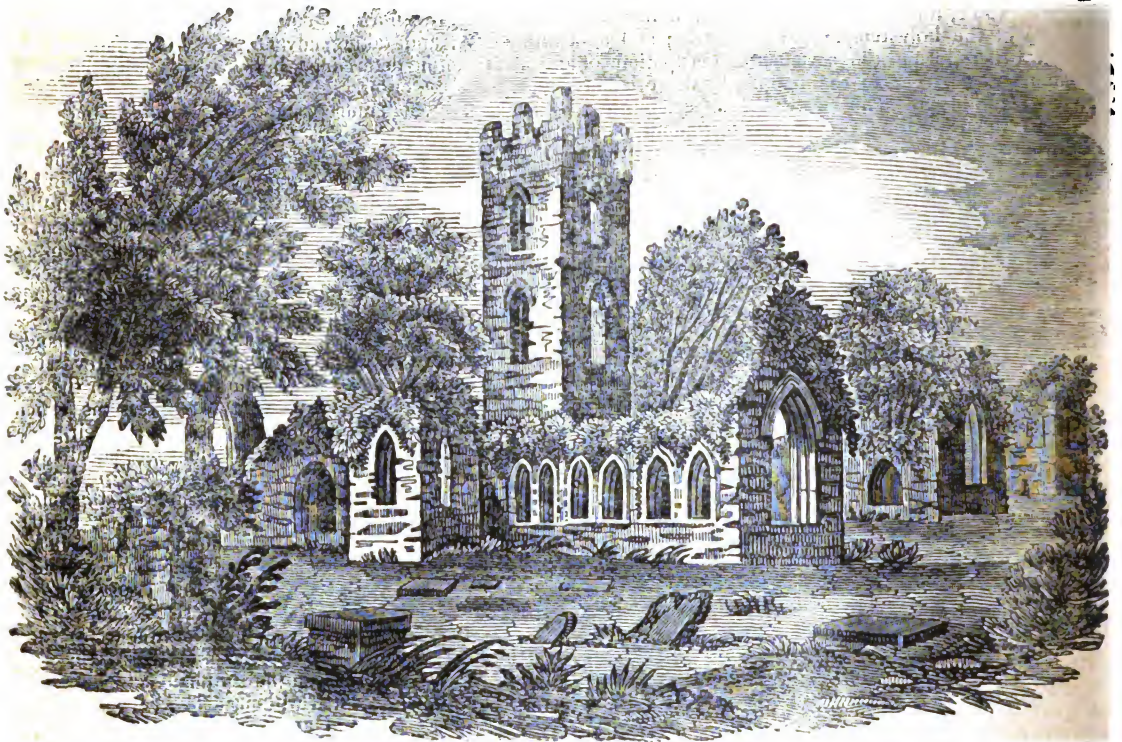
In England many of the knights were committed to monasteries, there to do penance for their supposed offences, with a daily allowance of four pence to each. The

grand master was allowed two shillings per day. To many of their chaplains the king allowed three pence per day for their diet, and twenty shillings yearly for their stipend or livery: their servants had two pence per day, and inferior servants one penny, and either five or ten shillings yearly for their livery; and for this allowance they were to perform the same services they had before done for the knights; and in Ireland the king, on petition of the master, granted the manors of Kilcloghan, Crooke, and Kilbarry for their support.

The possessions of the order in Ireland were very considerable; they had, in addition to their chief seat of Kilmainham, the prior of which sat as a baron in parliament, two other commanderies in this county, viz—Clontarf, which furnishes the present illustration, and Baldungan in the barony of Balrothery, besides many others in various parts of the kingdom.

In conclusion, the Knights Templars after figuring a brief space on the stage of life, and astonishing the world, first by their virtues and afterwards by their vices, have passed away like a falling meteor, and sunk into eternal night, are now only remembered as

"The baseless fabrie of a vision."



RUINS OF THE FRANCISCAN ABBEY, ADAIR.

The ancient town of Adair, or as some antiquarians write it, Adare, in the barony of Coshma, and county of Limerick, is about one hundred and ten miles from the city of Dublin, and nine from Limerick. There is not, perhaps, in the whole province of Munster so beautifully situated a village as Adair. Its lonely and unfrequented shades, and the venerable and magnificent ruins of its castle, and once splendid religious edifices, raise in the mind of the occasional visitor sensations and emotions the most sublime and delightful. From ancient records we find its name written *Athdare* or *Ath-daar*, which signifies the "Ford of Oaks;" and it must have been formerly a place of great beauty, consequence, and strength. It contains three large religious establishments; and above we present our readers with a view of The Poor Abbey, as it was called, being a foundation of Friars Minors, of the strict order of St. Francis. The remains of this abbey are elegantly picturesque; its mouldering walls being covered with a mantle of ivy. It was a very extensive building, in the old Gothic style of

architecture. It is said to have been founded in the reign of the first Edward, by John, earl of Kildare, having attached to it a large tract of ground on the north side of the river. On the south side an Augustinian abbey was founded, known by the name of the black abbey, of which there still exist some very beautiful and romantic remains in good preservation. But what appears to have been the most important establishment was the white abbey, or the house of the Holy Trinity, instituted for the redemption of captives, and founded by an earl of Kildare about the year 1271, to which was attached very large possessions, which were granted with all their appurtenances and other premises, on the fourth of November, in the 37th of Queen Elizabeth, to Sir H. Wallop, Knight. The entrance to this abbey was by a low gate on the west side, which is yet partly standing, and with the other ruins of this very large edifice, present a gloomy yet fanciful picture to the eye of the spectator. What, perhaps, is a curious circumstance in ecclesiastical history, we find that in 1610, the rectory

Ashdare belonged to the nunneries of the white abbey.

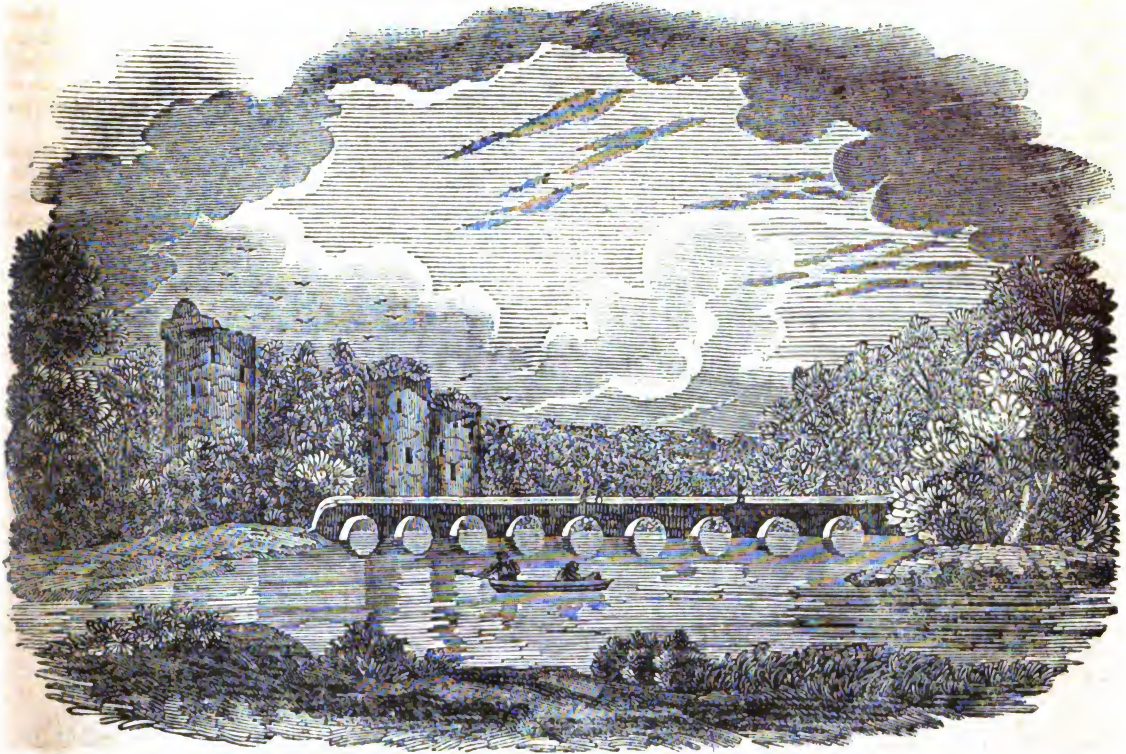
The Rectory of Adair is at present in the possession of the Croker family—the vicarage only belongs to the church. The Quin family (Earls Dunraven) are the Lords of the soil: and it has two fairs, which are held in March and October.

The following engraving represents the bridge of Adair,

over the river Maize (which is navigable for large boats); and the castle of the Earls of Desmond, built as if to command and guard the passage. The ruins show that it must have been a place of great strength; and its situation was chosen by a warrior who knew the value of the pass which it was raised to defend. It was finally and completely dismantled in the rebellion of 1641.

J. L. L.

CASTLE AND BRIDGE OF ADAIR.



GRACE KEVIN.

I had been five years curate of the small parish of Burtaw, when, as I was going out early one morning my usual round, I met several men, accompanied by two or three Peelers, who bore between them the body of a man laid on a shutter.

"Who is it?" I inquired.

"Farmer Ryan, Sir, whom we found in the field by St. Mary's well."

"What has happened to him?"

The Peeler drew aside the great coat that was thrown over him, and showed me the face of the dead. He had met with the fate of Sisera—a nail was fixed in his temple. I shrunk back with sudden disgust—a sick and miserable feeling came over me. It was the first time I had looked upon such a spectacle; and the composure with which every other eye was fixed upon it, even at that painful moment, struck me forcibly.

"How did you discover him?" was my first question, when I spoke again.

"Our attention, Sir, was excited by the peculiar barking and unusual movements of a little dog, which, I believe, belonged to the deceased. We followed it, and in a dry ditch we discovered the body."

"Have you any traces—any suspicion?"

The Peelers looked down and were silent. I took the hint, and asked no more questions. I went away sorrowful and desponding. None but those who have experienced them, can tell the painful feelings with which a clergyman beholds these terrible proofs that he preaches in vain. It was but yesterday morning that I had seen farmer Ryan in health and strength, and had urged upon him—for he was a Protestant, though a Dissenter—the absolute necessity of changing the dissolute life he led. Of all my parishioners, he was the least fit for the awful eternity into which he had entered so suddenly. I recalled

the evil tenor of his past life, and his faint assurances of amendment for the future, in reply to my earnest expostulations; and now no time had been given him—he was gone, and his great account with him! At that moment I felt as if I had not spoken with sufficient warmth—as if the forms of human society, and the respect for individual feeling, had made that voice weak, and those words cold, to which I would now have given a tremendous energy. At the time, I thought that my zeal had almost verged on imprudence; but under the immediate impression of his sudden death, it appeared as if my remonstrance had been languid and feeble. The next day I was required to be present at the inquest held on the body of farmer Ryan. On one point my testimony was important. I was believed to have been the last person who had seen him alive; but the evidence obtained proved that this was not the case. From my house he had gone to that of a woman who sold whiskey, and there his drunken habits had so far prevailed over his good resolutions, that he staid drinking till nearly intoxicated, and then left the "public" to go home. A man, however, proved that he did not reach his own house, but was seen to enter the cabin of Grace Kevin, from whence no evidence was adduced in proof of his departure. It is wonderful how often the most trifling circumstances lead to the detection of murder. The man who gave his evidence declared, that he should not have known it was farmer Ryan, but that as he went in at the little gate his coat caught in a nail, and he heard him continually say, "damn it;" otherwise, the evening was so far advanced, and the deceased's hat so slouched over his face, that he should not have been able to have sworn positively to his identity. The police now came forward, and stated, that the steps which had been traced from the field in which the farmer was found to the cabin of Grace Kevin and her mother, answered to the feet of both those persons. The coroner went him-

self to examine the foot-marks; but rain had since fallen heavily, and most of them were effaced. One or two, however, were found by the hedge, and under the shelter of its bushes had remained entire. They were those of a naked foot; and had this singularity, that they were the steps of persons who came from the field to the house—there was no trace of any from the house to the field. Both the women were in custody: and the police further deposed, that they had asked them if farmer Ryan had been at their house the day before, and that they had each positively denied the fact. They were brought in, and closely examined, but not publicly. What transpired to affix guilt upon them was not generally known; but they were fully committed for trial at the approaching assizes, and removed immediately to the county gaol. The countenance of Grace was so hid by the hood she wore, that I did not see it: on that of her mother every evil passion was impressed, mixed with a troubled expression of countenance. She did not appear to have expected her committal, and it had destroyed her previous equanimity. The crowd without received them in profound silence—neither blessings nor execrations attended their removal. Ryan was a Protestant—the girl and her mother were Catholics. The beauty of Grace had been to her a fatal dowry. Three years before, Ryan had fallen in love with her; and she had lived some time with him as his mistress, in the enjoyment of vulgar splendour, and wasted wealth. Her brothers had been maintained by Ryan in idleness, and while these advantages lasted all had gone well; but on the loss of her child, Grace seemed to lose her hold on the affections of Ryan: they had frequently differed, and at length quarrelled more seriously. From being less lavish to her brothers, he grew in time less friendly; and at last positively refused to support them, or bestow on them some ground he had before promised to let them cultivate, rent free. Frequent and bitter dissensions ensued; till on some act of deliberate unkindness to her mother, she left him, and took shelter with her in a miserable cabin, where they had often, in the bitterness of their heart been heard to curse Ryan, and menace him with vengeance. Ryan, who had missed Grace more than he had anticipated, would willingly have received her again; but as her family were not included in his renewed advances, they were scornfully rejected. They ceased to see each other; and her brothers left the country. It was supposed that in his drunken fit Ryan sought the cottage, and had there met with a death fearfully sudden. These were all the circumstances yet known; but the assizes were near, and every one looked with intense anxiety to the trial.

The assizes came at last, and after some minor cases had been dismissed, that of Grace Kevin stood next on the list. I was obliged to be in court to give evidence; and being once there, I was compelled to remain; there was no possibility of release until the trial was over. The grand Jury had found a true bill against her mother and herself, for the wilful murder of Farmer Ryan. When Grace was asked, "guilty or not guilty," by the court, her lips moved, but no audible sound issued from them; her counsel said she pleaded not guilty, and that plea was recorded—I thought with a feeling of impatience on the part of the accused. The police deposed to the foot-marks, and their agreement in size with those of the accused; they further stated they had picked up a leather thong caught apparently in a nail, which corresponded exactly with a recent failure in the shoe of the deceased. The shoe and the leather thong were produced, and as their exact agreement was made obvious to all, a change appeared for the first time on the face of the younger prisoner. She turned, and fixed her eyes sadly upon her mother—something like reproach was in them, while the old woman, on receiving that wild glance, smote her breast, and groaned audibly. The speech of the young advocate for the prisoners made a visible impression on the jury. The judge summed up the evidence, and gave full weight to every extenuating circumstance—hope beat high in many an anxious heart in that crowded court; and an expression of renewed confidence sat on every

face. Grace, in the mean time stood with downcast eyes, and a countenance of intense thought! While her advocate had dwelt so eloquently on her wrongs, a thousand rapid emotions had passed over her countenance, and the mention of her child seemed to excite a thrill of agony; but these fluctuations of feeling had now passed away, and she stood as if the strife of her thoughts had annihilated all feeling within her. This could not last long—she became sensible of her situation as the jury were about to withdraw, and in a tone which, low, almost sepulchral as it was, was yet heard by every one in the remotest corner of the court house, she called upon the jury to stop. A new and wilder light had returned to her eyes—she flung back the mass of dark waving hair that shaded her face; her breath came hurriedly, and as she turned her face towards the judge, there was something in her eye that made the spectators tremble.

"I am guilty!" she exclaimed, "why should I fear your verdict, when I have looked on the face of the dead and shed no tears." She sank back exhausted, and a silence more eloquent than words ensued. Her counsel was the first to speak, and to direct the attention of the judge to the wildness of her manner, and the incoherency of her words;—but she rejected the plea.

"True for ye," she said, the words are wild, but the deed was wilder still. We had been separated long; I sought him not, for my soul loathed him entirely; he came into our cabin in the dark hour, when human passions stir wildly in the unhappy; his words were few, yet degrading; when already intoxicated he fell asleep on the rush pallet which was our only bed. He slept—all my wrongs rushed into my mind as I gazed upon him; my blighted youth—the hopeless future, and the poverty, and the famine against which we struggled in vain: but my father's last words were his knell, and he died almost without a sigh. Shrink from me if you will," she continued; the passionate emotions of her mind, now fast heightening into feverish excitement—"I killed him;—brief though keen, was the pang he suffered. Your creed knows no purgatory for the sinful, but what is his reward who brought me here!"

While she spoke, every breath had been held. The jury remained where her words had first arrested their steps—she alone, indifferent, perhaps unconscious of their gaze, stood before them, her slender figure dilated to its full height; yet true to woman's nature, when she turned and met her mother's eyes fixed in mute agony upon her, the strong nerves gave way, she fell upon her neck and burst into a passion of salutary tears. Her counsel made one effort more to save her, which like his preceding one, was made in vain. Ryan, he said, had sought her house unexpectedly; the deed was done in sudden passion, exasperated probably by the language of the deceased. But the prisoner rejected the plea thus held out. The temptation she said was sudden, but deliberately yielded to. My mother did not return till all was over; you will not condemn her that she did not denounce her child, she added with trembling eagerness. The old woman moved forward a few steps, and strove to plead for her daughter. She looked wildly on the faces of fixed and speechless interest around her; but age and sorrow had paralysed her nerves, as want had long undermined her health, and she dropped her head upon her breast with an air of mental imbecility. The judge, though greatly moved, proceeded to pass sentence, and when he put on the black cap, the old woman's countenance suddenly became of a livid crimson, and then fading again to a paleness, she sank over the bar. They raised the glazed eyes were fixed, the clenched hand and life irrecoverably gone. She was borne away, the fatal intelligence having been communicated to her daughter. The awful sentence was concluded and bursting sighs of some, and the audible sobs of others, was doubtful if Grace heard it throughout; her eyes fixed on the door through which her mother had been carried, and the long and exciting emotion she had through, was now producing its natural result, strength was fast failing her, she was led gently to the bar, and every one turned to catch a last glimpse

whose hours were numbered. I left the court immediately, and it was some time before the strong emotion excited by this scene had at all subsided. Never had the blighting effects of sin been so vividly brought before me. Grace Kevin had occupied my thoughts long after her condemnation; but knowing her to have been brought up in the Roman Catholic persuasion, contrary to the opinion of some zealous ladies, I refused to bewilder her last hours. While the subject was yet fresh in my mind, I received a visit from Mr. Morton, the Catholic priest. He had been educated in France, and escaped to Ireland on the first revolution of 1793; he was an old man of a truly venerable aspect, and a heart too replete with kind and excellent feelings to be happy as a parish priest in Ireland.

"I am come to you," he said, "on an unusual errand; Grace Kevin, who now lies under sentence of death, lived long enough with Ryan to imbibe a prejudice for his creed. Strange power of novelty over the human mind, which can attach us to doctrines that admit of such practices. Her predilection for the reformed religion has survived every other feeling; she listens to me as though she heard me not; and God forbid that at this awful hour, I should suffer individual or personal feelings to influence me. You see, Mr. Talbot, (he added with a faint smile) I depend upon your believing me."

I do, I said, implicitly; and I spoke with warmth. "You will then, Sir, see this poor girl? Make her neither yours, nor mine, but bring her if you can, a penitent to her God. She has some excellent qualities—she was early led astray. A young and affectionate heart has many enemies to struggle with,—hers deceived her. She is still ignorant of her mother's death, and they purpose to keep her so.—I cannot resign my interest in her; and I was unwilling that she should become the prey of the enthusiasts of your party. Farewell, Sir, she is prepared to see you, and this order will admit you to the prison."

I had a magistrate's order, and was conducted at once to the prisoner. She was alone, sitting on a low stool; her head leaning on her hand, her figure rocking slowly to and fro, in the vain effort to lull the anguish of the mind by the monotonous movement of the body. The cell, compared with the bright day I had left, was partially gloomy; but the slanting rays of the sun were striking on the opposite wall of the court below, and its splendour was faintly reflected through the iron gate, and threw a glow of light around her. She was in the same dress that she wore on the trial, with this only difference that her cap was removed, and her hair hung in large dishevelled ringlets down her shoulders. Their raven blackness was strongly contrasted with the brightly reflected lights that played in the folds of her crimson handkerchief. She started at my entrance, and rose with the bewildered look of one who collects their ideas with pain and difficulty; her eyes were eagerly fixed on the door long after it had closed, and then wandered timidly to me, as if to ask the occasion of my entrance.

"I was informed you wished to see me, Grace," I said gently: "in what way can I serve you?" Her ideas gradually cleared, then clasping her hands, she said,

"Let me see my mother; what have they done with her? Intercede for her I implore you;—she is innocent."

I resolved to communicate her mother's death, but tenderly as it was done, I trembled for the result. The blow which I thought would have destroyed her half paralysed faculties, had a directly contrary effect. This fresh calamity roused her completely; the loss which in a more healthy state of her mind would have overcome it, now only stimulated it to salutary reflection. She wept long and bitterly, and was rational. I saw her daily, and without attempting to offer an excuse for a crime like hers, it was impossible not to feel the deepest compassion for a creature so richly endowed by nature, and so marred by vices not originally her own. Notwithstanding that her education had been in general superior to her station, her ignorance of her religious duties was deplorable; the few prayers she knew were in a language of which she was ignorant; and the rest of her religious knowledge was of a similar description. I attempted not to teach her any

particular form; it was sufficient to awaken her to the general principles of religion, to teach her to feel her own unworthiness, and to lead her to her Saviour as her sole Mediator. She was relieved for six weeks, to give her time to learn to die. She expressed—I believe felt—no wish to live; but she dreaded the awful eternity—now first came uprated as a reality, upon which she was almost immediately to enter! She was sincerely penitent; and at length better, though humble hopes dawned on her mind. It was impossible to see the workings of this young creature's heart, without the most vehement compassion, and as her last hour drew near, I felt a degree of anguish she did not herself experience. By slow degrees her mind was led at last to feel that all other things were indifferent, compared with the awful change she was about to experience; and to acknowledge that it was fitting she should make every expiation to the offended laws of her country; my eyes were wet with irrepressible tears, but hers were dry; she continued to detain me with delusive eagerness, as if, while I remained, the awful summons was delayed. I endeavoured to direct her attention to the cheering promise of our Saviour, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Say that again, she said; and when I had done so, and pointed it out to her in the Testament she held in her hand, I made a faltering movement to depart.

"You are eager to go," she exclaimed, "cannot you bear with the few dreary moments I have left me!"

Then seeing that it was the excess of my emotion that made me silent, she besought my forgiveness, and prayed in her own wild language that God might bless me entirely; and then, with a generous consideration of what I was suffering, bade me farewell.

The first person I accosted the day after the execution of Grace Kevin, was Mr. Morton; he had staid with her to the last. "Others will tell you," he said, "of her calmness and composure: my conviction is, that terror had completely benumbed her faculties." A discussion followed on the moral difference in crime, in which he displayed a mind acute and intelligent in no common degree; and when we parted, it was with regret I heard that he was about to leave Ireland. He had been educated in France, and was now going to return there. Father Finn, whose place he had supplied, was sufficiently recovered to resume his duties in the village, and the remaining years of Mr. Morton's life he intended to devote to learned leisure and religious seclusion.*

CHANGES ON THE EARTH'S SURFACE.

There are many indications that a powerful current has passed over the continent of America from north to south. These appearances are accounted for, by supposing that a change has, at some period, taken place in the velocity of the earth's motion on her axis. The surface of the earth at the equator revolves at the rate of more than 1090 miles per hour, or about 1500 feet per second, which is about the velocity of a cannon ball. We have no idea of circular motion like this. A wheel of wrought iron of three feet in diameter, will fly in pieces before it reaches a velocity of 400 feet per second. Supposing the earth should be slightly checked in her daily motion, the Pacific Ocean would in a moment rush over the Andes Alleghanies into the Atlantic; the Atlantic would sweep over Europe, Asia, and Africa; and in a few hours the entire surface of the earth would be covered with rushing torrents, except the vicinity of the Poles. The appearances presented on the surface of the earth are precisely such as we would expect after such a catastrophe.

ORIGIN OF FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONRY.

Bands of architects and workmen of different nations, who had been in the habit of travelling over Europe in search of employment, were incorporated by the Pope towards the close of the twelfth century, and were at the same time endowed with various important privileges, under the name of Free and Accepted Masons. This fraternity was known in Ireland and Britain, and erected the principal churches of both countries.

* Condensed from the "Literary Souvenir for 1834," decidedly one of the most interesting of the Annuals.

AN ENGLISH MASTER AND AN IRISH SERVANT.

The first question in a "whimsical dialogue between an English gentleman, on his arrival in Ireland, and Terence, his servant, a native of that country," relates to rain, and is therefore—"Apropos of Rain."

Master—Does it rain?

Terry—No, Sir.

M—I see the sun shines—*Post nubila Phœbus.*

T—The *post* has not come in yet.

M—How long did you live with Mr. T?

T—In throth, Sir, I can't tell. I passed my time so pleasantly in his service, that I never kept any account of it. I might have lived with him all the days of my life—and a great deal longer if I pleased.

M—What made you leave him?

T My young mistress took it into her head to break my heart; for I was obliged to attend her to church, to the play, and wherever she visited.

M—Was not your master a proud man?

T—The proudest man in the kingdom—he would not do a dirty action for the universe.

M—What age are you now?

T—I am just the same age of Paddy Leahy; he and I were born in a week of each other.

M—How old is he?

T—I can't tell; nor I don't think he can tell himself.

M—Were you born in Dublin?

T—No, Sir; I might if I had a mind; but I preferred the country: and, please God, if I live and do well, I'll be buried in the same parish I was born in.

M—You can write, I suppose?

T—Yes, Sir; as fast as a dog can trot.

M—Which is the usual mode of travelling in this country?

T—Why, Sir, if you travel by water, you must take a boat; and if you travel by land, either in a chaise or on horseback: those that can't afford either one or t'other are obliged to trudge it on foot.

M—Which is the pleasantest season for travelling?

T—Why, Sir, I think that season in which a man has most money in his purse.

M—I believe your roads are passably good?

T—They are passable, Sir, if you pay the turnpike.

M—I am told you have an immensity of black cattle in this country.

T—Why, we have, Sir, plenty of every colour.

M—But I think it rains too much in Ireland.

T—So every one says: but Sir Boyle says he will bring in an act of parliament in favour of fair weather; and I am sure the poor hay-makers and turf-cutters will bless him for it. God bless him, it was he that first proposed that every quart bottle should hold a quart.

M—As you have many fine rivers I suppose you have abundance of fish.

T—The best ever water wet—the first fish in the world except themselves. Why, master, I won't tell you a lie; if you were at the Boyne you could get salmon and trout for nothing; and if you were at Ballyshanny you'd get them for less.

M—Were you ever in England?

T—No, Sir; but I'd like very much to see that fine country.

M—Your passage to Liverpool, or the Head, would not cost more than half a guinea.

T—Troth, master, I'd rather walk it, than pay half the money.

Sir Isaac Newton discovered the mechanism of the planetary system. He discovered the composition of light. He discovered the cause of those alternate movements which take place on the waters of the ocean. One day, when one of his friends had said some handsome things of his extraordinary talents, Sir Isaac, in an easy and unaffected way, assured him, that for his own part he was sensible, that whatever he had done worth notice was owing to a patience of thought, rather than any extraordinary sagacity which he was endowed with above other men. "I keep the subject constantly before me, and wait till the first dawns open slowly, by little and little, into a full and clear light."

"The choice of a wife is full of hazard; not unlike as if one in a barrel full of serpents should search for one fish. If he 'scape harm of the snakes, and light on the fish, he may be thought fortunate; yet let him not boast, for perhaps it may prove but an eel." So writes a certain old author.

BONNIE JEAN.

TUNE—"THE BONNIE LASS OF BALLAGHMYLE."

You've seen upon the budding thorn,
And on the flower that shelters near,
The dew-drop, sweetest child of morn,
Like crystal, trembling pure and clear;—
Oh! then you have seen my lassie dear,
On Braid's romantic banks so green;
Like yon bright star amid the sphere,
Appears the glance of bonnie Jean.

She's sweeter than the infant rose;—
She's fairer than the mountain snow;—
And milder than the breeze that blows,
When opening flow'rs their beauties show;
To look upon her lovely brow,
Where care nor sorrow ere hath been;
You'll feel like me, your bosom glow,
With unfeigned love for bonnie Jean.

I have wander'd in the winding vale,
As day-light sunk behind the hill;
And listen'd to the linnet's tale,
Enraptured by the rippling rill;
And drank of fancy's dream at will,
When all was silent and serene;
Yet ne'er have had such joys as fill
My heart, at sight of blue eye'd Jean.

Whene'er the lark at early dawn,
Enraptured hails returning day,
You'll find her wandering o'er the lawn,
Enamoured with his cheerful lay;—
With such a maid to pass away
Life's tedious toils, and joys unseen,
In virtue's paths I still would stray,
Bless'd with my bonnie blue-eyed Jean.

Had I the hills and vales of Braid,
From *Slemish* round to *Tullymore*;
And all the flocks that there have strayed
Since the *Black rack* began to roar;*
I'd think of other maids no more,
With her still happy I'd be seen,
For in my bosom's inward core,
Dwells Ballymena's bonnie Jean.

Ballymena.

D. H.—N.

* The *Black-rack*, probably a corruption in the pronunciation of *Black-rock*, is a very wild, picturesque waterfall, on the *Artoaga*, or *Clenocum*-water, and is about five miles from Ballymena, and scarcely two above Tullymore, the seat of the Hon. Major General O'Neill, M. P. for the county of Antrim. For about half a mile above the fall, the water falls every now and then from one to three feet; and when within a few paces of the fall, the water is environed with *black rocks*, about twenty feet high, and overgrown with ash, hazle, and some vestiges of the Irish oak. The fall is occasioned by a large rock lying across the stream; the water rushing over it falls about fifteen feet, making a loud noise, not unpleasing to a poetic ear. Below, the rocks rise to a greater height than at the fall, and become perpendicular; and in some places rugged, forming one of those scenes that leave the eye of the beholder so bewildered and enraptured that he is quite unfit to pourtray.

DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 3, Cecilia Street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.

Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Panyer-alley, Paternoster-row; in Liverpool, by Willmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Ambery; in Birmingham, by Drake; in Glasgow, by W. R. M'Phun; in Edinburgh by N. Bowack.

THE
DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 88. Vol. II.

CONDUCTED BY P. DIXON HARDY. M.R.I.A.

MARCH 8, 1834

POL-A-PHUCA WATERFALL.

Pol-a-Phuca or Poul-a-Phouka, situated near Rusborough, county of Wicklow, is a remarkable waterfall formed by the ponderous and rapid descent of the whole body of the river Liffey. The name signifies "The Devil's or Dæmon's Hole," it being an immense whirlpool whose depth has never yet been ascertained. The water is drawn by a suction, the power of which nothing can resist, to the edge of a craggy precipice, where the rocks are divided into several distinct falls, in the manner of a stair-case. The breadth of the opening through which the water falls is but forty feet, and the height of the entire, from the upper stage beyond the bridge to the lower level, about one hundred and eighty. The quantity of water is not generally sufficient to confer grandeur on the scene, but after rainy weather it presents a noble picture; the mass of water is then considerable, and the fall of such a quantity over a declivity of this kind is a magnificent object; the hoarse roaring of the cataract may be heard at a distance of some miles. The abyss into which the water is precipitated from

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such a height exhibits the appearance of a frightful vortex, into which all bodies that come down the stream are attracted with astonishing force and velocity. The perpetual agitation of the water in this whirlpool, which is circular, forms an eddy, which has been compared to the celebrated *Maelstrom*, or "Navel of the Sea," off the coast of Norway—a phenomenon which no vessel dare approach, least the irresistible in-draught should bury the unfortunate navigators in an unfathomable abyss.

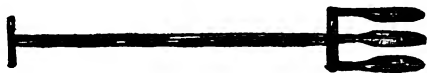
Poul-a-Phuca bridge has been built of late years from the designs of Mr. Nimmo; and consists of one Gothic or pointed arch, springing from rock to rock across the chasm through which the water rages. The span of the arch is sixty-five feet, and the key-stone is one hundred and eighty feet above the level of the river: there is a natural basin beneath the arch, in which it is said an unhappy tourist once met his fate, having fallen from the rock above. The property on one side of the glen belongs to the Earl of Miltown, and on the other to Colonel Wolfe.

a late crop, provided the season is not wet—the difference then is very trifling: for instance, I planted a single potato, cut, on the 11th of June, that weighed one pound, and dug it on the 4th of November, the produce of which was eight stone three pounds, or one hundred and fifteen pounds. I think that a potato planted in June, in a wet season, would produce as much as one planted in March in a dry season. I trust the potato farmers who read this will try my example, and never dig their potatoes, for a general crop, until they are quite dry and withered, which if they do I will insure them success.

P. A. G.

"THE POTATO FORK."

"Observing that it is the intention to give a representation of new or improved implements, &c., in the 'Farmer's and Gardener's Magazine,' I take the liberty of forwarding for that purpose the accompanying sketch of the potato-fork:—



"The flattened portions of each prong is about five inches in length, by one in breadth, thinner at each edge than in the middle, and with spaces of an inch between each prong. They are made of scrap or Swedish iron, (occasionally I make them entirely of steel, in which case they are very light and handy, and wear much longer than when made of iron.) They are made with a prong to go into a handle of about four feet in length, and are found much more convenient for digging potatoes, and also for pointing borders in a garden, than any spade.

J. M.

Farm, Garden, Forest Implement, and Machine Warehouse, 27, Frederick-st., North, Dublin.

"MUSHROOM."

"By Mr. RYAN, Gardener to SAMUEL WHITE, Esq.

"The following method, which differs in many respects from any other which I have seen published, I find to answer admirably for the growth of that very desirable plant the mushroom:—Towards the middle of October, I empty the melon pits of the old dung, tan, or tree-leaves, reserving any that appears fresh, which I mix with fresh stable dung, and return to the pits, first placing a layer of entirely fresh dung at the bottom. I tread firmly as I proceed. When the pit is quite filled I put on the sashes, tilting them to permit the escape of the steam. In a fortnight or three weeks the dung will have subsided, and neat be sufficiently abated. I then place a layer of a few inches thick of horse droppings, from a stable where the horses are fed on hay and oats only, and which droppings must be well dried previously to being used: this layer is to be tramped, and the spawn in lumps about the size of a goose-egg, are to be placed one lump in each area of six inches, and covered with about three inches of fresh loam from a pasture, and beaten down well with the back of the spade. Dry hay is to be placed upon the surface of the bed, and air admitted in fine weather. The layer of droppings soon becomes a continuous mass of spawn; and the quantity of mushrooms produced throughout the winter and spring is truly astonishing. Water will be required occasionally, particularly as the days begin to get warm in spring. Towards the beginning of May, when the pits are required for other purposes, abundant spawn may be preserved for future operations. This, I find infinitely superior to spawning the beds at the time of ridging the melons, or at any subsequent period to their growth; the water required for the melons being too much in the mushrooms.

NOTICE OF A SUBMARINE FOREST ON THE WEST COAST OF IRELAND.

This very singular phenomenon occurs on the eastern shore of the island of Aranmore, on the coast of the county of Donegal. It was pointed out to us in 1827 by boatmen who conveyed us from Rutland to Aranmore. The stumps of the trees are of various lengths, from a few inches to six or eight feet above the bog stratum on

which they originally grew. This stratum is now below the surface of the sea; and at high water the whole remains of the forest are from six to twenty feet beneath the surface of the water. When the tide is out, a considerable number of the stumps are dry, and appear to protrude from sand, but this sand is merely a covering which has been superimposed on the bog. The stumps may be observed by a keen eye at an immense depth beneath the water as we approach the main land.

"Submersed forests have been discovered on the eastern coast of England, and in Scotland. Their existence has been variously accounted for, by supposing that the bed of the waters of the ocean maintain a higher level now than they did formerly; or, that owing to some convulsion, the land on which the trees grew subsided. The most satisfactory reason which has been given appears to be, that the bog and the trees which it supported moved, as we know bogs frequently do, from a higher to a lower level—this, from the appearance of the land, appears to have been the case, at least with the submarine forest on the coast of Donegal."

E. M.

NOTICES OF THE POTATO.

The potato is a native of America, and was well known to the Indians before the conquest of Mexico or Peru; where it has been found in a wild state above ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. In Hindostan it is still little known. Bishop Heber informs us in his journal, that they soon become so small, that the natives cease to cultivate them.

Sir Walter Raleigh is said to have first introduced the potato into Ireland, about 1586; and two years after it was brought into Flanders, but from whence is not now known. Gerard, an old English botanist, gave it the name of *Solanum Tuberosum*, which name was afterwards adopted by Limacus. In 1683, Sutherland notices it in his *Hortus Medicus Edinburgensis*; from which it is probable that it was cultivated in the gardens in Scotland, though not in the open fields until 1728. About 1600, it was cultivated in England in the gardens of the nobility and gentry, as a rare exotic; and towards the end of 1634, it was first planted in Lancashire in the fields.

In Ireland it is probable they were long in coming into general cultivation by the farmer. In a manuscript in the writer's possession, written between the years 1670, and 1679, which treats largely of the prices of every kind of agricultural produce, potatoes are only once mentioned, and that in 1676, when they were sold at the high rate of 1s. 8d. per bushel. Very old people inform us that few potatoes were formerly used after harvest, except a small quantity preserved as a treat for their Halloween supper, which were eaten with butter. It, however, does appear that they were coming into general circulation before their time. In a Dublin Almanac, now before us, for 1706, in the Gardener's Calendar department for November, is marked—"take up your potatoes for winter," a proof that it was deemed a proper season for their preservation.

The following are a few of the many instances of the extraordinary produce of the potato. In 1787, the produce of one potato set in a garden in Lurgan, amounted to seven hundred and seventy-nine, and they weighed upwards of two hundred pounds. In 1810, six men, near Antrim, raised three hundred and sixty bushels of potatoes, out of 3228 square yards of ground; and in 1832, a man at Ballaghty, county of Derry, in the space of eight hours, with two gatherers, raised one hundred and twenty bushels.

S. M. S.

ORNITHOLOGY.

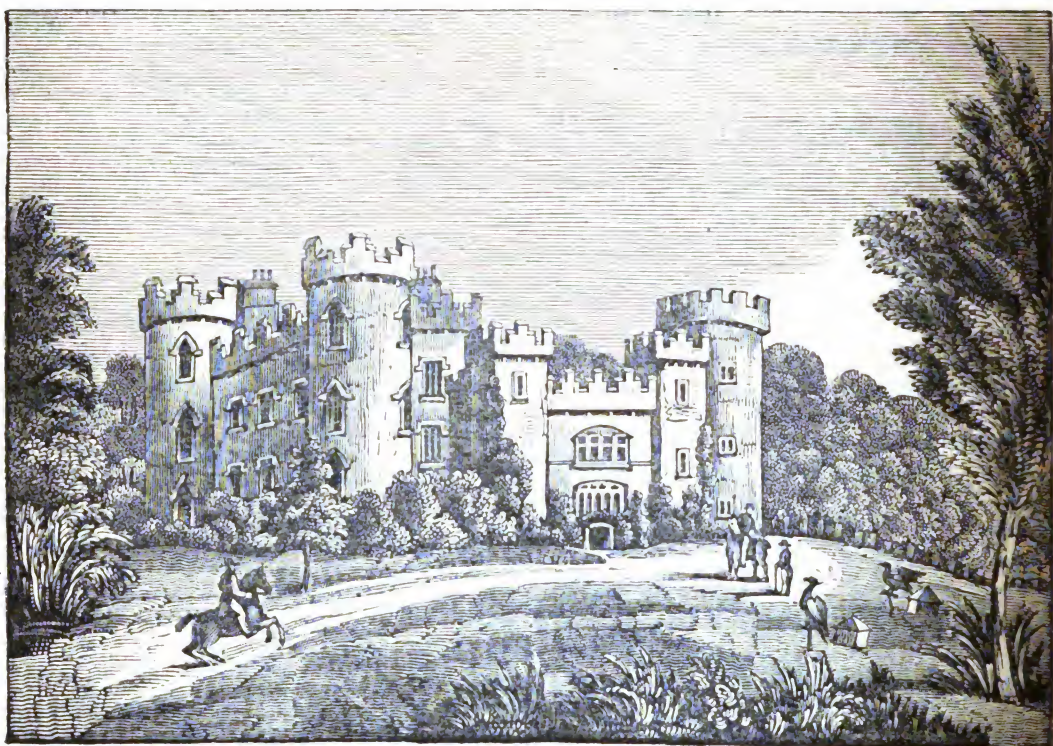
Sir—A friend has directed me to copy his note to you specifying, that there is a bird to be found here, which he believes to be a stranger to the natives of Ireland, although well known to seamen of every nation, and supposed by them to hatch its young under their wings; but they may rest assured they are greatly in error, as he has found them on the rocky, desolate islands on the western coast of the county of Galway, near Slimehead, hatching their eggs; they are about the size of a swallow, their tails

are forked like a swallow; their back is black, with a ring of white near the tail; there is a white spot mixed with orange over the bill, which is black; they are web-footed, of a brownish colour; they lay their eggs under stones on the island, but sometimes on the crevices of rocks, where they are often washed away. Their eggs are about the size of a stare's egg, and speckled like a sparrow's. The bird will continue to sit on the eggs until the person who discovers them is within a few feet; and some of them, sooner than leave their eggs, have suffered themselves to be taken by the hand of the discoverer; but not until they have besmeared the person with a quantity of oil, which they discharge through their nostrils; they will pick at a person's hand when he is taking them. When my friend was lifting one of them off the nest he thought there was no eggs under her; the bird concealed the one she sat on under her right wing. None of the males come near the island, and though there are a great number of fe-

males on it, yet there is not one to be seen on the wing, or perched on the cliffs; it is only in the breeding season that they are to be seen, which happens between the middle of June, and the middle of August. The bird is well known to seamen as Mother Carey's chicken, but is called by the natives here, Martinoil, from its spouting a quantity of oil at the person that approaches; and they say they exist on a quantity of oil, which they find floating on the surface of the sea, a notion they so firmly believe, that all the naturalists in Europe would not make them think to the contrary; though the only ground they have for such a belief is that they see the bird skimming the surface of the water in search of the oil that is in the offals of the fish, which fishermen throw out of their boats when fishing at the sun fish bank.

T. N. for W. Mac—

Cunnamara.



MALAHIDE CASTLE, COUNTY DUBLIN.

The castle of Malahide, the residence of the ancient family of Talbot, is scarcely surpassed in interest, arising from various sources, by any building in the county of which it forms a distinguished ornament. This structure, as it stood in the early part of the last century, was of contracted dimensions, and although surrounded by a moat, was not castellated. The various additions which now render it an object of considerable magnificence, and a capacious residence, suited to the exercise of a dignified hospitality, were chiefly carried into effect by the late Colonel Talbot, father of the present proprietor. The building, thus enlarged, is an extensive pile, of square proportions, flanked on the principal side by circular towers, altered Gothic porch or chief entrance, has been conlation, under the direction of the present owner of the tower of Malahide to the advantage of the building, in regard to its external ornament and the convenience of the tenures, and the moat is now filled up, and its sloping improvements wherewithal. The demesne and garden of his occupation with much correctness of taste, and the with a small capital, some venerable timber and numerous of land to tolerably good.

Mr. Brewer says it was the greatest curiosity is wain-elaborately carved in com-

partments, representing the history of Adam, and other scriptural subjects, some of which are executed with much skill: the chimney-piece is carved with peculiar beauty—having in the central division figures of the virgin and child. This figure of the virgin is the subject of a marvellous tradition among the rustics of Malahide: they assert that during the civil wars, whilst the castle was in possession of Cromwell and his partizans, the statue indignantly disappeared, but resumed its station after the return of the Talbot family. It is fortunate that some friend of the family removed it at that time beyond the reach of the fanatics. The entire wainscoting is highly varnished, and has acquired a sombre, but striking effect, from a blackness of tint which causes the apartment to appear like a vast cabinet of ebony.

The suite of principal rooms comprises several lofty and handsome apartments, in which, among other embellishments, are some very costly specimens of porcelain; but the most estimable ornaments consist of a collection of portraits and other paintings, which comprises several that are worthy of an attentive examination.

Among these stands unrivalled in attraction, an altar-piece by Albert Durer, divided into three compartments—representing the nativity, adoration, and circumcision. This picture was purchased by King Charles the Second.

for two thousand pounds, and given by him to the Duchess of Portsmouth, who presented it to the grandmother of Colonel Talbot.

The distinguished line of the house of Talbot, long settled at Malahide, is said to be descended from the eldest branch of the family; and with the Talbots of Yorkshire, derives from Sir Geoffrey, who was governor of Hereford for the Empress Maud, in opposition to King Stephen.—St. Lawrence of Howth, and Talbot of Malahide, are the only families in the county of Dublin, who retain the possessions of their ancestors, acquired at the English invasion.

Among the memorable circumstances connected with the annals of this castle, may be mentioned a lamentable instance of the ferocity with which party rivalry was conducted, in ages during which the internal polity of Ireland was injuriously neglected by the supreme head of the government. On Whitsun-eve, in the year 1329, John de Birmingham, Earl of Louth, Richard Talbot, styled Lord Malahide, and many of their kindred, together with sixty of their English followers, were slain in a pitched battle at Balbriggan, by the Anglo-Norman faction of the de Verdens, de Gernons, and Savages: the cause of animosity being the election of the earl to the palatine dignity of Louth, the county of the latter party.

It is believed that Oliver Cromwell took up his abode a short time at Malahide; and it is known that Mylo Corbet, the regicide, resided here for several years; and from this port, when outlawed at the restoration, Corbet took shipping for the Continent. The subsequent expiation of his errors by a degrading death is well known; and shortly after his flight from Malahide, the Talbot family regained possession of their estate.

Malahide is a lordship or manor, having courts *leet* and *baron*; and has belonged in fee to the Talbot family from a period very closely approaching to the Anglo-Norman invasion in the time of Henry the Second. R. A.

THE RESURRECTIONS OF BARNEY BRADLEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY."

Abridged from the Dublin University Magazine for February.

It affords us sincere gratification to find that a task has at length been accomplished, which, until an actual demonstration had been afforded us, we are free to admit we considered impossible, namely, at the present day to *establish* a respectable literary periodical in Ireland; so many efforts to effect the desirable object had failed, and this even where the interests of the trade were concerned, and where able writers had been engaged, that we had looked upon any attempt of the kind as "a forlorn hope." We have referred to this subject in a foregoing column, and would now merely observe that it reflects no little credit on the editor and the spirited publishers of "The Dublin University Magazine," that they have been able, in the face of so many obstacles and hindrances, as we know from experience, must have barred their way, to establish their periodical on such a firm footing as to give the fullest assurance of its ultimate permanency. We speak not of its party or its politics, but of its literary excellence; and in this point of view have no hesitation in pronouncing it highly creditable to Ireland, and far superior in interest and information to two thirds of the periodicals of a similar description in England and Scotland. The story which we have abridged for our present number, is from the pen of the talented author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry;"* and though we esteem it inferior to the great proportion of his other writings, still we can by no means agree with those who consider it altogether unworthy of Mr. Carleton's pen. There is a fault in nearly all of his productions—a waste of words in description—and in many instances overdoing the work by making too much

of a trivial incident. These faults are very perceptible in the story before us, and we think it will be allowed to be much improved by the pruning we have given it in copying.

There are few villages in Ireland that do not contain such a character as Barney Bradley, and every one of them is famous for anecdote or story telling. Barney, though no barber either by education or profession, carried such a smooth hand at the razor, that his house was crowded every Sunday morning with his village friends, from whose faces he reaped with the greatest dexterity their week's crop of beard. Within the bounds of his own parish he was a well known man; and in his own village the best authority under the sun upon any given subject. His cabin stood in the very centre of the hamlet, a perfect pattern of houses inhabited by men who hate work and scorn comfort. When you came close to the house, you might hear the peals of laughter ringing from within, and among all the voices Barney's was by far the most audible; for be it known to you that he always laughed longest and loudest at his own jokes. Barney never loved what is termed spade-work, nor agricultural labour of any kind; but devoted himself on the contrary to the lighter employments of life.

Barney not only shaved his neighbours gratuitously, but bled them also, whenever they required it, or rather whenever he himself thought it necessary. He was, in fact, a perfect Sangrado, with this difference, that he recommended burnt whiskey instead of water. It were to be wished, indeed, that every medical man, now a-days, would imitate him, and take his own prescription as Barney did; for then a patient could put confidence in his doctor. Barney charged half a crown per head for bleeding; and let it be mentioned to his credit, that his parish was the best bled parish in Europe. He had a three-fold system of treating every possible complaint under heaven; he bled, as we have said, administered glauber salts upon a fearful scale, and then prescribed burnt whiskey. To be sure, he frequently inverted the order of his recipes.—Sometimes, for instance, he bled and medicined them first, and afterwards administered the whiskey; and sometimes, on the contrary, he administered the whiskey, and then bled and medicined them. It mattered not what the complaint was, Barney scorned to alter his treatment, except as to the order in which he applied it, or to give up one atom of his judgment touching the virtue of his tripartite *theory*, which was, in the mean time, dreadfully *practical* to his patients.

Still Barney was a great favourite with the whole parish. If he fought with a man to-day, he treated him to-morrow, which was surely a proof that his heart retained no malice. If he drank too much to-day, why he atoned for that by drinking as soon as possible after he had got sober, to show that he entertained no spite against the whiskey.

relative to an individual in London, whose brain (as it appeared from a coroner's jury) had been so turned as to cause his death, in consequence of his being elected to some post of honor in the Trades' Political Union, we should have felt disposed to copy a page from a letter of a celebrated writer in the Magazine, relative to the superiority of the descriptions given by the author of "Traits and Stories," over every other writer of Irish life. We believe we were the first to express our opinion of his story of "Tubber Derg," when it appeared as the "Landlord and Tenant." We pronounced it decidedly the most effective and affecting story Mr. Carleton had ever written, and we are glad to find our opinion borne out by public opinion generally, and more especially by the able writer in the letters to which we allude. Having said so much, it is but fair to give an extract from the article referred to.

"In the power to sound every note in the character of his countrymen, in accurate knowledge of their condition, in the boldness and industry with which he appears to have explored the more remote and hidden causes of their miseries and crimes, in the singular tact and discrimination with which he has threaded the perilous mazes of party and faction, and the clearness and force with which he exhibits the result of these anxious and important inquiries, Carleton's 'Traits and Stories' seem to me unrivalled and unapproached."

* We are always disposed to give "the Devil his due," and but for an unlucky paragraph which we had just noticed,

He was, from the nature of his pursuits, a wandering character; to-day at one extremity of the parish, strapping a razor; to-morrow, at the other, bleeding a friend, or doctoring his horse, perhaps both. Of course, no man was more visible. Wherever you went you met him. Any odd sight that was to be seen in the country side, he saw it—at least he always said so. Any strange story that was to be heard, he heard it. He was an eye-witness of all fights, cock-fights, still huntings, fox-chases, weddings, drivings, auctions, and all the other great little events that keep parish rumour afloat. Neither was any man more ready to take a part in a passing spree, than Barney; for which reason he has often come home to the wife in rather a queer condition. Many a drubbing has he got at the hands of his own patients; and many a drubbing, on the contrary, have they received at his.

Barney was one of those men whose ruling passion still is strong in drink; and, of course, whenever he was tipsy, he could not sit five minutes in any man's company without taking out the lancet, and feeling his pulse. It was then, a little after four o'clock, that, on going somewhat unsteadily up the street of Ballykippen, he met a large, comfortable, corpulent farmer, called Andy Murtagh.

"Andy," says Barney, "how goes it?"

"Why, Barney, man alive—no but Docthor—or, I believe surgin's bether—why surgin Bradley, how is every inch of you, not forgettin' your lances?"

"Faith the ould cut, Andy;—still mixin' the *utyle* an' the *dulse*: did you hear the cure I made on Darby M'Fudge?"

"No, Barney—I did not; let us hear it.—But what do you mane by the *yew-yew*?—Phoo! what the dickens do you call it? I suppose it manes the whiskey an' wather: am I at it Barney?"

"Faith you opened the right vein there, any how—devil a nater explanation could be put to it. But, Andy, did ever any man livin' remember such unhealthy weather? Begad it's a killin' sason, the Lord be praised!"

"Killin'!—why it's the healthiest sason, Barney, widin' memory, instead of that."

"Andy you have but one failin'—you'd contradict St. Pether if he said the same thing. I tell you it *is* an unhealthy time, an' that if the people don't take warnin' they'll die in scores like rotten sheep. What does Jack Simpson's weather-glass say? 'For the next three months there's to be a mortal number of deaths.'"

"An' I contradict the weather-glass, too, Barney."

"Why, do you mane to say that you're well yourself at present?"

"Faith, I'll swear it, Barney, in spite of you an' all the weather-glasses in Europe."

"Then sorra a worse sign could be about you than that same. It's always the fore-runner of ill health. Sure you never heard of a man bein' sick yet, that his health wasn't good before it."

"Barney, how is your ould patient, Darby M'Fudge?—Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come, come, man, don't be a coward; I tell you, your nose is a little to the one side, an' that's another sign. There's a complaint, Andy, that twists the half of a man's face toards the left ear; an' nothin' cures it but flaybottomry. Devil a thing. Now don't be an ass, Andy; you know as well as I do that you're out of ordher. You're unwell; that's the short an' the long of it."

"Unwell! why what'd ail me? Sure you see nothin' wrong wid me?"

"I'll tell you what, Andy—as sure as you're stan'in' there, you want flaybottomry. All the blood in your body's in your face this minnit. But asy; let me feel your pulse. Oh tunder an' turf! you're—you're—Andy, folly me. It's nothin' else than a downright blessin' that I met you."

The good natured farmer had not time to resist him, so without saying a word, Barney led him across the street into a back yard, where, after planting him in a stable, he proceeded with his dialogue.

"Now, Andy, be a man, an' don't fear a drop o' blood; have you half-a-crown about you?"

"For what, Barney?"

"Because, if you have, better laid out money never left

your pocket; I'll save your life to be—not that I want to alarm you—all I say is, that you're a hap'ly in a turn of havin' a fit of perplexity—sorra a less it

"A fit o' perplexity! wh. chiel, if that's a complaint, I've had it often in my day, Barney, spo."

"A fit o' perplexity, Andy, is ad that they call the knock-down complaint."

"Troth, surgin, an' I have both got an' gave the same complaint in my time," said the stout farmer, laughing—

"I tell you, Barney, I've given many a man the falling sickness afore now, an' that's well known. Are they related?"

"They're cousin-jarmins, any how, man alive—if you go to that. But this perplexity you see is—"

"Look to yourself, Barney—If ever a man had an appearance of it, you have. You're black in the face this minit, an' your two eyes is set in your head."

"Why, man," said Barney, "your pulse is fifty-six, that's six more than the half hundred—strip immedintly, or I'll not be answerable for the consequences."

"How could you bleed me here, you nager?"

"Right well: I have the ribbon and everything—as for a plate we don't want it. I'll bleed you with your face to the wall."

"Well, come, hit or miss, I can't be much the worse of it, so I don't care if I lose a thrille: I think I do want to get rid of some of it—I always bleed in May, any how."

He stripped, and in a short time Barney had the blood spinning out of his arm against the stable wall, to his own manifest delight, and not much to the dissatisfaction of honest Andy Murtagh. It might be an hour after this, that the attention of the crowd was directed to a fight between two men opposite the public-house to which the stable, wherein Andy had been phlebotomized, was attached. One of them was evidently in a state of intoxication, and the other had only the use of one arm; but as he appeared, by the dexterity with which he handled his cudgel to be left-handed, or *kiltogue*, this circumstance was not such a disadvantage as might be supposed. The fight lasted but a short time, for the more drunken of the two received a blow which laid him senseless on the street.

Our reader need scarcely be told that this was Barney and his patient. The former, on receiving his half-crown, insisted on giving Andy a treat, at which some dispute arose that caused the keeper of the public-house to put them both out into the street. Here they fought, and the result is known. We cannot at present trace him farther; but we must request our kind readers to accompany us to the head inn of the town, where with the apothecary and doctor, the county coroner, a vulgar man who loved his glass, was seated at lunch, or dinner if you will, upon a cold turkey and ham, both of which they washed down with indifferent port. The coroner was in the act of putting the glass to his lips, when the door opened, and two men in evident distress and alarm soon entered.

"What's the matter?" said the coroner, laying down the glass: "you look as if you were—were—eh?—what do you want?"

"We want you, Sir, if you please."

"Why, what's wrong?"

"One Barney Bradley, Sir, that was *kilt*."

"Kilt! by whom was he kilt?"

"By one Andy Murtagh, Sir, that hot him a *pothog* on the skull, Sir, and kilt him."

"Right—right," said the coroner—"all fair: gentlemen you will have the goodness to come along wid me, till we sit upon the corpse. Your opinions may be bectary, and I shall order the wather to keep the lunch sale till we dispatch this business. Between you and me, I'm not sorry that that fellow's done for. The confounded scab has bled me out of business—ha! ha! ha!"

"On arriving at the public-house they found considerable difficulty in making way to the room in which Barney lay. The coroner's name, however, was an open access to the party, who in a few minutes found themselves ready, as the coroner said, to "enter upon business." After having surveyed the corpse, the judge of the dead requested his medical friends to try if any symptoms of life remained. The doctor consequently felt his pulse, and shook his head.

"Ah" said he, "it's all over with him!"

The apothecary looked into his face—"Ay!" he exclaimed, "it is so, but isn't that a villainous expression of countenance? That man, doctor—that man, Sir, had—~~a~~—that is, independently of the violent mode of his death—had—I think, the germs, doctor, the germs—or seed of death within him. Am I right, Sir?"

"You are positively right, Sir. The man would have died most decidedly, especially when we consider that—"

"Gentlemen," observed the coroner, "it doesn't signify a horse-nail how or when he might have died. The man is dead now, and that's enough—or rather he was ~~kilt~~ by a blow on the scone; so our best and only plan, you persave, is to swear a jury to thry the merits of the case. And, gentlemen, I'll take it as a particular *fever*, if you will have the civility to make no reflections upon the corpse, for every such reflection, gentlemen, is unbecoming, and dangerous, according to the present law of libel, and an extenuation probably against myself. Let *day mortis nil neesy boreum* be our rule in this unhappy case—hem!"

The worthy coroner immediately swore a jury, after which they proceeded to find a verdict in the following manner:

"Gentlemen, are you all sworn?"

"We're all sworn, Mr. Casey."

"Waither," he shouted, "I'll trouble you to bring me a tumbler of cowl'd water, with a naggin of whiskey in it. There's the mischief's *drowth* about me to-day, boys; upon my honour there is—owing to the *hate* of the room and the hot weather."

"Troth," said the foreman, "myself is just as if I was ather bein' pulled out o' the river, with prospiration, I'm so dhry. Blood alive, Mr. Casey, don't forget us!"

"What! a naggin a man! No, indeed; let it be a glass apiece, and I don't care. Waither!"

The waiter appeared.

"Bring up twelve glasses of whiskey, and be quick, for I'm in a great hurry."

The coroner, when the whiskey arrived, took off his grog, and the treat to the jury also soon began to disappear.

"Mister Casey," said the foreman, with a shrewd face, "here's wishin' your health, and success to you, Sir, in your occupation!"

"Thank you, thank you, Mr. Foreman. Now let us proceed to call the witnesses—capital whiskey that, for public-house whiskey: gentlemen," added he to the bystanders—"if there's any of you competent to give evidence in this unfortunate affair, we are ready to hear you. Does any of you know how the deceased came by his death?"

"I'm his cousin, Mister Casey," said a man coming forward.

"But what do you know of his death?" inquired Mr. Casey.

"Oh, not a haporth, good or bad, barrin' that he's dead, poor fellow," replied the man.

Several persons now advanced, who declared that they were competent to give testimony touching the manner and cause of his death. One man was sworn, and thus replied to the jury:

Foreman—"What do you know about this business Mickey?"

"Why, I seen Andy Murtagh there givin' him the lick on the head that kilt him: an' I say it's neither fair nor honest for Andy to be *jury* upon the man that he *done* for."

This was like a thunderstroke to the coroner, who, by the way, our readers may have perceived, was at the time none of the soberest. Instead of being angry, however, it affected him with uncontrollable mirth; and as a feather will often turn the feelings of an Irish crowd either one way or the other, so did Andy's manœuvre and the coroner's example produce loud laughter among all present, especially among the jurors themselves, except of course, the friends of the deceased.

"Murtagh," said the coroner, "sorra a thing you are but a common skamer, to make such an ass of me, and corpse, and jury, and all, by such villainous connivance."

You're at least a homicide, Andy; and to think of our bringin' in a verjick, and one of the jury an outlaw; would mutilate the whole proceedings. Only for the humour of the thing, upon my honour and sowl, I'd not scruple a thraveneen to commit you for contempt of court, you imposther."

"Faith, Sir," said Murtagh, "I thought I had as good a right to be on the jury as any other, in regard that I knew most about it. I'll make a good witness, any how."

"Get out, you nager," said the coroner; "Pll lay you by the heels before night, plase God. Gentlemen, hold him tight till we return our verjick."

"I'll give you my book oath," replied Murtagh, "that the man was walkin' about as well as ever he was, long after his scrimmage wid me. Ay, an' I can prove it.—There's Dick Moran he knows it."

Dick was sworn and examined by the foreman.

"Dick," said the foreman, who was a process-server, and who, moreover, considered himself no bad authority as a lawyer, an opinion which caused him to keep a strict eye upon the practice of the courts.

"Dick, what's your name?"

"Dick, what's your name!" replied Dick, with a grin: be my faith, that's aquil to "Paddy, is this you?" when you meet a man!"

"You must answer him," said the coroner, "the question is strictly legal."

"It is," said the foreman, in high dudgeon—"it is strictly legal; an' I say agin, Dick Moran, what's your name?"

Dick raised his eye-brows, and after giving a look of good humoured astonishment and contempt at the foreman, gravely replied, "my name, is id? why, Paddy Baxther."

"This excited considerable mirth; but the coroner began to get exasperated at what he looked upon as an insult to his authority.

"That's not to the purpose, at all at all," observed the coroner; "sorra a verjick we'll get to-night at this rate."

"Sir," said the foreman, "you ought to have a crier to keep order in the court. That blaggard should be put out."

"I'll tell you what it is," said the choleric coroner, addressing Darby, "if you're not off before we find our verjick, upon my *secret* honour, I'll kick you from this to the court-house above, and lay you by the heels there afterwards."

"You'll kick me is id? A pair of us can play at that game, Mister Casey. Did you ever hear what profound intherest is? I tell you, if you rise your hand or foot to me, you'll get that same. To the mischief with all upstarts."

The coroner, who was a noted pugilist, sent in a body blow that laid Darby horizontal in a moment. Darby, however, had friends on his own part, as well as on behalf of Barney, who were not at all disposed to see him ill-treated by a man in office.

"Down wid the rascal!" they shouted, closing immediately about the coroner, "down wid him! he's a government man, any how, an' a spy, maybe, into the bargain.—Down wid him!"

"Come on, you rascals!" shouted the coroner, "my jury and I against any baker's dozen of you. Gentlemen of the jury, stand to me, and we'll clear the house. Come, boys—come, gentlemen—fight like men. We can bring in our verjick afterwards."

"Honour bright, Mr. Casey," responded the jury, we'll back you, Sir, every man of us. To the mischief wid the verjick, till after our sprce's over."

The friends of the jurors also took the part of the coroner, as did many others present, for the man's propensity to fighting had made him popular; so that, in point of fact, the numbers were pretty equal on both sides. A rich scene ensued. In a moment, the whole room exhibited such a picture of riot and uproar, as could scarcely be conceived. The coroner and his jury certainly did fight like men, and they were every whit as manfully opposed. All were thumping, knocking down, pulling, dragging, wrestling, and shouting. Crash went a chair—smash

went a window or a table—down went a man here—up sprung another there—a third was heard in this corner—a shout in that. Sometimes they appeared detached into small groups; again they seemed like a ravelled hank, matted into one mass of inextricable confusion. The doctor and apothecary got first an odd thump, *en passant* in compliment to the coroner: by-and bye they were sucked, sorely against their wills, into the vortex of the fight; and ere it was half over, they might be seen amongst the thickest of the fray, giving and receiving, according to their ability on each side. The fight might now be at its hottest, when two men were seen engaged in a bitter struggle near the window, one of whom was the coroner, and the second, to the inexpressible astonishment of all present, no other than the subject of the inquest, Barney Bradley himself. In a moment, what between surprise and mirth, there was an immediate cessation of hostilities among all the belligerents, with the exception of the coroner and Barney, Darby M'Fudge and the foreman, who so far as exhaustion permitted them, laid in the blows with great vigour. It was impossible to say on which of their heads victory might have alighted; for, however amusing their contest appeared to the wondering and excited by-standers, the latter deemed it proper to separate Barney and the coroner, for the ludicrous purpose of giving that gentleman an opportunity of recognising his antagonist. The foreman, who had already been sufficiently well drubbed, felt no wish for a more lengthened battle; and the two medical gentlemen stood as if thunderstruck at the activity of the *corps*! When the four were separated, it is utterly impossible to describe what ensued, so as to retain any portion of the mingled mirth and amazement of the whole crowd.

"Eh!" exclaimed the coroner—"what! why! is it—eh?—is it the—it is—as sure as the sky is above us, it's the rascal that was kilt!!—the dead vagabond we had the inquest over!"

This was replied to by a thundering uproar of laughter, in which, however, neither the coroner nor his medical friends felt any inclination to join.

"Now, gentlemen, let us resume 'proceedings. Barney, as I consider you the most important evidence, we shall begin wid yourself."

"Wid all my heart, Sir; ha! ha! ha! Bud, wid permission, Misther Casey, are you unwell, Sir?"

"Not I—I'm in excellent health."

"Troth, then, wid great respect, you're no sich thing, Sir. There's not a man in Ireland wants flaybottomry more than you do."

"Why, Sir, you have too much blood in you entirely. Your nose, Sir, is twisted a little to the one side too, an' be gorra that's another sign."

"Come, come, man—my nose! Asy Barney, you know how that can be accounted for. On the other point you're right enough. Maybe I have more blood than I want sartinly."

"Sir," if you take my advice, you'll lose some immediately. I'll spin it out o' you while you'd say Jack Robisson."

The audience were exceedingly grave here. Not the least symptom of a smile appeared on a single face. On the contrary, they looked at the coroner with an alarm which the rascals succeeded in making more impressive by their feigned attempts to conceal it. At length one of them said in a very solemn voice,

"Misther Casey, Barney's right, Sir. Something is wrong wid you, whatever it is, for there's a great change in your face since you came into the house."

"Tut, it can't be, but if I thought—"

"The safest way, Sir, is to be sure and lose the blood; Barney's the very 'boy that can breathe a vein in style."

"Where are the other medical gentlemen?" said the coroner. "Why, they are gone! However I don't wonder at it, after what they got."

"Waither," shouted Barney, "bring up a basin, poor Mr. Casey's not well. Why, Sir, you're changin' for the worse in your looks every minute. Not a word I'll hear, Sir, nor a blessed syllable of evidence I'll give to-day barrin' you take care of your health."

"Gentlemen of the jury," do you think I want to lose blood?"

"Bedad, Sir, there's a terrible change on you: why you're black undher *both* eyes. You must have got some hurt, Sir, inwardly, durin' the row."

"Faith and there may be something in that sure enough. Come, Barney, set to work. It can do no harm at all events."

Barney, now in his glory, stripped the coroner, and in two minutes had a full tide of blood rushing from his arm, into a large wash-hand basin, the bottom of which could not be covered by less than thirty ounces of blood.

"Now, Mr. Casey, don't you feel asier?"

"I do, Barney, but cursedly wake. Stop man, you have taken enough, five times over; do you intend to fill—the basin? Stay!—my sight's going—I'm getting—"

Forty-eight ounces of blood would be apt to make any man weak. The worthy coroner could go no farther, and in a moment he lay at full length, in a swinging faint.

It was now, when he could not hear them, that their mirth became loud and excessive. Barney, in the mean time, tied up his arm.

"The mischief fly away wid you, Barney, but you're able to walk widout bein' led, anyhow, you bird o' grace!"

"Whist wid yees," replied Bradley; "we'll be up to him. Let us sit an' hould an inquisht an himself, before he comes to—that won't be these ten good minutes to come."

"Oh! consumin' to the hethther. Here you rap of a pross sarver—you must be the crowner; an' as you'd do nuttin for nuttin, we'll give you another glass o' whiskey."

"Then, Barney, you must take my place on the jury."

"To be sure I will."

"Well thin, gentlemen, as we were all spectatohrs of this bloody business, we may as well, at wanst, return a verdict against Barney."

"Not wilful murder agin me, any how, either in joke or airnest."

"No; but here's the verdict: *we find that Misther Casey died by the visitation of Barney Bradley.*"

"A choice good one," replied Barney. "Here, waither, bring in a naggin of burnt whiskey for Misther Casey.—That's what'll set him to rights. Here, boys, let us bring; him near the windy, an' rise him up a little. Come, Misther Casey, blood alive, Sir, don't be a woman. Pluck up spirit; here's a naggin o' burnt whiskey, to make all square. Bedad, Sir, you have nothin' else than the pattern of a ginteel face this minute."

Coroner—"Where's the whiskey, in the first place?"

"Here, Sir; here it is. Never nip it; take it at a bite, an' you may dance Shawn Buie in five minutes."

"Yes, it will do me good. Gentlemen of the jury, what has happened to me? Was there anything illaygal in this business?"

"Sorrah haporth, Mister Casey, barrin' that Barney Bradley tuck a few ounces af blood out o' you."

"Yes, yes, I remember. Barney, in the mane time, confound you and your flaybottomry, you have almost bled me to death, you infernal quack."

It was impossible to resist the ridiculous appearance of the coroner, whose face, being at best ruddy upon a sallow ground, now bore a strong resemblance to green linen, if we except his nose, which was of a pale dead blue, like the end of a burned briek. The laughter in fact could not be suppressed, nor could the coroner, after surveying himself in a three-cornered broken looking-glass that hung against the wall, avoid joining in the mirth, although at his own expense.

This was Barney Bradley's first inquest, or, as was termed by his neighbours, his first resurrection. He was, however, the subject of three inquests, every one of which he survived, and in every one of which the coroners suffered either by "flaybottomry" or a sound drubbing.

DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 3, Cecilia Street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.

Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Fanny-alley, Paternoster-row; in Liverpool, by Wiltmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Ashberry; in Birmingham, by Drake; in Glasgow, by W. R. M'Thun; and in Edinburgh, by N. Bowack.

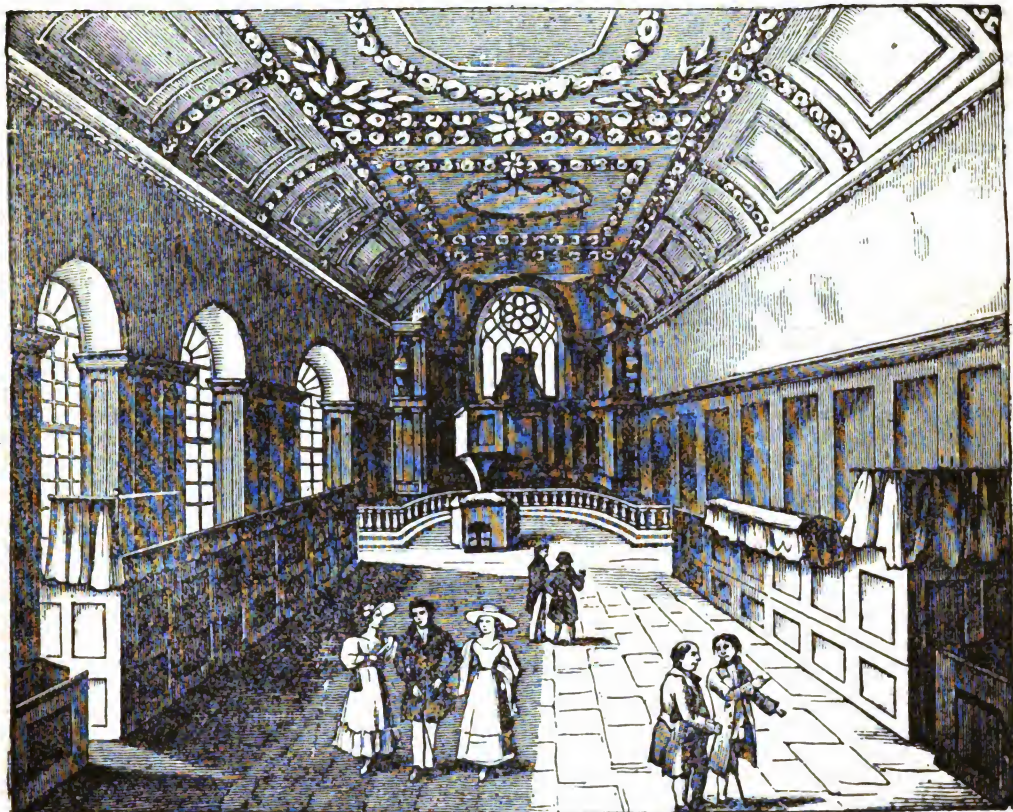
THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 89. Vol. II.

CONDUCTED BY P. DIXON HARDY, M.R.I.A.

MARCH 15, 1834.



ROYAL HOSPITAL, KILMAINHAM.

This hospital was founded in the reign of Charles the Second, for "such officers and soldiers of His Majesty's army in Ireland as are, or may become unfit for service, by reason of wounds, age, or other infirmities." It is believed that the plan of a foundation so judicious, originated with Arthur, Earl of Granard, about the year 1675—but the merit of carrying it into execution was reserved for the Duke of Ormond, by whom the first stone was laid, in 1680.

This hospital is advantageously placed on the summit of a gentle elevation, about fifty feet above the level of the river, and is now in the immediate neighbourhood of the city towards the west, although no buildings were nearer than half a mile at the period of its erection. The best approaches are by the new military road winding along the south side of the river, and by the new bridge, called the King's Bridge, across the Liffey, opposite the grand entrance into the Phoenix Park.

The buildings of the hospital are spacious, and are, in architectural character, well adapted to the object for which they are designed—massive and uniform—evincing weight and respectability, with a moderate diffusion of ornament: they are said to have been erected from the designs of Sir Christopher Wren. The fabric forms a rectangle of 306 feet by 288, and encloses an area of 210 feet square. Three of the exterior fronts are composed of brick, and are plain and regular, comprising three stories. The windows of the upper story are contained in the elevated roofing—a mode of design also adopted by Sir

Christopher in the Royal Hospital of Chelsea, and which was introduced from France in the seventeenth century. The principal front is built of rough stone, and lighted by twelve large circular-headed windows: in the centre of this front is the great entrance, ornamented with an angular pediment, supported by four Corinthian pilasters; over the door are the arms of the Duke of Ormond: from the centre of this front rises a clock turret of two stories, finished with an octagonal spire of no great height or beauty.

The area of the quadrangle is laid out in gravel walks and grass-plots. A piazza thirteen feet wide, flagged and fronted by Doric arches and piers, is continued round three of the sides and part of the fourth; this forms a pleasant promenade in unfavorable weather, and under it are the entrances to the various parts of the building, except to the hall and chapel, which projects into the area.

The great dining-hall occupies the central part of the principal front; this noble apartment is 100 feet in length by 50 in breadth, and proportionally lofty; the ceiling is flat and divided into compartments—the centre one of which is occupied by an enormous clock-dial painted on the ceiling; the walls are wainscotted, and the lower part appropriately decorated with guns and bayonets;—the former are arranged in racks, and the latter in stars, &c. These "warlike instruments" are apparently worn out, as well as the veterans who occupy the hospital. On the upper division of three sides are placed twenty-two full

length portraits of sovereigns and other distinguished personages, among which are comprised King Charles the Second; King William the Third, and his Queen, Mary; Queen Anne, and her consort, George, Prince of Denmark, with various others; Lords Lieutenant, Chancellors, and Lords Justices: on the fourth side of the hall is a gallery, supported by brackets beautifully carved, to represent cherubs, which leads from the apartments of the Commander of the Forces (who is always governor of the hospital) to the chapel.

The entrance to the chapel is at the east end of the hall; over it is placed the royal arms—and hanging in melancholy grandeur, a few tattered standards wave, memorials of a bloody field. The chapel is heavy, but respectable; eighty feet in length by forty in breadth. The ceiling and altar-piece are well worthy of attentive examination: the former is divided into geometrical compartments, each enriched with the most elaborate ornament in stucco—consisting of fruit, flowers, cherubim and drapery—all executed and arranged in the most finished and attractive manner. The altar-screen is composed of Irish oak; it is a design of the Corinthian order, and covered with carving of the most beautiful description—it is said to be the work of the celebrated Grindling Gibbons.

The total expense of erecting this hospital was twenty three thousand five hundred and fifty-nine pounds, which was defrayed by a deduction of sixpence in the pound sterling out of the pay of all officers, privates, and other persons on the military list of the Irish establishment. The support of the institution was for many years derived from the same source, but the whole of the current expense is now defrayed by the government. The number of in-pensioners are, according to the rules of the foundation, to be three hundred in number.

R. A.

MURTOUGH OGE, THE OUTLAW.

Murtough Oge O'Sullivan was the descendant of a princely line of ancestors, whose wide possessions extended along the rock-bound shores of Bearhaven. He had just arrived to manhood—was above six feet high—and his frame combined gigantic strength with the most faultless symmetry. His immediate relations were dead, and the heritage of his fathers in the occupation of strangers. The world was all before him;—but among the various pursuits that engrossed the attention of the multitude, he saw no occupation within his reach. The sword afforded the only method of cutting through the gordian knot that bound his lot to poverty. He embarked for France—and after ten years of active service he saw himself raised to proud eminence in the military profession, and possessed of a competence, the reward of his merit, sufficient to render his future life free and independent.

When O'Sullivan left his native country, his nearest relations there were a widowed aunt, and her orphan son. At the period to which we have alluded above, this son was grown to man's estate, and, like most of his countrymen, was brave and unthinking. The practice of smuggling was then carried on to a great extent along the south and the western coast of Ireland; many of the respectable Irish families embarked in the illegal traffic, and to defraud the revenue, in the estimation of the Irish of that period, was considered a matter of boast, and certainly by no means, of disgrace. Unfortunately for young Denis he became attached to a gang of smugglers.—They wanted such a leader—his great popularity in that wild district could secure them a safe asylum for their persons and merchandise; and his resolution in danger, and headlong bravery in action, were most necessary to men who had to evade the pursuit, and frequently brave the attack, of the revenue cutter on the deep, and of the excisemen, with their train of red-coats and busy informers on land. He realised their fondest hopes. The brig he commanded was the swiftest sailer—and his perfect knowledge of the coast always enabled him to baffle the vigilance of the king's vessels, as he sought to introduce the wine and brandy of France to the palates of his countrymen. Indeed, it often happened that when the cutter gave chase,

and the smuggler seemed to shorten sail, as if tired in the pursuit, or panic-struck by the occasional shot which cut along her rigging, or boomed harmless over the waves from the deck of the pursuing cutter, that she unaccountably disappeared at the instant. The armed boat sent to explore the bay or creek where the smuggler might have sought temporary shelter, returned unsuccessful from the search. The flight and disappearance of the brig afforded strange matter of cogitation to the cutter's crew, according as their minds were imbued with education or wild superstition: those declared the matter to be wholly unexplicable; and these averred that this was no other than a phantom ship sent by the fairies of the ocean to lure them to their doom on the fearful rocks of that iron-bound coast. A tall cliff that projected its slanting side into the sea, hid from observation the narrow mouth of a cove within which the brig suddenly glided, and was completely land-locked. The sea-lane (if I may use the word) that led into this cove ran obliquely between cliffs so close and precipitous, that a few brave men, couched on each side, could, without risk to themselves, destroy a dozen armed boats attempting to force an entrance, by only hurling down the loose masses of rock which surmounted the granite walls that overhung, with fearful threatening, the dark waves below. It required the utmost stretch of pilotage to guide the brig along this narrow way, for the rigging of the vessel almost touched the opposite rocks, but within the cove afforded complete shelter. Here was also a cave, the joint effort of nature and art, in which the contraband cargo was stowed in safety till the proper time arrived for transporting it to the different places of destination. The mouth of this cave was overflowed at high water, and led by a gentle ascent to a vault strewn with the finest sand; and the interior received light and air from a fissure in the rock above, to which art had given a funnel-like shape.—This cove was the brig's place of concealment, and this cave the safe retreat of the smugglers, and the depository of their store, where they could set all the harpies of the revenue at complete defiance.

At length Denis O'Sullivan reached the goal of his desperate career. One night, in the month of October, he prepared to escort a quantity of French brandy to a neighbouring town. About ten pack horses conveyed the illicit liquor, and his party consisted of twelve stout fellows, who often before achieved a service of danger. But a person in the confidence of one of the party, who got intimation of this midnight excursion, was induced by the hope of reward, to betray the route of the smugglers to one Puxley, a revenue officer. The road led through a rocky district, and upon arriving at a particular pass in which the road wound round the edge of a precipitous descent, where the rough rocks rose above, and a mountain torrent foamed and fretted its winding course below, the moon suddenly shewed her round orb emerging from the sea, and shedding her first faint light on the smugglers, tinged the purple cliffs that rose above them with a silver shade. Then was a human form observed to rise above the tall rocks that overhung the narrow way—he bore in his hand a long gun—his height seemed above the usual stature of men, as he drew up his figure to its full length on the high cliff, and bid the smugglers stand and surrender in the king's name.

"And who art thou," said O'Sullivan, "that presumest to utter that audacious command?"

"I am," said he, "a revenue officer; I wish to apprise you of your present situation, and thereby to prevent the effusion of blood. The road is lined with soldiers—your retreat is cut off—and you rush forward to certain destruction. I again request that you will submit to the king's mercy."

After a moment's consultation with his followers, the leader of the gang answered—

"We know the tender mercies of your king, and none of my party are yet ambitious of gracing a gibbet;—we are well armed, and the boldest of your soldiers may rue our unerring aim. At the worst it is but to die—and better to die like men than basely yield without a struggle."

"Your blood then be upon your own heads, infernal men," said Puxley, retiring beyond the cliff.

In proportion to the magnitude of their danger did the reckless bravery of these desperate men appear. They rushed forward, with a wild and piercing shout, in front of the horses, which might otherwise have served to screen them from the fire of the military. The next brief moment brought them in view of the soldiers, who poured an ill-directed fire upon them, for not a man fell. The smugglers fired in return—the soldiers recoiled—those pursued the advantage till the guns of the opposing parties met muzzle to muzzle. In that hour of strife, Puxley, the revenue officer, who the moment before evinced so laudable an anxiety to prevent the flow of human blood, and who did not mingle in the fray, but lay couched on a ledge of the rock, presented his long gun at O'Sullivan, and fired with sure and murderous aim. The fatal ball pierced his side, and as he felt the mortal stroke, he sprang from the ground to a considerable height, then descending in the struggle of death, he reeled to the earth—and as his head met the flinty rock, the butt-end of a musket in some ruffian hand, unnecessarily scattered his brains about.—When his party saw their leader fall, they resigned all thoughts of maintaining the fray; with one wild effort they broke through the enemy, and escaping under favour of the night, left their leader and two others of their party dead, while the military had six killed and as many more desperately wounded.

The remains of Denis O'Sullivan were conveyed to his mother's house; and as the woe-struck woman poured her maternal despair over the remains of her unfortunate son, in the *cine* which is usual on these mournful occasions,—she besought heaven that the wild fox of the hill would lap the heart's blood of her orphan's murderer!—and the raven of the valley flap her sable wing over his lifeless carcass! This dreadful imprecation reached the ears of Puxley: filled with cruel revenge, he assembled a party that surrounded the house of the wretched woman, and set it on fire. As the flames rose through the roof, one, more compassionate than the rest, suffered the almost suffocated inhabitant to escape through a window. A cat was the only living thing that remained inside; and as the devouring flames cut off every place of refuge, the screams of the poor animal, which strongly resembled the shrieks of human despair, were heart-rending; and Puxley mistaking them for the death-cries of his human victim, ferociously exclaimed, "now the old witch may utter her curses in hell."

A year after these dreadful transactions took place, Murtough Oge O'Sullivan, came to reside in his native country; and learned the sad fate of his cousin, and the cruel wrongs of his aunt, from her own lips. She urged him on her blessing to revenge the death of her son—and the soldier but too faithfully kept the injunction. The usual mode of seeking to slay an enemy in single combat he could not resort to, for a penal statute prohibited him the use of fire-arms, or even the sword, which was at that time worn as the common mark of gentility. But Murtough Oge, spurred on to vengeance, waylaid Puxley, and shot him through the head. The body of the revenue officer lay where it fell undiscovered for some days; and the tradition of that district has it, that the wild fox and the raven literally fulfilled the malediction of the widow. The government immediately outlawed the murderer, and set a price on his head. He defended himself in a castellated residence on the border of the sea; and such were his personal bravery and mode of resistance, that the numerous parties which the hope of reward had led to attempt his capture, were always repulsed. The outlaw led this precarious and desperate life for many years, in utter defiance of the legal authorities.

One night as Murtough Oge and a few trusty friends kept watch in his strong hold, he felt an unusual depression of spirits. The fire that erewhile blazed brightly on the ample hearth, now decayed in its own ashes; and the occasional light of the dying embers, as it shed a faint glare upon the tall forms and ferocious features around him, was not calculated to dispel the gloom of his heart. Plunged in a deep reverie, he brought to his mind's eye all the varied scenes of his past life,—and he sighed at the sad retrospect. Among the faithful few that shared his desperate fortunes, was a harper—a last lingering child of

the interesting minstrel race. This son of song had fallen upon evil days;—but he found himself in the house of his natural protector, for the O'Daly's were, in the olden day, the hereditary bards of the O'Sullivan Bearn.

"O'Daly," said the outlaw, "my heart is desponding and low; the music of your *clarseach* might lay the spirit of melancholy; but let your song be one of sadness, for your strains of joy must be reserved for happier hours."

The hoary minstrel took his harp, and after a short irregular prelude, he played a wild, melancholy strain, which he accompanied with his voice: and this was the burden of his song.

"Once upon a time there lived in a strong castle on a tall cliff by the wild sea, a chieftain; and his name went through the remotest ends of the land—for he was the scourge of the oppressor, and the hope of the defenceless. But these noble qualities drew upon him the hatred of certain great men, who bore evil report of him to the high king; and the king gave credit to the report, and summoned the chieftain before him to answer for his alleged crimes: but the chieftain refused to obey, for he saw that to comply would put his life in danger: and then he was outlawed, and a price set upon his head.

"Then the chieftain fortified his castle, and set watchmen in the towers to give notice of the enemy's approach; and foiled all attempts to take him captive, till one of his own followers at last betrayed him for gold; and the enemy surprised him—and he was taken and put to death."

At this part of the song one Scully, a confidential domestic of the outlaw's groaned deeply. It was not a groan caused by bodily pain, but such a groan of mental agony as might be produced by the keenest sting of remorse.

"Then the betrayer of his master rose to distinction; and he became rich, and fitted out a strong ship, with which he traded to foreign parts.

"And as he was returning from a distant port with his vessel richly laden, a dreadful storm arose; the raging winds tore the sails to shreds—and the masts were shivered to splinters. The sailors manfully braved the storm, and struggled hard for life: but a cry of horror burst from the crew when they perceived a small boat ahead of the ship, in which sat a figure of fierce and threatening aspect, and eyes that seemed to glare ruin on them all. This small boat glided unharmed in the storm towards the rocky shore, and the ship, by some strange attraction, followed in its wake."

A second groan, which roused them that heard it into fearful alarm.

"As they rapidly neared the rocks, the boat that bore the spectre approached the ship, and in a voice that rose above the tempest of the deep, he threatened to sink them to the bottom of the sea, if the captain were not given up to him without delay.

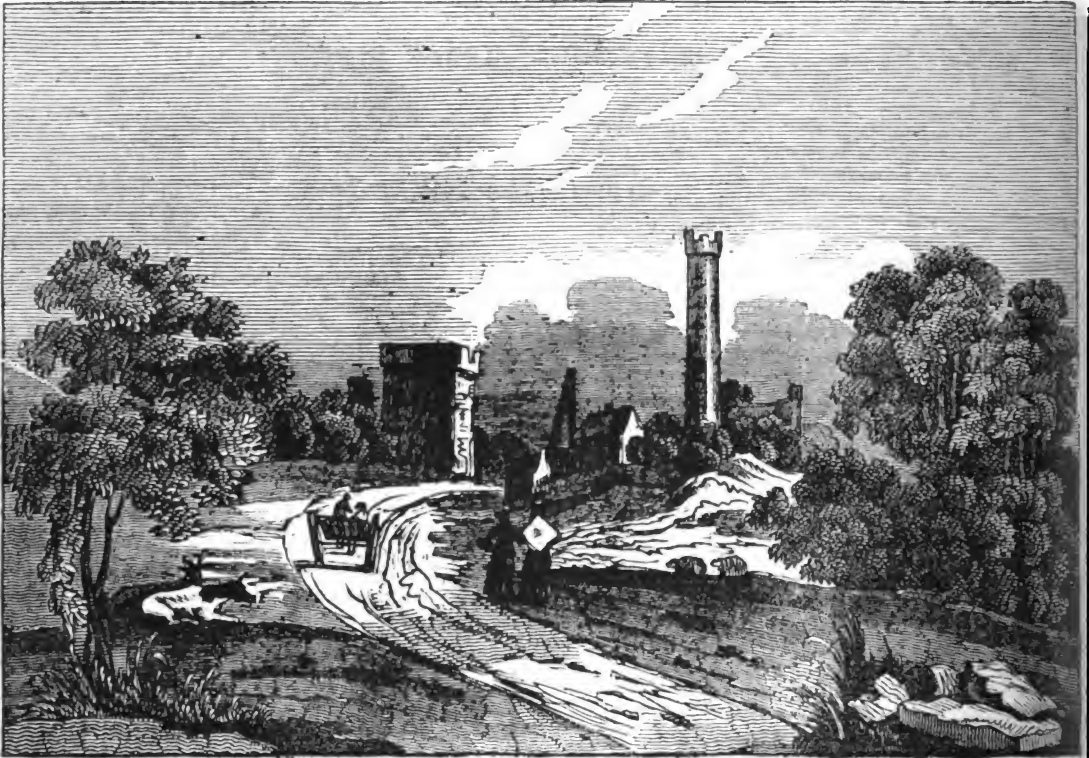
"The sailors for their own safety, bound the devoted wretch, and lowered him into the small boat; and as the dreadful spectre and his guilty victim retired through the troubled sea, the tempest abated: and while the despairing shrieks of the mortal, and the exulting yells of the spectre pierced the vault of heaven, the boat and its freightage sunk beneath the yawning waters."

Here the feelings of Scully were excited to madness: he sprung from his seat exclaiming, "I am that murderous traitor!—I have betrayed my master, and sold the precious blood of an O'Sullivan;" then falling at the outlaw's feet, and presenting his dagger, "Sheath this," he said, "in my perjured heart, and rid the world of a ruffian."

At this brief moment the trampling of feet gave meaning to Scully's incoherent language, for the house was surrounded with armed men. Its inmates were determined to fight to the last extremity, but this desperate resource was denied them. The villainous Scully, whom he strangely coincident song of the bard had roused to a horror of his treachery, had betrayed his master and rendered all the fire-arms useless by soaking their contents with water.—Here we are enabled to record an act of devoted attachment on the part of the outlaw's fosterer, whose name likewise was O'Sullivan. In this hour of peril he generously resolved to procure his master's safety by his own

death. Having attired himself in the usual dress of the outlaw, he rushed, sword in hand, against the soldiery—every musket was levelled at the brave man, and he fell beneath a shower of bullets. The work of destruction was but begun; the house was fired in every direction, and as the inmates rushed from the flames, the leaden messengers of death arrested their farther flight. No trace of the miserable Scully was ever after found; and it is supposed that his despair induced him to perish in the flames. As Murtough Oge himself attempted to escape at a private outlet, a gentleman of the neighbourhood, who guided the troops thither, lying in wait near the spot, and recognizing the noble figure of the fugitive, shot him through the heart. The principal actors in this affair now prepared to convey the outlaw's remains to Cork, and a passage by water was deemed the most eligible

mode of reaching that city. A boat was accordingly procured; but owing either to hatred of the unfortunate Murtough Oge, or to some superstitious observance, or perhaps to a union of both, they would not permit his bloody corpse on board; but the body was bound with a rope to the stern of the vessel, and in that manner trailed along the deep from Bearhaven to Cork. On arriving thither, his head was fixed on the gaol of the south gate and the headless trunk exhibited for many days to the greedy gaze of the multitude, and finally thrown into a pit. Such was the end of Murtough Oge O'Sullivan: his fine natural endowments and social qualities would have dignified any station; but his lot was cast upon evil days, and in the pursuit of revenge, he spurned the laws of God, and incurred the vengeance of that government with whose iron grasp he met his untimely fate.



CASTLE AND ROUND TOWER OF KILDARE.

Very soon after the arrival of the English in this country, the town of Kildare came into their possession. It was then famous as a place of learning and piety; and a castle was erected by De Vesey, to whom the town and district around were granted, for the protection and defence of his extensive possessions. About the year 1290, a quarrel of a very violent nature arose between the Lord of Ophaly, and William de Vesey, then Earl of Kildare and Lord Justice of Ireland. Fitz Thomas of Ophaly offered to decide the dispute according to the chivalrous custom of the times, by single combat in the lists, and God protect and defend the just cause. De Vesey refused: and then Fitz Thomas laid his cause before the king; when the king deprived De Vesey of the town and manor of Kildare, and most of his other possessions, which he granted to the Lord of Ophaly, who then became the first Earl of Kildare of the line of Geraldine. This latter circumstance took place about the year 1316, after the De Vesey's holding the property by the right of arms for upwards of a century.

In the year 1294, the Prince of *Hy Falia*, called Colbrach O'Connor, invaded the English possession, and took the castle of Kildare, and burned all the records and deeds of the manor; and, as the old account has it, destroyed the *tallies*, a species of wooden accounts kept between lord and menial, at a time when writing was considered a

very high attainment. O'Connor held possession upwards of twelve years, and was then defeated by the Lord Ophaly, and obliged to return to his own district, in what is now called the King's county, and county of Westmeath. *Hy Falia* was composed of a union of the *Hy Maghlonagh*, *Hy Da Leigh*, *Hy Conair*, &c., or the country of the O'Malones, O'Dalys, O'Melaghlin, (now M'Loughlin) O'Connors, &c., comprising a very extensive tract in Leinster. In 1309, a parliament was held in Kildare, but the records must have been destroyed, as there is no account of the nature of the business transacted. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth this town was made the theatre of repeated depredations; being plundered several times, and the inhabitants massacred and obliged to fly. Bishop O'Daly was turned out of his house, almost naked, three times, and all his property carried away; so that the town was reduced to deserted ruins, with scarcely a single inhabitant.

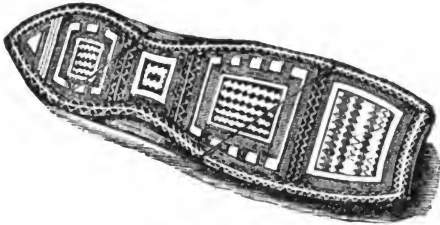
In 1643, the castle was repaired and a garrison put in it by the Earl of Castlehaven, and Kildare was obliged to assume the appearance of a town; as the to be defended by the garrison encouraged the people to build houses again. During the wars of the cathedral was nearly destroyed—having the roof taken down by cannon.

In 1647 this town was taken by Colo.

was afterwards taken by the Irish forces, in whose possession it remained until the summer of 1649, when the Lord Lieutenant again became possessed of it. The round tower, which is situated near the cathedral, is in good preservation, and seems to have been built of two kinds of stone. From the foundation to about twelve or thirteen feet is composed of a kind of white granite, and the remainder of a common kind of stone of a dark colour. The entrance or door, is placed about fourteen feet from the ground, and it is full one hundred and thirty feet in height.

The present town of Kildare has improved very much of late years, and seems not to be placed on the site of the ancient town, but some way to the east, on a clear rising ground. It formerly sent two members to the Irish parliament, the patronage in the Duke of Leinster—it has four fairs in the year.

J. L. L.



ANCIENT SANDAL.

SIR—Agreeable to the wishes of your talented correspondent, W. W., I send the accompanying drawing of a sandal at present in his possession. It was discovered a few months ago in the bog between Kilnemeun and Ganarickan, in the county of Tipperary, by some people who were cutting turf. For the correctness of the drawing I can vouch, as I have seen the original. It is (if I may use the expression,) done to life; the smallest minutæ of the carving, and even two cuts which the sandal unfortunately got ere it was discovered, being faithfully delineated. This valuable relic of antiquity is made of leather, curiously carved, and I need not add that it is well tanned. The possessor is of opinion that it must be near a thousand years old. Hoping, shortly, to see this subject illustrated by those who are more competent for the task, I would just offer it as my humble opinion, that the sandal in question is of Celtic origin. Mr. Logan, the ingenious author of a work entitled "The Scottish Gael," informs us that sandals of a description exactly similar, were found among the contents of an ancient vessel dug from the former bed of the river Rother, in Kent. Now we know that Kent was the first habitation of the Gauls in Britain and the last place in that part of the country subsequently conquered by the Saxons, where their manners and customs remained. This circumstance leads me to think that the sandal must have belonged to one of our Celtic ancestors.

IOTA.

ODE TO SPRING.

To hail thy birth, and greet thine infant years,
Flora herself in green array appears;
Bids the wild warblers rouse their earliest strains,
And wakes the sweet musicians of the plains:
With gavest flowers she studs the varying scene,
Decks with new leaves and clothes the groves with green,
With budding blossoms spreads each sylvan bower,
And tips the myrtle with a whiter flower.
'Tis love's own plant, in Paphos first it grew,
And o'er its plains the earliest odours threw;
Continued verdure on its leaves is seen,
By Venus hallow'd with eternal green;—
A thousand cupids crowd the grassy plain,
Impatient all to form thy youthful train;
The cuckoo too, sweet emblem of the year!
Sits o'er thy head, and soothes thine infant ear:
The humble primrose lifts its modest head,
And breathes its perfumes o'er thy vernal bed;
Nature herself to greet the new-born boy,
Sends genial showers to tell the mother's joy.

J. D.

THE KEMPE STONES.

About one mile from the village of Dundonald, county of Down, a little to the right of the old road leading to Newtownards, there stands in the corner of a field a remarkable monument called the Kempe-stones. Their appearance resembles those *Crom-leachs*, or altars, said to have been dedicated to the Pagan rites of the Druids; but from their name, and that of the townland in which they are found, it is probable they were erected as a memorial of the dead. *Kempe*, in Anglo-Saxon, signifies a warrior or soldier; and according to the tradition of the neighbourhood a giant is interred here, who was slain by a warrior of superior strength. In our records the district is called *Baille-clough-togal*, i. e. the town of the stone of the foreigners or strangers, otherwise Greengraves, by which name it is still known.



This monument consists of an enormous rock or stone, reposing in a reclining position on three others, and when viewed at some distance, has a grand and majestic appearance, especially when we contemplate its antiquity, and the probable state of the arts at that time. The stone is upwards of eight feet and a half in length, and nearly of an equal breadth, varying from four to five feet in thickness, and has been computed to weigh about forty tons.—On the east, or front, the two supporters are of a wedge shape, and about five feet high; the third is composed of a massive slab, partly resting on two others, so that it may be said there are five supporters bearing this ponderous load.

The Norwegian, and other Scandanavian tribes, who visited this country from the 8th to the 11th century, were frequently distinguished by the name of Gauls, or foreigners, and sometimes different tribes had particular names from their complexions. Hence we find mention of *Dubh Galls*, and *Fion Galls*, i. e. black, or white, foreigners or strangers. They were also called *Lochlan's*, or pirates, and it would seem from the name of the townland, that a settlement of some of those northerns had been made here at an early period. These, it is recorded, were in the habit of erecting monuments of stone to the memory of their chiefs—and the larger the stone the greater the honour to the departed.

This district has likewise lately produced other wonders of the olden times, whose history is involved in equal obscurity with that of the *Kempe-stones*. In the summer of 1832, the head and horns of a moose-deer were found in an adjacent bog, resting on marl. The measurement between the tips of the horns was seven feet six inches; the head and horns weighed nearly 200lbs.

Of the animal which carried those magnificent antlers, only one perfect skeleton has been hitherto discovered, although the horns and a few other bones of this animal have been frequently found, in cutting peat, or raising marl. Its history and disappearance from our land, are equally buried in oblivion, and continue alike to baffle the researches of the antiquarian, the inquiries of the naturalist, and the conjectures of the philosopher.

S. M. S.

THE O'SULLIVAN BEAR.

The following affecting incidents relative to a member of the once powerful family alluded to in the story which we have given in our preceding pages, we copy from an interesting volume entitled "Sketches in Ireland," by C. O.

After the sack of his strong hold, O'Sullivan, with his wife, children, retainers, and cattle, took shelter in the woods of Glengariff. Tyrrel and O'Connor Kerry held communication with him along the ridges of Slieveoghier. Eugene M'Egan, the Apostolic Vicar, was in the centre of the M'Carthy's of Carberry. But the Lord President was not to be withstood; and his lieutenant, Sir Charles Wilmot, who was as good a guerilla as Tyrrell, and who knew the fastnesses of Slieveoghier and Desmond as well as if he were the son of a Sullivan, surprised the O'Sullivan in Glengariff. The Prince of Bear and Bantry, amidst his own rocks, bogs, and woods, fought in the face of his wife, children, and people;—the battle was for the defence of the cattle, their only subsistence—their all.—Through the whole Munster war, never was a field so desperately contested. From rock to rock, and ridge to ridge, the Irish suffered the assault of the English; and still the well armed and fearless assailants carried one position after another, until the O'Sullivan gave way, and scattered over the hills like sheep, leaving their herds a prey to the spoiler.

And now Tyrrell, finding the left of his position on Slieveoghier turned by Wilmot—perceiving the game was up in Munster, and hopeless of farther Spanish aid, with the decision and despatch for which he was so notorious, retreated along the eastern parts of Kerry, through Lime-rick, Ormond, and Ely O'Carroll, until he reached in safety, with all his partisans, into his own country. O'Sullivan still clung with craving hope to his native rocks—but winter coming on, famine stared him and all belonging to him in the face—for Wilmot had wasted all Bear, Bantry, and the whole of Kerry—not a cow, gar-rane, goat, or sheep did he leave from Slieumiss to Glen-fesk. O'Sullivan therefore consigning his wife and children to the care of his faithful gossip, Gorrane M'Swiney, determined to follow Tyrrell's example, and retreat to the confederates that still held out in Breffny and Ulster. He therefore set out in company with William Burke, O'Connor Kerry, and one hundred of faithful and veteran Bon-naughts.

Gorrane, whose whole soul was in his charge, returned with them to a boolie he had set up under the foot of the Eagle's Precipice at Glengariff. This boolie or hut was so contrived that Wilmot and his Saxon devils, (as Gorrane called them) might scour the mountain over and never see it, or suspect that there was in such a desert a human habitation. It was erected against the face of a rocky ridge, the roof sloped down till it touched the moor, and was covered with scraws or sods of heath, so that the place was undistinguishable from the shelving slope of the mountain, and the entrance being by a long, distant, and winding passage in the rock, and charcoal burned on the hearth for fire—it was secure from suspicion. But how was the Princess of Bear and Bantry to be supported, not one cow was there to give milk, no corn, nor root, nor pulse. Gorrane had one salted Salmon wrapped up in a cow's hide; that was all his provision when they entered the boolie, and where to go seek for food, Gorrane knew not under heaven, famine had spread over the southern land—as Spencer says, "the people of Munster were brought to such wretchedness that even a heart of stone would have rued to see the same; for out of every corner of the woods and glynnes they came creeping forth on their hands and knees, for their legs could not bear them; they looked like anatomies of death, they spake like ghosts crying out of their graves, they did eat the dead carrion, happy were they when they could find them, yea and one another, sometime after, inasmuch that the very carcasses they spared not to scrape out of their graves, and if they found a plot of water-cresses or shamrock there they flocked as to a feast."

In this extremity of desolation was the south-west of Cork and Desmond, when Gorrane took home his charge to his boolie, and the poor fosterer knew not what to do

—all his trust was that God was good, and the Virgin Mother, his protectress, would not fail him in his hour of need; and as thus one morning he was ruminating, as he rambled under the precipice where year after year the eagles of the valley had nested and reared their young; and looking up, he saw one of these huge birds sailing on steady wing with a hare within its talons, and now it alighted on its rock-nest, and anon the young eagles were shrieking with triumph over the divided prey. "Arrah now is it not the greatest pity in life that these young hell birds that look for all the world like the childer of these cramping beef-eating devils, the Saxon churls—my heavy curse light upon them—that these greedy guts should be after swallowing the game that nobody has any right to, but O'Sullivan; and my sweet mistress and little ones, all the while starving. Now, its I that have a thought in my head which no living soul but the Virgin herself could have put into it, and it's myself knows what I will do." So home Gorrane went, and all day long he was seen busy twisting firmly with all his might a rope, made from the fibres of the bog-fir, and towards evening he took out from his store, his salmon, and gave the greater part of it to be broiled for supper, and long before the following day-break, Gorrane got up from his bed of heath, and he awoke Phadrig his son, a boy about fourteen years old: "Phadrig avich, get up, come along with me." The boy, light and active, was beside him in an instant, and out they both started—the father with his wooden rope in his hand. Just as the day was breaking, they came to the brink of the mountain ridge that ascends from the precipitous valley, where the eagles build their nest; and just as they arrived at the verge of the chasm, they saw the old eagles soaring away to meet the sun and to seek for their prey over land and sea. "Phadrig a cushia, look down there," says the father, "look down below, and see that bird's nest, down there you must go by the help of this rope; if you have any regard for the life of the mother that bore you, and of the sweet mistress, for whom we are bound to live or spend our blood and die. You must go down by the help of the rope, and tie these straps that I will give you round the necks of yonder gaping greedy guts; don't choke them for the life of you, but just tie their ugly necks so tight that not one morsel shall they swallow." "And now father sure its I myself that would desire no better sport than to get down and ring their necks off, and bring them up to you; but sure father the Lady O'Sullivan must be cruel hungry when she would eat eagles." "O that would not do at all, Phadrig jewel, that would be the spoiling without cure of the whole thing—no, my honey, handle them gently, treat the nasty things as if they were your mother's daughters—only do Phadrig just as I bid you." "Well, father, mind you hold tight and I will do your bidding." So Gorrane fastened well the rope about the boy's waist and between his legs, and down he lowered him, in the name of God and all the saints. The youth soon got to the nest—as he was bid, tightened well the necks of the young englets, so that they could not swallow; and then he was safely drawn up. For an hour or two the father and son waited near the nest, and at length were gratified with seeing the old ones come soaring down the wind, one with a rabbit, another with a grouse in its talons, which they deposited in the nest and after a time flew away.

"Now Phadrig avourneen, down with you again, and to be sure its I that will hold you tight—gut the game, throw the garbage to the young ones, its right and natural they should have it, and bring up under your two arms O'Sullivan's rightful property."

All this the boy did with address and expedition; and in this manner were the family in the boolie fed, until the English retreated from the country, and the wife of O'Sullivan and her faithful followers could reach a place of more plenty and security.

In the mean while, O'Sullivan, William Bourke, and O'Connor Kerry had set out on their perilous retreat: they took their way through Murdering Glen, and around the foot of the Iveleearagh mountains, and through the district of Muskerry. That uncertain turncoat, Teige M'Carthy, safe with no man, and true to no party, attacked them in the passage of the Lee, and they lost some of their best men. John Barry of Butterant, who was for

ther fish nor flesh, whose blood was bad because there was English in it, a false Irishman because a mixed mongrel, he, instead of giving them welcome at Liscarroll, turned, churl as he was, the guns of his castle on them; and moreover, he sent out all his men on garrans, to press and prey them on. Still onward they went leaving to the left the Ballyhoura mountains. They descended into the plains of Limerick. Here they found for a few days food for themselves and pasture for their horses; and then northward they rode until passing under the Galtee chain, they reached the rich valley of the Suir. Here O'Sullivan and O'Connor trusted that in this very fertile vale which the Catholic church had appropriated to herself, and amidst the opulent abbeys that raised their cloistered fronts along its beautiful stream, they would have been refreshed. Thus they stopped at Athassel, but the Saxon spoiler had driven the peaceful dwellers from this splendid monument of the piety of De Burgo, the red earl—and they passed on to the Rock of Cashel. But here again was no rest for the hoofs of their horses, for the Lord President had advised by his scouts, the sheriff of the Cross in the Palatinate of Tipperary, that traitors to the Queen's Highness were traversing his bailiwick, and the raising of the loyalty of the Palatinate was on horse to pursue the fugitives, who fled northward along the left skirts of the plain that lies between the Suir and the mountains of Clanwilliam. They saw, and only saw, the tower of Holycross at a distance, and receiving as much refreshment as the poor monks of Monaincha could supply, they turned to the left under Benduff, the black mountain out of which the Suir and Nore take their rise. Proceeding by the borders of Ormond and Ely O'Carroll, they reached the Shannon, where it spreads broad and beautiful under the old Bardic College of Terryglass; and here what was to be done? The whole English rising, headed by the sheriffs of the Cross and Liberty of Tipperary, were behind, and within a few miles of them—before them the Shannon spreading like an inland sea; and “shall,” says O'Sullivan, “the Saxon churls after all our battles and all our escapes, shall they here take us like foxes they have driven into the bottom of a bag—shall our quarters dangle from these trees, as piecemeal food for carrion crows.—No; by the assistance of Saint Patrick and the Virgin, it shall not be—come let us turn our good nags into nevoges, and ride on them over the Shannon. Come boys, out with your skeins, let each man cut his good horse's throat, and more's the pity to do it, and we will make coraghs of their skins, and dress a stake to satisfy hunger even from their flesh.” Accordingly they set to work—the horses were slaughtered in the wood of Dromina, that overhangs the ancient abbey of Terryglass, and the old fortress of the O'Griffins. They made basket boats, and covered them with their horse hides; and just as the *posse comitatus* of Tipperary, with the sheriffs at their head, were riding down the Ormond hills overhanging the Shannon, where they expected to find and overwhelm the runaways—O'Sullivan and his troop were afloat on the bosom of the Shannon, which, as in pity to their adventure, spread its waveless bosom to receive them, and across they wafted themselves in sight of their surprised and disappointed enemies. And now having landed on that moorland district of Galway, which in those days was called Tough-Kilnalehem, they here rested as long as their horse-flesh lasted, and then were forced to press onwards towards Clanrickard, where they were attacked by Sir T. Bourke and Captain Maltby, who at that time held this portion of Connaught for the Queen.

The confederates retired to a rocky fastness, protected in the rear by the precipitous ledge of a mountain range—before them, and in the only accessible point of attack, was a narrow defile, overhung with wood, and from behind a rock the confederates could see and defend all approach to their position. Maltby, in the mean time, who was a fine tall soldier, but a hot and impetuous character, rushed forward into the defile. O'Connor Kerry had known him in peaceable times, and at a banquet given by the Lord President of Munster to the assembled nobility of Munster and Connaught, O'Connor had given to this Maltby the right hand of fellowship. He therefore now cried out—

“Maltby, my old friend, come not a foot farther, or

you are a dead man. Captain, I have you covered with my good arquebuss which never missed its aim. I once gave you my hand in friendship—that hand would be reluctantly raised to send you into eternity. Why pursue us?—Why seek our lives? Let us pass through your country in peace. Give us food and rest for a few days, and not a cow or garrane of yours shall we touch. Come my ancient friend open the way for us, let us pass into O'Rourke's country.”

“What!” cried the fiery Maltby, “shall it ever be said that I parlied with traitors. No! down rebel with your arms, and submit to the Queen's clemency.”

“Clemency!” cried O'Sullivan, “O ye spirits of my people, murdered in cold blood at Dunboy, bear witness to Saxon clemency. Fire, fire! in memory of Dunboy.—Hurra—O'Sullivan, aboo—fire!”

The well directed volley was discharged, and Maltby struck by a bullet in the forehead fell dead; and many of his men being killed or wounded, onwards rushed the confederates: they must fight or die, and plunging on like desperadoes, they overturned, conquered and dispersed the Connaughtmen, and effected their retreat unmolested into O'Rourke's country.

O'SULLIVAN BEAR.

An unfortunate son of genius, the late Mr. Callanan, has given a translation of an Irish elegy on the death of Murtough Oge O'Sullivan, from which we select the following stanzas:—

The sun on Ivera
No longer shines brightly,
The voice of her music
No longer is sprightly;
No more to her maidens
The light dance is dear,
Since the death of our darling,
O'Sullivan Bear!

Scilly, thou false one!
You basely betrayed him
In his strong hour of need—
When your right hand should aid him;
He fed you—he clad you—
You had all could delight you;
You left him—you sold him—
May heaven requite you!

Had he died calmly
I would not deplore him;
Or had the wild strife
Of the sea-wave closed o'er him;
But with ropes round his white limbs,
Through ocean to trail him,
Like a fish after slaughter,
'Tis therefore I wail him.

In the pit which the vile hands
Of soldiers had made thee,
Unhonoured, unshrouded,
And headless they laid thee;
No sigh to regret thee,
No eye to rain o'er thee,
No dirge to lament thee,
No friend to deplore thee!

Dear head of my darling!
How gory and pale
These aged eyes see thee,
High-spiked on their gaol;
That cheek in the summer's sun
Ne'er shall grow warm;
Nor that eye e'er catch light,
Save the flash of the storm.

A curse, blessed ocean!
Be on thy green water,
From the haven of Cork
To Ivera of slaughter—
Since thy billows were dyed
With the red wounds of fear,
Of Murtach Oge,
Our O'Sullivan Bear!

E W.

IRISH SOLDIERS.

1544. "In the siege of Boulogne, the Irish stood the army in verie good sted, for they were not onely contented to burn and spoil all the villages thereunto adjoining, but also they would range twenty or thirty miles into the mainland, and furnish the campe with beefe. The French, with their strange kind of warfaring astonished, sent an ambassador to King Henrie, to learn whether he brought men with him or devils, that could neither be wonne with rewards, nor pacified by pitie; which the king turned to a jest. After that Boulogne was surrendered, there encamped on the west side of the towne, beyond the haven, an armie of Frenchmen, amongst whom there was a Thresonically Goliath, that came to the brinke of the haven, and there challenged anie one of the English armie, that durst be so hardie as to bicker with him hand to hand. And albeit the distance of the place, the depth of the haven, and the nearness of his companie, imboldened him to the challenge, yet all this notwithstanding, an Irishman named NICHOLL WELSH, who after retained to the Earl of Kildare, louthing and disdainning his proud brass, flung into the water, and swam over the river, fought with the challenger, strake him for dead, and returned back to Boulogne with the Frenchman his head in his mouth, before the armie could overtake him; for which exploit he was, of all his companie, highly commended, so by the lieutenant he was highly rewarded."—*Hollinshed's Chronicle*.

BRICK TEA.

This tea "serves both for drink and food. The Chinese carry on a great trade in it, but never drink it themselves. In the tea manufactories, which are for the most part in the Chinese government of Tokien, the dry, dirty, and damaged leaves and stalks of the tea are thrown aside, they are then mixed with a glutinous substance, pressed into moulds, and dried in ovens. These blocks are called by the Russians, on account of their shape, brick tea." The Kalmucks and inhabitants of Siberia, "take a piece of this tea, pound it in a mortar made on purpose, and throw the powder into a cast iron vessel, full of boiling water, adding a little salt and milk, and sometimes mixing flour fried in oil. This tea, or broth, is known by the name of Satouran." This brick tea serves also instead of money in the dealings of these people.—*Timkowshi's Mission to China*.

FEMALE INTREPIDITY.

It is recorded that a battle was fought near Newtownhamilton, in the barony of Fews, county of Armagh, between O'Neil of Ulster, denominated Black Beard, (Fesog Dhu) and one of the princes of Louth, in which many were slain on both sides, and where O'Neil also fell: the quarrel is said to have originated at a feast given on the spot, by the Prince of Louth setting fire to O'Neil's beard, who did not relish so warm a reception. The beard seems to have been the seat of honour amongst the Milesians, and any affront offered to its flowing locks could only be expiated with the life of the offender. In later days the neighbourhood of the Fews has been infested by robbers, and three miles from Newtownhamilton a barrack was built to keep the freebooters in check. Two of their scattered party entered the country house of Mr. Kelso in that place one evening, knowing that he and his lady had gone to dine at a friend's, and that the men servants were absent; the fobbers easily secured the two female domestics and proceeded to the parlour, where Miss Kelso was alone, a girl about eleven years old; they ordered her on pain of death to shew them where the plate and money were kept, and she led them to a closet which contained all the valuables: whilst they were engaged in ransacking the presses, she silently left the room and shut the door, which had a spring lock; and as there was but one small window, secured by iron bars, she felt certain that the robbers could not possibly escape; meanwhile Miss Kelso went to the kitchen and released the servant women, who were tied hand and foot, and with their assistance col-

lected straw, dry sticks, and whatever combustibles were about the place, and making a heap of these, lighted them on an eminence which would be seen from the house where her parents were. The plan succeeded—the blaze soon attracted observation—and Mr. Kelso returned as soon as possible, with all the assistance he could assemble to extinguish the supposed fire in his house. On his arrival he was agreeably surprised to learn how matters stood, and seized the robbers without difficulty.

In 1774, an honest Welch farmer died in the neighbourhood of Festiniog, a village in Merionethshire, who was one hundred and five years of age; had married three wives, and had fifty-one children; thirty of the number by his first wife; his youngest son was eighty-one years younger than his eldest; and eight hundred persons descended from him attended his funeral.

During the attack of the fort on Sullivan's Island by the British in 1776, Lee, the American general, exposed himself to great danger; as the balls whistled around, he observed one of his aides-de-camps shrink continually, and by the motion of his body seemed to evade the shot.—"Death, Sir," cried Lee, "what do you mean—do you dodge? Do you know that the King of Prussia lost above one hundred aide-de-camps in one campaign." "So I understood, Sir," replied the officer, "but I did not think you could spare so many."

THE WISH.

Remote from cities, low, but neat,
In some sequestered grove,
An humble cot be my retreat,
The scene of peace and love.

Around my little cottage door,
The passion flower should twine;
The low-thatched roof all covered o'er
With rose and eglantine.

But what were such gay scenes to me,
Nay, all the world beside,
Without the one I loved, to be
My bosom friend—my guide.

Give me but this—I ask no more,
Nor envy courtly state;
No equipage should at my door
In pompous splendour wait.

With such I should well pleas'd behold
The rosy morn appear;
The sun brightly unfold
The beauties of the sphere.

Well pleased to watch the day decline
Beyond the illumin'd west,
And view the scene, almost divine,
Sink pensively to rest.

My morning prayers (wou'dst thou receive)
Oh! God should rise to thee;
The lifting of my hands at eve,
A sacrifice should be.

Thus happily in this lone dale,
I'd spend youth's brightest bloom,
Thus tranquil journey down life's vale,
And sink into the tomb.

W. C. L.

DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 3, Cecilia Street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.
Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.
In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Fanny-alley, Paternoster-row; in Liverpool, by Willmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Ambery; in Birmingham, by Drake; in Glasgow by W. B. M'Pherson; and in Edinburgh, by N. Bowack.

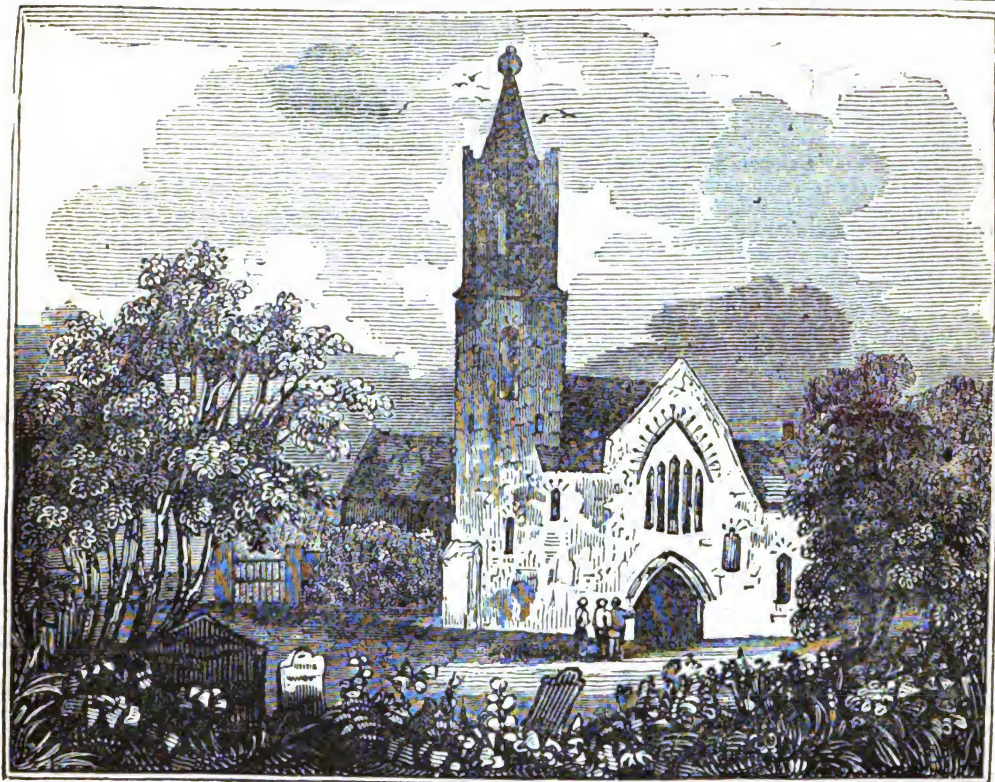
THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 90. Vol. II.

CONDUCTED BY P. DIXON HARDY, M.R.I.A.

MARCH 22, 1834.



THE CHURCH OF KINSALE.

The Church of Kinsale, called also the church of St. Multoria, is said to have been founded by a saint of that name, famous over the south for his sanctity, and the miracles he performed in the fourteenth century. It is a very curious and a rare specimen of the architecture of the times; but as its history, it being attached to no religious society or establishment, is blended with that of Kinsale itself, it may be more regular to follow the path usually pursued on such occasions, and give a short outline of the history of Kinsale.

Kinsale is a handsome little town situated on the river Bandon, in the barony of Kerrycurry and Kinealea, county of Cork. It is surrounded by hills, and immediately sheltered by that called the Compass-hill. It gives the title of earl to the De Courcy family, who being the regular descendants of the celebrated John De Courcy, Earl of Ulster, derive from him the privilege of standing covered in the presence of the royalty of England. There were formerly two religious establishments in this town; one on the north side, being a foundation of the order of the White Friars—the other being a priory of Canons Regular.—Some traces of the former are still to be seen. It is governed by a sovereign and recorder; and sent two members to the Irish parliament. The harbour of Kinsale is very spacious—capable of containing an immense number of vessels: it has good anchorage, and is well sheltered and secure. It is defended by a strong fort, called Charles-fort (in honor of Charles the Second), by the Duke of Ormond, who completed its erection in 1681, though the first stone was laid in 1670, by the then Earl of Orrery.—It was finished at an expense of upwards of seventy thousand pounds. All vessels entering the harbour must pass within pistol shot of this fort.

Kinsale has been the theatre of many very remarkable historical events.—In 1380, the Spanish and French fleets,

after making several descents, and destroying many lives and much property on the coast of England, were driven by a fleet of English vessels, fitted up and manned by the western counties, into the harbour of Kinsale. The Irish uniting with the English, attacked and completely discomfited the foreigners; recapturing twenty English vessels which they had taken—destroying several of their ships, and killing upwards of four hundred of their best men.

In 1383, the king delivered to the proctor of the monastery of Saints Peter and Paul, at Bath, the profits of the rectorial churches of Kinsale, including that of Saint Multoria; and in 1406 and 1412 we find the king taking to himself the right of presenting to the vicarage of Kinsale—and in 1405 giving letters of licence to the prior of the Carmelites to import corn and provisions for his use and the use of his brethren, and the other religious houses in Kinsale.

In 1487, when the cause of the Pretender, Lambert Simnel, was so warmly espoused in this country, Sir Richard Edgecomb was sent over to receive the submission of the Irish lords; but being afraid to land, the Lord Barry went on board and did homage, and took the oath of allegiance. He (Sir Richard) afterwards came on shore, and received the homage of the Lord De Courcy with great pomp and solemnity, in the church of St. Multoria.

In 1601, on the 23d of September, the Spaniards,* under the command of Don Juan d'Aguila, affected a landing here, and for some time were only joined by Flo-

* "It was not," says Sir George Carew, "religion or conscience that brought the Spaniards to assist the Irish, but revenge for the Queen aiding the Low Countries against Spain."—*Pacata Hibernia*, fol. 275

rence M'Carthy and a few of his clan. Sir George Carew marched against them with an army mostly composed of Irish;* and O'Neil and O'Donnell hastened to their relief, and hazarding a battle near Cork, were completely defeated. The Spaniards plundered several monasteries while here, and despoiled and violated the church of St. Multoria.†

Prince Rupert and his armament landed at Kinsale, but the next year it surrendered to Cromwell. A curious anecdote is told regarding the usurper at this time. Upon receiving the keys of the town from the mayor, he handed them over to Colonel Stubber, the military governor. On it being remarked that it was the rule to return them to the magistrate, and that Colonel Stubber was not to be trusted, as he had very loose opinions regarding religion, "Perhaps you say what is true," replied Cromwell, "but consider, though Colonel Stubber may not be over strict in religious matters, yet he's a soldier, and his honour must be dear to him.‡

In 1689, King James landed at Kinsale with a strong force, but the ensuing year it was taken by the famous Duke of Marlborough, after a very brave resistance. The French and Spanish prisoners confined here in 1747, made an attempt to possess themselves of the military stores, but the plot was discovered and prevented.

J. L. L.

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT OF PERSIA.

There are few publications of the present day with which we are better pleased than "*The Edinburgh Cabinet Library*." It is in general written in an easy, familiar style; and combining instruction with amusement, it is well calculated to excite a taste for a species of reading peculiarly serviceable to the young—affording at once an intimate acquaintance with the habits and manners of the people of whom it treats, and of the country to which its descriptions refer. In a former Journal we laid before our readers some interesting particulars relative to "the Arabs," taken from the 14th number of the work alluded to, and from the 15th number, which gives "An Historical and Descriptive Account of Persia," we extract the following:—

SCENERY OF PERSIA.

On entering Persia the impression which the traveller receives is unfavourable, particularly if he come from the rich and fertile India, and it is but little removed by further acquaintance. The appearance of the mountains is in general forbidding in the extreme. They present to the eye little else than masses of grey rock, splintered by the weather, and often starting very abruptly from the plain. Even where the mouldering strata afford a little soil, the acclivities are for the most part unenlivened by wood or herbage, and the verdure of spring has scarcely refreshed the eye for two short months before it is scorched up, and not a tuft of its rapid but transitory growth remains. No trees gladden the landscape except the tall poplar or the stately chinár (*Platanus Orientalis*), which rise above the hovels of the peasants; or the fruit-trees of their orchards; or perhaps a few of other sorts which may have been planted on the margin of a watercourse to

supply the little timber required: and these, dotting the wide plain with their dark foliage, convey to the mind a melancholy rather than a cheering impression. When the traveller looks down from the pass which he has laboriously climbed, his wearied eye wanders over a uniform brown expanse, losing itself in distance, or bounded by blue mountains, arid and rocky as those on which he stands.—The broken caravansary, with its black arches,—the square mud-walled fortalice with its crenellated towers,—or the decayed castle of some bandit chief, are objects more in unison with the scene, and which give birth to painful but not ill-grounded suspicions of the melancholy condition of the inhabitants. Such is the scenery which, during many successive days, presents itself to the traveller throughout the greater part of Persia.

PRECARIOUS CONDITION OF PERSIAN COURTIER'S.

Nothing more strikingly illustrates the demoralizing influence of the system of government in Persia, than the insensibility to disgrace which it produces among all classes of the people,—a callousness that is most remarkable among courtiers. A minister or governor offends the king, or is made the object of accusation, justly or unjustly. He is condemned, perhaps unheard, his property is confiscated, his slaves are given to others, his family and wives are insulted, perhaps delivered over to the brutality of grooms and ferozshes, and his person is maltreated with blows or mutilated by the executioner's knife. Nothing can be imagined more complete than such a degradation; nothing one would imagine, could be more poignant than his anguish, or more deep and deadly than his hatred and thirst for revenge. Yet these reverses are considered merely as among the casualties of service, as clouds obscuring for a while the splendour of courtly fortune, but which will soon pass away, and permit the sun of prosperity to shine again in its fullest lustre; and experience proves that these calculations are correct, for the storm often blows by as rapidly as it comes on. Royal caprice receives the sufferer again into favour; his family is sent back to him, with such of his slaves as can be recovered; and his property, pruned of all dangerous exuberance, is returned. A bath mollifies his bruised feet,—a cap conceals his crooked ears,—a kichlatt covers the multitude of sins and stains, and proves a sovereign remedy for all misfortunes,—and the white-washed culprit is often reinstated in the very government he had lost, perhaps carrying with him a sentence of disgrace to his successor, to whose intrigues he owed his temporary fall.

HOUSEHOLD MISERIES OF SHAH ABBAS.

As a parent and relative, his character appears in a very revolting light. The bitterest foes of an absolute prince are those of his own household. Abbas had four sons, on whom he doated as long as they were children; but when they grew up towards manhood, they became objects of jealousy, if not of hatred; their friends were considered as his enemies; and praises of them were as a knell to his soul. These unhappy feelings were aggravated by the representations of some of his courtiers; and the princes, harassed and disgusted by their father's behaviour towards them, listened to advice which suggested a direct but dangerous way to safety. The eldest, Suffee Mirza, a brave and high-spirited youth, fell the first victim of this fatal suspicion. The veteran, whom the king first proposed to employ as the assassin of his son, tendered his own life as a sacrifice to appease the monarch's anger, but refused to cut off the hope of Persia. Another was found less scrupulous. Behbood Khan, a creature of the court, on pretence of a private injury, stabbed the prince as he came from the bath; but the shelter which he received in the sanctuary of the royal stable, and his subsequent promotion, showed by whom the dagger had been pointed.—Neither the tyrant nor his instrument, however, remained long unpunished. Abbas, stung with remorse, put to death on various pretexts the nobles who had poisoned his mind against his heir; while for Behbood he contrived a more ingenious torture, commanding him to bring the head of his own son. The devoted slave obeyed, and when he

* Sir George Carew's army, when it sat down before Kinsale, consisted of 3000 men, 2000 of which were Irish. See Pac. Hib. fol. 213.

† Morrison says that Don Juan surrendered Kinsale in consequence of finding the Irish had no confidence in him; and that the people ascribed the Spaniards' want of success to their sacrilege—and the defeat of O'Neil and O'Donnell to their plundering the monasteries of Timnalegue and Kilerrea.—History of Ireland, fol. 192.

‡ It is said that the mayor and townsmen obliged Colonel Stubber to surrender on the first summons, though determined to hold out, a fact which must have been known to Cromwell.

presented the gory countenance of his only child, the king, with a bitter smile, demanded what were his feelings. "I am miserable," was the reply. "You should be happy, Behbood," rejoined the tyrant, "for you are ambitious, and in your feelings you at this moment equal your sovereign." But repentance wrought no amendment in the gloomy soul of Abbas. One of his sons had died before the murder of Suffee Mirza; and the eyes of the rest were put out by order of their inhuman parent. The eldest of these, Khodabundeh, had two children, of whom Fatima, a lovely girl, was the delight of her grandfather. Goaded to desperation, the unhappy prince seized his little daughter one day as she came to caress him, and with maniac fury deprived her of life. He then groped for his infant boy, but the shrieking mother bore it from him, and carried it to Abbas. The rage of the distracted monarch at the loss of his favourite gave a momentary joy to the miserable father, who concluded the tragedy by swallowing poison. Horrors like these are of daily occurrence in the harem of an Eastern tyrant. Yet such is the king whom the Persians most admire; and so precarious is the nature of despotic power, that monarchs of a similar character alone have successively ruled the nation.

PRESENT SOVEREIGN OF PERSIA.

The ruling passion of Futeh Alli Shah is an insatiable desire of accumulating wealth, which has proved more injurious to his kingdom than all the efforts of his enemies. His avarice is in fact the jest as well as the bane of the people. If a fruit or sweetmeat come early in season, he sends a portion to his favourites, who are obliged to acknowledge the honour by a valuable return, besides rewarding the messenger. He one day made fifteen hundred tomans in this way, out of a rupee which he found by accident, and with which he purchased apples to distribute in these costly presents. He has a practice also of inveigling his courtiers into bets about his shooting, in which he is sure to gain; for not only is he an excellent marksman, but the attendants take care, by cutting the throats of the sheep at which he has fired, to protect their sovereign's fame and his purse at the same time. The most degrading of his expedients to amass money is that of selling his daughters, and even his wives, to individuals, generally of noble rank, for large sums, and assuredly not always with the consent of either party. To divorce a wife for the purpose of selling her is directly contrary to the spirit of the Mohammedan law; yet the king, though professing himself an orthodox Mussulman, has been guilty of this scandal more than once, and has fastened a spouse on some unfortunate man, who was forced to pay a large sum for an encumbrance which he was most earnestly desirous to avoid. The darkest stains on this monarch's character, however, are the murder of his uncle Saduk, and his ungrateful conduct to his old zealous minister Hajji Ibrahim. The assassination of his relative might have been defended on the stern necessity of state policy; but that could not palliate the treachery and cruelty which accompanied the act. Saduk Khan, unable to struggle with his nephew, had surrendered on a secret promise that he should not be put to death. The king confined his victim in a room, built up the doors and windows, and left him to die by inches, conceiving this to be no violation of his oath. When the apartment was opened, it was discovered that the miserable captive had dug deep in the floor with his hand, and swallowed the clay to assuage the pangs of hunger.

WANDERING TRIBES OF PERSIA.

The march of one of the wandering tribes is a striking spectacle. The main body is generally preceded by an advanced guard of stout young men well armed, as if to clear the way; then follow large flocks of all kinds of domestic animals, covering the country far and wide, and driven by the lads of the community. The asses, which are numerous, and the rough stout yabooks, are loaded with goods, tents, clothes, pots and boilers, and every sort of utensil, bound confusedly together. On the top of some of the burdens may be seen mounted, the elder children, who act the part of drivers; on others, the lesser urchins,

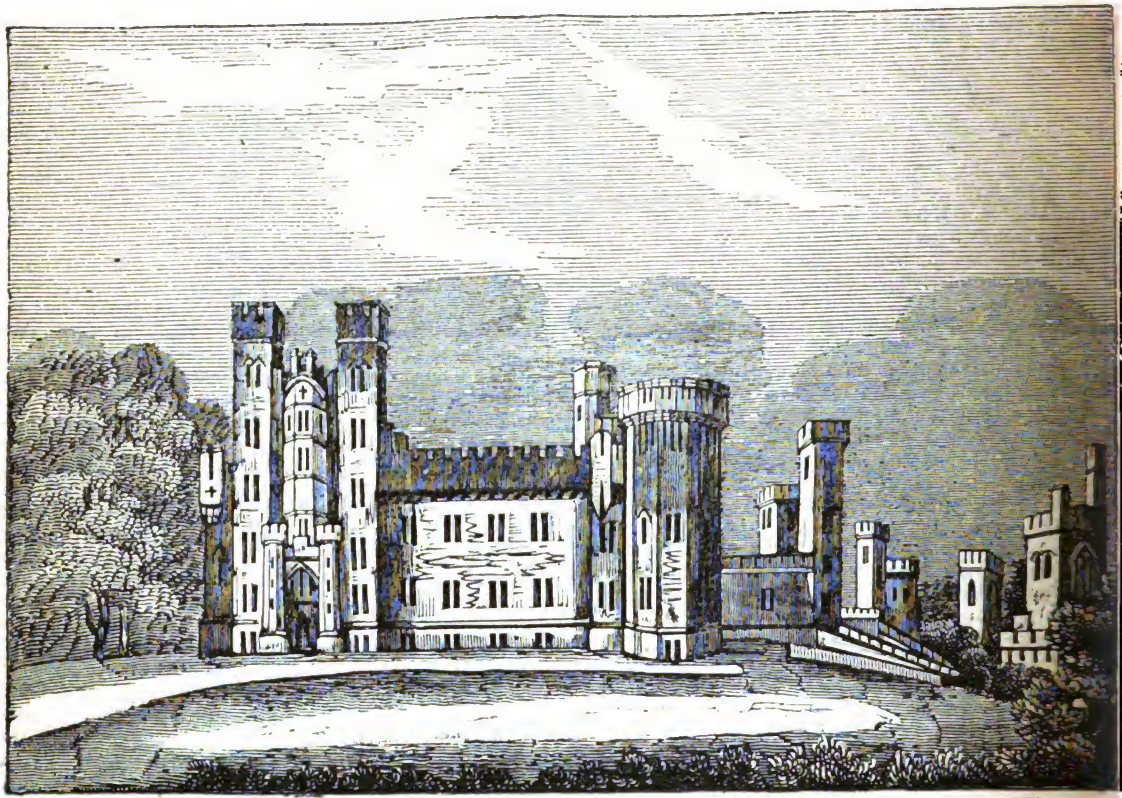
not able to speak, yet quite at their ease,—neither seeking nor receiving attention, but holding on manfully with feet and hands. A third class of animals bear the superannuated of the tribe, bent double with age, and hardly distinguishable from the mass of rags that forms their seat. The young men and women bustle about, preventing with the assistance of their huge dogs, their cattle from straying too far. The mothers, carrying the younger infants, patiently trudge along on foot, watching the progress of their domestic equipage. The men, with sober, thoughtful demeanour, armed to the teeth and duly prepared for action, walk steadily on the flanks and rear of the grotesque column, guarding and controlling its slow but regular movements.—It is not safe for travellers slightly protected to meet such companies on their march. The writer, on his way to Shiraz, being in advance of his friends, in the gray of the morning, observed one or two men appear from a hollow near at hand. Their numbers rapidly increased to fifteen or sixteen well-armed fellows, who quickly approached; a halt was called until the party came up, during which they stood eyeing the strangers, balancing as it were the expediency of an attack. Apparently they distrusted the result, and sent one of their body forward to parley. They said they were from the encampment of a neighbouring tribe on a search for strayed cattle; and they went away in another direction. "That may or may not be true," observed one of the attendants, himself an old freebooter; "but these fellows once on foot will not return as they came; their own or another's they will have; they dare not go home to their wives empty-handed."—The author has frequently paused to view such a primitive procession, and to mark the wild and picturesque figures which formed its groups. Their features, as well as their costume, are altogether peculiar. However fair the natural complexion—and the infants are nearly as white as Europeans,—exposure turns their skins to a dark mahogany hue, approaching to black; though a deep ruddy tinge pervades this brown mask, imparting a pleasing tone of health and vigour. The men have well made, powerful frames, piercing black eyes, noses generally aquiline, and frequently overhanging their thick mustachios, which, united with a black bushy beard, almost entirely conceal their mouths. Their dress consists of a coarse blue shirt and trousers, with heavy cloaks thrown over their shoulders, the sleeves being left unoccupied; a conical cap of white or gray felt, with flaps for the ears, covers their head. They usually carry a gun, and sometimes two, slung across the back. A large knife or dagger in the girdle, and a sword or clubbed stick completes their equipment. Their whole aspect is strongly characteristic of health, hardihood, and independence; while their wild stare marks the total want of polish, courtesy, or civilization. The young women have quite the gipsy cast of countenance, and are often very handsome. A sweet nutbrown hue warmed with vivid crimson, the effect of exercise in the open air, marks their usual complexion. Their eyes, like those of the men, are dark and expressive; the nose is well formed and delicate; the mouth is small, set off with white teeth and a lurking smile, the herald of good humour; while the outline of a fine and slender shape is often to be detected through the rags that hang about their persons. Nothing, indeed, can be more ungraceful than their attire. A patched pair of trousers, often of very limited dimensions; a loose shift of blue or white cotton, the skirts of which do not nearly reach the knee; and a species of mantle thrown over the head and shoulders, crossing the brow like a band, and flowing a certain way down the back, comprise the principal part of their apparel. They wrap also round the head a handkerchief or bunch of cloth, in place of a turban; and this dress, varied in its appearance by frequent repairs, is common to all the females of the tribe. They soon lose their beauty, becoming of a coarse sunburnt red; the next change is to a parched and withered brown; and the shrivelled grandams of Eelauts, with their hook-nosed and skinny countenances, realise in perfection all that is imagined of hags and witches.

PARENTAL AFFECTION.

In the reign of Kureem Khan, twelve men were robbed

and murdered under the walls of Shiraz. The perpetrators could not for a long time be discovered; but the king, resolving to make an example for the sake of good order, commanded the officers of justice to persevere, under heavy threats, until a matter which so much concerned his own reputation should be brought to light. At length by accident, it was found out that a small branch of Kureem's own tribe of Zund were the guilty persons. Their crime was clearly proved, and, in spite of powerful intercession, all actually engaged in the murder were condemned to die. The circumstance that they were of the king's own clan made their case worse: they had dishonoured their sovereign and could not be forgiven.—When the prisoners were brought before the monarch to be sentenced and executed, there was among them a youth, twenty years of age, whose appearance excited universal interest; but this anxiety was increased to pain when his father rushed forward and demanded, before they were led to death, to speak with the prince. Permission was easily obtained, and he addressed the monarch

as follows:—"Kureem Khan! you have sworn that these guilty men shall die, and it is just that they should suffer; but I, who am not guilty, come here to demand a boon of my chief. My son is young—he has been deluded into crime; his life is forfeited,—but he has hardly tasted the sweets of existence. He is just betrothed in marriage: I come to die in his stead. Be merciful! let an old, worn-out man perish, and spare a youth who may long be useful to his tribe; let him live to drink of the waters and till the ground of his ancestors!" The shah was deeply moved by this appeal: to pardon the offence was impossible, for he had sworn on the Koran that all concerned should die. With feelings very different from our ideas of justice, but congenial to those of the chief of a tribe, he granted the father's prayer, and the old man went exultingly to meet his fate; while the son, wild and distracted with grief, loudly called on the prince to reverse his decree,—to inflict on him the doom he merited, and save the life of his aged and innocent parent.



MITCHELSTOWN CASTLE.

The above sketch may give a slight idea of the architectural beauty of the front elevation of Mitchelstown castle, in the county of Cork, the splendid seat of the Right Honourable the Earl of Kingston, by whom it was erected on coming to the estate in 1823. It has been built, very judiciously, on the site of the old family residence, a large and extensive building, but not suited to the princely mind of the noble proprietor. This magnificent edifice has been designed and built in a manner which reflects the highest honour on the architects—the Messrs. Pain. The elevations are of cut-stone, lined with brick, which contributes to keep the immense structure free from damp. On considering the depth and solidity of the walls, the extreme beauty and finish of every part—the elegant sculpture of the armorial bearings of the noble houses of Fitzgerald, Fenton, and King, which adorn the building, we are astonished to learn that all was completed in the short space of three years—quite ready for the reception of his lordship's family and numerous guests. The interior is fitted up in a style of magnificence which accords well with the

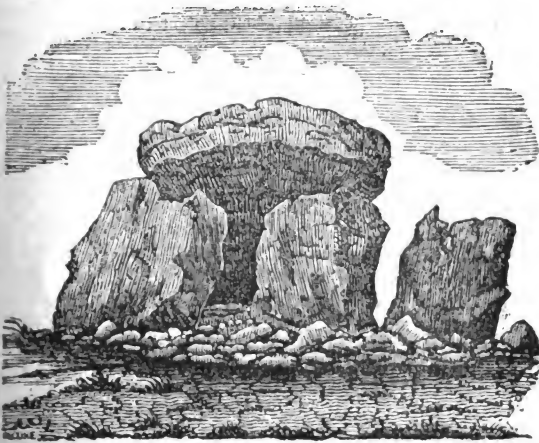
imposing grandeur of the outside. In the centre of the principal suite of rooms is the library, well stored with rare and valuable books; amongst which is that splendid and interesting work of genius, learning, and research, on "Mexican Antiquities," by the Lord Viscount Kingsborough.

We also give the north elevation of the castle. On this side its stately towers are seen to the greatest advantage; they appear rising from a rock, which, thickly planted, stretches down to a broad sheet of water, on whose clear bosom the whole scene is reflected, reminding one forcibly of "the round towers of other days." The majestic position of the castle is in bold keeping with the adjacent mountains and surrounding country, of which it commands a most extensive prospect.

In the midst of these picturesque heights, the castle, overlooking a romantic glen, is another beautiful residence of the same nobleman, a view of which we may see in a future number of the Journal.

THE BROAD STONE, PARISH OF FINVOY, COUNTY OF ANTRIM.

In the recess of a mountainous ridge, called the Craigs, the surface of which is highly diversified by wild flowers and heath, dividing into serpentine walks its carpet of the richest green, stand the ruins of a magnificent temple, supposed to have been of druidical erection, called the Broad-stone. The altar, or covering stone, was formerly supported by five others, upwards of four feet in height; three of these have been taken away within memory, leaving one end of the altar on the ground, and the other leaning against the remaining supporters, as seen in the annexed view.



This stone is ten feet in length, nine feet in breadth, by one thick, beneath which is said to have been formerly a chamber communicating with two smaller apartments, extending northward, and covered with stone. At present no certainty on this head can be obtained, as where those excavations are said to have been, are filled up. Adjoining, on the north-east, is a round cavity about two feet in diameter, neatly faced with stone, called the giant's-pot, which is said to have extended into the adjoining chambers. The ruinous state of the structure frustrates all researches as to this statement, which, however, would seem to have been true. On the south of the altar is a large stone detached from the supporters; and on the opposite side stood formerly another of similar dimensions: the probable use of these has not been even surmised. Adjoining, on the north-west, are the remains of a stone circle; and vestiges of a similar erection are seen on the south-east. These, as well as the altar, appear to have been formerly encompassed by a circle of large stones, forty-three feet in diameter; the greater part of the ground within this enclosure is said to have been excavated.

According to tradition, an ancient giant lies here interred; the Broad-stone is said to mark out his grave; and a little northward are three stones nearly seven feet high, said to point out the tombs of an equal number of his followers.

S. M. S.

EVELEEN O'CONNOR—AN IRISH TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHARLEY FRASER."

I was travelling once in a remote part of Ireland, and being doomed to the annoyance of waiting in the Irish inn of an Irish country town, for the arrival of an Irish stage coach—circumstances which I then considered sufficiently prominent in the catalogue of human miseries—I was naturally anxious to distinguish the first sight or even sound of the vehicle that was to bear me from them; and accordingly I took my station in the window, where, however, my listlessness was soon dispelled by finding I had attracted the attention of an object, who directly engaged

mine. It was a young woman, who had placed herself in the street, exactly opposite to me. Her appearance was such as must altogether produce an instantaneous interest in a beholder's mind: her arms were crossed on her breast, so that each hand—not the ruddy hands of a country damsel—but pale, bloodless-looking, and attenuated, lay almost on the opposite shoulder; an attitude which, joined to the expression of her up-turned face and eyes, gave her a sort of beseeching air well calculated for effect—and it produced on me the effect I thought was designed, for I immediately threw some money into the street. My unasked donation was not, however, unnoticed—the melancholy of the fine eyes that were still fastened upon me was suddenly illumined with a brightness that shone over, but did not dispel it—while, without changing her attitude, she broke out into a sweet, wild, sad song: its untaught breathings seemed to come from the very soul of sorrow. The deceptive brilliancy too, that danced fitfully over the gloom of her countenance, and the deep-speaking sadness of her eyes, seemed to tell a sad, sad tale of the anguish that had made shipwreck of the peace and hope of her mind for ever.

I rang the bell, to inquire the history of this interesting looking creature, and heard that she was "a poor innocent that every one was good to." Had she no friends, I asked. "O yes! plenty—every one is friends to her, poor soul!" "But no individual friends—no relations—no one to take care of her?" "Sure God takes care of her, when he took away the creature's reason: there was an old man used to go about with her; people said he was her father—but he was quite worn out; and one day they found him lying dead by the wayside, a little beyond the town, and she sitting beside him, not screaming or crying at all at all, but just as quite (quiet) as if she was watching a child sleeping in its cradle: they say she come from the other side o' the mountains, and that her name is Eveleen O'Connor."

Eveleen O'Connor! I repeated, and instantly recalled to mind a story I had heard when last in the place to which I was now going, and which had been the subject of intense interest in the family among whom I was then visiting. I desired that poor Eveleen might be brought into the room where my lunch yet remained on the table: she did not speak at all; but while eagerly partaking of the food, I had an opportunity of observing her more closely. Her features were handsome, even strikingly so, but her complexion very sallow, probably through suffering; her eyes, which first attracted my notice, were singularly fine, of a clear dark hazel, and at times bore scarcely any traces of an unsettled mind: the tight short sleeves, and closely fitting body of a dark blue linsay-woolsey gown, shewed her wasted but finely formed figure to advantage: she wore neither cap nor bonnet; her hair was drawn back from the forehead, and fastened up behind with a sort of skewer, as is common in every part of Ireland. As soon as her meal was ended, she broke out again into her wild, sweet song, which lasted till the coach came up that was to convey me to the native place of the poor unconscious being I left an outcast and an alien in "the place of strangers."

Eveleen O'Connor was the daughter of a man who was not only, in the language of the country, well to do in the world, but who, both in his own opinion and that of his neighbours, derived considerably more importance from the ancestral honours he reckoned, than from the acres of land which he possessed. Brian O'Connor could boast, in the phraseology he learnt from the village pedagogue, of "being descended in a direct and mathematical straight line from the ancient kings of Ireland;" nor were the smallest doubts entertained by any one of the legitimacy of his claims, or the mathematical precision of his line of descent: the unequivocal evidence supplied by the name of O'Connor determined that point, for every O'Connor must be a descendant of the great Roderick, who, to use a favourite speech of Brian's, was "the renowned and unfortunate king of a renowned and unfortunate land."

The hereditary pride of Brian O'Connor was, however, chiefly shown in the garrulity of an old simple-minded man; but in his son, who, after his kingly ancestor had

been named Roderick, though he was known by no other name than that of Rory, pride assumed a deeper character. He was a dark, disagreeable man, in whose disposition pride, passion, and bigotry were the leading traits.

Brian's only other child (his wife was dead) was Eveleen, the gay, happy, handsome Eveleen, *la belle de campagne*, who dressed, and sang, laughed, danced and talked, without, as her admiring neighbours said, "a bit more pride nor stiffness than if she had come of nobody, and wasn't to have a forthin'." His sister's demeanour was a sore grievance to Rory O'Connor, who often keenly reproved her for "making so little of herself by her condescension;" but Eveleen, though she shrunk at all times from the dark countenance of her brother, and doubly dreaded him when angry, persevered in her own way, never showing more pride or haughtiness at the wake or wedding—the dance or evening walk, than a country beauty might assume, independent either of pedigree or portion.

One Sunday afternoon, Rory O'Connor came in to his dinner with a darker countenance than usual. Eveleen shrunk from him; his father looked the enquiry he dared not make; but the cause of his displeasure soon came out. Eveleen had been seen walking with Jem Delany—"a fellow she ought to be ashamed of looking the same side of the way with." Both father and brother fixed their eyes on Eveleen, while this was said. She did not reply as usual with an indignant toss of her head, or some saucy or jesting answer; she turned suddenly round to the dresser, against which she had been leaning, and the crimson blush faded to a hue of ashy paleness. This was not calculated to lessen the suspicions of the latter; and flinging his chair against the wall, he swore, with a fearful oath, to be the death of Delany, if ever she disgraced her family by thinking of a fellow like him.

Eveleen ate no dinner, and when she had put away the things, she walked out by herself to the hazel grove at the back of the house. For the first time she dreaded to hear the laughing voices of her young companions—for, for the first time they would awake no answering feelings in her own heart. As she walked on, full of thought, scarcely knowing what she did, she reached towards a hazel bough to gather some nuts: it was too strong for her arm to bend—but a more powerful one brought it down. Eveleen started, and her eyes fell, filled with tears, from the bright and honest ones that were fastened in anxious inquiry on her face. To Delany's question of what was the matter, she only replied at first, "not much, Jem;"—but the truth soon came out. "Well, Eveleen," said Delany, after a little silence, "you may get a richer husband, to be sure, but you will never get one who loves you better—though, gracious knows, I wish you one that may love you as well." A few words sometimes lead to a great many: these led Eveleen O'Connor finally to declare she never would marry a richer man; and even to promise she never would love another man than he who spoke them.

The rest of the love part of the story may be told in few words; the next fair-day Eveleen was mounted on a horse that waited for her outside the town, and carried upwards of twenty miles from 'her own place,' where a priest, who was related to Delany's family, married them. No sooner was this step taken, than a thousand fears as to its consequences overcame Eveleen: the place to which she had been brought, was not calculated to re-assure her as to its propriety; it was an old deserted house that had been temporarily fitted up for them by some of Delany's people, who lived near; and Eveleen's high spirits sank as she entered it. But she listened to her husband's assurances that all would be well; she saw him happy, and at last let him persuade her again, as he had before done, "that her people, when they found they could do no better, would give in to it."

The next day they intended to return, but the rain that fell in torrents seemed rather to concur with Delany's wishes, who by no means appeared so anxious to throw himself in the way of Rory O'Connor, as he had declared the preceding morning he was willing to do. Whenever he met the eye of his young wife, (whose fine features

appeared to much greater advantage when shaded by the pensiveness which at times stole over them, and however unsuited to the character of a happy bride, gave them additional charms)—his own grew brighter; but a look of anxiety often darkened it; and the manner in which he occasionally argued with her on the certainty that her friends would *make it up with him*, showed that he entertained some doubts on the subject.

The evening of the second day was drawing on, and the wind that had all the morning been high, was increasing to a storm: the frail door rattled before it, and the rain that swept underneath, formed a flood half across the floor. Eveleen drew closer to her husband's side, and leaning her head on his shoulder wept—but did not wish herself Eveleen O'Connor again, in the safe and happy home of her youth.

"Eveleen, asthore!" said Delany, "we will go back in the morning, and everything will be set to rights then—and you will be my own happy Eveleen. Let Rory keep all the money; sure I don't want to touch a farthing of it—it wasn't for that I married; and when he sees I don't want your fortune, he'll let me keep what I *do* want, and that's your own self, Eveleen, dear!"

"Hush!" said Eveleen, raising her head, "don't you hear something?" A heavy sound was heard distinctly amidst the noise of the wind, as if of a number of feet approaching the door. A moment of breathless suspense followed: no very powerful blow was required to send in the crazy door, and a number of men, headed by Rory O'Connor, poured into the apartment. Believing their design was to tear his wife from him, Delany threw himself before her, exclaiming, "she is my wife." They were the last words he spoke; a shot from a musket in Rory O'Connor's hand, laid him instantly a corpse before her.

They lifted the object of their pursuit from the still warm body of her murdered husband, and carried her back in seeming triumph; she breathed no lament, she uttered no reproach, she shed no tears, but sat pale, senseless, lifeless-looking, in a corner of her father's house, seldom giving any sign of existence except when the name of Delany met her ear; she then slightly started, and a convulsive shudder agitated for a moment her paralyzed frame.

With that extraordinary recklessness that so often marks the conduct of a man who has just forfeited his life to the laws of his country, O'Connor not only returned to his own place again, after Delany's murder, but appearing insensible of the danger to which he had exposed himself by it, was seemingly in no haste to seek safety by flight. It was not until warned by his friends, that "Delany's people were away to swear informations, and the polis wor out after him," that he prepared to abscond, and he had not got above a mile from his house when he was seized.

O'Connor did not want friends, as they were called, to assist in the pursuit of his sister; he was, nevertheless, no favourite in the country, while the honest, open-hearted Delany was universally so, and amidst the regret caused by his untimely death, few expressions of regard were sent after the author of it, as he was led by his house to the county gaol.

The assizes were then on the eve of commencing in the town, and the trial accordingly took place in a few days.

Before his judges O'Connor displayed the same surly pride of disposition that had always characterized him; betraying no signs of feeling, either of regret for the past or apprehension of the future. But on hearing the first witness against him called, all this apparent insensibility vanished: his face grew livid, he clenched his hands so tightly that the nails seemed to enter the palms, his eyes, fastened on the witness-box, flashed a dark and deadly fire, and even his knees shook with the emotions of rage which he could not vent or control. All eyes were turned in the same direction his had taken, and fixed on the witness with intense interest. A sister appearing to condemn a brother as the murderer of her husband—it was a most thrilling spectacle.

Eveleen appeared to have been in some degree

from the almost paralysed state in which she had continued since the transaction; but her eyes wandered from the bench to the prisoner, and then round the court, with an expression that betrayed her inability to comprehend properly the scene she beheld, and the circumstances under which they were assembled: her face was deadly pale, with the exception of a very small spot of the deepest hectic that burned on either cheek. The counsel for the crown addressed a few words to the presiding judge, stating his intention, in consequence of the illness and distress of mind under which the witness was evidently labouring, of putting to her only such direct and leading questions as were requisite to convict the prisoner; then turning to her, he passed over all introductory questions, simply saying "You were at ———, on the evening of the murder; who fired the shot that killed James Delany?" Eveleen turned her eyes slowly towards the speaker, they then wandered with the same slow and doubtful gaze round the court, while she repeated, in a bewildered sort of manner, and with deep intonation of voice, the only words that rested on her attention—"who killed James Delany?" These she twice repeated, and they seemed to unclothe the avenues of memory and reason which had been partially at least choked up, and to give her back a too horrible clear view of all that her previous insensibility had dimmed over: a convulsive tremor ran through her frame while repeating slowly a second time "who killed James Delany?" Her eyes instinctively turned to O'Connor, their lifeless expression vanished, a gleam of fiery light shone over their darkness, a piercing scream broke from her lips, and the awful question—"Who?" rang through the court and tingled in the ears of the prisoner, while the wretched and unavailing witness sinking down in a fit, was carried out and conveyed back to her father's house, from which she had been unnecessarily brought. A brain fever followed, and Eveleen was long insensible to the misery of her state. Whoever has had their mental faculties deranged by fever, and that fever, perhaps, induced by violently agitating circumstances, recollects the peculiar sensations which the first few moments of returning reason and the powers of perception afford, before a sense of pain or weakness comes on to confine their feelings to the present moment, and memory feebly wanders back, seeking a clue to guide them to the past. The stillness of the hour when Eveleen first partially recovered her reason, was favourable to such a feeling: not a sound was stirring in or around the house, except that of the

"Last lone songster of the fading year;"

the robin that was perched on the top of the young ash-tree close by the window, and whose song seemed in unison with the pale soft twilight, and the melancholy stillness that pervaded every thing around the habitation of sorrow. The first object Eveleen clearly discerned, was the figure of her father, altered though it was, seated on the chest from which she used once to array herself in all the village finery, which, as well as her beauty, distinguished her among her companions. O'Connor had been a fresh, good-humoured-looking man, but he was sadly changed; his face was marked with lines of care, or sorrow, or both; his hair, even in so short a time, had been mixed with grey, his coat hung loose from his shrunken shoulders, his eye was dull and glassy, his hands buried within his open waistcoat, and his head bent down upon his breast. She looked at him, endeavouring to recall distinctly the ideas that vaguely floated on her scarcely settled brain, till he turned his head and looked inquiringly at her more composed countenance; then she articulated her first rational word—"Father"—at another time it would have thrilled his heart with joy, for it is sweet when the voice which was as music to our heart, has been uttering only the incoherent ravings of delirium, to hear again the first soft sound of affection, or even the first simple question that indicates returning reason. O'Connor's countenance, as he approached his unfortunate child, evinced no joy, beamed no affection; its expression chilled her inmost soul, and if pity and natural fondness were struggling in his, as he looked at the excited and haggard face, the pain, marked brow, the wandering

and beseeching eye, that seemed to implore comfort, sympathy, support, from all it gazed upon;—there was also there a load of grief, deep, deep, corroding grief, and burning shame that *she* had caused; and was that grief, was that sense of shame, *lighter* by being caused by one who had been the joy and pride of his heart! Oh, no! no hand ever wounds so deeply as that which we have loved and cherished, no reproach can fester in the heart like that *a friend*, or, above all, "a thankless child," draws on us.

O'Connor gazed inquiringly on his daughter, as if to ascertain the fact of her mental restoration; Eveleen was just able to make out his meaning. "Is that you, father?" she said in a languid voice.

"Oh! then, you miserable creature," said O'Connor, wringing his hands in agony of mind, "is it coming back to your senses you are, when it would be better for you and me to have lost them out and out; do you come to yourself the very day that you have brought your poor unfortunate brother to the gallows?"

Eveleen sat up on her elbow and gazed earnestly in his face; the poor man, overcome by his afflictions, was incapable of observing the effect of his words. "Oh; Rory, Rory!" he cried putting his hands before his face, "did I ever think I'd live to see you die such a death." Eveleen had now acquired sudden strength, she was sitting erect in the bed, drawing her hand over her forehead, while her eyes wandered slowly and doubtfully round the room; her appearance at last alarmed O'Connor, he spoke to her more gently and kindly, but he got no answer;—her eyes still wandered in a sort of melancholy inquiry, or settled in unmeaning abstraction; worlds would he have given to hear again that one word—"father"—but he heard it no more; reason had only been on the threshold, and his frightful words had banished it for ever: long did he watch and wait for the termination of what he thought was a renewal of her fever, but the fever that was now in her brain was only to terminate with her life; from that day Eveleen was calm, pensive, gentle as a lamb, but totally devoid of reason; she seldom or never spoke, but she looked so full of melancholy meaning you could almost give words to the silent language of her looks. Her wretched father looked on all this as the punishment of his sins; he thought every one shrunk from him as some evil thing; he no longer attended to his former occupations, his place went to ruin, and at last thinking to atone for his sins and those of his children, he took a vow of voluntary poverty, and selling what yet remained of his property, he employed the money in endeavouring to procure for them, in another world, the happiness they had lost in this, and he wandered about with his sorrow-stricken child,

"Seeking the world's cold charity,"

till he died on the way-side, and left poor Eveleen destitute of home or protector, save that, as the people told me, "sure God takes care of her, when he took away the creature's reason."

ORIGIN OF EATING GEESSE ON MICHAELMAS-DAY.—Queen Elizabeth, on her way to Tilbury fort, on the 29th of September, 1588, dined at the ancient seat of Sir Neville Umfreville, near that place; and as British Bess had much rather dine off a high seasoned and substantial dish than a flimsy fricasee, or a rascally ragout, the Knight thought proper to provide a brace of fine geese, to suit the palate of his royal guest. After the queen had dined very heartily, she asked for a half pint bumper of Burgundy, and drank destruction to the Spanish Armada. She had but that moment returned the glass to the Knight who had done the honours of the table, when the news came (as if the queen had been possessed of the spirit of prophecy) that the Spanish fleet had been destroyed by a storm. She immediately took another bumper in order to digest the geese and good news, and was so much pleased with the event, that every year after, on that day, had the above excellent dish served up; the court made it a custom, and the people have followed the fashion ever since.

ANECDOTE.

The imitative faculty of monkeys seems to exceed every thing short of human. A sailor having a number of red woollen caps, &c. to dispose of among the natives, went on shore for that purpose: his way to a settlement lying through a wood very plentifully inhabited by the species above mentioned, and it being mid-day, put a cap on his head, and laying the others by his side, he determined upon a little repose under the shade of a plantain tree. To his utter astonishment, when he awoke, from the specimen he had given his imitative observers of the use of his caps, he beheld a number of them upon the heads of the monkeys in the trees round about him, while the wearers were chattering in an unusual manner. Finding every attempt to regain them fruitless, he at length, in a fit of rage and disappointment, and under the supposition the one he retained was not worth taking away, &c. pulled the same from his head, and throwing it upon the ground exclaimed, "here, confound you, take it amongst ye:" which he had no sooner done, than to his great surprise, the observant monkeys did the same, by which means he regained the greatest part of his property.

"Sacred Portraiture and Illustrations, with other Poems," by MRS. J. G. GUINNESS.

To individuals who are obliged to mingle in the world of literature, it is refreshing to turn from those pining strains of sickly sentimentality, which so generally pervade those works of the imagination which in the present day assume to themselves the title of poetic compositions, to such a publication as the one before us, throughout the entire of which there runs a rich vein of genuine poetry, intersected here and there with fine specimens of graphic and picture-que illustration. It is said of the immortal Milton, that he never sat down to compose any portion of his "Paradise Lost," without having previously refreshed his spirit by drinking deeply from that holy fount of inspiration, the volume of Divine truth—either by reading for himself, or having various portions of it read to him by others; and we should suppose it was under the influence of the same feeling that Mrs. Guinness came to the resolution of devoting the holdest powers of her muse to sacred subjects. As we have heretofore, in every instance, excluded politics and religion from our pages, we must at present content ourselves with quoting a few stanzas, which are given as an addenda to the sacred poems, but from which, we think, our readers will be able to discover that Mrs. Guinness's poetic powers are of no mean order. We should, perhaps, mention, that the volume has been published to assist a respectable family in reduced circumstances, to whose aid the profits are to be applied; which taken in connexion with the intrinsic merits of the work itself, will, we have no doubt, insure it an extensive circulation.

THE CONTRAST—STORM AND CALM.

The spirit of the tempest rides abroad,
A wreath of lightning flashes round his brow;
His sable car along the heaven-ward road
Rends with its thundering wheels the plains below.
The howling winds, his dreaded heralds, fly
In fierce chaotic tumult thro' the air,
Then moaning in the hollow mountains, die,
Or from their caves the slumbering echoes tear.
The ocean trembling at his giant form,
Whirls its rough billows to the turbid clouds,
While the torn vessel reeling 'mid the storm,
'Whelms beneath foaming surge its scatter'd shrouds.
From his Atlantean shape disorderd flies,
His mantle wild, and shades the starry skies.

* * * * *
The stormy spirit's past—celestial calm
Descends from yon pure space where opes the sky,
Her braided hair entwined with verdant balm
Which dropping, gems her robe of purest dye.

She leads the raging winds by suasive power,
Down to their coral caves beneath the sea.
Then noiseless treads the clear cerulean floor,
Whose waves abashed, her gentle pressure flee.
And lo! her radiant smile illumines the air,
And o'er the heavens its bright reflection throws
The meads a fresher grace and fragrance wear,
And deeper blushes paint th' enamoured rose.
While choirs unseen from earth, and air, and sea,
Resound her praise in mystic harmony.

SPRING.

See where the blushing Spring, with modest air,
In humid wreath and robe of palest green,
Walks from yon wintry forest—while her hair
Yet shines with spangled frosts and dew-drops slien.
See, at her kindling glance the vapours fly.
The flowers upspring and ope th' expanding bloom,
The wakening zephyrs with their softest sigh,
Hovering around, inhale her sweet perfume.
With gentle hand she frees the ice-bound floods,
And guides them thro' the mead and arching grove,
Then hangs on each lone bough her snowy buds,
And tunes the plumed choir to notes of love.
Her soft enchantment lulls the rising storm,
And wakes with magic power each latent charm.

SUMMER.

The fervid Airs on wings of golden bennis
Chace the retreating Spring, while from bright hor.
Now joyous Summer pours effulgent streams
Of mingled clouds to deck the robe of morn.
The blooming nymphs that form his graceful train
Fling from clear urns, the iridescent flowers,
And sprinkle with rich light the azure main,
Whose undulations court the sparkling showers.
Then while his chaplet of o'erpowering rays,
Flames with its fires intense—the lovely hours
Seek out some shade obscure where softly strays
The lucid rivulet, 'neath pensile bowers,
While echo sounds her ever-varying shell,
And fancy breathes her soul-entrancing spell.

AUTUMN.

In brilliant robe of varied hue appears
Autumn with mantle dipped in sunshine bright,
And 'neath her lustre rich the landscape wears
The deep suffusion of the solar light.
Now as she strays where bends each clust'ring bough
By summer hung with crude and vapid fruit,
Her mystic touch imparts the blushing glow,
And mellow sweetness to each loaded shoot.
Then wandering near the expansive fields of corn
That scarcely wave beneath the tranquil breeze,
Her gilded shadow by the meadows worn,
Embrown the hills and deepens on the trees.
Around—the flutt'ring hours on purple wings,
O'er her gay robes the latest flow'rets fling.

WINTER.

While Autumn musing walks the shadowy grove,
She hears the lonely whispers of the breeze
And leaves the scene, as Winter wildly roves,
And sweeps the golden foliage from the trees.
O'er his dark brow an icy diadem
Shines 'neath the tearful glances of the sun,
While his cold sceptre starred with frosty gem,
Sways with dread power, the conquest he has won
Soon as he flies o'er each cerulean fount,
His withering presence chills the glassy floor.
And when his wings expanding shade the mount,
Their snowy plumage falls in frigid shower.
Unwilling the pale hours attend his flight,
And murmuring, sigh for Spring's ethereal light.

DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 3, Cecilia Street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.

Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Panyer-alley, Paternoster-row; in Liverpool, by Willmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Ambury; in Birmingham, by Drake; in Glasgow, by W. B. M'Pherson; and in Edinburgh, by N. Bowdick.

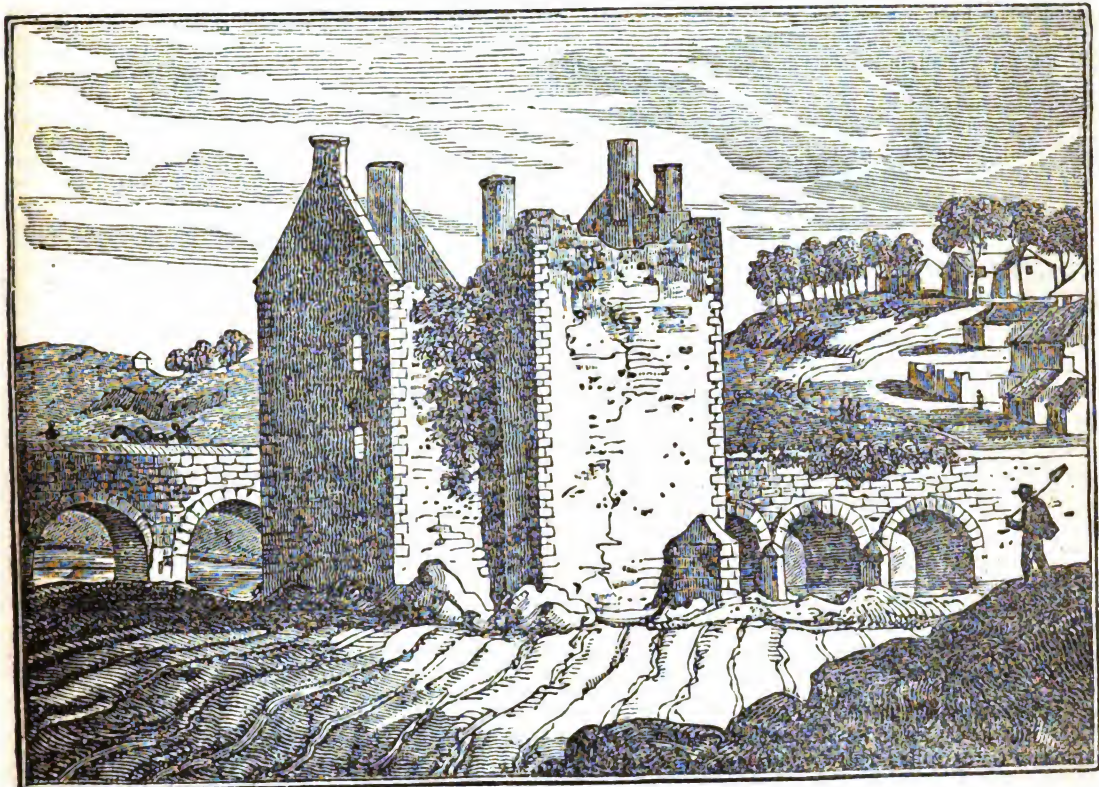
THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 91. Vol. II.

CONDUCTED BY P. DIXON HARDY, M.R.I.A.

MARCH 29, 1834.



CARRIGADROHID, FROM THE HIGH ROAD TO MACROOM.

The Castle of Carrigadrohid is situated within three miles of Macroom, to the east, in the county of Cork, and province of Munster. It is built on a steep rock which rises in the middle of the river Lee, and its erection is attributed to one of the M'Carthy family; but this is disputed, and some affirm that it was built by the O'Learys, who held possession of it for a long time: others say it was built to please the Lady O'Carroll, who was married to one of the M'Carthys, and who pitched upon this beautiful and romantic spot for her residence. However, judging from the ruins, the castle seems to be of comparatively modern structure, by its square and gabled turrets; yet we cannot but admire the taste of the lady who pitched upon the wild rock of Carrigadrohid for the site of a castle. It commands the passage of the bridge over the Lee; and this castle and bridge were often taken and retaken by the contending parties during the wars of 1641. It was then a noted pass.

The Lee or Ley river extends from Macroom to Cork, a distance of twenty miles, and runs through a great part of the county of Cork, by Macroom, Crookstown, Carrigadrohid, and Cork.

The Lee is supposed to be the *Luvius* of Ptolemy, and rises in that highly wild and romantic spot called the Lough Gougane Barra, which is deemed one of the greatest curiosities in the country. Gougane Barra, or the hermitage of St. Barra or Finbar, is traditionally allowed to have been the hermitage of Saint Finbar, before he founded the Cathedral of Cork.

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THE DREAM

"There is reason in dreams," say those who, with reason or without it, place confidence in them, and believe in their utility; while those who do neither cry, "Pshaw, 'tis all nonsense. Dreams are all the mere 'chimeras of the brain'—fancy roams at large while reason sleeps." I pretend not to decide a point so long and so ably mooted; my present business is merely to tell an anecdote of one which I received from the dreamer himself, and also from his mother.

About half a century ago, a worthy and respected gentleman (the writer's grandfather), resided in the town of Athlone; his eldest son, a boy of nine or ten years of age, (rather a youthful dreamer it may be said), usually slept in the room with his parents. One night, after having slept soundly for some hours, he suddenly awoke, and calling to his father, said, "Oh! Papa, I have had such a queer dream."

"Well, what was it?" said the father.

"I thought, Sir, that I was going down to the slip, (a part of the bank of the Shannon, where he and his sisters were accustomed to bathe), and that just at the brink of the river, I saw a little green purse with three guineas and a half in it."

The father laughed at the boy's dream, and desired him to go to sleep. He did so, but after a short time he again awoke, and calling to his father told him that he had again dreamed the same dream about the purse. "Go to sleep, Sir," said the father, "and let me hear no more of your dreams to-night." The boy did as he was desired.

In the morning the servant woman having been sent out on some errand, on her return, went into the parlour, when the mother of the young dreamer asked her what was the cause of the bell-man's going about at so early an hour. She replied that a poor man had, the night before, lost a green purse containing three guineas and a half, and was going about the town quite distracted at the loss.

"Mamma," said the child, "that is the very purse I dreamed of last night; let me go and get it for the poor man." Merely to gratify the child, and not through any faith in his dream, his mother permitted him to go, accompanied by the servant. Before they had proceeded far, however, they learned that the purse had been found by an old woman, in the very spot of which the boy had dreamed. This, it must be allowed, was what in common phrase is called a sharp dream. The fact of its occurrence is indubitable. The child of that time is now an elderly man, and his mother, who still lives, a very old woman, and they both relate it as I have described it.

THE LEPRAWHAUN—A TALE OF SUPERSTITION.

SONNET INTRODUCTORY.

The winter's nights are long, and storms are rife
The dashing hail careering to the earth,—
The wild winds shrieking in their savage mirth,—
And mingled roar of elemental strife:
Place me on such a chilling night beside
The lonely cotter's hospitable fire,
And let me hear the grandam or grandsire
Tell how the fairy lights such times deride
The way-worn traveller, on his painful way,
With hope of shelter nigh; and then relate
How in times past, for which they have no date,
The Elfin court at midnight used to stray
From forth* to glen; and how upon the lawn
At eve, they met the wily Leprawhaun.

In the note on the following verse in one of "Moore's Melodies," he says that he always thought that the spirit alluded to was called the Leprawhaun—but that Lady Morgan, a high authority on such subjects, has assured him that it was not; at the same time he does not tell us what sort of a fairy imp it may be, or to what class of the tribe it does really belong. The one (class) generally known by the name of fairy among our peasantry, are those which are said to be seen assembled in multitudes, engaged in their antic, grotesque, and wild gambols—or parading in all the state of olden courts, with plumed warriors and ladies bright. Then follow the pooka, will-o'-the-wisp, the spirits or fairies of the water—which class partakes more of the wizard and magic character—the banshees, the fetches, an undefined and vague class, and the Leprawhauns.

Her smile, when beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted;
Like him the sprite,
Whom maids at night
Oft meet in glens that's haunted;
Like him, too, beauty won me;
But while her eyes were on me,
If once their ray
Was turned away,
O! winds could not outrun me.

The Leprawhauns are supposed to be the artizans of the fairy kingdom—the tailors, brogue-makers, smiths, and coach-builders, &c., &c., and are acquainted with all the hidden treasures of the earth. Still they are but a very inferior grade, and partake more of materialism, if I may use the word, than any of the rest of the fairy tribe. They

are said to be usually seen in the evening in some lonely shrub-by spot, pursuing their avocations, during the fine weather; and when caught, have not the power of flying from you while you keep your eyes fixed steadily on them; keep him in this manner if you catch him, without losing sight of him, even for a twinkling, and you can command treasures to any amount your highest and most extravagant wishes may lead you to demand. The tiny little creature will use every exertion to free himself from your grasp or the fascination of your gaze; and as he is wonderfully wily, and wise, and cunning, there is a possibility, amounting almost to an actual certainty, that he escapes without making the captor a penny the richer. Whether it is considered a disgrace to be caught and commanded, or overreached by the dull children of mortality, or that they do not wish, unless in cases of the utmost necessity, to deliver up the treasures of which they are entrusted with, the secret, or keep-the-key, is not thoroughly known. But it is the general belief that sooner than comply with the wishes and commands of man on the subject, they will try every device that their cunning can invent, to cause him for an instant to divert his attention or his look, and then, like the grasping of a sunbeam, they are vanished into airy nothing. Such is the character of the Leprawhaun; and if Moore's sprite is not one of the class, I do not know what is. I imagine, from my spending a long period of an idle life among our peasantry—entering into the privacy of their dwelling, and the feelings of their hearts, that I ought in some measure to be acquainted with their thoughts and faith upon, to them, so important a subject as the secrets of the invisible world of spirits and fairies. But my introduction is best illustrated by the following tale, told as an actual fact.

There are few who ever travelled in the south of Ireland but have seen or heard of the beautiful and exceedingly romantic ruins of the very old Castle of Carrigadroid.* It is situated on a steep rock which rises in the river Lee, about two miles and a half to the east of Macroom, in the county of Cork. But few have ever heard how Carrigadroid was built, or why it was built in that lonely and wild situation. My legend, which is popular in the district, must give the world the wonderful secret.

Old times must have been very curious times, when a man could not go outside his cabin door after nightfall without meeting with the fairies and linawnshees—when one of the antient Milesian families could not depart this life at home or abroad, in battle or peaceful bed, but half the country was frightened from its propriety by the dismal wailings of the banshee;—when it was the most dangerous thing in the world to insult an old woman, especially if she was a stranger, lest you might draw the spiteful vengeance of an old witch upon your back; then where went your sleep at night, or your appetite by day?—then what caused your teeming churn to withhold its sweet rich store of butter?—what caused your most fruitful milch cows to become suddenly dry, and your young cattle to die of strange disease? when Leprawhauns were to be met with in every silent glen, and music heard in every rath. These were old times; but who would like to live in such times?—yet in these old times was the celebrated castle of Carrigadroid erected.

Donogh Caum† O'Driscoll, the poor son of a lonely widow, lived by the side of the river Lee, in a rude cabin secluded from the world. Donogh tilled his spot of land and tended his solitary cow on its banks; and at times fished in the river and carried the produce of his skill and industry to dispose of them in the town of Macroom, one of the most antient in the kingdom. Now though Donogh was poor and crooked, with a hump on his back, yet he was a warm hearted, good kind of a generous little fellow; and one day as he went to sell his fish to Macroom, and as they were very fine, he took them up to the castle where lived the great Tegue More McCarthy, surname the Magnificent, from the splendour in which he lived. His extravagance and high living had, however, reduced him to the last, at the period when our story commences; and

* The name given by the peasantry in some districts to the rath or mound so very frequently met with in Ireland, and so celebrated as the resort of the fairies.

* For description see first page.

† Donogh Caum—Donogh, or Dionysius the crooked.

as my narrator has it, "he couldn't get a farthin' more for love or money to keep up his goins an," McCarthy, and his beautiful daughter Maiga, were at one of the casements as Donogh approached, and enquired, with his *Bereadh** in his hand, and his little willow basket on his arm, for the steward. The chieftain, prompted by some unusual spirit of curiosity, or, perhaps, surprised at his curious figure, asked what he had got in the basket. Upon which Donogh displayed his piscatory store to the admiring eyes of McCarthy and his daughter. While they were gazing at the fine fish all alive, Donogh was lost in contemplating the wonderful beauties of the lovely Maiga, and replied he did not know what, to all their questions. The steward came, but as he had no money, and as the chief and his daughter so much admired the fish, he did not know how to procure them from Donogh, who was well known as the most exact man in his calling that visited Macroom. However, as my informant said, "the mischief cracked a rib in him that time," and he told the steward that he might have them till he came again.

Donogh Caum returned, with a new heart, or without one rather. He could think of nothing but the lovely Maiga, and her long, rich, flowing tresses of black raven hair—her large commanding dark eyes, and her graceful and queenly form, and the deep sweet tones of her voice, that still echoed in his soul as she addressed him in a tender voice by the titles of poor man, and honest man. Twice he went the wrong way on his return, so wrapt was he in the feelings that were kindled for the first time in his bosom; and it was not until the shrill tones of his mother's voice broke upon his ear, that he awoke to the sad reality of his own desolate and miserable situation. His supper was left untasted, and the night passed sleeplessly away, and his fond mother became uneasy when she found her only child in trouble; for, deformed as he was, she loved him with all the sincere and warm affection of a mother.

The next evening, as Donogh was straying by the lonely banks of the Lee, wrapt up in the picture which his fancy had wrought for him, he wandered into a little wooded dell that gently sloped to the brink of the clear water. It was a silent and secluded place, where the hazel and the whitethorn were closely mingled, and the low sloethorn formed a cherishing defence round their roots. He paused as he came to the brow of the sloping dell. The summer sun was just sinking far away in the west, and cast his departing beams into the bosom of the glen; tinging the trees and shrubs, and the curling ripples on the clear river with a golden hue. He paused to admire the scene; for though he often trod its woody mazes before, yet he thought it never looked so rich. Suddenly a slight, tapping noise at a distance caught his attention, and he turned his head towards where the sound was arising from a close entangled clump of tall hazels, blackthorn, and briar; out of the centre of which arose a tall, wide spreading ash-tree. He stole round the clump on tip toe, and at the sunny side he beheld a little figure not the height of half his leg, sitting on a little stool, and hammering away at a little shoe which was laid across his knees. He paused for a moment to gaze at the unearthly being, who appeared so busily engaged at his employment as not to notice the mortal intrusion. He was dressed in an old and long disused habit, with a curiously formed covering on his head; and his little features were tawny, puckered, and spiteful, like those of a crabbed old man. Donogh often heard of the leprawauns; and he knew the tiny creature before him was one of that tribe; so summoning his faculties to the task, he approached the fairy shoemaker.

"A fine evenin' for your work this, my little man," said Donogh, fixing his eyes steadfastly upon the leprawaun, and determined to hold him fast despite of consequences.

"It is indeed, Donogh Caum," replied the little man, looking somewhat startled, but with a spiteful and malicious grin.

"Wisha, then, you're a fine little brogue-maker," said Donogh.

"Sure I'm nothin' to that man ahind you, you crooked thief;" said the leprawaun.

Donogh, having often heard of the tricks and wiles resorted to by these beings to release themselves from human power, and aware that this was only said to induce him to look aside that he might escape, replied,

"I'd rather look at yourself my purty little man," said Donogh.

"Who's that man comin' over the river there?" said the leprawaun, pointing with his finger in the direction of the water.

"Yea, thin, go look and ax, you schamer;" said Donogh, stooping down, and seizing the little man by the middle, "come, tell me where there's a power o' money, or as sure as I stand here I'll stick my *shkein** in your tripes;" and he drew a large clasp knife from his pocket, which he opened with his teeth, still keeping his eyes unwinkingly on the leprawaun.

"Sure you wouldn't murder the likes ov me, then?" said the unearthly man.

"I don't want to curse or swear, but iv you don't let me have the goold without any nonsense, I'll give you your guts for garthers this mortal minnit," said he, with a wicked and determined look.

"Oh, thin, don't look so black entirely, an' I'll tell you all about it; but take the pint ov that ugly knife away from me, an' don't squeeze me so hard out an' out;" and Donogh relaxed his pressure and withdrew the knife. "Do you know where the Giant's Causeway is?" said the little man.

"I hard talk ov id," said Donogh.

"Well, then, at the foot of a big rock where there's a lone bush, on the very top ov the cliff, there's a crock ov goold that id buy the whole ov the county of Cork;—now let me out."

"Ketch me at id, my gay ould codger," said Donogh; "it's not me that you'll get to run from one ind ov the world to the dother, on your fool's errand; that won't do, you must tell me where it's nearer than that, why, or by the—"

"Oh! then don't curse, you unfortunate *disciple*,† said the leprawaun; "do you know the hill ov Tara, then?"

"I only hard talk ov id," said Donogh.

"Then its there in an ould dhraw well, on the aist side, that there's as much goold an' dymens, an' plate, an' silver, as id purchase the province of Munster: wisha, then, would you like to get it?" said the little wrinkled man, with a sneer.

"It's no use in your talking this way, I tell you," replied O'Driscoll; "tell me where's the money, that I can lay my *crang*‡ on id: recollect I have the knife at your service."

"Oh! its a purty way you're talking," said the leprawaun, looking about him in alarm, "and there's Manus O'Mahony's moad bull breakin' his neck running to kill us both, you lame *onedhaun*."

"Where! where!" said Donogh; who was lame, and could not run well, looking in the direction pointed out by the little man. At the same instant a wild, unnatural laugh rung in his ears, and on looking about again his hand was empty, and the leprawaun vanished. "Oh! bad win to him the *sleeveen*,§ said the disappointed Donogh; but its the puck you are entirely, you weeny black-guard; never mind, maybe its ketching you again I'd be."

Donogh returned home and told his mother the adventure he had with the little old man, and how he tricked him. The old hag, who was deeply versed in all the old riles in such cases, shook her head.

"You'll be either a lucky or an unlucky mumber," said she; "if ever you meet him agin don't be wantin' to know where it is, but make him give it to you on the spot; an'

* The Irish for knife—a kind of dagger used in battle.

† Idiomatic and figurative—wretch—a decrepid creature—an ill formed miserable.

‡ Claw or hand—expressive of the act of clutching eagerly.

§ A sly deceiving creature—this word is full of varied and strong expression.

• The name for the Irish cap or bonnet.

lay his back up agin a stone, an' swear if he doesn't give it to you afore you count a score, you'll grind the pint ov your knife agin the stone through him at his back; an' don't be palaverin' wid him at all at all."

In the mean time Donogh went to fish the next day as usual; and being very successful, he trudged to Macroom the day following, and never paused on his way until he reached the castle of Teige More M'Carthy the Magnificent; but who now could, with more truth, be called the beggar: for though he still held his rank and his castle, yet he was indebted to the charitable donations of his serts and tenantry for the support of himself and his daughter, the fair Maiga. Donogh entered the castle, and again beheld the sun of his heart with her father. He approached them cap in hand, and displayed the contents of his basket before them. The steward came and made excuses about the money; but Donogh could neither hear nor see; his attention was fixed, and his senses all engaged in contemplating the perfect form and peerless beauties of the chieftain's daughter; and when she retired with her father, the love-smitten cripple turned away, forgetting that such things as his fish and basket were in the world. His mother was surprised at the alteration in her son's demeanour, no less than at his returning from Macroom without certain articles which she desired him to bring; but when questioned, he answered so foolishly, and so wide, that she deemed for certain her only child must have been fairy-struck, and, consequently, beyond human relief.

Carrickadroid was at this time a wild, uninhabited spot; and the rock rose craggy and steep from the centre of the river, with here and there stunted shrubs starting from the fissures; and the banks were wild, steep, and rugged. This river was the favourite resort of Donogh Caum: its silence and gloom accorded with the tumult within his mind; and from morn to eve he used to lie stretched listlessly on the green turf in a tangled copse, poring over the running river, and picturing to his mind's eye the enchanting form of Maiga, or cursing the lot of poverty and wretchedness that was cast for him. One evening while thus extended beneath the rays of the setting sun, he heard again the quick continued, though light tapping, which led him to the haunt of the leprawaun before; and bending his ear to listen, he silently gathered himself to his limbs. "'Tis he again," said he to himself, "there's no one ever heard him once, or seen him once, but heard and seen him three times, iv they didn't obtain their wish at first: the third is the worst chance—now fortune befriend the poor cripple!" He anxiously and cautiously stole to the spot from whence the sounds issued, and seated at the foot of a dwarf alder, he beheld, busily engaged at his old employment, the withered little man of the brake. Donogh fixed his eyes upon him, and drawing his skhein from his pocket opened the blade stealthily, and then approached the old man with a rapid stride.—The ill-fared tiny thing grinned up in his face as he darkened the sun-beam with his shadow.

"It's you again, then, Donogh O'Driscoll—an' how are you? an' how did you get away from Manus O'Mahony's mad bull?" said he.

"I have you agin, you treacherous ould miser," said Donogh, seizing him with a firm grasp; "an', be my conscience, you won't get away so easy as you did before."

"Look at that fellow there," said the old man, "making game ov your hump an' crooked leg?"

"I'll not question or answer with you," said Donogh; "but as sure as I stand here, crooked and deformed as I am, iv you don't bring up this minnit as much raal goold guineas as I'll be able to carry home, I'll have your blood to manure this barren spot where I stand."

"Wisha, then, its very wicked entirely you are this evenin'," said the leprawaun; "but there's the beautiful Maiga, and her father, Teige More, comin' up alongside the river yandher."

Donogh started—the old man touched his heart strings, yet he paused, and at once perceived the drift, and determined not to change his look if death were at his back.

"Speak to me no more," said he to the old man: "don't speak to me one word, but bring up the goold here afore me this minnit, an' give it up, right and tittle,

into my hands afore I count a score, or it'll be your last iv it was to be my own last the next minnit;" and he laid the leprawaun's back against a stone, and the point of the knife to his breast and began counting as fast as he could—"one, two, three, &c." until he reached fifteen; and seeing the old man had not spoken, he grew furiously angry, and pressed the knife tightly against his body.

"Stop, stop!" cried the leprawaun; "you're a lucky man, Donogh O'Driscoll, and you've won the day. I'll give you more than you ask, or more than you require;" and he stamped with his foot upon the spot where he stood, which opened, and disclosed a long, deep earthen vessel filled to overflowing with gold and silver; in which several antique and uncommon wrought ornaments, flaming with gems and diamonds, were mingled.

"But is this all raal gold now; it won't turn to cock-bo: an' will you give it all to me?" said Donogh, between doubt and joy.

"Fool!" said the leprawaun indignantly; "isn't my word pledged; and do you imagine, like the clayey sons of earth, that we children of a brighter sphere will cheat and break promise, when once that promise is given? Let me go;" and with a violent jerk he flung himself out of the grasp of Donogh; and, as rapid as thought, changed from the wrinkled old man to that of a young and fair-formed, though still small and tiny being; and waving his hand, "Donogh," he said, "you will be happy—I have said it;" and breaking a branch from the dwarf alder bush, he struck Donogh a smart blow across the face, which deprived him of sight for a few moments; and when he again looked about him, the leprawaun was vanished.—The little cavern was still open; and beneath, the treasure shone up, dazzling the eyes of the bewildered Donogh. He stooped and gathered some of the gold and silver, with which he filled his pockets; and replacing the cover on the broad and deep earthen unformed vessel, covered it up with clay and moss, and returned home to his mother. The old woman started when she beheld him. "Wisha, then, who are you?" she asked in surprise and fright: "your face is the face of my own bouchal—your voice is the voice that used to gladden my heart; but he was humped and lame, and you are straight and clean-limbed." Donogh, in the joy of his heart, never observed the change for the better which the fairy had made on his appearance, and he now became doubly rejoiced.—His store of riches was inexhaustible. He purchased all the lands belonging to the great chieftain, Teige More M'Carthy; and wooed the fair Lady Maiga; who promised to marry him when he had a castle built for her reception on the romantic rock of Carrigadroid. "Money is the grand mover;" and Donogh O'Driscoll, now no longer *caum* or *gurtough*, soon had the magnificent castle built in the centre of the river Lee, the beautiful ruins of which still delight the eye of the traveller. He was shortly after married to the lovely daughter of M'Carthy; and here they abode during a long and happy life; but at his death the secret of the treasure died with him: the leprawaun, as is supposed, claiming the reversion. The castle came afterwards into the possession of the M'Carthy family, and was a situation of importance in the civil wars of 1641. Such is the legend of Carrigadroid.

J. L. L.

CRUMLAGH AT DALKEY.

SIR—With reference to the article "Dalkey," in your Journal of the 15th February, No. 85, I beg to inform your correspondent B. that about the year 1797, on that part of the common nearly opposite Dalkey Sound, stood a circle of granite blocks in a rough state, enclosing within its area a crumlagh, or what is commonly called, by the peasantry, a druid's stone or altar. At the period I mention, the upper stone or slab had slipped from off the perpendicular blocks or pillars which originally supported it, except at one end, where a passage was still left sufficiently wide to enable the writer to pass and repass under the upper flag. The stones were at the time overgrown with fern. When the Martello towers were erecting, the stones composing the ring, which were from tea

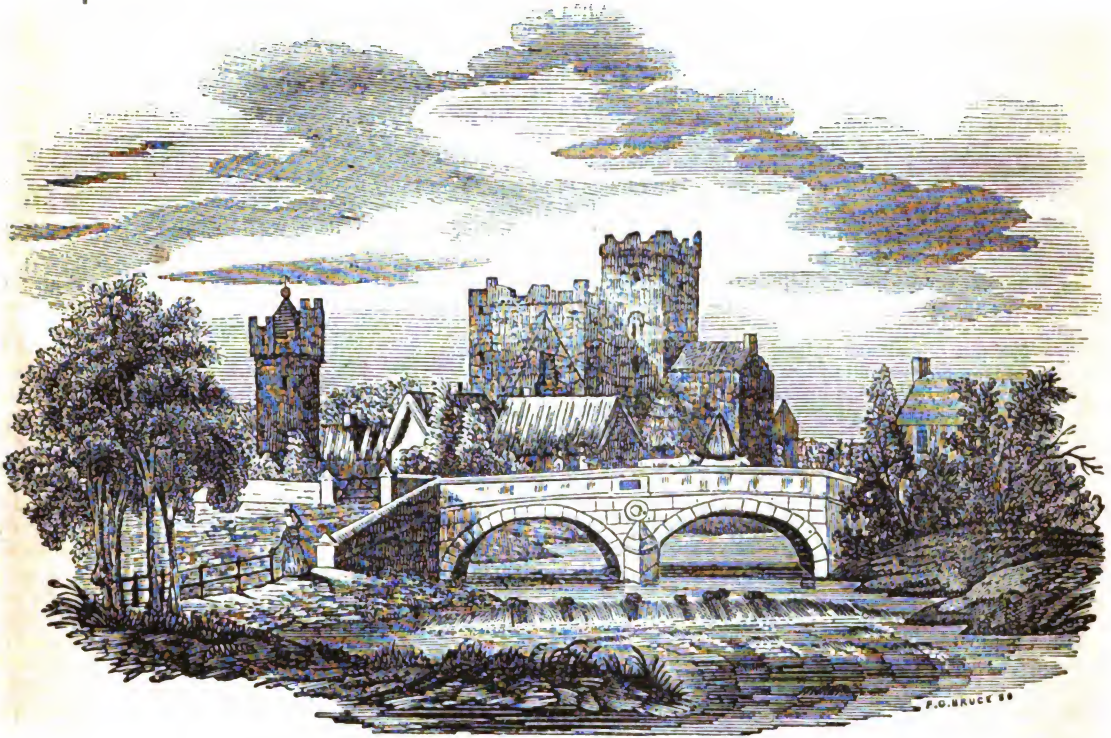
• Poor, miserable, or miserly.

to fourteen feet square, together with the crumlagh, were blasted and quarried; I think under the directions of the late general Fisher, who, I believe, had the management of the line of military stations then erecting from Bray to Sandymount, along the coast. The antiquarian or lover of Ireland's 'by gone days,' must ever regret the destruction of an object so worthy of his attention; particularly where no possible advantage could arise, with the exception of a few hundred loads of stone obtained with facility by some public contractor.

I have not visited Dalkey for many years. The ruin

alluded to by B. formerly consisted of seven castles; and the writer remembers a considerable extent of the town wall standing: it then joined one of the castles, and crossed the Dublin road in an oblique direction. It must be within the recollection of many of the citizens of Dublin, the festive days they spent when crowning the King of Dalkey: the last coronation which took place was in the summer of 1797. Near this town was formerly worked with some advantage a lead mine, and from the ore raised, a considerable quantity of silver was obtained.

C. H. W.



TERMONFICKAN

Termonfickan, or as it is now called, Torfeckan, is a handsome village in the county of Louth, four miles north of Drogheda, pleasantly situated on a small river, (over which is a handsome cut-stone bridge), half a mile from the sea-shore, and is chiefly resorted to in summer for the benefit of sea-bathing.

The name signifies the sanctuary of Saint Fechan, who was abbot of Fowre, in the county of Westmeath; of whom Colgan says that he "founded the noble monastery of Esdara; which the lord of the territory of Leny endowed with great possessions, and with the tract of land extending from the river, which leaves the monastery, to the sea;" and we learn from Ware, that there was here an abbey of Regular Canonesses, the possessions of which were confirmed by Pope Celestine the Third, A. D. 1195.

In former times the founder of a church was obliged, prior to its consecration by the bishop, to endow it with certain properties for the maintenance of the clergy connected with the establishment. To these lands, which were denominated Erenach or Termon lands, various privileges were annexed: they were exempt from all lay charges, and became sanctuaries; and strictly "territorium ecclesiasticum"—and were in some respects equivalent to our glebe lands; and hence the name, Termonfechan.

The parish church of Saint Fechan is handsomely situated on a rising ground over the river, and is a neat commodious structure; having a good steeple and spire, but cannot boast of much antiquity. In the chancel some of the archbishops are interred. In the churchyard is an antique stone cross, about six feet high, with bas-reliefs of

the usual description, but much defaced; the church also contains some handsome mural monuments.

A short distance from the church, and commanding the road to the sea-shore, is a lofty, square, embattled tower, apparently of the reign of Henry the Eighth, in very good preservation. It consists of three stories, having a parapet at the top, with a look-out tower; and a platform on the side next the coast. From its situation and appearance, it has evidently been intended as a defence; and even yet might be used as such to advantage; being very strong, and commanding the country all round. It is now inhabited by mendicants, and is called the "curate's house;" for what reason I could never learn.

Termonfickan has been the residence of two remarkable characters—Doctor James Ussher, and Doctor Oliver Plunket; the one celebrated for his learning, the other for his misfortunes. Of the latter it may suffice to say, that he was characterized by Bishop Burnett as "a wise and sober man; who was for living quietly, and in due submission to the government." He was convicted of an impossible crime, and sentenced to an ignominious death. He was dragged on a sledge to Tyburn, and executed on the 1st of July, 1681, in the presence of an immense multitude of spectators.

After his execution, his head was severed from his body, which was divided into quarters, and buried in St. Giles's churchyard in the fields. At the end of two years it was raised, and conveyed to a monastery of English Benedictines at Lamspring, in the Duke of Brunswick's territories in Germany; and re-buried there with much pomp.—The head, however, even yet adorned with silvery hair, is

preserved in a monastery of Dominican nuns at Drogheda, in an ebony casket, in very good preservation; and even yet retains in its features the benign and peaceable character of the archbishop's countenance.

R. A.

OLD NANNIE BOYD—A TRUE NARRATIVE.

One evening, during the severe winter of 1799, as Nannie Boyd* came in from the bhyre (cow-house), with a pail of milk in her hand, she thus addressed her family—"this is gaun to be a very severe night, childer. I saw in the morning that the tap o' Slieve Bawn, between us and the glens, was white wi' sna; and I doubted a' day we would have a fa': I hae been now upwards of forty years living in this place, and I dianna remember to hae seen a mair gloomy and dismal-looking evening. Gang you, Bab, and put the sheep in some safe and shelry place: they are a' come down frae Knockrammer, as if led by some natural foreboding, to Knockcoghram, on purpose, it would seem, to be near the houses and human aid: and gang you, Jack, and bring in mair peats; for you may depend it will be an easier task now than in the morning: and, Jean, said she to the girl, bring in plenty o' water." Her orders no one disputed. Her son, wrapping himself up in his great coat, set off with the dog to the hill. The turf and water were soon brought in; and a large fire put on. Nannie took her seat at her wheel in the corner; and several of the neighbours' girls, who had, as was the custom, come in with their wheels, formed a semi-circle round the fire, and commenced their nightly task with one of Burns's songs—

"The gloomy night is gathering fast."

An hour had elapsed, when Nannie stopped her wheel, and said—

"I wonder what detains Bab sae lang on the hill?"

"Hoot," said one of the girls, "do ye think that Bab will be on Knockcoghram, and no gang owre to the Brownstown, and see his sweet-heart?"

Nannie seemed satisfied, and resumed her wheel.

The wind had now risen, and a choking drift was falling fast. A rap came to the door; but as every one lifted the latch, and came in without any ceremony, little attention was paid to it; till a second was given, when one of the girls rose, and opened the door. A man of genteel appearance entered, covered with snow, from which being disengaged, he thus addressed the family:

"This is a very snowynight, and I believe I have nearly lost my way. Is there any person in this house that will conduct me safe to Broughshane, and I will reward him handsomely."

"I'm thinking," said Nannie, "ye had better come forward to the fire, an' warm yersel'; it's an unco cauld night; and I doubt there's nane in the town could gang wi' ye, but my son, Bab, and he's no in at present. Sit down at the fire, and we'll see what can be done."

The stranger took a seat; and Nannie, without saying another word, lighted a candle, stepped into the room, and soon returned with a plate of butter, some oat-cakes, and the heel of a cheese, which she placed on the kitchen-table; saying to the stranger—

"Turn round your chair, and take a bite o' bread; ye nae, maybe, travelled a lang road the day, and ye canna be the worse o' eating something."

The gentleman thanked her, turned round, and took a hearty luncheon; adding, "that he had come from Cushendall, by what the people there told him was the shortest way to Broughshane; though I suspect," said he, "that they intended to put me wrong; yet, I must acknowledge, that they told me also, that the road I was travelling on, would take me to my destination."

"Might I mak sae free," said Nannie, "as to ask what business ye follow, that obliged ye to come owre the hills at this season o' the year. It was weel the ground

was frozen; otherwise ye might hae been lost a' the gither."

"Indeed, Madam," said the stranger, "I am a soldier: at present under strict orders to join my regiment, now in Ballymena;" giving his name at the same time.

At mention of the word soldier, one of the girls slipped out.

"And if ye be a soldier," said Nannie, "why but ye hae on a red coat? I ay like to see folk appearing in their proper colours."

"That is very right," said the gentleman; "but I only arrived from Scotland yesterday; and as the people in this country were so lately in a state of insurrection, I thought it safest to put on coloured clothes, lest I might meet with some insult, or, perhaps worse, from the inhabitants, among whom I am a total stranger."

"Ye needna hae been sae scar'd," replied Nannie; "for ye woudna hae met wi' any thing but civility either in the glens, or in the braid; that is, provided ye conducted yersel' discreetly, as a stranger ought to do: for though the glens folk are maistly Roman Catholics, and we in the braid, maistly Presbyterians, yet we live on the best terms. When only o' our folk gangs down there, they are treated wi' the utmost kindness and friendly feeling; and when they come up here, we do what we can to mak a return."

"I wish, Madam," answered the stranger, "that this was the universal practice in Ireland: but I forget Broughshane, which, if possible, I must be in to-night."

"Indeed," answered Nannie, "I just think ye may be thankfu' that ye're in bigged we's. Do ye hear how awfu' the storm is raging without, an' the drift whirling through the air; (I wish Bab was hame); look at that window and see how its blinded wi' the sna'. Ye man e'en content yersel' whar ye are till the marning;—I can gie ye a clean bed, and plenty o' blankets, which ye'll find usefu' on sae cauld a night."

The gentleman went to the door, looked out, and returned; saying, "he would be happy to accept of her friendly offer, as the night was getting still worse."

Shortly after, her son, Bob, returned, almost choked with drift, and covered with snow; from which being disengaged, he sat down at the fire, saying that he never experienced so severe a night.

"This is a stranger," said his mother, "that wants somebody to conduct him to Broughshane; but I think he is better here than out in sic a night; he's a military man, and gaun on some important business I suppose; but nae-body could gang out the night on any account."

"It would be," replied her son, "a tempting o' Providence to gang the length o' Skirry, through sic storm, he will, I hope, content himself whar he is till the marning."

The stranger and Bob soon got into conversation; the former related many interesting anecdotes in military life; and described many of the towns in which he had been quartered; and some of the most remarkable highland hills, glens, and mountains that he had visited; and with which he seemed quite familiar; but when he told them that the city of London contained more inhabitants than the counties of Antrim and Down put together, they were amazed, and scarcely gave credit to his assertion.—

Bob, on the other hand, told him that the place where he now was, was called the Fourtowns of Skirry in the braid; that though it was a mountainous district, the inhabitants were a tolerably well informed class, having a respectable book-club; and the newspapers circulating regularly among them, &c. In this way the night passed till bed time; and after all the night's avocations were finished, Bob brought forward the "bigga bible, ance his father's pride," and seating himself, said, with becoming gravity, "let us worship God;"—choosing a psalm, he commenced singing, in which he was joined by the stranger, and all the family; and afterwards he read a chapter in the bible, and then knelt down to pray, offering up the thanks of a grateful and pious heart to the dispenser of all good, for the protection which his humble roof afforded them in such a dreadful night; imploring His protecting care over such as were so unfortunate as to be overtaken by the storm, or, perhaps, perishing in the snow.

The gentleman, after all was finished, remarked that he almost fancied himself at home in Scotland; observing

* It is customary in some parts of Ireland, and in Scotland, to call a married woman by her maiden name: Nannie's husband, who was some time dead, was Thomas Crawford.

the same time, that from the accounts which he had been taught to believe, he did not suppose that any portion of the inhabitants of Ireland were so strictly religious; but he was assured by Bob that what he now witnessed was a common practice in many districts of Ireland.

The night still continued wild, while the tempest o'er the chimney top, sounded a melancholy dirge. They all repaired to rest, but Jack still thought on—

"Ilk hap'ing bird, wee helpless thing,
That in the merry months o' spring
Delighted me to hear thee sing;
What comes o' thee?"

Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chattering wing,
And close thy e'e?"

It is enough to say, that the next morning was as bad as the preceding night; and the storm continued with unabated fury till the following morning, during which time the stranger amused himself reading the newspaper, and some of the books belonging to the club; and after the weather became settled, it was deemed impracticable to go any length from the house.

"Since path is none, save that to bring;
The needful water from the spring."

But in a few days the road was deemed passable; and he, after proffering Nannie a handsome remuneration for her trouble, which she peremptorily refused, proceeded under the guidance of Bob, to the road leading to Broughshane, which, after much difficulty, they gained. Here the gentleman again requested Bob to accept of some recompence for his trouble, but this he absolutely refused; and after a cordial shake hands, and many thanks on the part of the stranger, they parted.

It is generally known that the leaders of the insurgents in the county of Antrim, in case they were defeated, had appointed the mountain of Slemish,* a high, and conspicuous hill, near the centre of the county of Antrim, as their chief place of rendezvous; and at this place they were to consult what was next to be done.

It happened that a Mr. A. H—y, who had the command of the pikemen, or at least a party of them, at the battle of Antrim, was wounded by a musket-ball in the front of his shoulder, which penetrated so far, that it had to be extracted from the opposite side; with difficulty and peril, he made his way to Slemish; and through some means or other, got shelter, though a perfect stranger, in Nannie Boyd's till his wound would be whole, which it was at the time of the stranger's calling, though he was still unable to use it. Mr. A. H—y happened to be in a neighbour's house, the night already mentioned; and the girl hearing the stranger say that he belonged to the military, she conjectured he was a spy; and so she warned Mr. A. H—y, not to venture into the house till the stranger had left the place, in consequence of which he remained where he was till the gentleman's departure. At this period orders had been issued by the military, who then had the administration of the law, that a paper containing the names of all the family, males and females, should be posted on the outside door of every inhabited house. This was done on Nannie Boyd's; but the stranger either did not, or seemed not, to take any notice of it. He well knew, however, that all the family were not at home; for Nannie had informed

him that she had two other sons, who were tradesmen, and would not be home for some time.

During the summer of that year, one night, when all the family was fast asleep, old Nannie was awakened by the trampling of feet about the house, and a loud and furious knocking at the door, demanding entrance. She rose hastily, and lighted a candle; when she found, to her great dismay, that the whole house was surrounded by a large party of military, foot and horse; she opened the door, (in great trepidation,) as was demanded; and an officer, accompanied by a number of soldiers, entered; but the moment the officer saw her, he ordered the men to retire; and stretching out both his hands to her, asked her how she was?

She drew back, saying, "that she didna think he would hae been sae unkind as to come about her house at that hour o' the night, wi' a parcel of soldiers to frighten her sae; nor did she think she had deserved sic treatment at his hand."

He clasped both her hands, while a tear started in his eye. "No, my good woman, do not think me so base; I knew nothing of the place I was coming to, being conducted by an informer, who told the commanding officer in Ballymena, that he would, for a certain sum, bring us to a house in which was one of the rebel leaders; but it is, perhaps, best, that I was appointed to command the party." So saying, he stepped out, and ordered the men to keep their stations round the house, and let no one escape; adding, that he was acquainted with the people of the house, and would search it himself; which he did very strictly; but there was one place that he did not come near, and there lay concealed poor Mr. A. H—y, in trembling expectation of his fate. Finding none but the family, he ordered the men away; and with a hearty shake hands, and warm and fervent prayer from old Nannie for his welfare, he took his leave. Long after the officer left the country, Mr. A. H—y was made a prisoner, and lodged in Carrickfergus gaol; but as no witness appeared against him, he was at length liberated; when he went to Glasgow, and died there only a few years ago. Some years after her son's marriage, Nannie went to reside with her daughter at Raloo, where she died; and is buried in Raloo graveyard, near Larne. Her son, Bob, emigrated to America, and died in 1832. Many years after, when Jack had, by his industry, advanced himself to a higher grade in society, he happened to spend an evening among a number of literary characters and other gentlemen in Belfast; one of whom related, by way of anecdote, some of the principal events above mentioned; Jack viewed him more minutely, and discovered that he was the same person who had lodged with Nannie during the snow storm; and on making himself known, and reminding him of some minute circumstances, it is impossible to describe the kindness and friendship which he experienced from the officer, whose enquiries about Nannie and her family were sincere and affectionate. J. G.

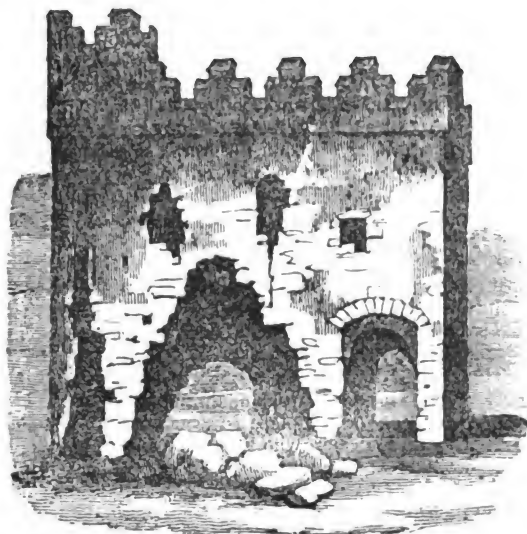
* * * It affords us great pleasure to comply with the request of a respected correspondent, by inserting the foregoing simple narrative of facts; alike honorable to the character of the officer and the humble individual to whom it refers; and may serve as a set off to some of those tales of cruelty and revenge which, in describing the peasantry of some other portions of our country, we are, in candour, compelled to insert in our journal.—Ed.

A LADY RESTORED TO LIFE.

Eliza, the wife of Sir W. Fanshaw of Woodley-hall, in Gloucestershire, was interred, having, at her own request, a valuable locket, which was her husband's gift, hung upon her breast. The sexton proceeding to the vault at night, stole the jewel; and by the admission of fresh air, restored the lady, who had been only in a trance, and who, with great difficulty, reached Woodley-hall in the dead of the night, to the great alarm of the servants. Sir W. being roused by their cries, found his lady with bleeding feet, and clothed in the winding sheet, stretched upon the hall. She was put into a warm bed, and gave birth to several children after her recovery.

* The two hills, Skirry and Slemish, (the latter of which is sometimes spelt Sleive Mis or Sleive Moïs,) mentioned above. The former is a green rocky hill of easy ascent, and has on its top an old church, said to be founded by St. Patrick; and on a stone near it is a hollow, in some respects resembling the impression of a foot, which is said to be that of St. Patrick himself, when he, one day, stepped from Slemish to Skirry—the distance being only about two miles. There is a burying ground at the old church, exclusively for Roman Catholics; and in the ruins of an old vault or tomb, a branch of the O'Neill family still deposit their dead. It was at Skirry and not Slemish, that tradition says St. Patrick kept the flock of Milco. Slemish lies southward of Skirry, on the mearing between Glenwherry parish and that of the Braid.—A writer in a cotemporary publication says Slemish is composed of *greenstone*: I do not know what he exactly means by that term; but one thing I am sure of, is, that it is composed of *basalt*, and of the Floetz Trap formation, and is about 1390 feet above the level of the sea.

KILGOBBIN CASTLE, COUNTY OF DUBLIN.



The village of Kilgobbin, in the half barony of Rathdown, county of Dublin, is situated six miles from the city, on the old road to Enniskerry by the Scalp, near the base of the Threerock mountain; but it is not to beauty of situation, or salubrity of atmosphere alone, Kilgobbin owes its chief celebrity; its mouldering castle constitutes the grand feature of its fame; and few, indeed, are the Dublinians who have not heard of this master piece of *Gubbawn Saer*, and of its hidden treasures.

There is nothing very remarkable in the appearance of the castle. It is evidently one of a chain of forts or fortified residences erected at a period of no very remote antiquity, to restrain the incursions of the redoubtable O'Tooles or O'Macs, who formerly ruled or misruled the Wicklow mountains: it consists of an oblong tower without turrets or outward defences, but planted nearly in the center of a level plain, extending from the base of the before-named mountain to the scarp of Killiney hill, and effectually commanding all ingress or egress through the remarkable pass of the Scalp. It formed, although not remarkable for strength or solidity, a very effectual fortress when occupied by a vigilant garrison: indeed the masonry appears of rather an inferior description, as the numerous rents from foundation to battlement testify; and in front a considerable portion of the wall has fallen down, leaving a yawning chasm, and exposing the arches and flooring of the interior.

The origin of this building is popularly attributed, as before hinted, to a renowned character in Irish traditional chronicle, named *Gubbawn Saer*. This personage, whoever he was, has the honour among our peasantry of being the reputed founder or architect of almost all the round towers and castles with which our green isle is so plentifully studded; in this case the idea has certainly arisen from the name Kilgobbin; but if these rustic etymologists were as conversant with Shakespeare, as they are with the tales of the chimney-corner, perhaps they would trace it to the Messrs. Lancelot Gobbo, father and son; heroes who figure conspicuously in one of the dramas of the immortal bard.

Be this as it may, many are the legends related of *Gubbawn Saer*: he is represented as being a famous architect and gold-finder; and his abilities in the line of his profession were so great as to cause his name and fame to be sounded over the world: he was eagerly sought after by all kings, princes, and potentates who had castles to build, and always acquitted himself to their satisfaction; and having undertaken a *job* for the King of France, he, before he entrusted his valuable body to the uncertainties of travel, like a good member of society, made his will and buried his money (of which, it seems, he had a good store), in one of the vaults of Kilgobbin castle; unfortun-

nately he did not come back to enjoy the "*otium cum dignitate*" of retirement; for his august employer, being perfectly satisfied with the manner in which he had executed his trust in France, and unwilling that any other of his brother aristocrats should reap the fruits of the experience of *Gubbawn Saer*, liberally rewarded him, and abundantly provided for all future contingencies, by cutting off his head; and as men without heads are but indifferent travellers, he never returned to tell the exact spot in which he deposited his money, but it is well known to be some where within the walls of this castle.

These rumours, whatever was their origin, have had the effect of adding the brains of more than one weak-minded person; and in their "*insatiate thirst for gold*," they have undermined the walls of the venerable ruin to such a degree, as materially to injure it: the walls are cracked and rent, and the entire literally "*totters to its fall*;" and will, ere long, present nothing to the view but an undistinguishable heap of ruins. Whether any person has been benefitted by such exertions we cannot say, but it is implicitly believed in the vicinity that more than one family in Dublin have been *made up* by their golden dreams of Kilgobbin.

TO A DROOPING ROSE.

Lovely rose, now lowly bending,
Thy blushes hidden in thy leaves,
Like a maid whose lover's vowing;—
She with drooping head receives.

Lovely rose, the day in dying
Strives to emulate thy hues;
And the timid zephyr sighing
Thy kiss with low murmurs woo.

Lovely rose, the woodbine's wreathing
Gently o'er thy fairy bower,
To inhale thy fragrant breathing,
Queen of every rainbow flower.

Lovely rose, the snow-drop's whiteness,
Pure as childhood's guileless heart;
Lovely rose, the heart's-ease brightness,
Gaudy like the tints of art;

Lovely rose, the tulip's splendour,
Like a monarch clad in gold;
The vale-born lily's bells so tender,
Scarcely daring to unfold:

Lovely rose, their softest shading
Doth not, cannot vie with thine;
Yet thou now art slowly fading,
Lovely rose, why droop—why pine?

Hath the wind too rudely brushed thee?
Dost thou mourn a broken vow?
Hath misfortune's finger crushed thee,
Leaving thee to droop as now?

Thus, oh! thus, o'er young hearts stealing,
Deep distress, deceit, and care
Change each sweet and holy feeling,
And leave behind them blank despair.

Lovely rose, I first came hither
In thy beauty's budding prime;
And although you slowly wither,
The same bright jasmines round you climb.

Oh! 'tis not thus when hearts are breaking;
For then their former friends soon fly,
Selfish pleasure elsewhere seeking,
Leaving the stricken hearts to die.—OSCAR.

DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 3, Cecilia Street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.

Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Panzer-alley, Paternoster-row; in Liverpool, by Willmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Ancherly & Birmingham, by Drake; in Glasgow, by W. R. M'Phun; and in Edinburgh, by N. Bowack, and R. Grant and Son.

THE
DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 92. VOL. II.

CONDUCTED BY P. DIXON HARDY, M.R.I.A.

APRIL 5, 1834.

THE DUBLIN ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.



THE PUMA.

THE BACTRIAN CAMEL.

Having in some of our former numbers turned the attention of our readers to the proceedings of the Zoological Society formed some timesince in this city, we now present them with engravings of two or three of the animals at present in the Gardens of the Society in the Phoenix-park.

The Camel is considered a very fine specimen of the species. It is, as our readers will perceive, of the Bactrian tribe; and one which, as we are informed in the descriptive catalogue, after having for many years wandered from town to town in the possession of some Italian showmen, was at length purchased from them, to be placed in the Society's Gardens. Its measurement is as follows: Length from point of nose to base of tail, nine feet nine inches; height to shoulder, six feet six inches; ditto of hump, one foot six inches.

The camel exemplifies, in a very striking manner, the wisdom with which nature has formed animals, so as to suit the mode of life to which they are destined. It is when this mode of life is most singular, that this adaptation of means to an end becomes most apparent; and for this reason the animal now before us may be regarded as one of the most interesting in the collection.

The camel is spread over the sandy deserts of Arabia, Africa, Persia, Southern Tartary, and parts of India, and has in those countries formed the best possession of the people from the patriarchal ages. To the inhabitant of the desert, the camel is all that his necessities require; he feeds on the flesh, drinks the milk, makes clothes and tents of the hair, and belts, saddles, and baskets of the hide.—He conveys himself and his family on its back, makes a pillow of its sides, and uses it as a shelter against the whirlwinds of sand which traverse the desert. Nothing, indeed, can be more complete than the adaptation of this animal to the purposes for which it is employed by man; but in none, perhaps, is this more striking than in its capability of crossing those trackless seas of sand that separate distant nations, and which has given rise to the emphatic epithet of the Arabians, by whom it is happily termed the "ship of the desert." It is, in fact, the only link by which many nations, naturally separated by boundless wastes, hold communication with each other. Caravans of these useful animals are continually traversing the desert with merchandize, and thus effect an interchange of commercial goods which could not otherwise take place, no other animal being able to survive the fatigue and the

privations which its peculiar structure enables it to undergo. Its nostrils are so formed, that they can be closed at pleasure, and thus exclude the driving sand; it can resist the drought consequent upon the burning heat of a tropical climate by means of the water retained in the cells which lie in its stomach, which it instinctively fills when an opportunity offers; it can subsist upon the precarious supply of dry and prickly plants which are thinly scattered over the desert, and which, without stopping, it snatches as it passes; and even when this scanty supply is wanting, or when the travelling store of food is exhausted, it still has a last resource in the fat hump on its back, which, filled in the season of plenty, now diffuses its nutritive contents over the vital parts of the wearied frame, and thus, until wholly absorbed and obliterated, enables the patient animal to continue its course without any other support; and so delicate is its sense of smelling, that it can discover the existence of water at the distance of many miles, and so imperative the instinct connected with this sense, that, if suffering from privation, it will defy all opposition, and, by hastening towards the spring, often save whole caravans from destruction; finally, its toes are embedded in a soft and elastic cushion, which enables it to tread lightly upon the loose and shifting sand; and so completely unadapted are its feet to any other soil, that, if worked upon a hard or even moist surface, they become violently inflamed, which, as Cuvier has justly remarked, accounts for the fact, that whilst other animals have accompanied the emigrations of man, from his original dwelling in Central Asia to every climate of the earth, the camel still adheres to the desert. But the various qualities above enumerated would be of little use to man had it not been naturally docile and obedient to his will. It would have been no easy task to subdue an animal of such power and strength, whilst, had that strength been less, it could not have borne the enormous weight of burdens which it patiently receives upon its back. But with a structure fitted for crossing the arid plains of the East, it has both strength to bear the heavy burdens of man, and a disposition to obey his will. Nor can we observe the callosities, upon which it throws the weight of its body when descending to receive a load, without feeling, that, of all the beasts of the field, the camel is, perhaps, that most plainly designed for the use and benefit of mankind. It would, indeed, seem to be intended as a redeeming compensation for many of those inconveniences and privations which are incident to the dry regions where it is found. We must remark, however, that, notwithstanding its usual docility, if offended, it is very resentful, but having once gratified the feeling, all remembrance of the injury is passed; aware of this, the drivers are often obliged to drop their clothes in its sight, and then conceal themselves; the animal soon satisfies its resentment by tearing the clothes, and is then gentle as before the offence.

The camel is only known in a domesticated state, and is of two kinds. Zoologists usually distinguish that with but one hump as the *dromedary*, and that with two as the *camel*; but the dromedary is really but a swifter kind of camel, and is to the latter what a racer is to a draught horse. There are one-humped and two humped *dromedaries*, and one-humped and two-humped *camels*. It is found in Turkistan, which is the ancient Bactria, and in Thibet, as far as the frontiers of China. The hair of the camel is renewed yearly, towards the commencement of summer, and is well known in manufactures by the names of camlet and mohair.

THE PUMA.

The puma (*FELIS CONCOLOR*.—*Linnaeus*) holds the same position amongst the animals of America, that the lion does amongst those of the old world. It was once called the American lion, from an absurd notion of the early colonists, that it was a degenerate variety of that far nobler animal, from which, however, it is distinguished by its inferior size, and by the absence of a mane, as well as of the brush at the end of the tail. The only resemblance, perhaps, which they bear to each other, in addition to the community of features which pervades the whole family, is in the uniform sameness of their colour. The puma was once spread over nearly the whole of the

American Continent, but it has now retired before the progress of civilization, and is confined to the dense forests and inaccessible mountains of its native country. Like the leopard, it ascends and descends trees with great facility, but usually lies concealed in the underwood, from which it darts forth upon its prey. Its ferocity towards the animals which it seizes, in its native state, is said to be very great, mangling and tearing them in the most violent manner. It seems, however, to have an instinctive dread of man, and attacks him reluctantly. But notwithstanding its natural fierceness, it is easily tamed, and will become as playful as a kitten, driving a ball about its cage with its paws.

We had just finished the foregoing description in reference to the animals at present in the Zoological Gardens, when the second volume of the "NATURALIST'S LIBRARY," by Sir W. Jardine, Bart., came to hand. As we purpose noticing this work more at length in our next, we shall for the present merely say of it, that it appears to be a decided improvement on the first volume. In addition to a very clear and distinct description of various animals of the *Feline* class, the compiler has introduced a number of entertaining anecdotes, in the way of familiar illustration of their natural propensities and dispositions. Of the good taste with which this is done, our readers will be able to judge from the following particulars relative to the puma, the animal which we have been describing:

The total length of the body of the adult puma is from four feet to four feet and a half, that of the tail from two to two feet and a half. The females are somewhat less. The fur is thick and close, above of a reddish-brown, approaching nearly to the colour of a fox on the back. It lightens on the outsides of the limbs and on the flanks, and upon the belly becomes of a pale-reddish-white. The muzzle, chin, throat, and insides of the legs, are grayish-white, and on the breast the colour becomes more marked, and is almost pure white. The part from which the whiskers spring, and the lips and back of the ears, are black; the whiskers themselves white. The tail is covered with thick fur, of the same colour with the upper parts, and black at the tips; and in all the animals of this kind which we have seen, and also in those which have been figured in the various works, it was carried in the usual manner, and, upon any excitement, was moved from side to side.

The puma, though very active in climbing, seems more to frequent the grassy plains of the southern part of America, and the marshy meadow-lands bordering the rivers, than the forest; and is found in a country so open, as to be frequently taken by the lasso, when attacking the herds. Upon the Pampas, this is one of the most common methods of destroying it. Captain Head, in his "Rough Notes," tells us, as soon as the dogs unkenel a lion or tiger, they pursue him until he stops to defend himself. If the dogs fly upon him, the guacho jumps off his horse, and while he is contending with his enemies, he strikes him on the head with the balls, to which an extraordinary momentum can be given. If the dogs are at bay, and afraid to attack their foe, the guacho then hurls his lasso over him, and galloping away, drags him along the ground, while the hounds rush upon him, and tear him.

In the northern districts, it inhabits the swamps and prairies, living chiefly upon different species of deer, upon which it is said sometimes to drop from a tree, which it had ascended to watch their path; or it makes inroads upon the hogs of the squatter, who has ventured to the unopened country. Other kinds of food, however, are sought after, and taken without much discrimination; and the Royal Society of London possesses a skin of a puma which was said to be shot in the act of devouring a wolf. Unlike most of the other *Felineæ*, it is not satisfied with the seizure of a single prey; but, when meeting with a herd of animals, will kill as many as it can, sucking only a small portion of the blood from each. It is thus extremely destructive among sheep, and has been known to kill fifty in one night. Active means are therefore, constantly in use for its destruction, and it is either hunted, speared, or shot. Molina and Azara say that it will flee from men, and its timidity renders the pursuit generally

free from danger, when it is followed singly with the rifle; but the following incident will show that these encounters are sometimes fatal, and that the smart of a wound may occasionally raise the courage of the most dastardly animal. It is probable that the shot fired by the hunter's companion had slightly wounded the puma. "Two hunters went out in quest of game on the Katskills Mountains, in the province of New York, each armed with a gun, and accompanied by his dog. It was agreed between them, that they should go in contrary directions round the base of the hill, and that if either discharged his piece, the other should cross the hill as expeditiously as possible, to join his companion in pursuit of the game shot at. Shortly after separating, one heard the other fire, and, agreeably to their compact, hastened to his comrade. After searching for him for some time without effect, he found his dog dead and dreadfully torn. Apprised by this discovery that the animal shot at was large and ferocious, he became anxious for the fate of his friend, and assiduously continued the search for him; when his eyes were suddenly directed, by the deep growl of a puma, to the large branch of a tree, where he saw the animal couching on the body of the man, and directing his eye towards him, apparently hesitating whether to descend and make a fresh attack on the survivor, or to relinquish its prey, and take to flight. Conscious that much depended on celerity, the hunter discharged his piece, and wounded the animal mortally, when it and the body of the man fell together from the tree. The surviving dog then flew at the prostrate beast: but a single blow from his paw laid him dead by his side. In this state of things, finding that his comrade was dead, and that there was still danger in approaching the wounded animal, he retired, and, with all haste, brought several persons to the spot, where the unfortunate hunter and both the dogs were lying dead together.*

"In the north, they are hunted like the lion in Africa, with a mingled band of squatters, dogs, and horses. The following sketch, from Audubon, of a hunt in the more inland recesses, seems drawn with characteristic truth. In the course of one of his rambles, he came to the cabin of a squatter, on the banks of the Cold-Water river; and, after a hospitable reception, and an evening spent in mutually detailing their adventures in the chase, it was agreed in the morning to hunt the painter, which had of late been making sad ravages among the squatter's herd of hogs.—The hunters accordingly made their appearance, just as the sun was emerging from beneath the horizon. They were five in number, and fully equipped for the chase, being mounted on horses, which, in some parts of Europe might appear sorry nags; but which, in strength, speed, and bottom, are better fitted for pursuing a cougar or a bear through woods and morasses, than any in that country.—A pack of large ugly curs were already engaged in making acquaintance with those of the squatter. He and myself mounted his two best horses, whilst his sons were bestriding others of inferior quality.

"Few words were uttered by the party until we had reached the edge of the swamp, where it was agreed that all should disperse, and seek for the fresh track of the painter, it being previously settled that the discoverer should blow his horn, and remain on the spot until the rest should join him. In less than an hour, the sound of the horn was clearly heard; and, sticking close to the squatter, off we went through the thick woods, guided only by the now and then repeated call of the distant huntsman. We soon reached the spot, and in a short time the rest of the party came up. The best dog was sent forward to track the cougar, and in a few minutes the whole pack were observed diligently trailing, and bearing in their course for the interior of the swamp. The rifles were immediately put in trim, and the party followed the dogs at separate distances, but in sight of each other, determined to shoot at no other game than the panther.

"The dogs soon began to mouth, and suddenly quickened their pace. My companion concluded that the beast was on the ground; and, putting our horses to a gentle gallop, we followed the curs, guided by their voices. The noise of the dogs increased, when all of a sudden,

their mode of barking became altered, and the squatter, urging me to push on, told me that the beast was treed, by which he meant that it had got upon some low branch of a large tree, to rest for a few moments, and that should we not succeed in shooting him when thus situated, we might expect a long chase of it. As we approached the spot, we all by degrees united into a body; but on seeing the dogs at the foot of a large tree, separated again, and galloped off to surround it.

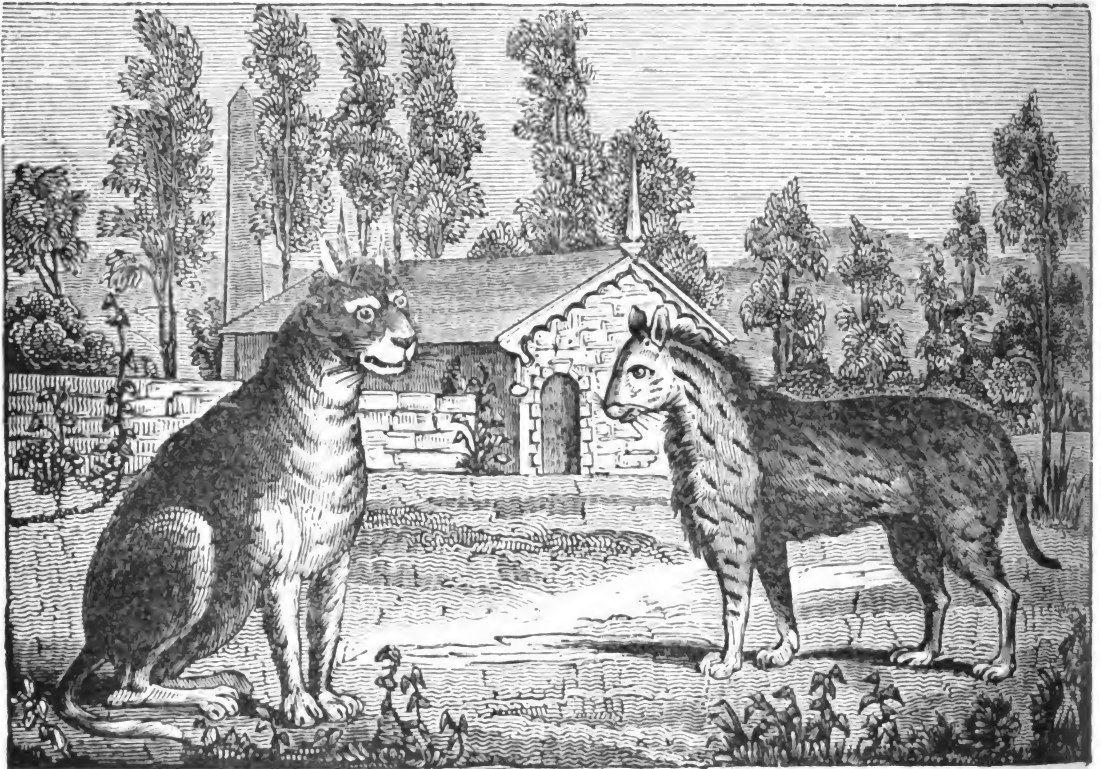
"Each hunter now moved with caution, holding his gun ready, and allowing the bridle to dangle on the neck of his horse, as it advanced slowly towards the dogs. A shot from one of the party was heard, on which the cougar was seen to leap to the ground, and bound off with such velocity, as to show that he was very unwilling to stand our fire longer. The dogs set off in pursuit with great eagerness, and a deafening cry. The hunter who had fired came up, and said that his ball had hit the monster, and had probably broken one of his fore-legs, near the shoulder, the only place at which he could aim. A slight trail of blood was discovered on the ground; but the curs proceeded at such a rate, that we merely noticed this, and put spurs to our horses, which galloped on towards the centre of the swamp. One bayou was crossed then another still larger and more muddy; but the dogs were brushing forward, and, as the horses began to pant at a furious rate, we judged it expedient to leave them, and advance on foot. These determined hunters knew that the cougar, being wounded, would shortly ascend another tree, where, in all probability, he would remain for a considerable time, and that it would be easy to follow the track of the dogs. We dismounted, took off the saddles and bridles, set the bells attached to the horses' necks at liberty to jingle, hopped the animals, and left them to shift for themselves.

"After marching for a couple of hours, we again heard the dogs. Each of us pressed forward, elated at the thought of terminating the career of the cougar. Some of the dogs were heard whining, although the greater number barked vehemently. We felt assured that the cougar was treed, and that he would rest for some time, to recover from his fatigue. As we came up to the dogs, we discovered the ferocious animal lying across a large branch, close to the trunk of a cotton-wood tree. His broad breast lay towards us; his eyes were at one time bent on us, and again on the dogs beneath and around him; one of his fore-legs hung loosely by his side; and he lay crouched, with his ears lowered close to his head, as if he thought he might remain undiscovered. Three balls were fired at him, at a given signal, on which he sprang a few feet from the branch, and tumbled headlong to the ground. Attacked on all sides by the enraged curs, the infuriated cougar fought with desperate valour; but the squatter advancing in front of the party, and almost in the midst of the dogs, shot him immediately behind and beneath the left shoulder. The cougar writhed for a moment in agony and in another lay dead.*

"The puma is very easily tamed, and becomes harmless and even affectionate. Azara records its docility from one which he long kept tame, and the celebrated Kean possessed one which followed him loose, and was often introduced to company in his drawing-room. We have frequently been in company with the animal which served for the accompanying illustration. It was extremely gentle and playful, and showed no symptoms of ferocity to the strangers who came to see it. Its motions were all free and graceful, and it exhibited the greatest agility in leaping and swinging about the joists of a large unoccupied room in the old college of Edinburgh. For the following additional particulars we are indebted to the account given by Mr. Wilson. 'It rejoices greatly in the society of those to whose company it is accustomed, lies down upon its back between their feet, and plays with the skirts of their garments, entirely after the manner of a kitten. It shows a great predilection for water, and frequently jumps into and out of a large tub, rolling itself about, and seemingly greatly pleased with the refreshment,

While in London, it made its escape into the street during the night, but allowed itself to be taken up by a watchman, without offering even a show of resistance.—It was brought from the city of St. Paul's, the capital of the district of that name in the Brazilian empire. During the voyage home, it was in habits of intimacy with several dogs and monkeys, none of which it ever attempted to injure, nor did it even attempt to return the petty insults

which the latter sometimes offered; but if an unfortunate fowl or goat came within its reach, it was immediately snapt up and slain. Since its arrival in Edinburgh, it has not been indulged with living prey; and the only animals which have fallen victims to its rapacity, were a mallard and cock pheasant, both of which approached inadvertently within the circle of its spring, and were each killed by a blow of its fore-paw.



THE PERSIAN LYNX.

THE SERVAL.

In describing the larger animals of the cat kind, such as the lion and the tiger, there is no great difficulty in distinguishing one animal from another, each carrying its own peculiar marks, which, in some measure, serve to separate it from all the rest. But it is otherwise, when we come to these of the same species, that fill up the chasm between the tiger and the cat. The spots with which their skins are diversified, are so various, and their size so equivocal, that it is no easy matter to distinguish the species, particularly as we have little else but the spots and the size to guide us in making the distinction. If we regard the figure and diversity of the spots, we shall find many varieties not taken notice of by many naturalists; if we are led by the size, we shall find an imperceptible gradation from the cat to the tiger. The lynx, while it evidently belongs to the family of cats, is distinguished from others of the species by the little tuft or pencil of black hairs which terminates each ear, from which it takes its name; the Turkish word *Caracal* signifying "Black Ear." The most striking distinction between the lynx, and animals of the panther kind, is in its tail, which is at least half as short in proportion, and black at the extremity. Its fur is much longer, the spots on the skin less vivid, and but confusedly mingled with the rest.—It is a native of most of the warmer countries of the old world, being found throughout the whole of Africa and the southern half of Asia, where it follows so constantly in the footsteps of the lion, that, like the Jackal, it has been absurdly called the "lion's provider." It was imagined by some, that the sovereign of the forest made use of the more delicate senses of these animals to point out to him the objects of his pursuit, re-

warding them afterwards with a share of the spoil! This fanciful notion, however, has been found to be without any other foundation, than the fact, that the jackal and the lynx follow in the train of the lion, for the purpose of feeding upon the mangled remains of the carcasses which he may leave. The lynx depends very much for support upon the food thus provided for it. It frequently, however, indulges its native ferocity in hunting wild cats, martens, squirrels, and other small animals, pursuing them up trees with great activity, where also it often lies in wait, to drop down, even upon deer or goats, which may pass underneath. The lynxes are remarkably intractable and mistrustful, and are seldom completely tamed.—They indicate a considerable degree of angry nervousness when conscious of being noticed. The animal in the Gardens of the Zoological Society is a good specimen of the species.

The serval, another animal of the cat species, is a native of Malabar, and resembles the panther in its spots, but the lynx in the shortness of its tail, in its size, and in its strong built form. It is streaked also like the lynx, but has not the tips of its ears tufted.

THE OSTRICH.

Of all the birds in the Zoological Gardens, the Ostrich is, perhaps, the most attractive. Its gigantic size, (for it is the largest of all birds,) its peculiar form, its singular habits and its graceful plumes, all bestow upon it no common degree of interest. Nor can we consider its peculiar

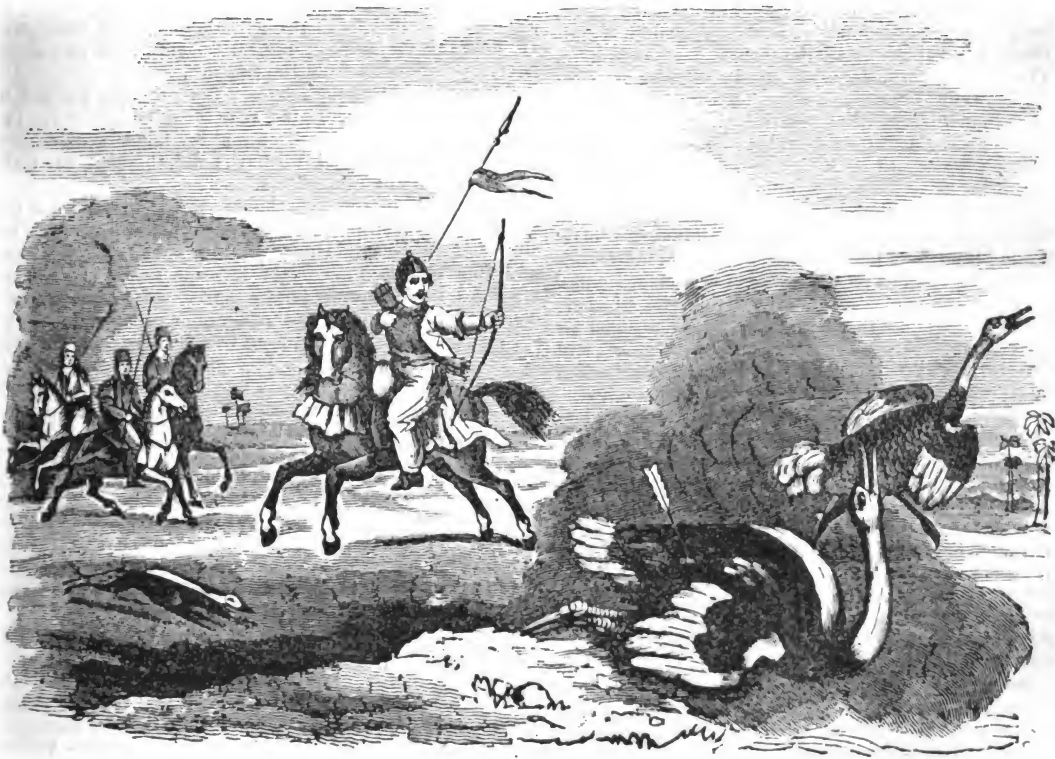
structure and natural habits, as related by travellers, without observing that nature must have intended it to form one of the links in the chain of creation which connect the birds with the four footed beasts. Its ancient name was the *Camel-bird*. It is confined to Africa and the western parts of Arabia, and, like the camel, it is in every way suited to inhabit the same sandy deserts. Its breast-bone is not keel-shaped, like that of those birds which have the power of flight and require to cleave the air, but is flat like that of a quadruped. It has two toes connected by a membrane, as in the camel's foot, which prevents it from sinking in the soft sand; and it has the same callous protuberances as that animal on the chest and abdomen, which, like it, it applies to the ground in lying down. Their stomachs, too, resemble each other in structure, both being provided with the means of retaining a store of water; and it frequently grazes with quadrupeds, feeding upon soft vegetable substances. Seeds, however, and various kinds of grain, are its favourite food.—It is of all other animals the most voracious. It will devour leather, grass, hair, iron, stones, or any thing that is given. Nor are its powers of digestion less in such things as are digestible. Those substances which the coats of the stomach cannot soften, pass whole; so that glass, stones, or iron, are excluded in the form in which they were devoured. These gigantic creatures vary in height from seven to ten feet, measuring from the top of the head to the ground; but from the back it is only four; so that the head and neck are above three feet long. From the top of the head to the rump, when the neck is stretched out in a right line, it is six feet long, and the tail is about a foot more. One of the wings, without the feathers, is a foot and a half; and being stretched out, with the feathers, is three feet.

The plumage is much alike in all; that is, generally

black and white; though some of them are said to be grey. There are no feathers on the sides, nor yet on the thighs, nor under the wings. The upper part of the head and neck are covered with a very fine clear white hair, that shines like the bristles of a hog; and in some places there are small tufts of it, consisting of about twelve hairs, which grow from a single shaft about the thickness of a pin.

The bill is short and pointed, and two inches and a half at the beginning. The external form of the eye is like that of a man, the upper eye-lid being adorned with eyelashes which are longer than those on the lid below. The legs are covered over with large scales. The end of the foot is cloven, and the two toes are of unequal size. The largest, which is on the inside, is seven inches long, including the claw, which is near three fourths of an inch in length, and almost as broad. The other toe is but four inches long, and is without a claw.

The female does not generally sit upon her eggs, except at night, but, influenced by a singular instinct, leaves them during the day-time to be hatched by the warm rays of the sun. When, however, the young comes forth, she watches over them with as much solicitude as any other bird. Some of the eggs are above five inches in diameter, and weigh above fifteen pounds. The beauty of the long feathers that compose the wings and tail, is the chief reason that man has been so active in pursuing this harmless bird to its deserts, and hunting it with no small degree of expense and labour. The ancients used those plumes in their helmets; the ladies of the east make them an ornament in their dress; and among us our undertakers and our fine gentlemen still make use of them to decorate their hearses and their hats. Those feathers which are plucked from the animal while alive are much more valued than those taken when dead, the latter being dry, light, and subject to be worm eaten.



HUNTING THE OSTRICH.

As the spoils of the ostrich are valuable, it is not to be wondered at that man has become their most assiduous pursuer. For this purpose, the Arabians train up their best and fleetest horses, and hunt the ostrich still in view. Perhaps, of all other varieties of the chase, this, though the most laborious, is yet the most entertaining. As soon as the hunter comes within sight of his prey, he puts on his horse with a gentle gallop, so as to keep the ostrich

still in sight; yet not so as to terrify him from the plain into the mountains. Of all known animals that make use of their legs in running, the ostrich is by far the swiftest: upon observing himself therefore pursued at a distance, he begins to run at first but gently; either insensible of his danger, or sure of escaping. In this situation he somewhat resembles a man at full speed; his wings, like two arms, keep working with a motion correspondent to that

of his legs; and his speed would very soon snatch him from the view of his pursuers, but, unfortunately for the silly creature, instead of going off in a direct line, he takes his course in circles; while the hunters still make a small course within, relieve each other, meet him at unexpected turns, and keep him thus still employed, still followed for two or three days together. At last, spent with fatigue and famine, and finding all hope of escape impossible, he endeavours to hide himself from those enemies he cannot avoid, and covers his head in the sand, or the first thicket he meets. Sometimes, however, he attempts to face his pursuers; and, though in general the most gentle animal in nature, when driven to desperation, he defends himself with his beak, his wings and his feet. Such is the force of his motion, that a man would be utterly unable to withstand him in the shock.

The inhabitants of Dara and Lybia breed up whole flocks of them, and they are tamed with very little trouble; and it is asserted that it is not alone for their feathers that they are prized in this domestic state; they are often ridden upon and used as horses. M. Moore asserts, that at Joar he saw a man travelling upon an ostrich; and M. Adanson mentions, at the factory of Podore, he had two ostriches, which were then young, the strongest of which ran swifter than the best English racer, although he carried two Negroes on his back.

"HIE OVER TO ENGLAND."

Though some incredulous folks may affect to sneer and speak slightly of "the good people," yet it is well known that the fairies have not yet ceased to play their pranks and exercise their influence over the sublunary concerns of men, as the following true story will certify.

In the summer of 18—, an honest, hard-working, industrious mason, named Shaun Long, or Jack the sailer, he having been some time at sea, was employed in building a house, not a great many miles from the city of Dublin. Shaun's slumbers were generally sound and easy; as every upright, laborious, poor man's must be who has worked hard to earn his subsistence: but one night, in the month of July, Shaun was disturbed from his repose by loud talking and sounds of mirth in the kitchen of his little cabin. Peeping out from his little bed-room, he perceived, with no small degree of alarm and terror, a group of small, dwarfish beings collected round his hearth before a blazing fire, and the whole place illuminated in the most wonderful manner. Ladies and gentlemen were merrily discussing the merits of sundry bottles of superior whiskey, as Shaun knew by the exquisite scent which reached his nostrils, and several jugs of punch, "hot, strong, and sweet"—the ladies attired in splendid style, but rather old fashioned; and the gentlemen in wigs and cocked hats.

Shaun Long was a man not easily intimidated; and when the first alarm was over, would meet the stoutest with fist or shillelah; and many a tight boy was forced to acknowledge the superior prowess of the broad shouldered, two-handed Shaun; for few could handle a black-thorn with such dexterity; he being possessed of that valuable accomplishment to a boy in a fight, of being equally expert, quick, and strong with both hands.

"Blur an agers," said Shaun to himself, "what sort of a how-d'-ye-do is all this? Nice work at a body's fire-side at such an hour of the night; but iv I don't—" and here he was about jumping out of the bed, when he observed one of the gentlemen rising from his seat, and taking off his cocked hat, put on a red night-cap. He then dipped the middle finger of his left hand into a kind of glittering saucer, which stood on the mantle shelf, and anointed his forehead. He then addressed his companions in the following words:

"Pick up, pick up all your crumbs,
But touch nothing with your thumbs—
Hie over to England!"

and in an instant he vanished.

A lady then stood up, doffed her rich lace cap, and donned the red cap in its stead. She then commenced

picking up certain fragments of barn-brack, saffron cake, &c., upon which they had been regaling; and anointing her forehead, repeated the following:

"Thus I pick up all my crumbs,
But touch nothing with my thumbs—
Hie over to England!"

and disappeared like a passing thought.

Shaun was too much surprised, or, as he expressed it, "amplushed," to stir hand or foot.

"Well," he again whispered, "bud yez are the dickens own quare people, anyhow;" but as they were moving off pretty quick, he grew bolder, as the throng on his behalf diminished. The company passed away one after another, male and female alternately; observing the same ceremony and repeating the same words, until only one lady and gentleman were left behind; who looked carefully about to see if all the crumbs were picked up. The lady then said:

"We have picked up all our crumbs,
We've touched nothing with our thumbs;
Therefore we now may safely say,
Hie o'er to England—hie away!"

and off she flew. The gentleman then put on his red night cap; and having consecrated his brow, said:

"I must now the saucer take,
Lest I should Jack Long awake;
Then in his head the whim might rise
To seize on me, and win the prize."

Up jumpt Shaun Long, inspired by a sudden impulse, and bounding towards the little gentleman, seized on the saucer; but the little fellow rapidly repeating the words, "Hie over to England," vanished from before him.

"Well," said Shaun, "I got the saucer at any stagger; and was near pinning the fairy. Och, iv I did, maybe it's a power of money he might be givin' me to let him go.—He held the saucer fast; but all was now dark and silent, except the glimmer from the turf fire.

"Maybe," said Shaun again, "the prize he was talkin' about was this saucer; an' a nice bit of *chenee* it is; but I wonder what effect my dippin' my finger would have. I'll try—maybe its luck I'd have; an', besides, my night cap is red, just like the fairies."

Shaun, full of the experiment, forgot that he was not exactly in travelling trim, having nothing on him but his shirt and night-cap. However, no sooner said than done, and Shaun dipped his finger into the magic saucer, and anointed his forehead—but he stirred not: at last he recollected that he did not pronounce the words of the spell, and singing out in a loud voice, "Hie over to England;" up through the chimney he went like lightning, and through the air he cut with inconceivable velocity, and which he endured without any inconvenience: on the contrary, it had quite a composing effect upon him, as it soon wrapt his senses in a profound and pleasant sleep.

When he awoke all was dark about him. He recollected what had passed; but deemed it all a dream; and began to feel about for the well known signs and tokens of his cabin. What he was lying on appeared to his touch as a heap of saw-dust; and bottles were scattered up and down. He crawled about, and run his head into a hole like a dog-kennel; low, narrow, and built with bricks; and from his skill in his trade, he knew that he was in the bin of a wine-cellar.

"In the name of all that's quare and quomical, where am I at all, at all," said he; "these thievish fairies are after playin' the very puck with me, for disturbin' them in their drink. Bad cess to the villains, but its themselves that put me into the hobble, the thievish rogues of the world. Oh! Shaun Long, aren't you proud o' yer-self, cooped up like a cracked bottle, 'ithout a bit of gumshin in you. How'll I get out; Och, wurra shree! och, ochone!"

He paused,—no reply was made to his moans.

"Och, Shawn, jewel, its you that made the right Judy ov yerself; intherferin' about the decent good people, that made so much of an omedhaun like you, as to take a drop ov drink in your dirty cabin; sure its the best for

the grace never kem to the likes ov you, who'd thrubble them. No doubt but they'd lave their blessin' behind them; but you're always runnin' your ugly *spaug* (foot) into the mischief, so you are."

Shaun continued a long time discontented, cold, and hungry, in this state of darkness. He reviewed all that passed, and still could hardly persuade himself but that it was no other than a dream; he therefore began to call lustily for his friend and comrade.

"Jack O'Hara, *avourneen*; arrah don't be humbuggin' wid you, but let us out: this is some of your thricks and manuvrin' you schamin' play-sham; so I expect you'll let me out, an' no more ov your nonsense."

Shortly after he heard the bolt of a lock shooting on its springs, and a gleam of strong light flared in on him as the door was opened by a man with a powdered head, and dressed in black from head to foot, followed by a servant in splendid livery, with a wine-cooper in his hand.

"Arrah musha, good luck to yer honor; and its myself that's glad to see you; but wasn't id too bad to lave me here perishin' wid the cowl here this whole time; but its yourself that's the funny man now—God bless you."

"Who have we here?" was the reply. James, seize that there feller; now we've found out as who robbed the cellar. This yere cove got drunk; no doubt as what he has false keys about him."

The servant instantly seized poor Shaun Long; and the cries of the butler soon brought a troop of the servants to his assistance. It was the cellar of the earl of D—a, a nobleman of Lancashire, in which poor Shaun had the misfortune to be discovered; and from which a considerable quantity of wine had been taken from time to time in a most unaccountable manner. Many servants had been dismissed with disgrace, as being concerned in the robbery; but now the real thief was found, to the general satisfaction and joy of all. Shaun was brought out of the cellar, and produced, as he was, in the servants' hall, where he became an object of examination and surprise to all the servants, male and female. There was no pity for Shaun: he was a robber—taken *flagrant delecto*—and there could be no doubt of his guilt; that he must have been an old offender, and an experienced hand was certain, or how could he get into the cellar.

The butler would allow no questions to be put to him before the earl was apprised of his capture, which was not long; ill news flies fast, and the butler, in a very few minutes, announced his lordship's approach.

"My lud," began the butler, "we have found this bulgarious thief in your ludship's cellar, just as your ludship sees him at present."

"An odd sort of dress, Mr. Cork, for a thief to rob a cellar in:" said his lordship.

"Yes, indeed, my lud," said the butler in reply; "there must have been more of 'em, I dare say, wot left this drunken creter behind 'em. False keys, your ludship—get all the locks changed: found all the doors locked, and this yere feller inside."

Shaun Long felt all his Irish modesty not a little shocked at the unseemly guise in which he was obliged to stand before nobility, and was piteously imploring the servants, while the above remarks passed between his lordship and the butler.

"For mercy's sake, give a body a few duds to put about them; don't you see I'm not in a fit dhress to appear before quality; or give me my own clothes, an' don't be grinnin' and humbuggin' a decent boy."

"Humbuggin'!" said Mr. Cork, "I just tell you what, Mister Paddy, 'twill be no humbuggin' matter to have that there neck of your own stretched in a halter for robbin' my lud's cellar."

"Arrah, be aisy, Mister, can't you," said Shaun; "an' don't be comin' them rigs on a body. Sure its my father's son that'd scorn a dirty thing, let alone robbin'; and its both cowl and hungry I am, lettin' alonethe shame of stannin' here afore the world."

"Who are you?" asked his lordship.

"Shaun Long, the mason, or otherwise Jack the sailor, at your service;" said Shaun.

"What were you doing in my cellar?"

"Faith, it's doin' nothin' at all, your honor, I was, bar-

rin' frettin' my guts to fiddle sthrings—and mollycholly musick they med after all; savin' yer lordship's presence,"

"How did you get into the cellar?"

"Why, then, be dad, that's just what I'm thinkin' ov myself," said Shaun; "an' iv I was to be shot wid a ball as big as the hill of Hothe, I can't make it out; but I'll tell you all I know about it, your lordship."

"Well, proceed, Sir," said his lordship: but here his lordship's housekeeper interposed.

"My lud," said she, "my leddy, and the young leddies are coming down to hear the examination; and its the most indiscreetest haction in the wo'ld to have this here man exhibited like a wild hanimill; for my part I think the barberin Hrish feller should have a sun'at to kiver him. I feel quite taken with an alloverness at the sight; and I'm zure my leddy and the young leddies will die o the fright."

"Heaven bless your purty face, my darlint," said Shaun; "its yourself that has the rale tinderness 'ithin in you."

"Mrs. Keys," said the earl, "you are right. Mr. Cork, get the man some clothes to cover him."

Some old clothes were brought to Shaun, who encased himself without the slightest hesitation; and stood before them "a burly groom," in stable dress.

"Now," said the earl, "let us hear how you got into the cellar."

Shaun entered into a long detail of all that had occurred the previous evening, not in the least disturbed by the shouts of laughter from all around him.

"You have a fine poetic imagination, Shaun Long," said his lordship; "but if your story gains credence with a jury, I am satisfied, for it does not with me I assure you. My cellar is not the only one which has been robbed; and my advice is, that you turn king's evidence, and bring your accomplices to justice; it is the only way you have of escape."

"Long life to your honor's glory," said Shaun; "orra a word of lie it is. I'll take my oath, on the holy althar, ov it this minut afore your honor."

"Man!" said the earl with becoming gravity, and dignity, "do you imagine that you can stultify a peer of the realm with such a tale. Your impudence is only equalled by your wickedness—you are a most barefaced villain."

"An' it's throe for you, faith," said Shaun; "I was bare enough, sure enough; but I never was a villyan yet, thanng God."

"Let him," said his lordship, "be taken before Mr. Sharp, the magistrate: have the facts sworn to, and sent up before the grand jury at Lancaster, which is now sitting; and have a true bill found. I think, Mr. Paddy, you had better inform on your accomplices."

"Inform!" said Shaun; "it's not in my blood! an' as for the accomplices, theorra one ever I had in my life."

"Take the impudent fellow away," said the earl, turning away with contempt.

Shaun was taken before Simon Sharp, Esq., the justice: a tall, thin, hungry-looking man, about sixty; with a pinched up mouth and nose, and very prominent eyes.—Mr. Cork, and James, the under butler, were his accusers; and poor Shaun underwent a long examination. The justice listened with extreme patience to Shaun's long and curious story; and when it was concluded, merely turned up his eyes, shrugged his shoulders, and ordered the clerk to make out the committal.

"Is it for breaking into the cellar or house of his lordship?" said the clerk; "for it does not appear how he got in."

"For feloniously entering the dwelling," said Mr. Sharp emphatically.

Shaun was handed over to the constables, and soon afterwards the strong bolts of Lancaster castle closed upon him.

Next morning poor Shaun Long was brought up for trial, the bills having been found; and again he was advised to inform on his coadjutors. Shaun pleaded, "not guilty," persisted in his story, and asserted his innocence, but met with derision and contempt from all, except a few who believed him mad. Baron G—— was the judge; a humane and intelligent man; who finding Shaun had

no counsel, assigned him the talented Mr. —, as his advocate.

Mr. Cork proved to finding Shaun in the cellar, which had previously been robbed very frequently. On his cross-examination, he said that the keys were always in his possession; admitted that he had taken some wine occasionally for his own private use; could not account for how the prisoner got into the cellar; did not put him in; never saw him before. Mr. James corroborated the evidence as to finding him in the cellar.

The prisoner having been called on for his defence, his counsel addressed the court, saying that the prisoner gave so wild and improbable an account of himself, that he was obliged to give up his case.

Shaun then addressed the court, and related his whole story, with many episodes, windings, and ramifications, which kept the court in roars of the most immoderate laughter, and only served to make a bad impression on his hearers. He might as well have attempted to prove an *alibi*; the jury found him guilty without leaving the box, and he was sentenced to be executed the day but one following.

The day and the hour came for the execution of poor Shaun, and every thing was prepared. His irons were knocked off; and all the usual ceremonies gone through. He was placed in a cart to be carried to the gallows-hill; he had resigned himself to meet his death, and sat silent, with the executioner by his side. As he was going along, an old woman with a red cap, called to him from out of the crowd—

"Shaun Long," said she, "die with your red night-cap on you, but don't touch it with your thumbs."

A new hope sprung up in his bosom, but he had left his red cap at the gaol. On his arriving at the fatal spot, the sheriff asked had he any thing to say before he suffered.

"One little weeny request, sheriff, jewel," said Shaun; just let me have the pleasure of taking my last sleep in in my own red cap, that I often took a comfortable nap in."

The sheriff instantly sent for the cap, which was handed to the doomed one. The horse having been taken from the cart before the cap came, the hangman waited with the noose ready to throw over Shaun's head, who putting on his cap without touching it with his thumbs, and rubbing his forehead with his middle finger, exclaimed—

"Hic over to Ireland."

In an instant Shaun, with the cart to which he was tied, mounted, with the swiftness of an arrow, into the air, to the astonishment of the sheriff and spectators, and next morning Shaun found himself and the cart before his cousin, Murty Ferrall's door, in the middle of the Queen's county.

"And is that you, Shaun Long," said Murty, coming out as Shaun had loosed himself from the cart; "or is it yourself that's in it at all?"

"Faix, an' I dunna, Murty, said Shaun; "for I had such a thransmogrification this while back, that I don't know whether its myself or another body that's in id."

"That's a mighty purty cart you have, any how," said Murty; maybe you'd sell that same."

"Sorra may care," replied Shaun; "for its neither the love nor the likin' I have for it."

"What's the very lowest pinny you'll have for it, then," said Murty.

"Why its a chape bargain at six pounds; but as you're a frind, why I'll let you have it at four; sure you can say nothing to that."

"Its mine, thin," said Murty, slapping Shaun's hand with a penny, by way of earnest; "come in, then, Shaun Long, for the woman 'ill be glad to see you."

Shaun was paid for the cart; and on his return home he found all things in his cabin as he had left them. He has often told the story to his friends; and declares he'll never forget the odd-looking earl of D——, or the big wig of the judge that tried him; and promises never to interrupt the amusement of the fairies round his hearth while he's alive.

W. B.

IRISH PRUDENCE.

In 1705, a pamphlet was published in Dublin entitled "The Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Irish Forfeitures," which contained matter highly offensive to the Government. On its being discovered that Francis Annesley, one of the commissioners, and a member in parliament for the borough of Downpatrick, was one of the authors of said report, he was expelled the House. It was afterwards found that James Hamilton, Tullamore, John Frenchard, and Henry Langford, were also authors of said report; but on the House learning that Mr. Hamilton was dead, they prudently entered the following resolution in their journals: "the House being informed that James Hamilton, of Tullamore, is dead, the House thought fit not to put farther question on him."—*Irish Commons Journal*.

THE EXILE OF ERIN'S RETURN.

When absent, my country, from thee and thy sorrows,
My proudest, my happiest dreams were of thee;
As the lovely from distance a warmer light borrows,
And the sun gleams more splendid athwart the wide sea.

My day-dreams of childhood, of manhood, took wing
In the light that once played upon thy free-trodden shore:

More creatures of moonlight, they died with the spring,
And in summer my dreams and my joys were no more.

There a season when friendships are prized and pursued,
Their worth undiscovered, at least unbelieved;
'Mid thy vallies I found it—their flow'rs were imbued
With a tear wrung in wo from a heart first deceived.

How we love the green sod that enshrouds the departed,
They're no more, but 'tis pleasure to watch where they lie;

Thus my country I prized, tho' there first broken-hearted,
And the grave of my love was still dear to my eye.

I longed to strew o'er it the blossoms that yet
Shed their fragrance around my autumnal decline;—
To revisit those scenes o'er whose morning has set
The last sun that e'er brightened the freshness of mine.

Wo, wo to the moment that ever again
Restored me to country, to home and to name;
I had ceased to exult—I recoiled not from pain;
But oh! I had made no provision for shame.

Must I blush, must I weep for the land of my birth,
Or bid hate or contempt stop the tears ere they run;
Must I fly to some far distant corner of earth,
And there perish unknown and unscorned as thy son?

* * * * *

For me, far away from the land I have loved,
Let the breezes that sigh o'er the tomb of her fame
Bear me on, bear me on, by no memory moved,
To bid fancy revisit so sick'ning a theme.

DUBLIN:

Printed and published by P. D. Hardy, 3, Cecilia-street; to whom all communications are to be addressed

Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Fanyer-alley, Paternoster-row;
In Liverpool, by Wilmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Ambery;
Birmingham, by Drake; in Glasgow by W. R. M'Phun; and in Edinburgh, by N. Bowack.

THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 93. Vol. II.

CONDUCTED BY P. DIXON HARDY, M.R.I.A.

APRIL 12, 1834.



THE LION.*

In our last number we slightly noticed the interesting little work, from which we have copied the above engraving, with the animated description of the "King of the Forest," which follows. We have already said that this fourth volume of the "NATURALISTS' LIBRARY," which is devoted to "*The Natural History of the Felinae*," is a great improvement on its predecessor. Its style is much more familiar and pleasing; and the numerous entertaining anecdotes and remarkable facts which are interspersed throughout, must render it peculiarly acceptable to the younger class of readers, who from the association of ideas which must naturally arise in the mind during its perusal, will not readily forget the various information afforded as to the peculiar structure, propensities, and natural disposition of each animal which may be thus made to pass in review before them.

The memoir of Cuvier, which is given as a kind of preface to the volume, will be read with interest by all; as affording a pleasing epitome of the most striking features in the life of that great naturalist. From the introductory chapter to the *Natural History of the Felinae* we select a few observations, as affording a fair specimen of the manner in which this portion of the work is executed; and from the history of the lion, as we have condensed it, the reader will be able to judge of the remainder of the volume.

"The lion at present is an inhabitant of the greater part of Africa, and the warmer districts of India. Africa exhibits the lion in all his grandeur; and in many an unknown desert, he reigns with undisputed sway over the more feeble races. Here he appears most powerful, and of greatest size and fierceness; his disposition bold and fearless.

"The length of a full grown, dark-coloured African lion, is sometimes above eight feet from the muzzle to the root of the tail; the height, at the shoulder, nearly five.—These, however, we believe, are rather extraordinary dimensions, and above the average size. F. Cuvier gives the length of a lion from Barbary, reared in confinement, as only about six feet four inches in length, exclusive of the tail, at the age of six years, and in height, at the shoulder, only about two feet nine inches. His common colour is of a rich brownish yellow.

"In both Africa and India, he seems confined to the plains, rather than the wooded and alpine country.—In India, where the character of the lower country is more that of a thick jungle than of an open plain, he has more ample shade; but in the arid plains of Africa, where the cover mostly fringes the banks of the rivers, or marks the spot of some spring of the desert, he is more frequently seen; he is satisfied with a less extensive and impervious protection, and is often disturbed from a patch of brush or rushes. Burchel met with a pair in such a situation as this, which was, perhaps, one of his most dangerous encounters throughout his long and varied travels, and in which his presence of mind brought him off unhurt. It is thus related in his

* The Naturalists' Library. Mammali. Vol. II. The Felinae. By Sir W. Jardine, Bart., F.R.S.E., F.L.S., &c. &c. VOL. II.—NO. 41.

interesting African travels: 'The day was exceedingly pleasant, and not a cloud was to be seen. For a mile or two, we travelled along the banks of the river, which, in this part, abounded in tall mat-rushes. The dogs seemed much to enjoy prowling about, and examining every bushy place, and at last met with some object among the rushes which caused them to set up a most vehement and determined barking. We explored the spot with caution, as we suspected, from the peculiar tones of their bark, that it was, what it proved to be, lions. Having encouraged the dogs to drive them out, a task which they performed with great willingness, we had a full view of an enormous black-maned lion and lioness. The latter was seen only for a minute, as she made her escape up the river, under concealment of the rushes; but the lion came steadily forward, and stood still to look at us. At this moment we felt our situation not free from danger, as the animal seemed preparing to spring upon us, and we were standing on the bank, at the distance of only a few yards from him, most of us being on foot, and unarmed, without any visible possibility of escaping. I had given up my horse to the hunters, and was on foot myself; but there was no time for fear, and it was useless to attempt avoiding him. Poor Truy was in great alarm: she clasped her infant to her bosom, and screamed out, as if she thought her destruction inevitable, calling anxiously to those who were nearest the animal, take care! take care! In great fear for my safety, she half insisted upon my moving farther off. I, however, stood well upon my guard, holding my pistols in my hand, with my finger upon the trigger; and those who had muskets kept themselves prepared in the same manner. But at this instant the dogs boldly flew in between us and the lion, and surrounding him, kept him at bay by their violent and resolute barking. The courage of those faithful animals was most admirable: they advanced up to the side of the huge beast, and stood making the greatest clamour in his face, without the least appearance of fear. The lion, conscious of his strength, remained unmoved at their noisy attempts, and kept his head turned towards us. At one moment, the dogs, perceiving his eye thus engaged, had advanced close to his feet, and seemed as if they would actually seize hold of him; but they paid dearly for their imprudence, for, without discomposing the majestic and steady attitude in which he stood fixed, he merely moved his paw, and, at the next instant, I beheld two lying dead. In doing this he made so little exertion, that it was scarcely perceptible by what means they had been killed. Of the time, which we gained by the interference of the dogs, not a moment was lost: we fired upon him; one of the balls went through his side, just between the short ribs, and the blood began to flow, but the animal still remained standing in the same position. We had now no doubt that he would spring upon us: every gun was instantly reloaded; but happily we were mistaken, and were not sorry to see him move quietly away, though I had hoped in a few minutes to have been enabled to take hold of his paw without danger.'

"When not pressed by the severe calls of hunger, the lion feeds chiefly at dawn and twilight, and is easily disturbed: he is nevertheless abroad during the whole night, and, prowling round the herds of wild animals, or near the flocks of the settlers, or caravans of travellers, watches an opportunity, and seizing upon some straggler, carries it to his place of repose, and devours it at leisure. But impelled by the cravings of hunger, which the scarcity of wild animals, and the care of the colonists sometimes force him to endure, he becomes a very different animal: his cunning becomes daring, no barrier will withstand him—he rushes with resistless fury upon the object of his attack—a bullock is torn from the team, or a horse from the shafts—and even man is dragged from the watch-fires, surrounded by his companions and powerful firearms.

"Perseverance in watching, and in retaining his prey when seized, are other characteristics of the lion. An instance of the latter is related in the Journal of the Landdrost Jah. Sterneberg, kept in his journey to the Namaqua Hottentots. We have taken it from Phillips's Researches in South Africa: 'The waggon and cattle had been put

up for the night, when about midnight they got into complete confusion. About thirty paces from the tent stood a lion, which, on seeing us, walked very deliberately about thirty paces farther, behind a small thorn bush, carrying something with him which I took to be a young ox. We fired more than sixty shots at the bush. The south-east wind blew strong, the sky was clear, and the moon shone very bright, so that we could perceive any thing at a short distance. After the cattle had been quieted again, and I had looked over every thing, I missed the sentry from before the tent. We called as loudly as possible, but in vain; nobody answered, from which I concluded he was carried off. Three or four men then advanced very cautiously to the bush, which stood right opposite to the door of the tent, to see if they could discover any thing of the man, but returned helter-skelter; for the lion, who was still there, rose up, and began to roar. About a hundred shots were again fired at the bush, without perceiving any thing of the lion. This induced one of the men again to approach it with a fire-brand in his hand: but as soon as he approached the bush, the lion roared terribly, and leaped towards him, on which he threw the firebrand at him, and the other people having fired about ten shots at him, he returned immediately to his former station.

"The firebrand which he had thrown at the lion had fallen in the midst of the bush, and, favoured by the wind, it began to burn with a great flame, so that we could see very clearly into it, and through it. We continued our firing into it: the night passed away, and the day began to break, which animated every one to fire at the lion, because he could not lie there without exposing himself entirely. Seven men, posted at the farthest waggon, watched to take aim at him as he came out. At last, before it became quite light, he walked up the hill with the man in his mouth, when about forty shots were fired without hitting him. He persevered in retaining the prey amidst the fire and shot, and amidst it all carried it securely off. For the satisfaction of the curious, it may, however, be mentioned, that he was followed, and killed in the forenoon, over the mingled remains of the unfortunate sentinel.

"His strength on these occasions is immense. There seems good authority for his being able to drag away a heavy ox; and a young heifer is carried off with ease.—Sparman relates an instance of a lion, at the Cape of Good Hope, 'seizing a heifer in his mouth, and though the legs dragged upon the ground, yet he seemed to carry her off with the same ease that a cat does a rat. He also leaped over a broad dike with her, without the least difficulty.' The smaller prey is generally thrown upon the shoulders, and carried at an ambling pace with great apparent ease. Thompson, a recent traveller in South Africa, saw a very young lion convey a horse about a mile from the spot where he had killed it; and relates a more extraordinary instance of strength, which occurred in the Sneeuwberg: 'A lion having carried off a heifer of two years' old, was followed on the spoor or track, for fully five hours, by a party on horseback, and, throughout the whole distance, the carcass of the heifer was only once or twice discovered to have touched the ground.'

"It is a common opinion among the South African tribes, that the lion will prefer a human prey to any other, will single out the driver from his cattle, and prefer the rider to his horse. This has gradually gained converts among the better informed, and in many of the colonies it is generally received as a fact. Sometimes he will seize any prey, but animals are certainly his favourite luxury, and none more than a horse, the pursuit of which, among other cattle, has given rise to the idea that the rider most attracted his attention. In corroboration of this, Thompson relates an incident which befel a boor who resided in the neighbourhood of his own farm in the colonies.

"Lucas Van Vunsen, a Vee boor, was riding across the open plains, near the Little Fish River, one morning about day-break; and observing a lion at a distance, he endeavoured to avoid him by making a wide circuit. There were thousands of springboks scattered over the extensive flats; but the lion, from the open nature of the country, had been unsuccessful in hunting. Lucas soon perceived that he was not disposed to let him pass with

out farther parlance, and that he was rapidly approaching to the encounter; and, being without his rifle, and otherwise little inclined to any closer acquaintance, he turned off at right angles, laid the sjambok freely to his horse's flank, and galloped for life. But it was too late. The horse was fagged, and bore a heavy man on his back. The lion was fresh, and furious with hunger, and came down upon him like a thunderbolt. In a few seconds he overtook, and, springing up behind Lucas, brought horse and man in an instant to the ground. Luckily the poor boor was unhurt; and the lion was too eager in worrying the horse to pay any immediate attention to the rider.—Hardly knowing how he escaped, he contrived to scramble out of the fray, and reached the nearest house in safety.

"A perusal of Park's second Journey to the Niger will also afford many proofs of their indifference to the human race as their prey. During the last part of that unfortunate expedition, lions hung upon the route continually; but the asses of burden were what was sought after. Two-thirds of the soldiers and followers were so ill as to be unable to keep up with what was called the main body; many of them constantly lying down to die, and actually perishing, and the whole troop was so weak as to be an easy prey to animals of the kind. Not an individual was lost by them, though the havoc among the asses was considerable. Once only a hostile display was made, by three lions, on Park himself, when attending upon his dying friend Mr. Scott, and a single shot was sufficient to drive them completely off.

"Hunting the lion in Africa is generally pursued for the sake of destroying the animal only, without any view of sport. A regular hunt, when the country turns out, is a complete scramble, and a mixture of men of various figures and complexions; the dogs innumerable, and of every kind. Vaillant has given some ludicrous pictures of the tiger-hunt, as the leopard is here termed; but we must have recourse again to Mr. Thompson's travels, from whom we have borrowed so largely in this article, for an account of a lion-hunt, after the manner of the country, which he witnessed himself, and which will give some idea of these encounters.

"I was then residing on my farm, or location, at Bavion's River, in the neighbourhood of which numerous herds of large game, and consequently beasts of prey, are abundant. One night, a lion, who had previously purloined a few sheep out of the kraal, came down and killed my riding-horse, about a hundred yards from the door of my cabin. Knowing that the lion, when he does not carry off his prey, usually conceals himself in the vicinity, and is moreover very apt to be dangerous, by prowling about the place in search of more game, I resolved to have him destroyed or dislodged without delay. I therefore sent a messenger round the location, to invite all who were willing to assist in the foray, to repair to the place of rendezvous as speedily as possible. In an hour, every man of the party (with the exception of two pluckless fellows, who were kept at home by the women) appeared ready mounted and armed. We were also reinforced by about a dozen of the Bastard Hottentots, who resided at that time upon our territory, as tenants or herdsmen; an active and enterprising, though rather an unsteady race of men.

"The first point was to track the lion to his covert. This was effected by a few of the Hottentots on foot.—Commencing from the spot where the horse was killed, we followed the spoor through grass, and gravel, and brushwood, with astonishing ease and dexterity, where an inexperienced eye could discern neither foot-print nor mark of any kind; until at length we fairly tracked him into a large bosch, or straggling thicket of brushwood and evergreens about a mile distant.

"The next object was to drive him out of this retreat, in order to attack him in a close phalanx, with more safety and effect. The approved mode in such cases is to torment him with dogs till he abandons his covert, and stands at bay in the open plain. The whole band of hunters then march forward together, and fire deliberately one by one. If he does not speedily fall, but grows angry, and turns upon his enemies, they must stand close in

a circle, and turn their horses' rear outward: some holding them fast by the bridles, while the others kneel to take a steady aim at the lion as he approaches, sometimes up to the very horses' heels, couching every now and then, as if to measure the distance and strength of his enemies. This is the moment to shoot him fairly in the forehead, or some other mortal part. If they continue to wound him ineffectually, till he waxes furious and desperate, or if the horses, startled by his terrific roar, grow frantic with terror, and burst loose, the business becomes rather serious, and may end in mischief, especially if all the party are not men of courage, coolness, and experience. The Frontier boors, are, however, generally such excellent marksmen, and withal so cool and deliberate that they seldom fail to shoot him dead as soon as they get within a fair distance.

"In the present instance, we did not manage matters quite so scientifically. The Bastards, after recounting to us all these and other sage laws of lion-hunting, were themselves the first to depart from them. Finding that with the few indifferent hounds we had made little impression on the enemy, they divided themselves into two or three parties, and rode round the jungle, firing into the spot where the dogs were barking round him, but without effect. At length, after some hours spent in thus beating about the bush, the Scottish blood of some of my countrymen began to get impatient, and three of them announced their determination to break in and beard the lion in his den, provided three of the Bastards (who were superior marksmen) would support them, and follow up their fire, should the enemy venture to give battle. Accordingly, in they went (in spite of the warnings of some more prudent men), to within fifteen or twenty paces of the spot where the animal lay concealed. He was couched among the roots of a large evergreen, but with a small space of open ground on one side of it; and they fancied, on approaching, that they saw him distinctly lying glaring at them under the foliage. Charging the Bastards to stand firm, and level fair, should they miss, the Scottish champions let fly together, and struck—not the lion, as it afterwards proved, but a great block of red stone, beyond which he was actually lying. Whether any of the shot grazed him is uncertain; but, with no other warning than a furious growl, forth he bolted from the bush. The rascally Bastards, in place of pouring their volley upon him, instantly turned and ran, helter-skelter, leaving him to do his pleasure upon the defenceless Scots, who, with empty guns, were tumbling over each other, in their hurry to escape the clutch of the rampant savage.—In a twinkling he was upon them, and, with one stroke of his paw, dashed the nearest to the ground. The scene was terrific! There stood the lion, with his foot upon his prostrate foe, looking round in conscious pride upon the bands of his assailants, and with a port the most noble and imposing that can be conceived. It was the most magnificent thing I ever witnessed. The danger of our friends, however, rendered it at the moment too terrible to enjoy either the grand or the ludicrous part of the picture. We expected every instant to see one or more of them torn in pieces; nor, though the rest of the party were standing within fifty paces, with their guns cocked and levelled, durst we fire for their assistance. One was lying under the lion's feet, and the others scrambling towards us, in such a way as to intercept our aim upon him. All this passed far more rapidly than I have described it; but, luckily, the lion, after steadily surveying us for a few seconds, seemed willing to be quit on fair terms; and, with a fortunate forbearance, turned calmly away, and, driving the snarling dogs like rats from among his heels, bounded over the adjoining thicket, like a cat over a foot-stool, clearing breaks and bushes, twelve or fifteen feet high, as readily as if they had been tufts of grass, and abandoning the jungle, retreated towards the mountains.

"After ascertaining the state of our rescued comrade, who fortunately had sustained no other injury than a slight scratch on the back, and a severe bruise on the ribs, from the force with which the animal had dashed him to the ground, we renewed the chase with Hottentots and hounds in full cry. In a short time we again came up with the enemy, and found him standing at bay under an old

milmosa-tree, by the side of a mountain-stream, which we had distinguished by the name of Douglas Water. The dogs were barking round, but afraid to approach him, for he was now beginning to growl fiercely, and to brandish his tail in a manner that showed he was meditating mischief. The Hottentots, by taking a circuit between him and the mountain, crossed the stream, and took a position on the top of a precipice overlooking the spot where he stood. Another party occupied a position on the other side of the glen; and, placing the poor fellow thus between two fires, which confused his attention, and prevented his retreat, we kept battering at him, without truce or mercy, till he fell, unable again to grapple with us, covered with wounds and glory.

"Such is the usual way of destroying, rather than hunting this mighty beast, where a host of men and dogs can be collected; and without some great indiscretion on the part of the men, these encounters are generally attended with little danger. The noise and worrying of the dogs, and shouts of their owners, distract the attention of the animal, until an opportunity for shots occur, which soon terminates the affair, the boors being very expert in the use of the rifle.

"Some of the boors take a pride in shooting the lion without assistance; and in those remote settlements this is often practised from necessity. These men possess a steady coolness and presence of mind, with a reckless intrepidity, which a knowledge of the animal, and a reliance upon themselves, could only inspire. One man will set out to shoot a lion; his only weapons, the long belt knife which is constantly worn, and his single barrelled rifle. His life is almost placed upon the excellency of the lock of his gun, and, missing fire, or a very slight and unforeseen accident, places him in a situation from which all his daring sometimes cannot extricate him.

"In these excursions a knowledge of the habits of the animal renders the boors often successful, and the following method is practised. When the lion is found and roused, he is allowed to approach, and before making the spring or bound, it is the practice always to couch, and to aim as it were, at the object. Now is the time when the dexterity and coolness of the boor is put to the test; the animal is within twenty yards, the rifle is slowly raised, and deliberate aim is taken at the forehead. The aim is generally correct, and the bullet fatal; if the reverse, the bound is instantaneous, the situation of the huntsman most perilous, but even here his coolness does not forsake him.

"Diederik Muller, one of the most intrepid and successful modern lion-hunters in South Africa, had been out alone hunting in the wilds, when he came suddenly upon a lion, which, instead of giving way, seemed disposed, from the angry attitude he assumed, to dispute with him the dominion of the desert. Diederik instantly alighted, and, confident of his unerring aim, levelled his mighty roer at the forehead of the lion, who was couched in the act to spring, within fifteen paces of him; but at the moment the hunter fired, his horse, whose bridle was around his arm, started back, and caused him to miss. The lion bounded forward, but stopped within a few paces, confronting Diederik, who stood defenceless, his gun discharged, and his horse running off. The man and beast stood looking each other in the face, for a short space. At length the lion moved backward, as if to go away. Diederik began to load his gun, the lion looked over his shoulder, growled and returned. Diederik stood still. The lion again moved cautiously off, and the boor proceeded to load and ram down his bullet. The lion again looked back and growled angrily and this occurred repeatedly, until the animal had got off to some distance, when he took fairly to his heels, and bounded away.

"The following relation of an encounter of another kind will still more forcibly exhibit the coolness and presence of mind in the South African boor, upon any trying emergency, or unexpected attack from wild beasts; while it will show that the lion will occasionally seek his prey during the day, and near the haunts of men. It is taken from Professor Lichtenstein's Travels:—

"When passing near the Riet river gate, and while our oxen were grazing, Van Wyk, the colonist, related

to us the following interesting circumstance. "It is now," he said, "more than two years since, in the very place where we stand, I ventured to take one of the most daring shots that ever was hazarded. My wife was sitting within the house, near the door, the children were playing about her, and I was without, near the house, busied in doing something to a waggon, when suddenly, though it was mid-day, an enormous lion appeared, came up and laid himself quietly down in the shade, upon the very threshold of the door. My wife, either frozen with fear, or aware of the danger attending any attempt to fly, remained motionless in her place, while the children took refuge in her lap. The cry they uttered attracted my attention, and I hastened towards the door; but my astonishment may well be conceived, when I found the entrance to it barred in such a way. Although the animal had not seen me, unarmed as I was, escape seemed impossible, yet I glided gently, scarcely knowing what I meant to do, to the side of the house, up to the window of my chamber, where I knew my loaded gun was standing. By a most happy chance I had set in the corner close by the window, so that I could reach it with my hand; for, as you may perceive, the opening is too small to admit of my having got in; and, still more fortunately, the door of the room was open, so that I could see the whole danger of the scene. The lion was beginning to move, perhaps with the intention of making a spring. There was no longer any time to think; I called softly to the mother not to be alarmed; and invoking the name of the Lord, fired my piece. The ball passed directly over the hair of my boy's head, and lodged in the forehead of the lion, immediately above his eyes, which shot forth, as it were, sparks of fire, and stretched him on the ground, so that he never stirred more." Indeed, we all shuddered as we listened to this relation. Never, as he himself observed, was a more daring attempt hazarded. Had he failed in his aim, mother and children were all inevitably lost; if the boy had moved, he had been struck; the least turn in the lion, and the shot had not been mortal to him. To have taken an aim at him without, was impossible; while the shadow of any one advancing in the bright sun, would have betrayed him; to consummate the whole, the head of the creature was in some sort protected by the door-post.

"We shall only add a single anecdote from the above mentioned sketches. It illustrates a situation in which the hunters of wild beasts may occasionally find themselves placed.

"A lion having chased my hero's elephant, and he having wounded him, was in the act of leaning forward in order to fire another shot, when the front of the howdah suddenly gave way, and he was precipitated over the head of the elephant into the very jaws of the furious beast.—The lion, though severely hurt, immediately seized him, and would, doubtless, shortly have put a fatal termination to the conflict, had not the elephant, urged by the mahout, stepped forward, though greatly alarmed, and grasping in her trunk the top of a young tree, bent it down across the loins of the lion, and thus forced the tortured animal to quit his hold! My friend's life was thus preserved, but his arm was broken in two places, and he was severely clawed on the breast and shoulders.

"The lion when taken young, is easily tamed, principally by mild and persuasive usage, and appears to possess more equality of temper than any of the other cats, with which an acquaintance of intimacy has been formed. The more manageable he can be made, the more valuable he becomes to his proprietor, who puffs off in his bills the feats he performs, and the liberties he will allow. Great pains is therefore taken in his education or training, and the animal really becomes attached, and appears to go through his exhibitions with a sort of pleasure.

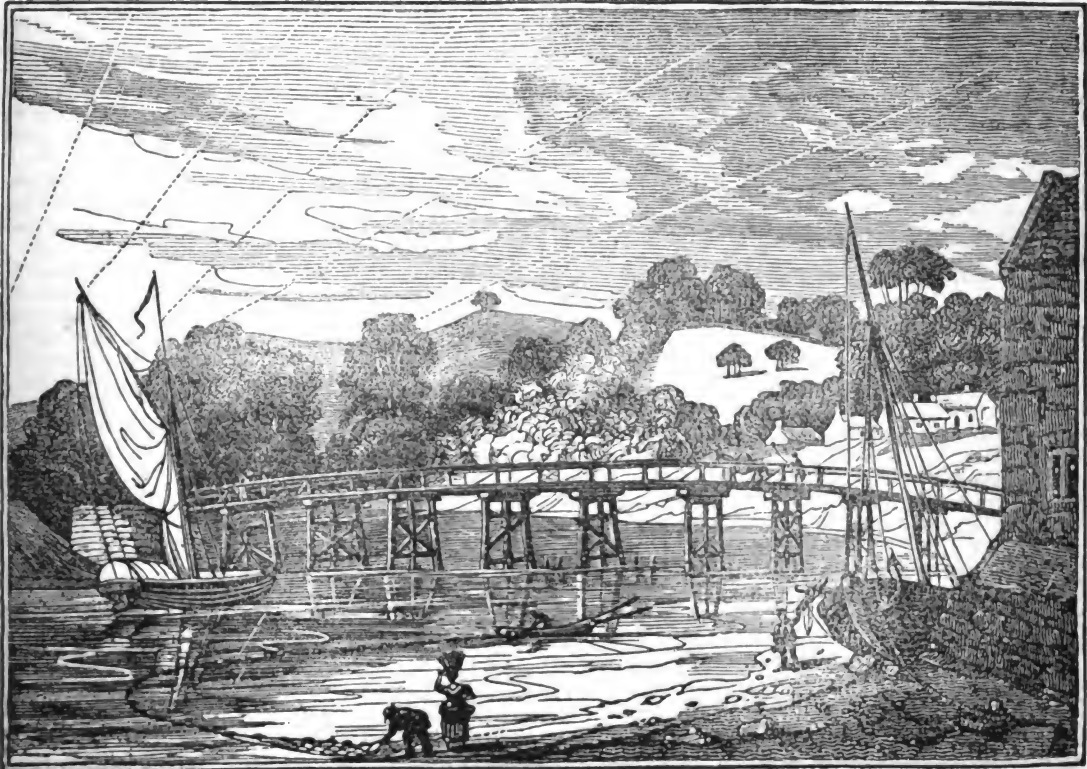
"But the most docile lion which has occurred to our own observation, was one in a travelling menagerie at Amsterdam, where, it may be remarked, that all the animals showed a remarkable degree of tameness and familiarity. The lion alluded to, after being pulled about, and made to show his teeth, &c., was required to exhibit; two young men in fancy dresses entered the spacious cage, and in the mean time, the lion, apparently perfectly tamed

what he had to do, walked composedly round. He was now made to jump over a rope held at different heights; next through a hoop and a barrel, and again through the same, covered with paper. All this he did freely, compressing himself to go through the narrow space, and alighting gracefully. His next feat was to repeat the leaps through the hoop and barrel with the paper set on fire; this he evidently disliked, but with some coaxing went through each. The animals were now all fed, but the lion had not yet completed his share in the night's entertainment, and was required to show his forbearance by parting with his food. The keeper entered the cage and took it repeatedly from him, no farther resistance than a short clutch and growl was expressed; his countenance had, however, lost its serenity, and how long his good temper would have continued, is doubtful. We did not previously believe that any of the *Felinæ* could have been so far tampered with."

Having thus given a general outline of the history of the lion, we shall sum up the whole with an extract from the Descriptive Catalogue of the animals in the Zoological Society of this city, and to the justness of the observations it contains we most fully subscribe.

"In figure and general deportment, the lioness differs considerably from the lion. Instead of elevating her head, like him, she carries it more upon a level with the line of her back, thus giving to her countenance that sullen and downcast look, in which she resembles the inferior races of the same family. In outward form she is principally distinguished from him, by the absence of the long flowing mane, which, together with the tuft of black hairs at the extremity of the tail, constitute the principal distinction between him and all the other cats. It is in reality to this mane, to the erect position of his face, and to his tranquil temper, that he owes that majestic air, which,

even independent of his superior power, has, in the eyes of many, exalted him at the expense of his fellow beasts, and has not only given him a character for generosity and nobleness, but invested him with a kind of regal dignity. If, however, we examine all his physical and moral qualities, we shall find that he is neither more nor less than a *Cat*, of great size and power, and that he is endowed with all the "guileful and vindictive passions of that faithless family." We cannot, indeed, contrast his different mien and habits of life, when ranging as undisputed lord of the forest, and when viewed in the neighbourhood of man, before whom he skulks and flies, as from a being of acknowledged superiority, without seeing that his admitted courage arises, not, as has been supposed, from any nobility of soul, but from a blind confidence in his power over inferior animals, and that his seeming forbearance and generosity amount to no more than this, that unlike the tiger or the wolf, which are addicted to a wanton destruction of life, he destroys merely to satisfy his hunger, and therefore when the irritation of his feelings has been allayed, allows smaller animals to approach him with impunity. Whilst we admit, then, that the lion, in regard to size and power, is the first in rank and importance of the remarkable group to which he belongs, we cannot but point to his history, as furnishing a striking example of the manner in which the fabulous notions of one age, are dissipated by the more correct views of another; for the lion was once regarded as an animal actuated by some of the nobler dispositions of an intelligent being, but subsequent observations have shown, that these appearances arise entirely from a physical conformation, in the same manner that the supposed shyness of the fox has been found to result from the peculiar form of its eye, which is adapted to nocturnal vision, and unfitted for seeing clearly in the glare of day."



TIMBER BRIDGE AT CAPPOQUIN.

From Youghal to Cappoquin by water is a favourite excursion for summer parties. In its neighbourhood are several ruined castles and abbeys, particularly the castle of Strancally, the strong hold of the Desmond family. Such were the cruelties committed in this castle, that Queen Elizabeth gave orders that it should be blown up. The scenery around is highly picturesque, and the town is

much superior in point of cleanliness to many Irish towns of the same size. The bridge existed prior to the time of Charles the Second, as an act was passed during his reign for its repair. It is now exceedingly crazy; the passage of a single individual caused it to tremble from one end to the other.

ROMANCE OF IRISH HISTORY..

LABRACH LOINGSEACH, OR THE DUMB PRINCE.

In the year of the world 3665, the monarch Cobthach reigned in Ireland. He waded through seas of blood to the throne: murdering with his own hand his only brother, Logary, the lawful king. He then seized on the regal authority, and caused Olioll Ayney, the son of Logary, and all his family, to be basely murdered, with the exception of Mayne or Maon, the son of Olioll, a child of about ten years, who was so shocked and horrified at the deeds of blood which he had witnessed, that he lost both his senses and his speech, and thus escaped the tyrant's hate, as a person not likely to disturb his reign of usurpation.

The unfortunate Mayne was removed by some friends of his father's cause to the court of Scoria, Prince of Corca-Duivny, now known as the barony of Barrymore, county of Cork, where he was protected until he perfectly recovered the use of his senses, though he still remained dumb.

Such was the situation of affairs in Ireland, when one sweet evening in summer, a beautiful young lady walked from the palace of Scoria. She was tall and exquisitely shaped, with her curling and fair hair falling gracefully down her shoulders, and round her high and polished brow. It was Moria, the daughter of the Prince of Corca Duivny: she was accompanied by a young man who had just reached the dawning of manhood.

The darkening shades of twilight were slowly falling over the landscape—the mountain-tops looked dim and distant—and the breeze was softly sighing itself to rest. The lady and her companion wandered for some time without an object, and at length sat down on a moss-covered shelving bank of rock which hung over a mountain rivulet, and the youth placed himself at her feet. He was gazing upwards with an intent and anxious gaze. The twilight was now past, and the summer's moon was rising lonely in the heavens.

"Alas! poor boy," murmured the princess, "well mayest thou look towards yonder heaven; 'tis the only resting place thou art likely to find. As the base hound takes the young wolf-dog by the throat, so the usurping tyrant stretches forth his hand against thy life."

The last sentence, though partially uttered and broken by a sigh, was caught by the quick ear of the boy. He turned his pallid features to her with an agonised expression of gratitude. His countenance thanked her for the interest she had taken in his forlorn fortunes; he would have spoken but he could not—he was dumb. The tears stood in his eye. She laid her hand upon his shoulder with an action of affection and sympathy.

"Look not so troubled, play-fellow of my childish days," said she: "my father has the will and the power to shield you, and Moria loves you, tenderly and faithfully!"

The youth arose, and as he turned towards her, the moonbeams fell full upon his face. It was agitated and convulsed by many feelings—he gasped as if for utterance—his eyes rolled in his head—and an agony seemed to shake him, and pronouncing the name, "Moria," he fell senseless to the earth. She was wild with surprise and terror at hearing the dumb youth speak; and she was on the point of running for assistance when her father, with a party of soldiers, came to the spot. He gazed on the prostrate young man, and his brow grew dark with sorrow. "What," said he, "have they already dabbled in his blood? have the weapons of the murderers drank the pure gore of their lawful king?"

He stooped down, and finding no traces of blood, and that life was not extinct, he ordered the soldiers to bear him to the palace.

"He still lives," he continued, "and may yet baffle the usurper's vengeance: but," seeing his daughter, "Moria, what do you do here, or what is the reason of all this?"

The young woman endeavoured to explain, and the old man eyed her sternly, as she related how she heard the young prince pronounce her name.

In a few days after, and when Mayne had recovered the

perfect use of his speech, a barque was privately prepared, and he was conveyed to the shore, where a favouring breeze filling his sails, he embarked for France, where he was kindly received by his relative, the king of that country.* Here his courage and superior abilities soon raised him to distinction, and, finally, to the command of the armies of the kingdom. The love of Moria, and the feelings of the patriot were lulled in his bosom by the flow of honors and fortunes that covered him; and the dangers and bustle of the busy life which he was obliged to lead, gave little time for reflecting on his usurped crown in the green isle of his heart; and new friends, honor, fame, ambition, and a new home, chased from his breast all the warmth of the feelings which inspired it on leaving his native country. Years flew over him, and found him still the favourite warrior of the French king and the French people.

He was sitting one evening in an alcove that opened into a beautiful garden, in a listless, yet an unpleasant kind of mood, the sounds of a harp from a brake of rose trees in the garden fell on his ear. It proceeded from a wandering minstrel from a strange country, who having delighted the ears of the menials, they placed him there to try if his matchless skill in the instrument could dispel for a while the melancholy that had dwelt with their master for some time. The first sounds of the music that reached the ear of Mayne made him start, for they were those of his far off home, and notes well known and cherished in his by-gone days.

It was one of those sweet thrilling effusions that to this day characterize the music of his country. The air ceased, and another as well known and beautiful succeeded; both were favourites with him in the days of his youth; and like the spirits of departed friends, their melodies arose within him, upbraiding him with having forgot the land of his birth, and the lips that used to breathe them in tones of surpassing sweetness and tenderness. But what was his surprise, when in his own still well-remembered and soft flowing native tongue, the minstrel accompanied the music by words similar in meaning to the following:

SONG.

There is a home to which I stray
In thoughts by day, and dreams by night;
Its fields to me are ever gay,
Its skies to me are ever bright:
Loved land! I turn, with what delight,
And bless the hour that once again
Will give thy rude cliffs to my sight,
High rising o'er the foamy main.

I would not be a glittering thing,
To live in countries far away,
For all the wealth the world could bring,
To lure or captivate my stay!
Earth could not show a bower so gay,
But it would make me love it more;
Nor power a glory could display,
To tempt me from its emerald shore.

There live the friends I've loved and tried,
That is the land my fathers won;
And shall I throw their name aside
And never say I am their son?
Shall I a base life still drag on,
A hireling on a foreign strand,
And live and die alike unknown,
A stranger in the stranger's land?

The words had scarcely died away on the breeze of evening, when Mayne, springing from his couch, rushed into the garden to where the minstrel was exercising his

* Hugony, surnamed the Great, married Kassar, of the Fair Form, daughter of the King of France, by whom he had twenty-five children. Of this large family only two sons survived him, Logary and Cobthach. Logary was murdered by Cobthach. Olioll Ayne was the son of Logary, and Maon, or Mayne, otherwise Labrach Loingseach, was the son of Olioll Ayne.

art. A few brief words passed between them, when rushing into each other's embrace, they shed tears at the meeting, and long and loving was the first kiss of greeting. Gentle reader, the minstrel-wanderer was Moria!

It was winter, and Cobthach's palace of Dencrea, near Rosscarberry, was the scene of feasting and mirth. The day had been spent chasing the deer over the hills of Erin, and the night was now passing in joyous festivity. The monarch was reclined on a magnificent couch in the midst of his princes and nobles, when an old man enveloped in a grey mantle from head to foot, entered the hall of banquet, and placed himself at the fire. He was dressed in a druid's habit, appeared very aged and feeble, and without speaking, he glanced a keen dark eye on each and all, and took his seat. The king and nobles eyed him with wonder and astonishment, but did not speak; there was a mystery about his appearance which the king did not feel inclined in his heart to elucidate.—But among the young warriors there were sneers and suppressed titters, until one bolder than the rest, addressed the old man.

"My father is old," said he; "why should he wander? He should have rested in his oak crowned cell this frightful night."

"Nay, my son," replied the druid, "fear not for me: the storm effects not the rock though it be old in the ocean; the winds and the waves dash harmlessly round it."

"But," replied the young man, "the rock is always young in its strength, and age has fallen heavily on my father."

"My head is hoary," replied the druid, "but—"

"Aye," interrupted another, "it is certainly very venerable, but time has dealt unfairly by this curling tress;" and he held up to the view of the rest a long black tress of hair. The laugh became general against the druid, in which the king was fain to join. The druid spoke not, but his eyes flashed terrific lightnings on all around. The king met his glance, and quailed beneath the fury of its meaning; an increasing hatred and dread was inspired within him, and he ordered the druid to leave his presence. It was then that the druid stood erect, and casting off his hoary disguise, with his long grey mantle, he appeared a youthful warrior, covered from helmet to heel in glittering armour, and with a powerful axe in his hand.

"Seize him," cried the King aloud; "seize the traitor;" but no one stirred to do his bidding. "Traitor, will you not stir," said he, fiercely striking one of the nobles that stood near him. The stroke roused the nobleman from his astonishment.

"Death to my honor," he cried aloud, "a blow from the blood-stained hand of Cobthach the usurper;" and unsheathing his blade, he rushed furiously upon the monarch: but numbers threw themselves between him and Cobthach. Strife of the most deadly nature was about taking place in the hall of feasting; for some of the princes and nobles siding with their injured compeer, and others joining the king, were about (forgetting the druid) to commingle in bloody broil; and the king, in the confusion, endeavoured to effect his escape; and, gliding from the combatants, made for a private door; but the mail-clad stranger, with the uplifted axe, stood ready to receive him. Cobthach turned to another entrance, but there the stranger stood before him again. Cobthach eyed him maliciously, and, drawing his sword, rushed on the stranger with determined courage; but the young man stepping from before the deadly thrust, with the uplifted axe dashed the usurper's skull to pieces. A cry arose from one who beheld the king fall, and saw the streaming axe raised high in the stranger's hand. The nobles gazed in astonishment, and the stranger spoke.

"The vengeance of my father's house is on my steel," he cried; "here in this hall, where Cobthach murdered my grandfather, Logary, the king, and my father, Olioll Ayne, the Good; here have I, Mayne, revenged their fall."

Some shouted "long live the grandson of Logary!" but the greater number shouted, "Revenge on the murderer

of Cobthach!" and again wild tumult and the clash of arms arose within the hall. Mayne put a small horn to his mouth, and blew a shrill blast, which was answered from without; and soon the guards of the palace, surprised and unarmed, were seen flying before a band of strange soldiers, clad in polished armour, and soon the hall was filled with the victorious foreigners.

It is useless now to dwell longer on our history. The crown was given to Mayne, who then obtained the title of Labrach Loingseach; and who in a short time after espoused the beautiful and faithful Moria, as it was to her love and fidelity he owed the kingdom.

ATMOSPHERIC AIR.

It must be evident to those who study the works of nature, that she has not only contemplated and provided for the necessities and comforts, but also for the tastes and enjoyments of man. Thus while all the habitable portions of our earth are lavishly embellished with every thing to gratify the eye, and while the variety presented by them communicates pleasure, the whole is surrounded by an atmosphere, not only essential to the preservation of animal and vegetable life, but so transparent, that the various prospects which the earth presents may be seen with the greatest accuracy through it.

Air is a *fluid*, and like all other elastic fluids, yields to the slightest impulse, and is set in motion with the greatest ease. It is only upon this principle of its fluidity that its rapid motions (some winds moving at the rate of four thousand feet in a minute,) can be accounted for; and were it not for this property, no sound could dwell upon its bosom, or delight our ear with symphonious harmony.—Like a fluid, air presses in every direction; and however it may be consumed in the various operations of life, is immediately replaced by a fresh portion, which in defiance of our efforts to exclude it by doors and windows, forces its way through the smallest crevices, and performs that important office which Providence has allotted to it.

Had we no atmosphere, the moment the sun sank under the horizon we should experience such instantaneous darkness, and when he rose again, such instantaneous light, as would completely destroy our powers of vision; but Providence has so ordained it, that the sun illuminates the atmosphere some time before he rises and after he sets; thus making twilight, and relieving our eyes by a gradual light and shade. This atmosphere, which is computed to extend forty-five miles above the earth's surface, in its lower part is dense or heavy, while the upper part is rare or thin; hence there is more air in a square foot on the earth's surface than in ten square feet at the elevation of a mile, consequently where it is continually in use there is a never failing supply.

When Robertson and Jackaroff ascended in an air balloon from Petersburg, in June 1804, they took some live pigeons with them; at different heights they gave liberty to their birds, who seemed very unwilling to accept it; they were so terrified with their situation, that they clung to the boat until forced from it; nor were their fears groundless, for on account of the thinness and rarity of the air, their wings were nearly useless, and they fell towards the earth with great rapidity. The second struggled with eagerness to regain the balloon, but in vain; and the third, thrown out at the greatest elevation, fell towards the earth like a stone, so that they suppose he did not reach it alive. This circumstance affords a proof of the suitableness of every creature for the medium in which it lives: the density of the air near the earth is exactly what is requisite for the residence of the feathered tribes.

By the immense pressure which this atmosphere exerts upon all bodies, and which is computed to be 2160 pounds weight on every square foot, they are prevented from flying or evaporating from the earth; were it not for this, we should not have a drop of water on the earth, and every blood-vessel in our bodies would expand and burst. When Count Zambeccari and his companions ascended in a balloon on the 7th of November, 1783, they found, on arriving at a great height, their hands and feet so swollen, that it was necessary for one of the party, who

was a physician, to make incisions in the skin. The reason is very obvious; they ascended to so great a height that the pressure of the atmosphere was not sufficient to counterbalance the pressure of the fluids of the body. Persons who have delicate constitutions need not wonder at being affected by a change of weather, when they learn that often in the course of a few hours, there is an increase or diminution of from one hundred to half a ton of atmospheric pressure on each individual, while the internal pressure of the circulating fluids remains the same; but it is necessary to remark that the air presses upwards and downwards, and sideways; and that it is owing to this equal pressure that we are not injured by the vast weight of the atmosphere; for the equal pressure on all sides resists, as much as it is resisted.

Under the pressure of the atmosphere water boils at 212 degrees of Fahrenheit; but when the air is exhausted by the air pump, it boils and evaporates at 67 degrees, which proves the necessity of a ponderous and binding atmosphere. It is the density of the air which enables it to hold in a gaseous state the water which has been raised by evaporation. It appears that a cubic foot of air will hold eleven grains of water in solution. In the interior of Africa, at a particular season, a wind called the Harmattan prevails, which is so dry that the panells of wainscots are split, boarded floors laid open, and the scarf-skin peels off during its continuance: were it not for the property that atmospheric air has of holding water in solution, this would be the case every where. It is to this same property we are indebted for the rains and dews which fertilize our plains.

E. B.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTE.

The following anecdote of the celebrated Anthony Malone, Esq. (whose biography was given in the 26th number of the Dublin Penny Journal), is authentic, which may be found useful as well as amusing:

"A naval officer having feed him to plead in his cause, when the cause came on Malone was absent. The officer was obliged to plead himself, and in the evening he waited on Malone to demand his fee back again. Malone said he had been engaged in some one of the other courts, and by the etiquette of his profession, such must be deemed a sufficient excuse. "Oh! Sir," said the officer, no person can have greater deference for professional etiquettes than I have, and I shall never trouble you again respecting the fee; but, Sir, the profession to which I belong, has also etiquettes, and one of them is, never to refuse a meeting to any gentleman who requires it; now, as I have subscribed to the etiquette of your profession, I insist upon it, that you shall subscribe to the etiquette of mine." The officer accompanied the remark by producing a pair of duelling pistols. It may be unnecessary to say, that in this instance Counsellor M. soon waved his professional etiquette, and returned the fee.

J. D.

Sir Walter Raleigh, when on a visit at the country-house of a nobleman, overheard, early in the morning, the lady of the house enquiring whether the pigs had had their breakfast. When she came down stairs, Sir Walter, after the first compliments, jocosely asked her, whether the pigs had breakfasted. No, replied the lady, not all of them, for you have not had yours yet.

COUNSEL.

Friend! do not crouch to those above,
Friend! do not tread on those below:
Love those—they're worthy of thy love,
Love these, and thou wilt make them so.

Wernicke.

The world is but an opera show,
We come, look round, and then we go.

Gryphius.

OPIUM.

Opium is the juice of the papaver album, or white poppy, with which the fields of Asia Minor are in many places sown. When the heads are near ripening, the proprietor has the head wounded with an instrument that has five edges, which on being struck into it, makes at once five long cuts in it, and from these wounds the opium flows, and is next day taken off by a person who goes round the field, and put into a vessel which he carries fastened to his girdle. At the same time that this opium is collected, the opposite side of the poppy-head is wounded, and the opium collected from it the ensuing day. The first juice afforded by the plant is far superior to what is obtained afterwards. After the opium is collected, it is moistened with a small quantity of water or honey, and worked a long time upon a flat smooth board, with a thick and long instrument of the same wood, till it becomes of the consistence of pitch, and then it is worked up with the hands, and formed into cakes or rolls for sale. Opium contains gum, resin, essential oil and salt, and earthy matter; but its narcotic and somniferous power has been experimentally found to reside in its essential oil.

WHAT IS WOMAN'S LOVE?

Lines suggested on being told "woman never loves."

What is her love? A bright fixed star,
That ever beams on him afar
Who first awoke it into life,
But to encrease her "being's strife."
A spring of feeling and of thought,
Which, oftentimes, is too dearly bought;
A feverish dream—a charm—a spell
Of deepest power—what tongue can tell?
A lute whose every chord is strung
With fervor, and with flowers hung;
A restless, happy, mournful thing,
Which ever to that one will cling
Who won her first, her changeless love!
Such then is woman's love!—a deep,
A hallow'd thing, that will not sleep;
A bark whose freight is hopes, and fears,
Sorrow, and joy, and smiles and tears;
Now lightly sailing o'er the wave
Of sunny hope, to fancy's cave;
Now tossed upon the anxious sea
Of doubt, and care, and mystery;
And now, triumphant o'er the tide,
With bright affection for its guide.

Ballmore.

A. M. C. F.

ADDRESS OF MISS NANCY HARD-TO-PLEASE.

I do not like the man that's tall,
A man that's little is worse than all,
I much abhor a man that's fat,
A man that's lean is worse than that.
A young man is a constant pest,
An old one would my room infest.
Nor do I like a man that's fair,
A man that's black I cannot bear.
A man of sense I could not rule,
And yet I could not love a fool.
A sober man I will not take,
A drunken man my heart would break.
All these I most sincerely hate,
And yet I love the marriage state.

DUBLIN:

Printed and published by P. D. Hardy, 3, Cecilia-street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.

Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Panyer-alley, Paternoster-row;
in Liverpool, by Wilmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Anker, &
Birmingham, by Drake; in Glasgow by W. R. McPherson; and in Edinburgh, by N. Edinack.

THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 94. Vol. II.

CONDUCTED BY P. DEKON HARDY, M.R.I.A.

APRIL 19, 1834.



ANCIENT ABBEY AT YOUGHAL.

This abbey was founded by Thomas Fitzmaurice Fitzgerald in the year 1628. A curious legend is preserved respecting Fitzgerald. When he was yet an infant in the cradle, at his father's castle in Tralee, he was snatched by a tame baboon or ape, and carried to the highest part of the walls, where for some time he gently danced him in his arms, to the terror of the spectators, but at last brought the child down safely, and deposited him again with much care in his cradle: from which circumstance he was commonly called the ape. The crest and supporters of the Duke of Leinster, who claims descent from Thomas, the ape, are monkeys, in remembrance, as the heralds state, of this event.

The ruin and ground is now a popular burial place, and is kept with great neatness, not as the church grounds are, thickly planted by trees, that have grown so thick that it is utterly impossible to get a view of the building except from the hill over it, and then only the top of the walls can be seen. There are two abbeyes spoken of by

Smith, but that at the north is the only one of which any trace can be found.

; POPULAR STORIES.*

We have had occasion once before to observe that the people of England and Scotland, and, we might add, the higher orders of those who should be the people of this country, appear to know more of the manners, habits, and superstitious customs of the most distant portions of the globe, than they do of those peculiar to the peasantry of Ireland. Those "fashionable sketches of Irish life" by individuals whose opportunities of observation have been limited to a few weeks' residence in some lordly mansion, or noble villa, and which have passed current with the

* Popular Tales and Legends of the Irish Peasantry.

crowd as faithful delineations, are many of them mere dreams of fiction, like our own well told story of "Hie over to England;" or, at best, but pleasing caricatures, in which the creations of fancy have been substituted for the realities of life, and where the quick-witted, good-natured Irish peasant is made to appear an ignorant, sheepish simpleton. We are glad, therefore, to perceive that the task of writing faithful descriptions of *the Irish as they are, and have been*, has been undertaken by individuals well qualified for the work. We had recently had occasion to refer to Mr. Carleton's "Traits and Stories" as a work of great merit, in furnishing faithful outlines of many of the peculiar and distinguishing traits of character in the lower orders of our countrymen;* and the little volume now before us, we are glad to find, also bears internal evidence that the authors are not only well acquainted with the habits and manners of the peasantry, but of their local superstitions, prejudices, and antipathies, as well as the causes of much of the disaffection and disturbance manifested in various districts. The volume contains fifteen stories by various authors. Two by Mr. Carleton, one by Mrs. C. S. Hall, one by the author of "A Visit to my Birth Place,"—nine others from the pens of our own regular contributors J. L. L. and Oscar, or as he sometimes signs himself, Denis O'Donohoe, of whose merits we shall leave our readers to judge from the specimens they have had, and will have in our pages. In our present number we select a story from the last mentioned author, which we shall follow in a succeeding Journal by a short sketch by J. L. L. In the mean time, we recommend the volume, which is illustrated by several very excellent engravings by Samuel Lover, Esq., as one of the best which has ever issued from the Irish press, descriptive of Irish life and character.

THE UNWEDDED MOTHER.

That there are gallant, gay, as well as base and deceitful Lothario's in the cottage, as well as in the palace, the following tale will effectually prove, and oh! if it have the effect of warning any one who may be on the verge of yielding to their own inclinations, when the path of virtue, which they leave, may be, perhaps, rugged and harsh, and the path of vice, that they are about to enter, be covered with sunshine and flowers, the author's end will be more than attained.

Darby Magrath was what is generally termed a comfortable Irish farmer, well to do in the world, with a snug cabin, round about which many an out-house and store reared its somewhat rude but wealthy-looking structure.—He was some years married, and his good woman was a pattern to all wives, for industry, obedience, and the thousand other virtues for which good wives are celebrated the entire world over. Her spinning, her knitting, and her coarse sewing were unrivalled. Her bacon was the best saved, her dresser the whitest scoured, and her cabin the neatest and cleanest in the whole parish; with it she neither spared white-wash or labour, freestone or assiduity. In person Darby was a fat, florid-looking, healthy man, with red waistcoat, knee-breeches, and comfortable home-made stockings. His hair was beginning to be gray, and a few wrinkles had crept unnoticed over his

broad brow, but their traces were not deep, as they were merely the gentle warning touches of time, not of suffering. Alas! it will soon sink them with a heavy and indelible sear! Darby's life had glided quietly along without any of those convulsions which are to be met with in almost every sphere. He had succeeded to his farm on his father's death, and being naturally industrious, had gradually improved it, till at the time of which we write, he could ride his own horse to mass, and when the priest, "ould Father Tague, God bless him!" would honour him with his company to dinner, which, *par parenthese*, was pretty often, the smoking piece of bacon, and the roast turkey were "sarved up" on a table-cloth as white as snow, "ov raal Dublin manufacture." He had met Mary Toole at a *pattern*, danced with her, fought for her, and gallantly won the victory, with a broken head, and a heart full of glory. While his crown was healing, he thought of her; when it was well he paid her a visit, and she being glad to see him, he fell in love and finally married her, to the total astonishment of Bill Duggan, Peter Flint, Paddy Mulhall, and fifty others, who were each of them "cock shure," not only of Mary herself, but of the fifty gold guineas, that report said, "reposed in her father's ould steckin'." It was really surprising to see how soon after the marriage they all found out that report was a liar, and that Mary had nothing but herself, and her "purty face, which was no great things aither," at least so *they* asserted, by way of covering their disappointment.

She had been living with him now for nearly twenty years, and still their hearts grew together with as much faith and fondness, as when first united. They had none of the restraints of artificial society, to curb, as they always do, their better feelings. They had none of the worldly pride that prosperity too often teaches; in fact their only pride was their children, their only boast that they "never refused the poor traveller a male's mate, nor turned the sick man unrelieved from their door." Mrs. Magrath was always watching over, and instructing her children, and when they grew up, they were such as any parent might be proud of, handsome, healthy, good-hearted and dutiful.

Mary, the eldest girl, was just nineteen, with beauty that a countess might envy, and innocence of mind that a pure heart only knows. Peter, the eldest son, was a year younger, a tall, stout-limbed boy, with good humour plainly written in the dimples of his mouth, and the perpetual grin that displayed continually his large white teeth. The rest went down in regular succession, as Darby often expressed it, "jist like steps of stairs, the crathurs!" and from the eldest to the youngest, were closely and firmly knit together in the sweet bonds of undivided family love. Darby had, as every man has, his hobby, and it was superstition: a ghost story met with his implicit belief; a tale of terror made his hair always stand upright, and the wildest legend that ever was invented was received by him as undoubted fact. He had met with various adventures himself, or fancied that he had, which is pretty much the same, and he often detailed them to a wondering audience, when it might be perceived from the incredulous smile that lurked in Mary's black eye, that she did not partake of his failing, while her brother received every word he uttered as gospel. In addition to this, Darby was, although the best-hearted man in the world, very intemperate, and used sometimes, when roused, give utterance to an oath, when his good woman, if she were present, immediately put her hand on his mouth; however, these traits will be better understood by giving an example.

His son Peter had, when about fifteen, been bitten with an idea of independence, as his father had, in one of his sudden passions, told him that he was a "lubberly usies burthen," and therefore accepted a situation, as half bent, half assistant, to the steward of an estate, situated in a neighbouring county. His departure was delayed somehow, and when he arrived there, he found his place filled up, and so was obliged to return home again in two or three days.

On his entry (it had been their first separation) Darby sprang up with joy in his eyes, and seizing both his hands,

* In speaking of the publication of Irish works, we deem it right to mention as a gratifying circumstance, and one calculated to show that the country is much improving, that for one work brought out in Ireland ten years since, there are at present at least a dozen printed in the metropolis alone. For this we conceive the public are indebted to the enterprising spirit of two or three publishers, Messrs. Curry and Co., Mr. W. F. Wakeman, and Mr. R. M. Tims. In thus giving encouragement to the Irish press and Irish literature, we are happy to know that they themselves have been no losers, as nearly all the books they have published have gone to second, and several of them to third editions; and it may be mentioned also that but for them, some even of the best works on Ireland which have been brought out, never would have appeared; the MSS. having to our knowledge, in more instances than one, been submitted to English publishers, and rejected.

and shaking them warmly, exclaimed, "Well, Pether, my boy, how is every inch of you?—musha, but I'm glad to see you!" and then suddenly thinking of his quick return, "bud confusion to you! you ugly spalpeen, bud its back on me hands soon enough you are, anyhow."

"Oh, fie, Darby!" said his wife, putting her hand on his mouth, and putting an effectual stop to any further lip maledictions.

"Thru, thru, Mary jewel!" he answered when released, "I was wrong, bud good loock to my boy, shure he knows he's welcome, anyhow."

On another occasion, the same youth, at a fair, got entangled with a set of *gay fellows*, and the whiskey getting into his head, made him gloriously oblivious of home, in consequence of which he was absent for three nights. His parents knew not what could have become of him, and Darby insisted, with a strange and eccentric tenacity, that he was dead, and that "there was no manner of use in makin' themselves unhappy." One thing that confirmed him in this opinion was, that he himself dreamed that Peter was married, besides his wife, each night of his absence, started three times in her sleep.

His timid, repentant knock was at last heard at the door, and when he entered he was astonished to perceive two large sheets spread out before the fire. At one side sat his mother nursing her youngest child, and evidently full of grief, and at the other his father, who on seeing him sprang up, exclaiming—

"Och, Pether, *ahagur*, the hair off your! but is it yerself or yer sperit I'm talkin' to?"

"It's me, indeed, father, an' I'm sor—" began the blubbering youth.

"Sorry, you devil's limb," he interrupted; *musha*, an' so you ought, but where wor you all this time, what in the name ov St. Pether, yer namesake, kept you out so long?"

"I was with ———," again he commenced in apology.

"No you wor not," interrupted Darby, not knowing what he was contradicting, "so don't tell me——, bud anyhow, there's no use in crossness, an' sence you are cum back, why, give us yer claw, man, and I'll pardon you; look there, you misfortunate devil," he continued, pointing to the sheets, "wasn't it well *they* wor in the house, to have them ready aired: be the leg of Moses, sur iv they worn't, but we'd 'a had to wake you wid the table cloths!"

"Wake me, father!" exclaimed the startled Peter.

"Yes! wake you, sur; what did I dhrame thim things about weddins fur, bud that you were off; an' why did your mother start three times in her sleep, besides that we heerd the *Banshee*; an' the turf all night was fallin' into shapes like coffins, an' what was I to think ov all that, sur, bud what I did?"

Peter's very hair at this stood of an end; Mary smiled ironically; Mrs. Magrath welcomed him with a forgiving kiss; and the infant on her knee opening its round eyes, chuckled to get on his lap, and all was as before.

The reader will be so good as to imagine the interior of the principal apartment in Darby Magrath's cabin. The winter's evening meal had just concluded, the large fire sent forth its bright red light, and round it the entire family were gathered, quietly and happily conversing together. Darby's "ould pipe" lay quiescently on the hob, its half open tin cover showing it to be full of tobacco, as yet unlit; and on the old oak chair next that side he was seated himself; his broad palms resting on his knees, and his eye looking mildly on the *banithe*, or good woman, who sat opposite. Peter and the rest of the family, excepting Mary, all sat in a cluster in the front, while a couple of aged servitors, or hangers-on, who from a long residence in the place were privileged, occupied the intermediate spaces. Mary, though still near the group, was a little behind, and next her was a young man of prepossessing exterior who paid her much attention, and from the sweet smile that occasionally lit up her features, it appeared that they were not disagreeable. His name was Paul Dogherty, and he was the possessor of a tolerably large farm, which he managed with care and attention. He was generally esteemed the rover of the village, and many rumours were floating about of his fickleness and incon-

stancy, but to Mary, whose young heart had surrendered itself to his continued siege, they all seemed but the off-spring of malice or of envy. His complexion was dark, and his round eyes as black as jet; but there was a confined and strange expression about his thin lips, that although he was decidedly handsome, deteriorated much from his appearance. He had gradually wormed himself into Mary's unsuspecting bosom, and then having asked her in marriage of her father, and she giving no opposition, the day for the wedding was appointed, which was about a week from the night of which we speak, as soon as Father Teague would recover from his slight illness.

"Well, Paul," said Mary, in a low tone, and in reply to some remark of his, "I'm glad to hear yourself say so, fur do you know, that although I gev you my heart, almost unknownst to myself, I had a dhread I couldn't masther, ov your bein' as desatful as they all say you are!"

"Mary, my heart's own love!" he exclaimed in answer, "shure you never yet knew me to desave you, in thought, word, or action; an' what matter what others say? you know I never loved before, nor met wid one for whom I'd willingly give up my heart's blood, so don't believe them, *agra*!"

A sudden kiss was here purloined from her sweet and reluctant lip, and it finished the sentence just in the manner that all such sentences generally are finished.— Upon this Mrs. Magrath smiled over at her husband, and he quietly lighting his pipe, exclaimed,

"Come over here, Paul acushla, an' let the bit of a girl alone, you'll have her all to yourself soon enough. Mary, *ma colleen dhas*, sit there beside your mother, till I relate to yez my adventhur wid the fairy, whin I was as young, *aye*, an' be the pipe in me hand, almost as foolish as yerself!"

Mary smiled and did as she was ordered, while Paul, who was exceedingly superstitious, drew his chair close into the circle, and listened with great eagerness to the following narrative, which Darby spun forth quite extemporaneously.

"Yez all must know," he began, emitting a quiet puff of smoke from his mouth, and laying his *dhudheen* on the hob, "that whin I was young, I was a regular *haremscarum*, that feared neither man nor devil, the Lord preserve us; an' as I often heerd tell of ghosts and fairies, I was sinful enough to wish to meet wid one, till I'd be sure iv there was any such things, at all, at all. Faix! my wish was granted, shure enough; an' the fright an' the thrille it put me in, I'll never forget iv I wor to live for a thousand years, an' longer. In the cinthre ov a bog, that lay near my father's house, at that time there riz up a beautiful little green mound, which the people about called the "fairy-hill," be rason ov its bein' said to be inhabited by the *good people*, an' I often went there in the summer's evenin's to look about me, an' thry iv I could see any of them, bud conshumin' to the bit iv I did! Well, my weeny little sisher, Jane, the heavens be her bed, an' her sowl be in glory now, all of a sudden, from bein' the healthiest child in the world, began to dwindle, dwindle away, afther a manner, like a nut in its shell, growin' thinner an' paler, an more melancholy like, day afther day.— No one could tell the reason ov id, an' we were all knocked into a *quandary*, whin at last an ould wise woman kem to the house, an' tould us that she was *fairy-struck*, an' that unless we wint, some of us, to the one that enchanted her, an' did him some favor, thus breakin' the charm, she'd never recover. Many was the day afther that whin I niver left the fairy-hill, from mornin' till night, an' yet could do no good; till at last, one time, just as the evenin' began to fall, I sees a little bit ov a man standin' on the very top ov id, and he no bigger nor a middlin' sized cabbage stalk! He had a three-cocked hat on his head, an' was dressed in a grey coat, an' red waistcoat, that made him look for all the world like a robin redbreast. He had on silk stockin's, an' wore raal golden buckles in his shoes, bud *they* couldn't be worth much, fur they were no bigger nor the nail on Mary's little finger; I took off my hat immediately, an' makin' a low bow,

"God save you, Sir," sis I.

"God save you kindly, Darby," sis he, wid my name

quite pat on his lips; and returnin' my bow quite polite like. 'Come up here to me, Darby,' sis he, until I spake a word to you in private, as I know the rason of yer comin', an' I'll do what you want.'

"Wid all the veins ov my heart, your majesty," sis I, for bedad I was quite delighted at the idaya ov recoverin' little Jane, an' so with a hop, step, an' a jump, I stood high an' dry beside him, an' he all the time not rachin up to my knee, no, begogsty's, nor near it.

"Well, now," siz he, 'tie yer handkether round yer eyes, an' don't attempt to take id off, till ye hear me cry, away.'

"In throth I'll tell yez the thruth, I didn't like this at all, at all, bud reflectin' if he liked, that he could wither me up like the grass under my foot, I dhrew off my cravat, an' tied it round my eyes, lavin' a little bit of a hole to watch him through.

"Cum," siz he, in a voice like thundher, 'don't think to delude me,' siz he, 'stop up that hole under your left eye!'

"I thimbled all over like an aspen-lafe as I didso, an' I dunna why it was I forgot to pray or any thing, whin I was blindfolded outright. Well, afther a second or two, I felt myself suddenly riz up, an' put into a saddle, while a reins was thrust into my hand, an' the little man shouted 'away.' Thin hastily chuckin' off my handkether, I found myself on an eagle's back, flyin' through the air like lightnin' an' the little man before me, on another. I was frightened then, shure enough; an' how I was able to keep my sate at all, at all, is wonderful to think ov, bud id must have been the saddle (fur they wor both regularly saddled an' bridled) that stuck to me I suppose.

"How do you find yerself, now, Darby?" sis the little man, turnin' round to me, wid a grin on his wrinkled puss.

"Purty well, I'm obleeged to you for axin, sur," sis I; afear'd to say any thing else, an' on we wint thin in silence for near an hour.

"Do you know how many miles we've travelled now?" sis he, whin it began to grow a little dark.

"In throth yer majesty, I do not," sis I, 'be rason of not being acquainted wid astronomy, or any other language,' sis I; an' at this you'd think the ould villain id split with the fare dint of laughin'.

"Well, thin, Darby," sis he, afther he recovered his powers ov gravitation, an' as his eagle lighted on the top ov a grate palace or castle, 'we've cum nearly a thousand,' sis he.

"God presarve us! sur," sis I, 'an' how are we to get back?"

"The way we cum," screeched he, in a towering passion, as my eagle sat down beside his, an' I dismounted, (you may laugh, Miss Mary, but them eagles were each of them six feet high, an' more), 'bud don't dar to mintion that name agin,' sis he, 'or else your sister 'ill die that minute.'

"Well, yer majesty," sis I 'what are we to do now, fur it's gettin' dark, and I'll be missed at home.'

"Follow me," answered the little crathur, as he reached a door that was out on the roof, an' it opened at a touch of his finger, 'an' do whatsumdewer I shall desire you,' sis he.

"Ov course I follyed on, wondhern' for the very life ov me what was going to cum next, an' he led me through a lot of dark passages, an' long galleries, till at last we both cum to a stand still outside a glass doore, through which a thousand lamps an' more were glamin'.

"Now," sis he, 'go in there, fur I darn't, an' you'll find twenty black goiants, all lyin' fast asleep, bud pass thin by, and stale over gintly to a goolden-haired lady, that you'll see reclinin' on a golden couch, an' cut me off the longest lock of her hair you can; iv she wakes you'll be burned alive, an' murdered afterwards, so act wid caution.'

"As he said this the doore flew open, as if wid magic art, an' he gev me a gintle push that sent me in at onst. Och, tunder and turf! boys, jewel! the like ov the granduer there, I never seen in all my life, afore or sence; every thing was made of goold an' silver, an' diamonds,' an' rubies; the carpets wor all silk, an' the curtains wor all satin, an' in the middle ov the silver ceilin' there hung a

big shandalire, that held a thousand candles, every one ov them raal wax! Bud the butyful young crathur that lay asleep was the only thing that caught my eyes, an' though she was surrounded wid blacks, every one of them as big as Fin M'Coul, I dunna how it was I couldn't take my eyes out ov her, her skin was as white an' transparent as the fallen snow, an' her cheeks like the mornin' rose, but her hair, oh! her lovely yellow hair, it hung down to the very ground, curlin' all the way like the stalks ov the rice, an' as soft as silk.

"Hasten," sis the little man outside; so I takes up a gold scissurs that was lyin' near her, an' I cuts off the longest tress of thim all, an' kissed it wid rapture. 'Come out now,' sis the fairy, an' so I was obleeged to lave her, and whin I gev him the hair, he tied it round him like a sash, an' it shot out light into the dark passage like a bame ov the sun. Whin we got out on the roof he praised me fur my steadiness, an' biddin' me close my eyes, I was again on the eagle's back afore I knew where I was.

"Good bye, Darby," now sis the little man, 'yer sister is hailed,' an' he flew off, while I felt myself sweepin' through the air like mad. I soon, notwithstanding the place I was in, began to feel myself dhrowsy, an' fell asleep, whin I recollect nothin' further but that I felt a dhreadful shock, an' awoke, findin' myself lyin' on the fairy mount, wid my two hands graspin' a hawthorn root like mad, an' no sign in life ov the eagle that had been bearin' me. From that night up Jane grew better, an' better, an' enjoyed good health ever until last year, whin it pleased God to call her; an' every word ov that's as thrue as you're sittin' there, Miss Mary! though you may smile an laugh so."

"Such things have been," quietly observed one of the old followers, as Magrath concluded.

"Have been?" ejaculated he; "no doubt of it Terry, honey! bud, Mary, jewel! it's growin' late, an' so thry iv there's a sup in the bottle, till we rouse up Paul's speris afore he goes home, you know he has to pass by the hape ov haunted stones."

Paul, at this observation, involuntarily started up, on which his affianced bride, with playful severity, asked him was he afraid?

"Afear'd, Mary," he answered, "not a bit; but one doesn't well know what to think, afther hearin' such a story."

The whiskey was here brought down, and they pledged each other with genuine Irish warmth, till at last the parting cup having been drank, Paul rose to depart, and having shaken hands with all around, and stolen another kiss from Mary, who saw him to the door, he went off, whistling some lively air. He had not been a moment gone, till she beckoned her brother into a corner of the large apartment where they were all sitting, and appeared engaged in earnest conversation with him; he repeatedly shook his head, and made impressive gestures of remonstrance, and at last left her, as if totally refusing some request. She hesitated a moment, and then glided from the house, her absence being unperceived; upon which, he, having first of all stated to his father, that she had gone to see all right in the out-houses, silently followed.

It was a clear, frosty night, and the face of heaven was as blue and pellucid, as if the vapours that are continually floating between it and the earth were all frozen and congealed. Myriads of stars, those mighty worlds, were sparkling and twinkling in beauty and splendor, and smiling at their own broken reflection, in the drops of ice that glittered on every leafless bough. The wind, though partially at rest, would now and then sigh mournfully through the trees, as if regretting their summer dress, and shaking from off their branches a shower of hoar frost, it would patter amongst the crisped leaves at their feet, in whiteness resembling snow, in descent resembling rain! Mary with her cloak pulled tightly round her, tripped merrily along, till she arrived at a little rivulet about eighty yards from the cabin, and then hearing footsteps close behind, she stopped and looked back. A thin incrustation of ice covered the surface of this small stream, but beneath it the living water held on its silent placid course. It might be said to resemble an emotion of the

human heart, when actuated by impulse, it would be about to give forth its secrets, but while they as yet trembled on the tongue, the frigid chilliness of human pride suppressed them, and the chiselled lip resumed its cold stern expression, and they sank back again to the soul, there to abide and live, though in outward seeming they have not existence.

"Well, Pether!" she exclaimed in a gay tone, as her brother, for it was he that approached, drew near, "So you've at last plucked up courage, an' are goen to come wid me, to give *him* a start."

"No, indeed, Mary, darlin'," he answered, "bud jist to thry an' dissuade you from doin' as you intend; don't go Mary, *ma chree*, its both sinful and dangerous to be darin' it; Mary, let me intrhate ov you not to go."

"Ha! ha! ha! Pether, so its ov it you're afeard thin! Why man alive they all talk nonsense, and its jist to prove id that I'm doing as I am; a speerit, iv there's any such thing, 'til niver harm a poor girl, and I often hard say that Black Bill was a quite crathur afore he was murder-ed."

"Lord save us!" ejaculated her brother, as the wind sounded like a dying moan, "Mary, jewel—Mary, acushla, don't be spakin' so unthinkin'ly. Oh! for *my* sake, give up this mad schane, an' cum home agin."

"Well, Pether," she answered, "*you're* more afeard ov a ghost nor ever I thought you were, an' you had better go back; I'm determined to prove to you that there's no such thing. "Good bye, brother—don't look about you—ha! ha! ha!—beware!"

With these words, the courageous and gay girl tripped across a little bridge that spanned the stream we have mentioned; and her departing footsteps were for some time heard crackling in the conjealed snow and leaves.—When their sound entirely died away, Peter looked fearfully round; and it was quite perceptible that there was a great struggle in his mind between his love for his sister, and his extreme timidity: it appeared, however, that the former feeling was the victor; for after some short hesitation he exclaimed, "I'll be there to stand to her anyhow," and then strode firmly on in the direction that had been taken by his sister.

Paul Dogherty, in the mean time, was proceeding slowly along the beaten path in the direction of his cabin, for it was a short cut across the fields that Mary had taken. He had none of the lightness and elasticity of footstep that a successful lover and accepted bridegroom might be supposed to have had: on the contrary, he proceeded musingly and thoughtfully on, more like one who had something disagreeable to encounter. His face was distinctly marked in the brightness of the night—his eye-brows almost met together from the extreme intensity of thought, and his exceedingly thin and sinister lips were tightly and rigidly compressed. His musings, it appeared, were too deep in their nature to be entirely under his control; for secure in the loneliness of the road, he occasionally gave utterance to them in a kind of rambling soliloquy.

"Why should I fear," he muttered, "any chance ov being detected?—for *she* has sworn to me never to divulge our secret. She never desaved me in any thing, an' *she* loves me too well to break her oath! Afther we're married, Mary *may* grumble, but *it* then matters not a pin.—Her father's money I must have—her love I don't care fur—poor girl! I b'lieve I ought though—however, no matter, it can't be helped *now*; an' if all should be found out, ould Magrath, fur his *own* sake, will help me off; bud it can't—no—no—impossible;"—this was said in quite an assured tone; but as he proceeded a little farther on, near a deep, lone pool, whose waters were covered with ice, and the rushes on whose edge were white with frost, his firmness seemed totally to desert him; and he almost screamed out—

"That child! the poor weeny crathur—that smiled an' laughed in its murderher's very face. Oh, God! why did I do id?—why blast my soul fur ever an' ever? Bud I am wrong, very wrong—that, THAT was done afore it—my child's death was bud hapin' up new guilt. Ellen was the furst—poor, poor Ellen, *she* dhrooped, an' dhrooped, an'

died away at *my* desertion; an' *she* blessed an' forgave me—*me* her murderher—her destroyer, on her dyin' bed; her lips, in their last movement, sint up a prayer fur *me*—*my* name was the last word *she* uttered! That pool—that quiet, frozen pool!—Oh, let it be deep as hell, where my soul will one day be, to keep in its secrets! The little darlin'!—my only child!—It never screeched. I—I did not see it struggle; the splash was all I heard—the—*the 'dead man's dive'*—ha! ha! ha! I can laugh—bud oh, God on high! I would give world's to be free from that—worlds—worlds—worlds!" He then covered his face with his hands, for it was convulsed with the extreme agony of a guilty conscience; and having stood still for a few moments, the wild heavings of his bosom, and the deep workings of his entire frame gradually became stilled. So much was the man the slave of pride, that a slight smile too seemed to curl his thin lips, as if in mental derision of his former womanish weakness; and with habitual caution he looked round, and held in his breath to listen, lest any one might have heard his involuntary confession. Then having advanced for some time, he came in sight of a large cairn or heap of stones, which in consequence of a murder that had been perpetrated there some years before, was raised by every passenger, as is the custom, flinging a stone on the place as he went by.—The superstition with which his nature was strongly imbibed, now began to exert its influence on his mind; his eyes stared wildly at the black mass, and his hair began to creep upward, while cold drops of perspiration bedewed his cheeks and brow. It was just a spot where such a deed might be supposod to have been wrought. High and overhanging banks covered with bramble and wild beech, darkened each side of the narrow way; and in a kind of gloomy hollow in the bank stood the shapeless mass of stones, now reaching nearly as high as the young trees that grew interwoven together on its top. They were bare and leafless; and through the dark tracery of their boughs was distinctly seen in clear relief against the sky, still they were thick and gloomy; and the hollow winds that swept through them seemed like the voice of a murdered one crying to heaven for vengeance.

As Dogherty came nearer and nearer, he whistled to try and chase away his fear; and it was very awful to hear a gay, light tune proceeding from those lips that a short time before had given utterance to such a terrible confession of guilt. His breath trembled, however, as he got opposite the heap, and he half leaped from the ground with sudden terror, that laid its cold gripe on his very soul, as a female, wan and dejected, glided from the opposite direction to that which he was pursuing, and met him full in the midst. The moment *she* spoke he became more assured, and gave her his hand in return for her greeting.

"Paul," she exclaimed, "dear Paul! I have cum from the house to thry an' meet you once more—to intrhate ov you not to desert me—not to lave me to shame an' the bitterness ov the world's scorn! or if you do, to give me back my child—my poor babe! Paul, Paul! what is the matter wid you now?—why do you thrimble so?—what have you done wid her? answer me, Paul! is *she* livin'?"

"Psha, girl!" he answered, endeavouring to move a little on; "I have sent her out to nurse—*she* is quite well and thrivin' like a flagger! Bud why do you folly and dog my footsteps?—didn't I tell you that I was obleeged to marry another, bud you, Susan, you are *my* love—I don't—I can't like *her* as well!"

"And iv I am, Paul!" she replied, softened to tears by his even telling her that *she* was *his* love, "why lave me to the jeers ov all my frinds! Oh, God! did I say frinds—I have none *now*. Why not do as you knelt and swore to me you would before I became as I am?—why not make *me* yer wife?—can you find a heart more wholly yours?—can you meet wid love like mine?"

"It must not—it *cannot* be—I could not give up Mary Magrath!—it's necessary fur my life a'most; and shure you, Susan—you, my own Susan, love me too well to go between us. I'll not desert you alther I have *her* secure—bud her money I must have!"

"Base, cruel wretch!" exclaimed the unhappy girl,

flinging herself on her knees before him, "here I'll swear never to cum near you agin—never to ask you fur yer love—never to intherfare wid your pleasures! Base wretch! did I say? Paul, dear Paul! do return me my little weeny one!—do give me back my child, an' I'll pray for you night and day! I will, Paul—I'll kneel before the throne of the Almighty God, and pray to him, for he'll hear my voice, to turn yer heart again to goodness. I'll forgive you all!—all!—all!—forgive the arts and the wiles wid which you overcome me!—forgive the anguish yer treachery poured on my head!—forgive you fur brakin' my poor heart!—bud, Paul! Paul *ma' chree*! give me back my child—my innocent babe! Oh, do *fur the sake of the livin' God!*"

The wretch was about to answer, when a low moan was heard proceeding from behind the mound, as if gushing from the heart of one dying in pain! His frame trembled from head to foot with fear, and he stood, his hands both clasped in the convulsive grasp of the poor sufferer that was still kneeling at his feet, and his dark eye rolling as if in madness.

"Paul!" she continued in a less firm tone of voice, for although to her external sounds, like the one she had just heard, were appalling in the extreme, yet the suffering of her mind, as it were, crushed down her terror, and she still entreated the trembling, the almost nerveless wretch—"Paul! isn't that a warnin' from heaven itself, desirin' you to give me up my babe; you thrimble wid fear. Oh! avert its anger, and the hate of the world, by makin' me as you once said you would. Paul, considher my poor father dyin', dyin', dyin' away—his ould eyes red wid weepin'—his ould brow wrinkled wid grief, an' his ould cheeks hollow wid the scaldin' tears!—think ov me bein' the cause ov all—think ov you bein' the tempter that led me astray!—give, give me up my babe! Let the form—only the form, Paul, of a weddin' be between us, an' I'll never ask to see you more. I'll not then be pointed at and despised; and my father 'ill bless an' forgive me afore he dies. Paul *acushla ma chree*! do—do listen to me, an' God himself 'ill forgive you!"

"*Thonna mon dhoul*, girl!" he cursed in an agony of fear, as another and a deeper moan was heard, "let go my hands. I'm growin' mad, and I'll do you some harm!—don't make me worse nor I am—let me go—let me lave this place. Oh, almighty heavens! what's that?—it moves—it stirs—ha, ha, ha!—it's her ghost comin' for me—let me go—loose my hands!—bud no—it's nothin'; poor fool that I am it's only the threes shakin'. Cum, Susan, cum away, this is indeed a fearful place!—cum, love, I'll do any thing for you, bud only cum away—mine own darling Susan, cum!—there's a good girl now—cum, sweet, cum."

The soft and insinuating tones with which the wretch uttered this intreaty went to her very soul, as it used to do in other days, when she was a prize that he sought to possess; and she wept bitterly, though with refreshing tears, as she leaned on his arm, and proceeded away from the heap of stones, in the direction from whence she had come. Another figure now approached the spot where she had knelt, and looked anxiously and fearfully round. Their departing footsteps had entirely ceased, and the silence was as before unbroken, save by the melancholy moanings of the dismal winds: suddenly a low and trembling voice, issuing from the very heart of one in suffering, was heard behind the mound; and as he well knew its sweet tones, he moved not an inch, while his sister, for it was she, thus prayed—

"Oh, Almighty One! that watched over us all, I thank thee that I did not fall into the thrap that was laid for me—that I did not becum the wife ov that guilty wretch, whose cunnin' and whose wiles overcum my best resolves. Give me strength, oh, Heavenly Father! to banish him intirely from my heart, for dearly—dearly did I love him!—and pardon him and turn his sowl from the wickedness and the evil that it has been given up to.—Amin!"

The last fervent "so be it" was passionately given, and Mary rose up and came from her late hiding place. The moment she advanced from the gloom where she had been concealed, she was clasped in her brother's arms; and leaning her beating head on a brother's breast,

she gave way to an overwhelming burst of blessed, thankful tears.

"Merciful Father be praised! Pether jewel?" exclaimed the poor girl, when the paroxysm of her grief had made her somewhat calmer; "I have you yet left to love an' purrect me—you whom I can entirely put my trust in!"

"What do you mane, Mary darlin'," enquired he, "by this cryin' an' sobbin'; an' why, *asthore*! did you pray as I hard you there a minut ago behind the stones?"

"Then you didn't hear all, Pether!" she answered; "bud no—no—I forget, you couldn't—you only stud at a distance, keepin' watch fur fare any thing id happen to me. Thank God, I was not persuaded agin goin'!—Oh! if I had, what might—what *would* become ov me! Bring me home, Pether, an' thin I'll tell id all to you, an' my dear father and mother. Help me more—more—I'm afear'd the heart within me is brakin'; any how, it's cowl'd—cowl'd—an' I'm very wake! Are we goen home now, brother dear—I can't well tell; I dhread every thing. God—God forgive him!"

Mary Magrath, hali' carried by her brother, again recrossed the little stream, and entered the house where she had spent so many happy hours, with a feeling that she was not long to train the woodbine that climbed about its porch.

We must now pause for a time to explain to our readers some circumstances, about which they must be partially unaware. Mary had gone on a little before Dogherty for the purpose of frightening him, through a motive of fun and gaiety of heart; and having secreted herself behind the heap while her brother waited for her at some distance, he being afraid to go near "the hanted stones," she had heard the conversation we have just endeavoured to describe. What her feelings were at discovering the first elected one of her heart to be so base and full of villainy, cannot even be imagined; but her mind being, as the reader must have already seen, much stronger than that of the generality of young females, had enabled her to repress her emotions, till his baseness becoming deeper and deeper every moment, she could not stifle a low and heart-rending moan.

Susan Doyle was the daughter of an old cottier, that lived near the farm of Dogherty; and as she was pretty and good-humoured, he laid a too successful scheme for her total ruin. Her poor father soon found the misfortune that had fallen on her, and the knowledge that the daughter of his bosom was a guilty one, was wearing him away day by day—yet he did not spurn her from him as others might have done: for, reader, she was *his only one*! but he strove to comfort her, and struggled to appear calm, and in that struggle his heart was breaking. A promise of marriage was the lure, too often, alas! repeated; but a day of retribution must at length come, and *they* must be judged by the great and eternal Being, "who provideth for the raven his food—when his young ones cry unto God, they wander for lack of meat."

The night wore gradually away—the dull, heavy, leaden night, when thought racks the anguished brain, and the moveless lethargy that enwraps all living and created things—the grave-like silence and the long protracted hours make the soul, the weary, sick soul, watch with feverish anxiety for the day.

It was a lovely clear morning as Mary Magrath opened the door of her father's dwelling, and looked forth on the fresh appearance of nature, and viewed the grass with its pinnacled incrustations of sparkling ice. Her face was pale, but her eyes were dry; and there was in their expression a look as if she had determined in pursuing some newly-formed idea, and one that could give her relief if not pleasure. She had explained all to her family the night before, and with them had held a short consultation, and was now about to execute the project she had proposed. It was one that none but a mind like *hers*—a generous, feeling, and strong mind—could think of; and as she closed the door, and tripped across the little garden in the front, a consciousness of good intention

brought a flush to her cheek, and even a brightness to her eyes, that had so lately known how bitter it is to weep when the tears gush from the deep places of the soul. Her footsteps never faltered till she was again repassing the mound of stones, where, a few short hours before she had hidden with a light heart, and whence she had proceeded with a bowed-down soul almost crushed beneath the weight of its first affliction. A single tear stood on her cheek, and her pale lip trembled a little as she went on; but when, about half an hour after, she came in sight of a low, and in comparison with her father's, a wretched-looking hut, all traces of emotion had passed away, and her nerves were strung tightly up to go through the interview that she was about to seek. When she arrived within a few paces of the door, it opened, and Susan Doyle stood on the threshold, with her hand upraised to exclude the sudden burst of morning light from her dim and scalding eyes. Mary was startled at the extreme wretchedness of her appearance, knowing, as she did, that she was once a beauty and a village belle.

Her face was yellowish and wrinkled from mental grief, though still displaying youth—her hands and arms were thin even to lankness—her lips were white and chapped, and her hair—her long, curling, yellow hair, on whose beauty she was wont to pride herself—hung down in matted and discoloured folds. Mary could not help shuddering as she advanced towards her; and when the noise of her footsteps made her presence known, the startled “good heavens! can this be you, Miss Mary?” of the poor sufferer, was given in a voice harsh and shrill from the excess of mental woe.

“Yis, indeed, Susan, my poor girl!” she answered, “it’s me shure enough; an’ I’m cum, I hope, to give you some relief, though God knows I want it almost as bad myself.”

“I was just goen to see you too,” answered Susan, “and God knows I’m glad yer come, as I want to warn you agin a villain, an’ I fear a murderer! Oh! me poor child, what made me give you up, at all at all?”

“I know already all you would say, Susan!” answered Mary: “an’ I have heerd all *his* baseness, fur it was me that gev the moan that so startled him last night. I was hid behind the ‘hanted stones,’ an’ I saw all that passed.”

“Then thank God fur his marcies,” she fervently exclaimed, “you won’t be another victim to his villany!—you are preserved from his cursed arts.”

“I’m thankful to you, Susan, indeed—indeed I am,” replied Mary, with a voice that faltered with gratitude to her for her sincere and touching earnestness; “bud now I have a little scheme of mine to tell you. Didn’t you say, that iv you wor wedded to him, yer poor ould father’s mind id be happier—would you wish id now?”

“Wish id! Oh, dear Miss Mary, I’d be glad to die afther, iv id could only be done afore—I’d swear never to look at him again—I’d swear never to see his face—I’d swear never—but no—no, I couldn’t—I must kneel to him, an’ ax him fur me child. I couldn’t live without my child!—my purty, weeny child!”

“Your child must be given up afterwards,” said Mary with tears in her eyes, at the warm maternal feelings of the poor girl; “bud we can contrive that he shall wed you in the presence ov my father, and, if you like, ov yours.”

“How—how is it possible?” eagerly interrupted Susan.

“You can dhresh yourself in my clothes, an’ be married to him as me. A thick veil ‘ill complately hide your fatures an’ he’ll never know you, fur we’ll all contrive to have id done in the evenin’, whin it ‘ill be dark.”

Susan gazed at Mary as at an angel of salvation while uttering this sentence, and when it all appeared clear and distinctly defined before her mind’s eye, she fell at her feet, and clasping her knees, gave utterance to broken expressions of joy, while sobs loud and convulsive, agitated her worn frame. Having raised her up and comforted her, Mary, after a little farther conversation, departed, leaving the deeply-grateful Susan to weep forth her thanks in warm and fervent tears. The simple “God

Almighty bless you!” with which they mutually parted, spoke more than volumes could have done, and the comparative happiness which Mary felt all that day, told of the pleasure that there is in doing a good action. There was also a feeling more akin to quiet and repose than she had experienced for months, in the bosom of the poor bereaved one; for such is the strong idea implanted in the minds of most females of the lower class in Ireland, that a marriage, no matter how effected, with their seducer, can wipe away somewhat from their crime. And, in addition to this, Susan well knew that her father, if she could in any way obtain the sanction of marriage, would be made happy and almost content. Herself she comparatively cared not for; the scorn of the world might have affected her, but it, even if she looked on without dismay; but her father—her aged, white-haired father, dropping day by day into the grave, hurried off before his time with grief for his daughter’s shame!—it was this, and this only, that urged her to cast herself at Mary’s feet in gratitude to her and to God! She looked forward with a trembling and fearful eagerness for the time when “Mary, her guardian angel,” would come for her; and she inwardly resolved not to mention it to her father, but to have prepared a little glad surprise, when she would come to him no longer an unwedded mother, but a wife—however heart-broken and dejected.

Dogherty visited Mary as usual in the mean time; and was received by her father and mother as if they knew not of his baseness, while she was ever kept near them, and thus avoided all private conversation with him whatever. Time flew by, as it always does, whether we be in joy or in misery, and at last the day appointed for the wedding was drawing towards a close. Darby Magrath had arranged that it should be private; and when Dogherty, with his demon face wreathed with smiles, entered the principal apartment of the cabin, he found no one there present but those he was always accustomed to meet. He did not hesitate or wait to analyse the reason why he was coldly received, for his mind was too full of the almost complete success of his scheme to pay any attention to outward circumstances.

“I dunna how I can keep my hands off the vagabone spalpeen,” exclaimed Darby, as he entered an inner room, where his son and several friends were sitting.

“Faix, nor I aither, Father,” Peter added; “I can’t imagine be any manner ov manes why I’m not stuck in him now.”

“Well, well, never mind, boys,” said another; “if we don’t give him a lickin’ he won’t get the beuther ov fur sum time afther all’s over, the devil’s a witch; by japer’s, the stick in me fist is tarin’ idself to be at him, an shure no wondher.”

“It’s a subjec’ of grate doubt to me,” observed another, who piqued himself on his ‘jaw breakers,’ “whether or not he’ll feel mooch gratification at the extra-ordinary situation, in which he’ll find himself bine by, to his incomparable perplexity!”

“Well Paudheen,” said ould Darby, laughing, “conshumin’ to the likes ov you for puttin’ your words out o’ joint I ever cum across.”

“Athout the slightest possible intherlocution in the regard ov the extrame rudiosity ov your remark,” answered Paudheen, astonishing them all by his high-sounding words, “I give you the most complate contradichun. Pether I’ll lave id to you iv I don’t spake plane an’ dacin’tly!”

“I’m no judge,” answered Peter; “bud hadn’t yez betther hould yer whisht, as jist now they’re goin’ to call the bride. Poor crathur, shes to be pitied; whoo! I’ll not lave a bone in his body I’ll not brake.”

“Nor I aither!”—“Nor I!”—“Nor I!” was here buzzed all round; while every lip closed tightly on the pipe it held, and every hand grasped its cudgel with double energy! The priest had now arrived; and as he had been made acquainted with every circumstance, though he knew the marriage was not binding when performed under an assumed name, as it would be, perhaps, the means of removing a load of agony from one heart, and perhaps of preserving another life, he agreed to perform the ceremony. It was with the greatest difficulty he kept his

tongue off Dogherty; and in fact it gave him as much pain to be restrained from giving him a caution, as it gave Peter and his friends from breaking his head.

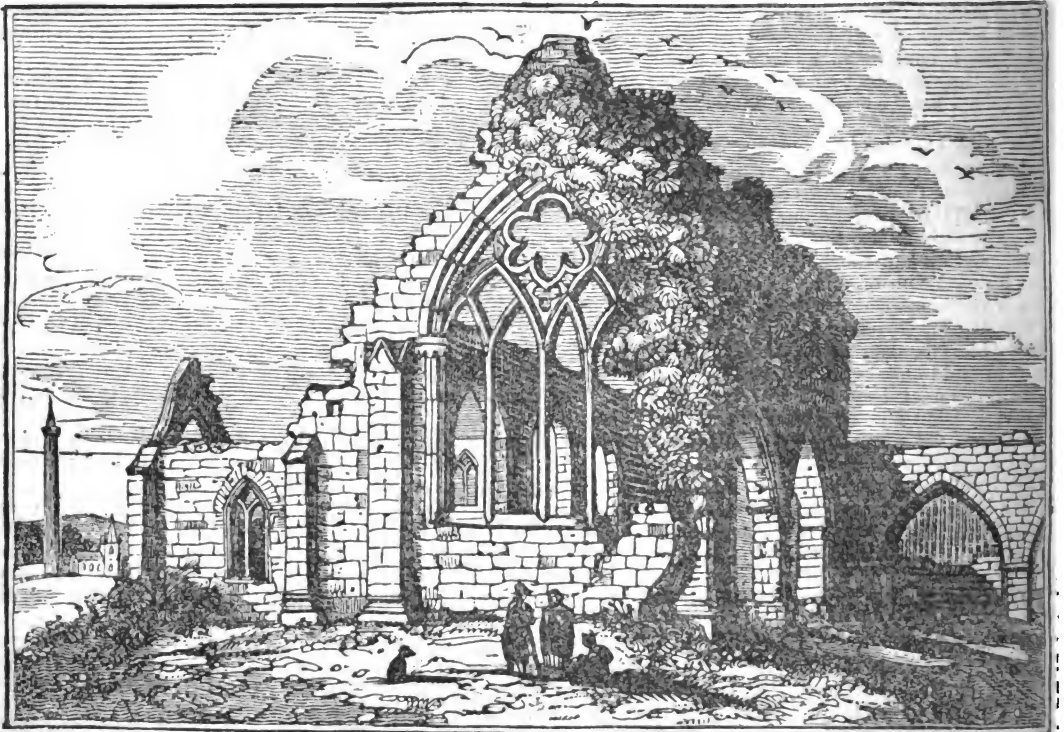
The bride was led forth trembling from head to foot, and her head and face covered with a thick veil. The ceremony was hastily gone through, and Dogherty, as he thought, married to Mary Magrath; but when all was over, when the priest had given them his blessing, and when he, with a lover's partly affected fondness, raised the veil and was about to seal the binding contract on her lips, he saw the pale dewey brow of the almost exhausted Susan Doyle, and met the full gaze of her cold, dull eyes. A scowl of withering hatred gathered rapidly on his brow; and he spurned her from him, and rushed like a demon from the house, without speaking or uttering a word. She fell into Magrath's arms like one suddenly lightning-struck; and muttering "Oh, my father!" sank into a state of insensibility. The moment that Paul bounded away, Peter rushed from the inner room, holding his cudgel with a fighting grip, and whooping, and hurrooing in the eagerness with which he was about to pursue. The aged priest, however, stopped him midway in his career, exclaiming, "leave him to his God and his guilty conscience," and his cudgel instantly drooped, though his eyes still flashed and blazed for some time after.

It was almost dark, and the snow fell in large flakes, whitening the entire face of the country, as Susan again sought her humble dwelling. She was alone and unattended; for although Peter had offered her his escort, she firmly declined it, as she wished to have no one present at her interview with her father. Her footsteps faltered and her frame quivered like a reed with uncontrollable emotion as she laid her hand on the latch; and then hesitating for a moment, to gain firmness, she at length entered: there was no sound within, the fire had died away, and all was dark and obscure. "Father, are you here?" enquiringly escaped her lips; but there was no answer—not even an echo. "Father!" she again called

in a louder tone, as her heart began to sink with terrible anticipations, but no voice replied, "my child;" all was silent as the grave. "Mereiful heaven! what can have become of him," she falteringly exclaimed, as she endeavoured to pierce the gloom within, and approached the oak arm chair where the old man used to sit. She laid her hand on something very, very cold, and hastily stooping down, beheld by the imperfect rays of light that streamed in through the little window, that it was her father's chill and furrowed brow! There he lay, that aged man, with not a feature distorted—not a single trace of suffering, but lifeless and frigid as the hard, cold earth on which she trod! An infant-like murmur escaped her lips—an idiotic smile flitted over her features—her heart bounded violently against her breast, and the struggle had almost past. She sank down quietly at her father's feet, and one more terrible convulsion shook her frame—but it was the last; then faintly sighing forth "my child!" her almost lifeless arms were folded as if in pressing it to her bosom, and her head drooped on them, never more to throb on earth.

Susan and her father were laid in the one grave, mourned over universally by all who knew them. Magrath and his wife lived on to a comfortable old age, he as much afraid of ghosts, and she as good a wife as ever; while Mary, after a little time, learned to forget the villain who had attempted to delude her; and as the wounds of love, when the object be unworthy, are soon healed, she after a little learned to look with favour on *Paudheen* Flynn, who thanked her "for the magnanimousness of her condiscionshun," as he led her to the village altar, and made her a happy, contented wife.

A child about a month old was discovered in the pool we have mentioned, when the ice had thawed; and though Dogherty had absconded since the last time he appeared before our readers, he was soon taken; and having been tried and convicted, was executed, unpitied and unregretted—not confessing the murder till the very last.



ABBAY AND ROUND TOWER OF CASTLEDERMOT.

The ruins of the Franciscan Friary of Castledermot are extensive and interesting. Its pointed arches are beautifully turned, and the noble and picturesque window, of which we give a correct representation in the engraving, arrests the attention even of the passing traveller as he journeys forward. The aspect of the round tower, more than two-thirds of which is covered with ivy, is also picturesque in a high degree.

The town of Castledermot lays claim to much higher antiquity than the city of Dublin, having been the residence of the ancient kings of Leinster, bearing the name of Dermot.

DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 3, Cecilia Street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.

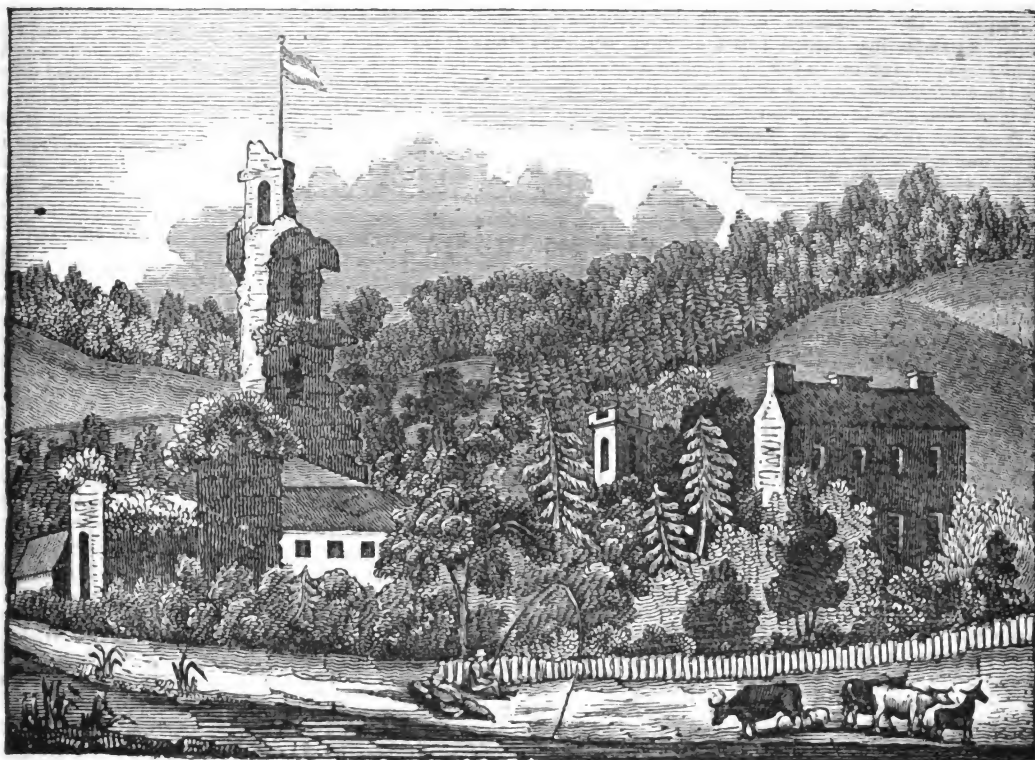
DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 95. VOL. II.

CONDUCTED BY P. DIXON HARDY, M.R.I.A.

APRIL 26, 1834.



MACOLLOP CASTLE, COUNTY OF WATERFORD.

Situated on the banks of Blackwater river, on the boundary of the county of Waterford, and midway between the towns of Fermoy and Lismore, a distance of about ten miles, stands the ancient ruin of Macollop castle, consisting of a large round tower, with several smaller square ones flanking its intermediate base; and with the several adjacent improvements, has at present a very picturesque appearance when viewed in almost any direction, but particularly across the river, from the spot where it is said Cromwell, in the year 1640, with an ill directed cannon shot, reduced it to its present dilapidated state. The situation of the house which is plain and rather low, seems as if designed to give the castle the most advantageous appearance, while the church, which fills up the chasm in the centre, with a well planted hill screening the more distant mountains of Clogheen and Ariglin, completes one of the prettiest landscapes which imagination can convey to the mind; the lawn and adjacent low grounds are judiciously planted with well grown timber, and the river, which here enters the county of Waterford, and winds almost under the castle, adds much to the beauty of the scene. A neat timber bridge, subject to a small toll, has, for public convenience, been erected a little to the west of Macollop-house, by the spirited resident owner, F. Drew, Esq. A little further up the river may be seen, fast falling to decay, the perforated walls, and high pointed gables of an extensive mansion on the Waterpark estate.

Following the course of the river, the next place almost adjoining Macollop, is Ballyduff, a village, like almost all those in the south of Ireland, worthy of remark for nothing more than a new chapel, three or four policemen, and three or four times that number of public houses, the remaining population forming a vast contrast to the many princely rural residences at either side of the river. A little further on is Glenbeg, the seat of G. B. Jackson, Esq.; a place for which nature has done much and art but little. Overhanging the river is a lovely beech walk, perhaps not to be equalled in the kingdom for situation and growth of timber. A very pretty cavern was a few years past discovered on part of the demesne; several curious dilapidated stones and other surprising natural curiosities have been found, but its extent has not as yet been perfectly ascertained; almost opposite Glenbeg is Flower Hill, the prettiest and most enviable situation I know of on the river; the entrance at the avenue is truly neat, and terminates with the house, built in the cottage style; the lands, which are neatly planted and most economically arranged, speak much for the taste of the owner, B. Drew Esq. It is celebrated as a great cider country, and, in my opinion, might vie with that of Devon or Cornwall. Adjoining Flower Hill is the natural Waterfall of Glenmore, and on the opposite bank of the river is Glencairn Abbey, admirably situated.

E. H.

Tallow, 12th Decmber, 1833

ATMOSPHERIC AIR.

(Concluded from our 93d Number.)

The most important function of atmospheric air is to support animal life; and this object is attained in the act of breathing, by which the air is inhaled into the lungs, which are said to present a greater surface in their various ramifications than the whole body; and on this extended surface the blood is exposed, through the medium of a thin skin, to the action of the respired air, and imbibes from it *oxygen*, which is a component of the atmosphere, and *caloric*, or heat, which is also combined with it.—These mingled in the blood are thus diffused throughout the whole system; and the other components of the air, which are not useful to animals, are thrown out in the act of respiration. Dr. Menzies ascertained that every time the blood passes through the lungs, it gains more heat than is equal to one degree of Fahrenheit's thermometer; and it has been ascertained, that when an animal is placed in such a temperature as to require no more heat, the blood, while it imbibes the necessary quantity of *oxygen*, loses all affinity or attraction for the caloric of the air, and consequently receives no more. Those animals which do not breathe, such as fishes and insects, have a bodily temperature, little superior to the medium in which they live. The temperature of all animals which do breathe is in proportion to the quantity of air they breathe in a given time; man, quadrupeds, and the whale tribe have a heart, and breathe through lungs, in consequence of which heat is evolved in the circulation of the blood. They are consequently called *warm-blooded animals*. Some atheists tell us, that the organs of the body have been formed by what they call *appetency*; that is, they have acquired their various faculties by adapting themselves to their various employments through a long series of generations. But will any man of common understanding say he believes this to have been the way in which the lungs acquired the faculty of decomposing air; and also that this supposition of the atheist will account for the composition of this air, which so exactly suits the operation of these lungs, and is found to contain the proper and exact portion of oxygen and caloric that the animal requires.

It is worthy of remark that *cold-blooded animals* that are not furnished with this breathing apparatus, are so constituted that their temperature changes with every change of the surrounding medium. Crawford says, he has seen frogs so frozen as to *chip like ice*, which yet when carefully thawed, have been completely reanimated. To meet the wants of those animals which breathe, the air is composed of about seventy-nine parts of *nitrogen* to twenty-one of *oxygen*. The nitrogen, which is thrown out of the lungs as useless, is lighter than the air itself; that it may rise during the time elapsing between each respiration, and that the animal may not again inhale the unproductive air which it has just thrown out. The reason for this large proportion of *nitrogen* gas in the atmosphere, is to dilute to a sufficient degree the oxygen, which in a greater proportion would be so stimulant as to increase the action of all the vessels to such a degree as to destroy them by over excitement. Dr. Higgins caused a young man to breathe oxygen gas in its pure state for several minutes; his pulse, which was sixty-four, soon rose to one hundred and twenty beats in a minute, and with the circulation of the blood the action of all his organs became accelerated.

"From nature's chain, whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike."

It has been ascertained by experiment, that no other gaseous body can be substituted for atmospheric air. Even water absorbs air, and thus becomes a fit element for the various tribes of creatures which inhabit it. The gills, by which fish extract the air from water, are formed like so many fine fringes; the edges of each being fringed again, and the edges of these likewise fringed, and so on, until both the human eye and microscope have been unable to find the termination to these *fringes*. In drawing water through the gills it is thus divided into particles so exceedingly minute as to render it easy to extract the air from it. *Oxygen* gas is not only a supporter of animal

life, but is also an essential necessary to combustion; consequently, without air, or what is generally called a *draft*, no ordinary fire can be produced. To maintain the necessary supply of oxygen, so much of which is used in the acts of respiration and combustion, all vegetables have the power, with the help of the sun's rays, of decomposing water; one part of which they absorb themselves, and the other, which is *oxygen*, they give out to maintain the necessary supply. This oxygen, combining with the nitrogen thrown out of the lungs of animals, keeps up such an equilibrium and salubrity of the atmosphere, that the air in the most densely populated city, contains exactly the same proportions of oxygen and nitrogen, as the air of the country. The upper side of the leaf is the organ of respiration; hence, some vegetables as they only give out the oxygen by day, close the upper surfaces of their leaves during the night. The immense number of leaves indicate the importance of respiration to plants. Besides *oxygen* and *nitrogen* gases, there is always a certain portion of *carbonic acid gas* combined with the atmosphere; and whenever the air becomes charged with one-tenth of this gas, it is unfit for promoting combustion or supporting animal life. It has, therefore, been ordained by Providence to be the proper nutriment of vegetables; and nature has endowed them with organs proper for its decomposition. These vegetable organs seize the *carbonic acid gas* which comes within their reach; and while they appropriate it to themselves, the oxygen is thrown off to renovate the atmosphere. Thus the plant purifies what the animal has poisoned. If a sprig of mint be corked up in a phial of *bad* air, and exposed to the sun, it will *take* in the carbon, and *give out* the oxygen, so as to make the air again capable of supporting life.

How many are the uses to which air is applied! By its aid harmonious music is produced from the tender reed and the solemn organ. "Man," says a celebrated author, speaking of air, "makes it his slave, forces it to grind or to bruise, and to move for his advantage an endless variety of machinery: in a word, he harnesses it to his car, and obliges it to waft him over the stormy billows of the ocean." E. B.

CURRAN'S ACCOUNT OF HIS FIRST SPEECH.

One day after dinner, an acquaintance of his in speaking of his eloquence, observed to Curran that it must have been born with him. "Indeed, my dear Sir," replied Curran, it was not; it was born three and twenty years and some months after me; and if you are satisfied to listen to a dull historian, you shall have the history of its nativity. When I was at the temple, a few of us formed a little debating club; poor Apjohn, and Duhigg, and the rest of them!—they have all disappeared from the stage. Upon the first night of our assembling, I attended; my foolish heart throbbing with the anticipated honour of being styled "the learned member who opened the debate;" or "the very eloquent gentleman who just sat down." All the day the coming scene had been flitting before my fancy and cajoling it; my ear had already caught the glorious melody of "hear him, hear him."—Already I was practising how to steal a cunning sidelong glance at the tear of generous approbation bubbling in the eyes of my little auditory. My mind was stored with about a folio volume of matter, but it was like a book wanting the preface; and so for want of preface to begin with, the volume was never published. I stood up trembling through every fibre; but remembering that in this circumstance I was but imitating Tully, I took courage and had actually proceeded as far as "Mr. Chairman," when to my utter astonishment and terror, I perceived that every eye was rivetted upon me. There were only six, or seven at the most, present at the time; and the little room could not have contained as many more; yet it was to my poor truck imagination, as if I were the central object in nature and as-sembled millions gazing upon me in breathless expectation. I became dismayed and dumb; my friends cried, "hear him, hear him;" but there was nothing to hear. My lips, indeed, went through the pantomime of articulation, but I was like the unfortunate fiddler at the

fair, who upon going to strike up the solo which was to ravish every ear, discovered that an enemy had maliciously soaped his bow. So you see, Sir, it was not born with me. However, though my friends, even Apjohn, despaired of me, the *cacothès loquenti* was not to be subdued without a struggle. I was for the present silenced, but I still attended our meetings with the most laudable regularity; and even ventured to accompany the others to a more ambitious theatre, "The Devils of Temple-bar;" where truly, I may say, that many a time the devil's own work was going forward. Here, warned by fatal experience that a man's powers may be overstrained, I at first confined myself to a simple "aye," or "no;" and by dint of practice and encouragement, brought my tongue to recite those magical elements of parliamentary eloquence, "with sound emphasis and good discretion;" so that in a short time I had completed my education for the Irish senate. Such was my state; a popular throb just beginning to revisit my heart, when a long expected remittance arrived from Newmarket. Apjohn dined with me that day; and when the leg of mutton, or rather the *bone*, was removed, we offered up the libation of an additional glass of punch "for the health and length of days of that kind mother who remembered the necessities of her absent child." In the evening we repaired to "The Devils." One of them was upon his legs; a fellow of whom it was impossible to decide whether he was most distinguished by the filth of his person, or the flippancy of his tongue: just such another as the great Harry Flood, our talented countryman, would have called "the highly gifted gentleman with the dirty cravat and greasy pantaloons." I found this learned person in the act of calumniating chronology by the most preposterous anachronisms, and (as I believe I shortly afterwards told him,) traducing the illustrious dead, by affecting a confidential intercourse, as he would "with some nobleman," "his very dear friend," behind his back, who, if present, would indignantly repel the imputation of so insulting an intimacy. He descended upon Demosthenes, the glory of the Roman Forum; that Tully was the cotemporary and rival of Cicero; and in the short space of one half hour, transported the straits of Marathon three several times to the plains of Thermopylæ. Thinking I had a right to know something of these matters, I looked at him with surprise; and whether it was the money in my pocket, or my classical chivalry, or most probably the supplemental tumbler of punch, that gave my face a smirk of saucy confidence, when our eyes met, there was something like a wager of battle in mine, upon which the erudite gentleman instantly changed his invective against me, and concluded by a few words of friendly counsel (*horresco referens*) to "orator muni," who he doubted not possessed wonderful talent for eloquence, although he would recommend him to show it in future by some more popular method than silence.—I followed his advice, and I believe not entirely without effect; for, when upon sitting down, I whispered my friend, "that I hoped he did not think that my *dirty* antagonist had got *clean* off?"

"On the contrary, my dear fellow," said he, "every one around me is declaring that it is the first time they ever saw him so *well dressed*."

The speech which Mr. Curran made upon this occasion, was immediately followed by a more substantial reward than the applauses of his hearers. The debate was no sooner closed than the president of the society despatched his secretary to the eloquent stranger, to solicit the honour of his company to partake of a cold collation, which proved to consist of bread, cheese, and porter; but the public motives of the invitation rendered it to the guest the most delicious supper that he had ever tasted.

In the battle of Leipsic, fought in the year 1631, it is worthy of remark that Gustavus Adolphus made use of field-pieces constructed of hardened leather, bound round with iron hoops; and the Scots first fired in platoons: the two Scottish regiments were led by Sir James Ram-say, surnamed the Black, Sir John Hamilton, and Robert Munro, Baron of Fowles.

SEA-NYMPH'S SONG.

Oh! come with us to our fairy home beneath those sparkling waves,
And view us as we roam at will through our coral cover'd caves;
And join the dance and banquet bright, the song and the tale of love,
And share a life but known by name in the dull repose above.

We hold our halls by the diamond's light in the glow of the mirror'd deep,
Where the amaranth gives undying bloom, and the sea-treasures ever sleep:
Our banquets and the mirth they bring suit the evergreen flower's hue,
The same to-day as they yesterday were, thus ever unchang'd though new.

Our pledges are given in spicy draughts never tasted by mortal's lip,
For earth does not yield, or its children know, such liquors as those we sip;
The amber gives us its golden tint, the silvery pearl its sheen,
To fashion the vases wherein they foam, well worthy of such I ween!

Our songs—oh! our life is a life of song!—breathe nought but of pleasure and glee,
And the strain ye wish for, too oft in vain, the wild spirit of the free;
For think ye *that's* found in the hireling's verse, in the lay of a purchased muse;
And have courtly smiles, and profligate gold, left ye aught but from these to choose?

But to us and our home belong liberty's peal, we sing and its echoes are flung
From our chambers of mirth, in the azure below, through our domes and our halls every one.
Of freedom we'll sing at our festivals by day, but of love at the calm eventide,
And the hymn of the heart, with the moonbeams as pure o'er the blue wave together shall glide:

And love, as ye dream it, or wish it to be, undying, unsullied and true,
And fresh from the heart, as the scent from the rose, pearl'd o'er with its last night's dew,
Shall be thine if thou'lt come to our home in the deep, where pain is unknown, or sorrow,
Where care throws no blight on the bliss of to-day in the thought of the coming morrow!

Then away, away to that fairy home, to our bowers beneath the sea,
To our halls of gold, and our banquets of mirth, our songs and our revelry;
Away, away, we wait too long near this earth, so dull and so cold,
Where the heart in its sunniest glow feels chill'd, and even youth's warm throb seems old!

J. C.

ABBEY OF CORCOMROE, COUNTY OF CLARE.

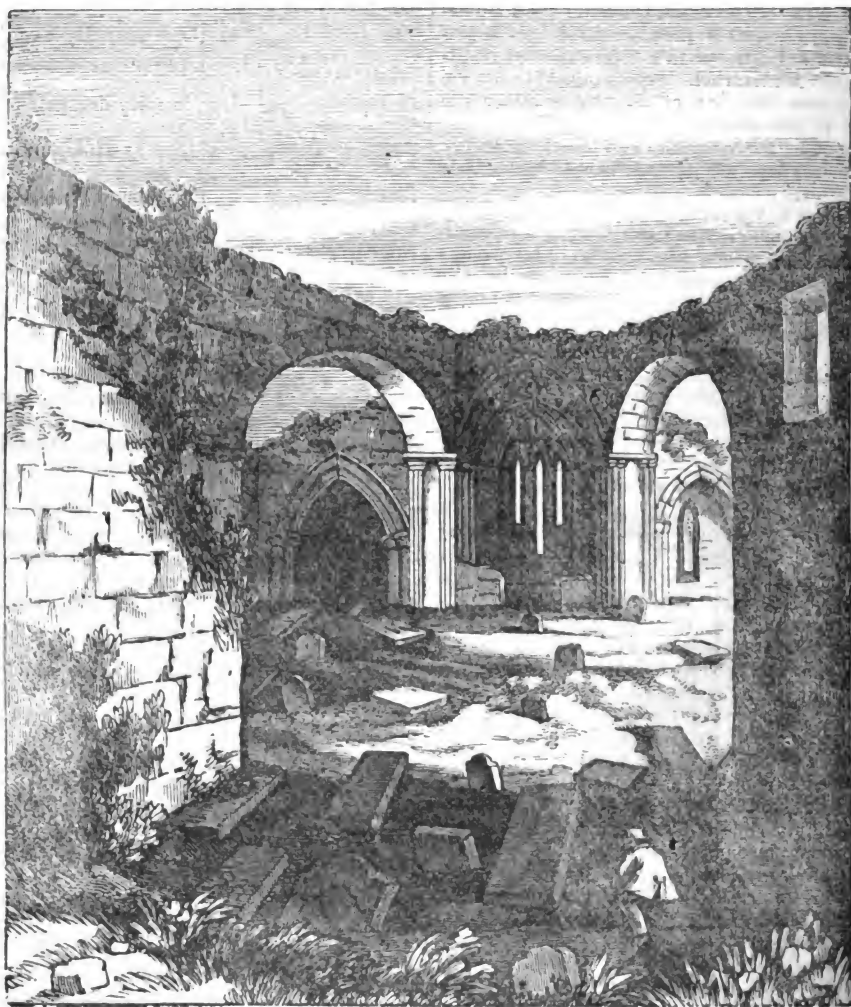
MR. EDITOR—In sending my present contribution to your patriotic and highly useful publication, I am bound to acknowledge the great obligation I owe you for having corrected the error I fell into in my account of Roscrea, given in your 86th number. I inadvertently applied, in that article, to the author of the "Irish Antiquarian Researches" an observation intended for another person, and incorrectly found fault with Sir William Betham, as if he had supposed that the Roscrea copy of the gospels was found by boys seeking birds' nests in the Devil's Bit mountain.

The fact is, writing as I do these my trifling and gra-

tuitous tributes to the Dublin Penny Journal hastily, and during intervals snatched from the pursuit of more serious avocations, I accidentally attributed to the Ulster King an error into which another person, a learned and esteemed friend, had fallen, in an essay read before the Royal Irish Academy the 24th of May, 1819, and afterwards published in the transactions of that learned body, wherein the author writes of the relic alluded to, that "it was found about thirty years past by some persons who were looking for nests in the caverns among the rocks of the Devil's Bit Mountain, in the county of Tipperary."

You did me no more than justice in expressing your conviction that I did not intend to misrepresent. The sense of gratitude I feel for your having reprehended my

error is heightened by the circumstance of the correction having accompanied, and so exposed and neutralised, the mistake. I only regret your not having without ceremony applied the dash of editorial suppression to the faulty passage. To one writing, as I do, for amusement, and to assist a national periodical publication, such a measure could not fail to prove acceptable. It is due of me to Sir William Betham, as a writer valuing a literary reputation, thus spontaneously to make him the only reparation in my power; and I beg to assure him that my not having come forward to do so sooner, is solely owing to my not having seen the 86th number of the Dublin Penny Journal until within a few days past. With your permission, Mr. Editor, I shall now proceed to my present subject.



ABBAY OF CORCOMROE, COUNTY OF CLARE.

The abbey of Corcomroe is situate in a lonely winding vale in the barony of Burren, and county of Clare. It was anciently called *Corcamruadh*, from the Irish *Cor*, a district, *Cam*, a quarrel, and *Ruaidh*, red, and was also denominated the abbey "*De Viridi Saxo*," or "*of the Green Rock*," from the amazing fertility of the mountainous and stony land around it. Even the interior of the abbey at this day presents a surface of nothing but rugged stones, and it seems as if there was not clay sufficient to cover the numerous corpses interred there. All appears a collection of earthless fragments of rock intermixed with human bones, as represented in the accompanying engraving.

The ruin of Corcomroe abbey is one of great splendour. In the engraving the spectator is supposed to stand near one of the angles at the western end of the nave im-

mediately under the square steeple or belfry. Before him is the choir, exhibiting a groined arch, inferior to none that I have seen—those of Holycross, in the county of Tipperary excepted—and the north and south transepts open to the right and left by large plain circular arches, through which are visible two small chapels, situate on either side of the choir. This fabric stood in the centre of a square plot of land containing about six acres, and which was enclosed with a wall ten feet high. The entrance was by an arched gateway and gatehouse opposite to the western end of the abbey.

A large chasin at the foot of the rocky mountain that lies west of the abbey, towards the sea, is pointed out by the people of the neighbourhood as the place where the stones were raised for building the abbey. It is, however, manifest on examination, that the opening in the

tain was occasioned by persons raising some kind of mineral; for, in the first place, the quantity of stone taken out of so vast an excavation would suffice for the erection of twenty abbeys like that at Corcumroe; and in the next place, I have seen, higher up the mountain, two shafts, plainly the work of miners at some distant period. I dropt a stone into one of these shafts. It was about six seconds from the time it left my hand until I heard it splash in the water beneath. This time converted into space, by allowing for the accelerated descent of the stone, and the return of the sound gives about one hundred and sixty fathoms, or nine hundred and sixty feet for the depth of the shaft to the surface of the water, exclusive of the depth of the water at bottom.

Corcumroe was in the year 1088 thrice plundered by Rotheric O'Connor and Dermot O'Brien. According to the red book of Kilkenny, in 1194, Donald, King of Limerick, founded a sumptuous monastery here for Cistercian monks, and dedicated it to the Virgin Mary, while other authorities assert that his son, Donogh Carbrac, was the founder, in the year 1200. This abbey was a daughter of that of Suire. It was afterwards made subject to the celebrated abbey of Furnes in Lancashire. The cell of Kilsonna, alias Kilshanny, was some time after annexed to this house.

In 1267, Donogh O'Brien, King of Thomond, was killed in the battle of Sindaine, in this barony, and was solemnly interred in the abbey, where was erected to his memory a grand monument, the remains of which are to be seen at the present day. It is placed in a niche on the north side of the choir. The subjoined drawing is a representation of it.



I find on the earliest patent roll in the Rolls' Office, Dublin, that Thomas, the son of Maurice, granted to King Edward the First, along with the cantred of O'Cassin and the half cantred of Oblyt, thirteen villages in Corcumroth to hold for ever; to which grant Robert, Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells, then Chancellor of England, and Lords William De Valence, John De Vesey, Otone De Grandison, Gerald Fitzmaurice, John De Barry, John De Coran, and others were witnesses.

A great battle was fought near this abbey in 1317, in

which many of the principal O'Briens fell. Amongst the slain were two sons of Brien Ruadh, (or the Red,) King of Thomond, viz. Teige and Murtogh Garbh, or the boisterous, from the latter of whom it is probable the neighbouring village of Murtoghlogh takes its name. The ground where this battle took place lies along the bottom of the hill between the village of Murtoghlogh and the abbey. Human bones and skeletons are dug up here constantly, and the place is now called the Hill of the Gallows.

John, abbot of Corcumroe, was in 1418 made Bishop of Kilmacduagh; and Archdall reports that the abbey, with eleven quarters of land in Corcumroe and Gleanmanagh were ultimately granted to Richard Harding. Notwithstanding this grant, it appears that this religious establishment was not forsaken by the Cistercian monks as late at least as 1623, and that it was subject to the Cistercian Lord Abbott of Holycross, whose predecessors were mitred abbots and peers. We find, that subsequent to that year, the reverend Father John O'Dea, was appointed abbot here. O'Dea was a Cistercian monk, and formerly of the Irish college at Salamanca. Approved in life, morals, and learning, he embraced the monastic rule under Father Luke Archer, Lord Abbott of Holycross, in compliance with a vow he made the 4th of January, 1618. When forty years of age he was appointed vicar to the parishes belonging to Holycross abbey, and is said to have written some treatises of no great importance. He could not have been abbot of Corcumroe previous to 1623, for there is still extant a note of his having been parochus in Holycross that year; but he was probably abbot in 1628, as we are told he ceased to be parochus at Holycross, and was succeeded in that office by Malachy Foistell, who continued to officiate therein until 1628. This account of O'Dea I have gathered from a vellum MS., written in 1640 by Father Malachy John Hartry, and mentioned in Harris's edition of Ware's writers. This MS. belongs to the Roman Catholic archiepiscopal library at Thurles. I have lately been favoured with the inspection of it by the present learned Roman Catholic prelate of that see. It was a long time in my possession previous to the appointment of the late archbishop. I shall have occasion to allude to it more fully hereafter.

Corcumroe is now a rectory in the diocese of Kilsenora.
B.

POPULAR TALES AND LEGENDS.*

As a specimen of the entertaining little volume bearing this title, we gave in our last a story by Denis O'Donoho, at the time we promised another by J. L.L., which we now give. It is called—

THE FETCH.

A TALE OF SUPERSTITION.

KATHLEEN'S FETCH—TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

The reaper's weary task was done
And down to repose sunk the Autumn sun;
And the crimson clouds, in the rich-hued west,
Were folding like rose leaves round his rest.
My heart was light and I hummed a tune,
As I hied me home by the harvest moon.
And I bless'd her soft and tender ray
That rose to lighten my lone path-way.
Then I thought on my Kathleen's winning smile,
(And I felt my heart grow sad the while;)
Of her cheek like the fading rose-clouds glowing
Of her hair, like the dying sun-light flowing;
And her words, like the song of a summer's bird,
And her air and step like the fawn's, when stirred
By the hunter's horn, booming o'er
The woody glens of the steep *Slieve-more*.
The broad *Lough Mask*† beneath me lay,
Like a sheet of foam in the silver ray;

* Popular Tales and Legends of the Irish Peasantry, with illustrations by S. Lover, Esq., R. H. A.

† A large and beautiful lake, bounded by the counties of Mayo and Galway.

And its yellow shores were round it rolled,
As a gem enclosed by its fretted gold.
And there, where the old oaks mark the spot,
Arose my Kathleen's sheltered cot;
And I bounded on, for my hopes were high,
Though still at my heart rose the unbidden sigh.

The silver moon was veiled by a cloud,
And the darkness fell on my soul like a shroud;
And a figure in white was seen afar,
To flit on my path like a twinkling star.
I rushed, I ran, 'twas my Kathleen dear,
But why does she fly, has she ought to fear?
I called, but in vain—like the flitting beam
She appeared to melt with the flowing stream.

I came to her father's cottage door,
But the sounds of wailing were on his floor:
And the keeners' voice rose loud and wild,
And a mother bewailed her darling child.
My heart grew chill—I could not draw
The latch, I knew 'twas *her Fetch* I saw!
Yes, Kathleen, fair Kathleen, that sad night died,
The fond pulse of my soul, its hope, its pride!

This is a superstition so prevalent among our peasantry, and which, from its wild singularity, deserves a more lengthened notice than I have seen bestowed upon it. *The Fetch* is supposed to be the exact form and resemblance, as to air, stature, features, and dress, of a certain person, who is soon to depart this world. It is also supposed to appear to the particular friend of the doomed one, and to flit before him without any warning or intimation, but merely the mystery of the appearance at a place and time where and when the real being could not be or appear. It is most frequently thought to be seen when the fated object is about to die a sudden death by unforeseen means, and then it is said to be particularly disturbed and agitated in its motions. Unlike the superstition of the banshee, there is no accounting for the coming of this forerunner of death, there is no tracing it to any defined origin; but that it does come, a shadowy phantom of doom and terror, and often come, is firmly believed by our peasantry; and many curious stories and circumstances are related to confirm the truth of the position. Take the following as one out of the many.

Near the foot of Croagh Phadrig, in the county of Mayo, there resided a poor widow, who had but one daughter. There were but few cabins in the neighbourhood, for the soil was none of the most fruitful, nor the situation one of the most pleasant; but the rude rocky mountains rose round the little valley on every side, as if wishing to shelter it in their embrace from the wild stormy blast of the wide Atlantic, whose waves rush uncontrouled and unbroken against the rock-bound coast of Urriss.

Menee was the prettiest, sweetest tempered, and most industrious maiden in the little village. Her cabin was the neatest, the warmest, and the cleanest. Her hands were the swiftest, and always the busiest with the knitting needles, making those soft, warm woollen stockings, so well known by the name of Connemara's; and by which she and her aged mother, with the assistance of poultry, and a few small sheep, on the neighbouring mountain, contrived to earn a comparatively comfortable independence. She was the idol and pride of her poor old mother, and the admiration of every young man, who beheld her pretty face and nimble hands.

Such was Menee O'Mailly, the widow's daughter, young, pretty, and good. She had a great many admirers, but she favoured only one, the son of a neighbouring cottier, whom she had known from her childhood. They had gone to school together in their young days, they had toiled together on the mountain's side in harvest weather, and when not engaged in fishing in the *loughs* and streams, with which the country abounded, his nights in the winter were usually spent at the snug cabin of Menee. His name was Joyce—Ulick Joyce. They seemed formed for each other, for he, like her, was gentle, good, and indus-

trious, with a spirit and quickness in his hazel eye, and an agility and firmness in his supple step, and an ardour and ingenuousness in his manner, that won upon the heart at first sight.

In this wild district smuggling was carried on to a great extent. The facilities which the country afforded of conveying away, and hiding the goods, and the numberless creeks and nooks, indented into the rugged and stormy coast, offering the most favourable opportunities for landing them. Most of the young men bordering on the shore, were engaged either by land or sea in this dangerous and desperate business; and among these a cousin of Ulick's was considered one of the foremost. He was mate of a cutter, and had made several trips to France and Holland, and was, at the time my story begins, after returning from a very successful voyage to America.

His cutter, after landing her valuable cargo, was sent round to the isle of Arranmore, in the bay of Galway, to refit, and he had liberty to spend a month with his relatives and friends at the foot of Croagh Phadrig. Rum and tobacco were like ditch water and sea-weed through the country, and the cabin of Ulick Joyce, where the smuggler took up his residence, was night after night, and day after day, one continued scene of revelry and riot.—The neighbours, on one particular night, were all invited to the cabin of Ulick, where the smuggler had prepared a great feast to entertain them, and where a piper had been engaged to play the whole night through. There were not many, some two dozen of young and old, assembled to partake of the good cheer, and amuse themselves. Menee and her mother, among the rest, came decked out in all their finery, and mingled with light hearts in the simple group.

Ulick looked with pride on his darling, outshining all the young women of the village, while the smuggler viewed with astonishment and surprise, her beauty and grace.—Free in his manners, he addressed her with an air of boisterous gallantry, and attached himself to her during the night. He made no secret of his admiration, and declared in rough blunt terms, the passion with which she had inspired him. Menee became uneasy, and her blushes rose quick and deep, upon her cheeks and brow. Ulick looked on, and unpleasant feelings which he never felt before and which he could not well define, rose in his heart.—He hovered about her, he took her hand in the dance but still the forward smuggler in his own peculiar, bold yet good-humoured way, contrived always to get seated beside her, and in spite of all Ulick could do to interpose, he occupied her ear and attention the whole night. At length the company began to separate, and both Menee and Ulick felt happy and relieved, when they bid each other good bye. Menee did not like the rude addresses of the smuggler, wanting that tender delicacy, so marked in Ulick's attention to her, and Ulick could not bear to see another approach his Menee, with such uncouth gallantry; he knew it pained her, and he could not speak harshly to his relative, and he beneath his own roof too.

Three weeks of the time allotted for the smuggler to remain had passed, during which time he was a constant visitor at the cabin of Menee. One time he would relate his own perilous adventures: another, he would describe all the wonders and curiosities which he had seen in the foreign countries he had visited; then he would speak of the wealth he had amassed in the course of his dangerous and desperate pursuits, continually declaring the most fervent affection for Menee, and offering valuable presents both to her and her mother. She listened without replying to his tales and recitals—she turned away from his declarations, and steadily, yet mildly refused to accept any of his proffered gifts. Ulick was aware of all that passed; but placing confidence in the prudence and affection of Menee, and knowing that his rival must soon depart, he did not feel so uneasy as he otherwise would.—On the other hand, the fierce nature of the young smuggler could not brook the constant coldness of Menee's manner: and, at last, he demanded her hand in marriage from her mother, who referred him to Menee herself. He sought her when she was alone, and he told her that he was come to ask her to marry him, and to be mistress of his wealth.

"I cannot," said the gentle Menec—"I can never leave my poor mother."

"But I don't want to take you from your mother, Menec," said he; "you can live with her and be my wife too."

"I don't love you," said Menec modestly; "besides I am promised to another, and I will never break my promise."

"I suspected all that," said the sailor; "but I thought you knew better things than to marry a fellow who can never rise you from this little valley and its poverty!"

"I love him!" replied Menec, with a steady modest tone—"he has promised to take my mother to his cabin, and I couldn't marry a man who would spend his life away from me, and who might be shot or drowned far away from me."

The smuggler tried all the means he could devise to induce her to marry him, but in vain: and he departed, humbled and sore in heart. He did not return to the cottage of Ulick Joyce any more, but took up his abode at a fisherman's hut near the shore.

One evening the fisherman came to him, and told him that a large vessel in the offing was making signals.

"What signals are they making?" said he, without any apparent interest.

"A light at the head and stern—fore and aft, for five minutes on and off," replied the fisherman.

"That's the one I was expecting," said he; light your lantern, and come down to the beach."

The fisherman illuminated his lantern, and they proceeded to a high, rocky projection on the beach, and displayed the light on high from the top of a long pole for the space of five minutes, then shading it with the breast of his jacket for five minutes more, he hung it forth again for the same length of time, and then put it out.

"What is she?" asked the fisherman, as they descended to the boat.

"The Vrow Von Hickerspecken, of Rotterdam," replied the smuggler.

"What is she goin' to run hereabouts?" again asked the fisherman.

"A consignment of gin, brandy, and spices for the house of Burke, Blake, Brown, Kirwan and Company, of Galway," said the taciturn smuggler; "you see they don't mind letting the *Rav'ny* hands come aboard, and you know it's easy floatin' across the country through the mountains."

"Aye, aye," said the fisherman; and they both pulled out through a heavy swell, and against a strong tide into "the wide, wide sea."

They returned a short time before midnight:—it was dark and windy, and black masses of clouds flew thick and fast along the sky as they leaped ashore, and pulled up the light skiff, "high and dry," upon the rocky beach.

"A fine night for business," said the fisherman, looking up at the fitful-gleaming moon.

"Yes," said the smuggler; "but make haste and send off the *gorsoon*."

A ragged boy was mounted upon a horse, and dispatched with strong injunctions to make all speed. Up the narrow, stony road that led into the mountains he dashed at a headlong canter, without a saddle or bridle—a loose hair halter being all he had to guide the animal on such an intricate road.

In about an hour, fifty horses with their riders, mostly all fierce, gaunt, raw-boned men, with fair or red hair, were assembled upon the narrow patch of strand that surrounded the little inlet. They immediately formed their horses into a kind of semicircle on the beach, with their croups turned to the water; and collecting into one group, they commenced all speaking together in their own dialect, until roused by the report of a gun and the flash of a water light at some distance. This was immediately answered by three pistol shots in succession from the young smuggler on the beach; and in a few moments more, five well-manned and deeply-laden boats were discerned rapidly nearing the shore. The boats were quickly run aground and surrounded by the countrymen, who commenced loading their horses without delay. Two kegs, boxes, or bales, placed in a sack, were slung one on each side of a horse, the driver or rider mounting be-

tween. The boats being emptied, and the horses placed in a line one after another upon the narrow mountain pass, the sailors began dividing liquor in large measures among the country people, when the sound of oars and the rush of water at a distance made them all start. The horsemen mounted their horses with extraordinary celerity and silence, and ascended the rocky road at full trot. The sailor who commanded the party whistled, and his men jumped into their boats, and sat in silence, waiting the issue. The horses were scarcely out of ear-shot, when three armed boats were seen turning round the dark little headland that formed a small promontory to the right of the narrow creek. Sabres and muskets were flashing bright, and on they came with the rapidity of things of life; and running their keels far in on the strand at some distance from the other boats, the men leaped on shore, and ranged themselves in order on the beach.—When all were out, they approached the spot where the sailors, with some of the countrymen, quietly awaited them.

"Who goes there?" demanded the commander of the party, in a tone of authority.

"Friends," was the calm reply of the young smuggler. He who appeared to have the command ordered part of his men to halt between the country people and the land, while he with the other part proceeded to examine the boats—the sailors throwing as many difficulties in their way as they could, but they only found a few empty casks in each.

"What business brought you here?" said the revenue officer, for such he was.

"They came for a supply of fresh water," said the young smuggler, with a smile. The officer turned away from the young man with a contemptuous air, and addressed himself to the sailors.

"What ship, friends?" demanded he. The sailors answered a few words in their native Dutch, and the young smuggler began to laugh loud and long, which was echoed by the countrymen around.

"What ship, I say, do you belong to, you confounded jackasses?" exclaimed the officer in a rage.

"Don't be in a passion," said the smuggler, "they are poor Dutchmen, and belong to the good ship 'Vrow Von Hickerspecken of Rotterdam,' bound for Galway, Limerick, and Cork, with a cargo of gin, brandy, and spices."

"Oh! then it's all right, I suppose," said the Revenue Officer.

"O, yes, you may be sure of that—and all's right you may swear, or we wouldn't wait so quietly for you this hour and a half," replied the smuggler with a sneer.—After searching some time about the fissures in the rocks, the party embarked again, the revenue officer casting a look of anger and disappointment upon the smuggler, who met his glance with one of ferocious malignity.—"There they go, the sharks," said he, as the revenue men pulled round the little headland; "I longed to be foul of that herring-faced dog with the swab (epaulet) on his shoulder. If God Almighty hated them as I do, they'd have little chance of salvation I'm thinking."

"What a sharp look-out the thieves keep on it this time back," said the fisherman.

"Like a cat watching a mouse," said one of the countrymen. "It'll be soon, an' an honest man won't be able to do a pins' oath in a decent way for the weeny crathers at home."

"They watched 'thout ketchin' any thing this offer any way," said another.

The sailors launched their boats, embarked, and pushed away for the good ship "Vrow Von Hickerspecken," and the countrymen departed to their cabins one by one; and on the narrow beach so crowded and busy before, nothing was now to be heard but the murmurs of the retiring waves, as if they regretted quitting the lonely shore.

In the village where Ulick resided there was domiciled one of that unfortunate class of beings, known in Ireland by the general name of *omedhawn*, a born innocent, yet possessed of a good share of that craft and shrewdness which are often to be met with in these half-reasonable

sort of individuals. Ulick was the only person in the village to whom he was particularly attached. He was the constant companion in his fishing excursions among the small loughs, pools, and streams, so plentifully scattered through the mountain valleys.

On this particular night, Ulick and *Manus na omedhaun*, were returning from a very successful fishing expedition, loaded with some very fine fish, and the poor fool in his glory trudging along under the weight of the spoil. They were still better than two long miles from home, the midnight hour had passed away, and they were making all speed towards their own peaceful village. Their way lay along the banks of a rocky stream, and the brawling waters made a rude music to the ears of the travellers. They came to an angle in the stream, which gave to their view a small cascade, where the water dashed over a narrow ledge of broken precipitous rocks. The fool started, and pulling Ulick by the sleeve—

"*Feghin shin*, arrah look now," said he, "see who's fishin' there among the stones, 'thout spear or nit. Ha, ha, ha!" and he laughed forth an unmeaning laugh.

"Who—where—what?" asked Ulick in surprise.

"Arrah look then, Ulick na keeough," said he, pointing his finger in the direction of the dashing waters—"see your own Menee; but the sarra taste of them she'll carry—not as much as a *colloughrua*."

Ulick stared in speechless amaze, for on the point of one of the slippery rocks he beheld a female figure. It was revealed dim and shadowy in the fitful light, but its size, shape, and air, were those of his beloved Menee. The dew of sudden fear burst forth in large drops upon his throbbing brow—his heart felt chill, and his limbs trembled under him. He could not withdraw his eyes from the spot; and still as he gazed, he thought the figure became more and more distinct; and as the clouds passed rapidly from before the moon, he imagined he could distinguish even the features of his Menee as through a veil of thin mist. With cautious and stealing footsteps he ventured to approach; and a kind of terror seemed to have taken hold on the innocent *Manus* also, for he bent low and crept close at his elbow with the stealthy pace of a threatened hound. As they advanced, the figure gradually became more immaterial, and each step that brought them nearer to it, exhibited it more vague and undefined, until at last, as they gained the foot of the miniature torrent, it dissolved into an airy nothingness. Ulick gazed fixedly upon the spot where the shadowy resemblance of her he loved had taken its stand; and he felt a presentiment of evil fall upon his soul.

"Come, Manus, let us go home," said he, turning away.

"Ay—but where's Menee?" asked Manus with a gaping stare.

"She couldn't be here, Manus," he replied; "so let us go see her at home," and they turned in the direction of their little village.

As they approached the little valley where their rude cabins stood, the sounds of bustle and confusion were to be heard among the cottagers, mingled with the deep and shrill wailings of a woman; and Ulick ran forward with a madness in his brain. He found several of the young men of the hamlet mounted on their horses, and he inquired the cause of such an uproar at that unseasonable hour.

"Oh, then it's ourselves that's glad you come, Ulick," said one of the young men; "for your Menee has been carried away, and we were thinking what way we should follow to risky her."

"Menee carried away!" exclaimed the frantic Ulick—"who dare do it—how was it done—which way are they gone?"

"Phwy," said the same young man, "four strange men broke in the door and tuck her out from the poor *collough*, and tied a han'kercher round her face, and brought her off to the mountains."

"I know it all now," said Ulick; "that villain, my cousin!—but he shan't escape."

Without a moment's delay, Ulick threw a halter over the head of his *rahery*, and placing himself at the head of about half a dozen young men, they galloped off towards the mountains, accompanied by *Manus*, on foot, who, untiring and untired, kept pace with the horses. They pro-

ceeded about four miles at a very rapid rate, along a narrow track, winding, rough, and hilly, covered here and there with fragments of rock, washed from the hills in winter. At last they could distinguish the sounds of horses' feet echoing at a good distance in the valley before them.

"There they are," exclaimed Ulick joyfully; "I knew the road they'd take; but let us consider what's now to be done." After some consultation, it was agreed to quit their horses, and leave them in care of the idiot, and proceed by a shorter path over the hills on foot, and meet them in a lonely dell by the shores of a small, nameless lough. Poor *Manus*, however, refused to stop behind.

"No—no," said he, "the *dnoul* a *tether* I'll handle to night. Yez are all fine fellows, and wants to have all the sport to yourselves." Another, the youngest of the party, was deputed in his stead. Casting off their weighty brogues, they dashed swiftly on over the untracked mountain, and through the pathless bog, until, as the day was beginning to dawn, they entered the narrow dell at one, and as those they pursued were descending the opposite side. A shrill shout of revenge and hate issued simultaneously from the lips of the rescuers. The party on horseback, with the young smuggler at their head, holding the wretched Menee in his arms, came on without pausing or dismounting; and as they met, Ulick leaped forward and seized on his Menee, who at that moment, tearing the baudage from her face, uttered a piercing cry of recognition, and called on him to save her. The young smuggler with a weighty cutlass, at the same time, gave him a desperate cut on the head, which penetrating through his hard, felt hat, set the blood flowing in a copious stream from his head all over his person, and he fell senseless to the earth. At that instant, the idiot seized on the sailor from behind, and with one effort laid him prostrate at his feet, yet still he held the screaming Menee with a firm grasp. *Manus* sprung on him with the ferocity of a tiger, and wrenching the cutlass from his grasp, snapped it in two like a rotten twig; then as the smuggler rose from the earth, he took hold of Menee, who clung to him with a death grasp, and dashed the smuggler a second time to the ground, and was retreating with his prize, when the villain drew a pistol from his breast, and fired at *Manus*, but the erring ball found a lodgment in the bosom of the beautiful girl—*Manus* heard her thrilling death-cry—he saw her eyes swim in darkness—her head sunk upon her shoulder, and the blood gush in a red torrent from her side. The idiot became a furious maniac. He laid his lifeless burden quietly down against a bank, and rushed a third time upon the smuggler, who grappled fearlessly with him as he approached. The sailor was a powerful young man, inured to hardship, and nerved to strife and danger; but he felt himself like a child within the grasp of the mad, foaming idiot, whose eyes glared upon him with all the malicious and fiendish expression of a demon's stare. He battled desperately with his powerful foe, who did not appear even to feel the tremendous blows which were dealt him, but gripping him the tighter, dragged him with resistless fury towards the edge of the black lough.—The smuggler beheld the terrible death to which he was about to be consigned, and the fortitude of his heart forsook him. He thought to cry for assistance, but the grasp which the idiot had on his neck-cloth choked his utterance. Despair again induced him to make another desperate effort for life; and grasping *Manus* in his turn by the bare throat, he exerted his last strength to bear him back, but in vain; the idiot still drove him on, and for a moment longer they struggled on the very brink; but *Manus*, with one spring, leaped headlong with the smuggler into the dark waters of the mountain lough. One dash, and they sunk for ever!

On dragging for the bodies of Manus and the smuggler, they were taken up; and so determined was the poor idiot in the destruction of his opponent, that even in death he had not quit his hold, for the hook being fastened in the clothes of Manus; on rising the one body, the other came up, with the hand of the *omedhaun* fastened in the smuggler's neck cloth.

J. L. L.

Dublin: Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 3, Cecilia Street, to whom all communications are to be addressed.

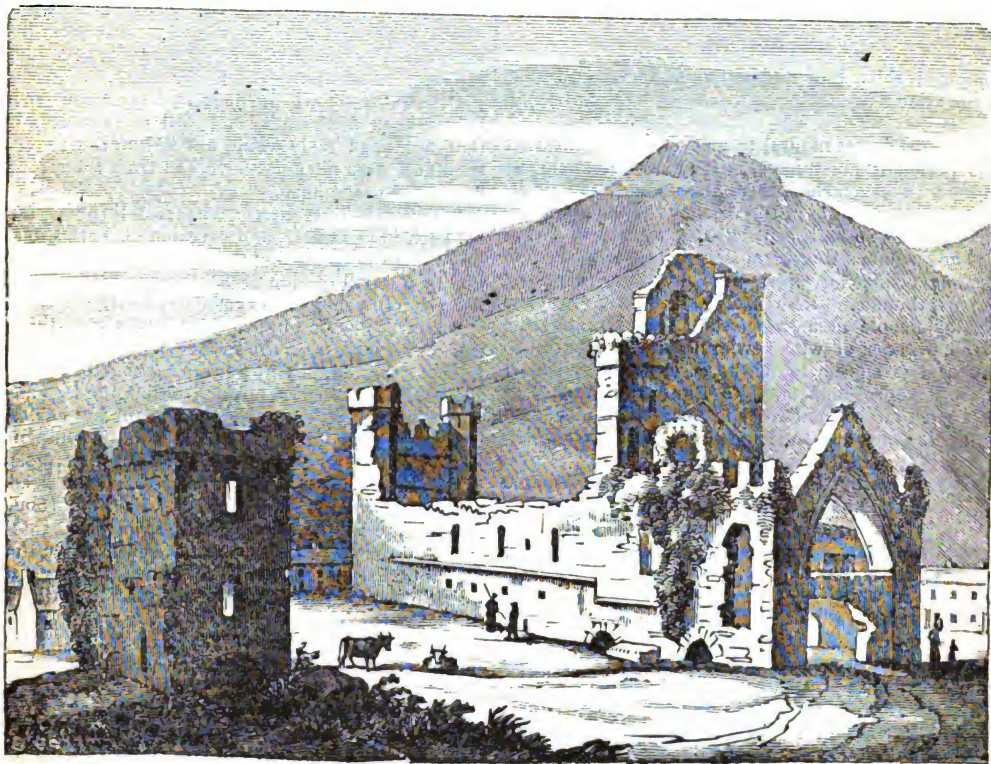
THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 96. VOL. II.

CONDUCTED BY P. DIXON HARDY, M.R.I.A.

MAY 3, 1834.



CARLINGFORD ABBEY.

To the fourth Number of our first Volume we would refer for a minute description of the town of Carlingford, its castle, and ancient ecclesiastical buildings. The above engraving gives a correct idea of the picturesque ruins of the abbey, which was situated on the eastern side of the tower, and whose long aisle and central belfry, being of the pointed architecture of the 14th century, would naturally place the date of its erection about that period.—It is said to have been built by Richard, Earl of Ulster.

The scenery in this direction is of a very interesting description. In proceeding towards the little town of Carlingford, from Newry, the road to which lies along the water's edge, nothing can exceed the grandeur and beauty of the prospect—the entire line, for a considerable distance, finely wooded on either side the river, and covered with handsome cottages and villas, with here and there some building of more stately dimensions, and an occasional old castle to diversify the scene, and add still greater beauty to the landscape. In the distance, the bright blue sea, on which are at all times a number of ships and smaller vessels, locked in on either side by mountains of the most picturesque and magnificent description—on the one side, those of Carlingford rising abruptly in sterile greatness, and casting their deep dark shadows on the ocean beneath them—on the other, the richly wooded mountains of Rostrevor, rising gradually from the water's edge, and embosoming here and there a noble mansion or lordly villa; while at a still greater distance, a little to the left, the mountains of Mourne, one of which is calculated to be 2,800 feet above the level of the

sea, raise their giant forms, and thus perfect the deeper shading of the picture, without which, however beautiful, it had still wanted much of its magnificent sublimity.

About one and a-half mile from Newry is Fathom Mountain, finely covered with planting, tastefully arranged in clumps and groups, and decorated with several handsome lodges and cottages, from the midst of which an old octagonal tower presents itself. At Fathom the canal commences, which forms a junction between Carlingford-bay, Lough Neagh, and the river Ban. A short distance from this, is Green Island, a small place at which boats are built, and where some of the lesser craft of shipping are laid up for repairs.—A little further on, on the opposite side, the elegant demesne of Roger Hall, Esq. commences, which is thickly covered with young timber, and from which several handsome gate-houses open on the shore. Near the village of Omear, an elegant mansion, in the cottage style, attracts the eye. Here the tourist may observe at one glance, within the compass of a few hundred yards, two provinces, Ulster and Leinster, and three counties, Down, Armagh, and Louth. After passing this point, the scenery improves—many truly picturesque views presenting themselves to the eye of the traveller as he proceeds: the Ferry and Castle at Narrow-water—the village of Warrenpoint—the opening of the bay, backed by the Rostrevor mountains on one side the river, and by those of Carlingford on the other side. We would advise those who are anxious to have at once the most complete, the most diversified, and the finest view of the beautiful scenery on both sides of the bay, to

take a boat at Narrow-water, and row or sail down the river as far as Carlingford.

Carlingford is a small town, containing about thirteen hundred inhabitants. It stands upon the south side of the bay, which is considered to be nearly five miles in breadth, and the same in length, the water being in general sufficiently deep to float vessels of the largest size; but as the entrance is full of rocks, and consequently found to be rather dangerous, comparatively few vessels, except when driven in by stress of weather, come to anchor there.

From the particular situation of the town, lying close to a very high mountain, the sun is hid from view several hours before it sets in the horizon, during a great part of the summer.

ON SWIMMING.

Swimming is the art of suspending one's self on water, and at the same time making a progressive motion through it.

As swimming is not natural to man, it is evident that at some period it must have been unknown among the human race. Nevertheless, there are no accounts of its origin to be found in the history of any nation; nor are there any nations so barbarous but that the art of swimming is known among them, and that in greater perfection than among civilized people. It is probable, therefore, that the art, though not absolutely natural, will always be acquired by people in a savage state, from imitating the brute animals, most of whom swim naturally. Indeed so much does this appear to be the case, that very expert swimmers have recommended to those who wished to learn the art, to keep some frogs in a tub of water constantly beside them, and to imitate the motions by which they move through that element.

The theory of swimming depends upon one very simple principle, namely, that if a force is applied to any body, it will always move towards that side where there is the least resistance. For instance, if a person standing in a boat pushes with a pole against the side or any other part of the vessel in which he stands, no motion will ensue; for as much as he presses in one direction with the pole, just so much does the action of his feet, on which the pressure of the pole must ultimately rest, push the vessel the other way; but if, instead of the side of the vessel, he pushes the pole against the shore, then only one force acts upon it, namely, that of the feet: which being resisted only by the fluid water, the boat begins to move from the shore. Now the very same thing takes place in swimming, whether the animal be man, quadruped, bird, or fish. If we consider the matter simply, we may suppose an animal in such a situation that it could not possibly swim; thus, if we cut off the fins and tail of a fish, it will indeed float in consequence of being specifically lighter than the water, but cannot make any progressive motion, or at least but very little, in consequence of wriggling its body; but if we allow it to keep any of its fins, by striking them against the water in any direction, the body moves the contrary way, just as a boat moves the contrary way to that in which the oars strike the water. It is true that as the boat is but partly immersed in the water, the resistance is comparatively less than when a frog or even any other quadruped swims: but a boat could certainly be rowed with oars though it was totally immersed in water, only with less velocity than when it is not. When a man swims, he in like manner strikes the water with his hands, arms, and feet; in consequence of which the body moves in a direction contrary to the stroke. Upon this principle, and upon this only, a man may either ascend, descend, or move obliquely in any possible direction in the water. One would think, indeed, that as the strength of a man's arms and legs is but small, he could make but very little way by any stroke he could give the water, considering the fluidity of that element. Nevertheless it is incredible what expert swimmers will perform in this way, of which we have a most remarkable instance in the inhabitants of Otaheite, whose agility is such, that when a nail is thrown overboard, they will jump after it into the sea, and never fail to catch it before it comes to the bottom.

As to the practice of swimming, there are but few di-

rections which can be given. The great obstacle is the natural dread which people have of being drowned; and this it is impossible to overcome by any thing but accustoming ourselves to go into the water. With regard to the real danger of being drowned, it is but little; and, on innumerable occasions, arises from the terror above-mentioned, as will appear from the following observations by the celebrated Dr. Franklin:

"First—That though the legs, arms, and head of a human body, being solid parts, are specifically somewhat heavier than fresh water, yet the trunk, particularly the upper part, from its hollowness is so much lighter than water, as that the whole of the body, taken together, is too light to sink wholly under water, but some part will remain above until the lungs become filled with water; which happens from drawing water into them instead of air, when a person in the fright attempts breathing while the mouth and nostrils are under water.

"Secondly—That the legs and arms are specifically lighter than salt water, and will be supported by it; so that a human body would not sink in salt water though the lungs were filled as above, but from the greater specific gravity of the head.

"Thirdly—That therefore a person throwing himself on his back in salt water, and extending his arms, may easily lie so as to keep his mouth and nostrils free for breathing; and by a small motion of his hands may prevent turning, if he should perceive any tendency to it.

"Fourthly—That in fresh water, if a man throws himself on his back near the surface, he cannot long continue in that situation, but by a proper action of his hands on the water. If he uses no such action, the legs and lower part of the body will gradually sink till he comes into an upright position, in which he will continue suspended, the hollow of the breast keeping the head uppermost.

"Fifthly—But if in this erect position the head is kept upright above the shoulders, as when we stand on the ground, the immersion will, by the weight of that part of the head that is out of the water, reach above the mouth and nostrils, perhaps a little above the eyes; so that a man cannot long remain suspended in water with his head in that position.

"Sixthly—The body continued suspended as before, and upright, if the head be leaned quite back, so that the face looks upwards, all the back part of the head being then under water, and its weight consequently in a great measure supported by it, the face will remain above water quite free for breathing, will rise an inch higher every inspiration, and sink as much every expiration, but never so low as that the water may come over the mouth.

"Seventhly—If therefore a person unacquainted with swimming, and falling accidentally into the water, could have presence of mind sufficient to avoid struggling and plunging, and to let the body take this natural position, he might continue long safe from drowning, till, perhaps, help would come; for as to the clothes, their additional weight while immersed is very inconsiderable, the water supporting it; though when he comes out of the water, he would find them very heavy indeed."

Swimming is a healthy exercise and a pleasant amusement, and a dexterity in it may frequently put it in a man's power to save his own life and the lives of his fellow creatures—perhaps of his dearest friends.

The method of learning to swim is as follows:—The person must walk into water so deep that it will reach to the breast. He is then to lie down gently on the belly, keeping the head and neck perfectly upright, the breast advancing forward, the thorax inflated, and the back bent; then withdrawing the legs from the bottom, and stretching them out, strike the arms forward in unison with the legs. Swimming on the back is somewhat similar to that on the belly, but with this difference, that, although the legs are used to move the body forwards, the arms are generally unemployed, and the progressive motion is derived from the movement of the legs. In diving, a person must close his hands together, and, pressing his chin upon his breast, make an exertion to bend with force forwards. While in that position, he must continue to move with rapidity under the surface: and whenever he chooses to re-

turn to his former situation, he has nothing to do but bend back his head, and he will immediately return to the surface.

It is very common for novices in the art of swimming to make use of corks or bladders to assist in keeping the body above water. Some have utterly condemned the use of these; however, Dr. Franklin allows that they may be of service for supporting the body while one is learning what is called the *stroke*, or that manner of drawing in and striking out the hands and feet that is necessary to produce progressive motion. "But," says he, "you will be no swimmer till you can place confidence in the power of the water to support you. I would, therefore, advise the acquiring that confidence in the first place, especially as I have known several who, by a little of the practice necessary for that purpose, have insensibly acquired the stroke, taught as it were by nature. The practice I mean is this:—Choosing a place where the water deepens gradually, walk coolly into it till it is up to your breast, then turn round your face to the shore, and throw an egg into the water, between you and the shore; it will sink to the bottom, and be easily seen there, if the water is clear. It must lie in the water so deep that you cannot reach it to take it but by diving for it. To encourage yourself in order to do this, reflect that your progress will be from deeper to shallower water; and that at any time you may, by bringing your legs under you, and standing on the bottom, raise your head far above the water; then plunge under it with your eyes open, throwing yourself towards the egg, and endeavouring, by the action of your hands and feet against the water, to get forward till within reach of it.—In this attempt you will find that the water buoys you up against your inclination; that it is not so easy a thing to sink as you imagined; that you cannot but by active force get down to the egg. Thus you feel the power of the water to support you, and learn to confide in that power; while your endeavours to overcome it, and to reach the egg, teach you the manner of acting on the water with your feet and hands, which action is afterwards used in swimming to support your head higher above water, or to go forward through it."

CAPTAIN FRENEY, THE ROBBER.

About eight o'clock of a winter's evening towards the Christmas of 1772, or 1773, a very loud knocking was heard at the gate leading into the court-yard of the castle of Saggard, then occupied by the family of Mr. O'Reilly, a respectable brewer, in Francis-street, Dublin; his youngerson, a lad about sixteen years, thinking that it was his father, or some of the other members of the family, returning from the city, went to the gate; and on enquiring who was so importunate for admission, was answered that two persons returning from Ballymore-Eustace had missed their road through the mountains, and requested permission to rest until the severity of the storm, which was then raging with violence, should pass over. The boy, with all the hospitality that marks the Irish character, immediately opened the gate, and requested the strangers to partake of whatever the house afforded. Their horses, which were both excellent, were sent to the stable; and the gentlemen, who had the appearance of military men, were requested to follow Mr. O'Reilly into the parlour, where his sisters and other females were amusing themselves, reading, working, &c. The two strangers, on entering the parlour, threw off their large horsemen's cloaks, and in doing so, a young girl, a niece of Mr. O'Reilly's, aged nine years, perceived the butt end of a pistol protrude from the breast pocket of one of the person's coats. The child took an opportunity of calling out young Mr. O'Reilly into the hall, and communicated to him what she had seen: he desired her not to say anything of the matter to the rest of the family. He ordered supper immediately; the gentlemen accepted his hospitality, took their wine, joined in the conversation with ease and freedom, and seemed to make themselves quite at home, as the phrase goes. At about ten o'clock the elder of the strangers arose, and looked out of one of the windows; and perceiving that the rain had abated, he

put on his cloak, and taking Mr. O'Reilly by the hand, said, I wish you good night; your hospitality and kindness have saved your father's house from being this night plundered: I am Captain Freney; my party at this moment surrounds the castle, therefore no effort of yours could have prevented me from carrying my original plan of robbing this house of every article worth removal; your conduct, and that of this amiable family has alone prevented it; you may depend on my protection while I remain in this part of the country. It is needless to add that Freney kept his word; almost every house in the county of Dublin was pillaged by himself and gang during that winter, with the exception of the castle of Saggard.
C. H. W.

LEGEND OF THE FRIAR'S LOUGH.

About five miles to the N. W. of Burrisokane, and a little to the W. of Loragh, in the barony of Lower Ormond, and county of Tipperary, the Friar's Lough is situated. In winter it expands to a considerable breadth, but in summer is no more than fifteen or sixteen perches in circuit. Its appearance is no way interesting, as being partly in a swampy, unwooded country, and nearly surrounded by an old cut-away bog. The neighbouring peasantry have a strange story respecting this Lough, but for which, indeed, it would not be at all worthy of notice. Tradition records, that a huge monster, in the form of a serpent, committed great ravages throughout all parts of Ireland, (and especially in the neighbourhood of the Lough;) in which men, cattle, and houses were destroyed. If it was possible that a single man had it in his power to kill the enormous reptile, he might do it at pleasure; for he would not think it worth while to devour a single individual, as not being sufficient to give him one bit: whereas a hundred men would not be able to do him the least injury; for they dare not go within his reach else he would instantly swallow them up. After being a long time wandering through the island, (to the great destruction of the inhabitants, as well as of cattle and even timber, (for trees were devoured when no other food was to be had), a friar took it in hands to overcome him. The holy man walked up by the monster's side, and ordered him to go on towards the west, which command he instantly obeyed.—Having arrived at his destined place, he looked on the friar, and asked him how long he was doomed to remain under water? The answer was, till the day of judgment, which gave the monster much uneasiness, and caused him to turn on a man who was ploughing in an adjacent field, and devour him along with the plough and horses: no sooner was this done than he plunged into the deep. As soon as the friar saw him under water he covered him with a large pan, and thus prevented the huge reptile from destroying the entire island, along with its inhabitants.

I have been informed by good authority that a line with a plummet was let down about thirty years ago, in order to ascertain the depth of the Lough, but though the line was over a hundred yards in length, no bottom could be met with. I have also been informed that on a fine summer's day, if a stone should be cast into the Lough, in about three minutes after the stone has immersed in the surface of the water, a gurgling noise is heard, as if the stone struck against metal; however, I cannot declare this latter to be a fact. The track of the monster as he passed on to the Lough is still pointed out by the peasantry inhabiting that quarter. Indeed the *serpentine* way, which they shew, is very remarkable: it commences about three miles east of the Lough, in the bog of Kilcarne. Suffice it to say, when a new road (which is part of the direct line between the town of Banagher and Burrisokane), was making through the bog, the workmen at one time gave up ever having the shaking swamp (across which the road had to pass) filled up, notwithstanding it being no more than three or four yards in breadth.

T. A.

DANISH HARDHOOD.

I have often heard it related by some of my fellow peasantry, that the Danes brewed a liquor from heath, sorrel,

&c., &c., and that the heaps of burned grit stones (a great number of which are to be seen throughout Ireland), were collected together for that purpose. The Irish practised all the means that was in their power to discover the art, but to no avail. They at length seized on two Danes, a father and son, (the son was but a young man,) and threatened them with instant death if they did not divulge the secret. The father, at first, made a prompt denial; but at length desired them to kill his son, (which they did) and he would then reveal the secret. "Now," said the Dane, "I knew myself had no chance of escape; and, perhaps, my son, owing to his tender age, might be tempted to shew you how to make beer, was he let to survive me."

T. A.

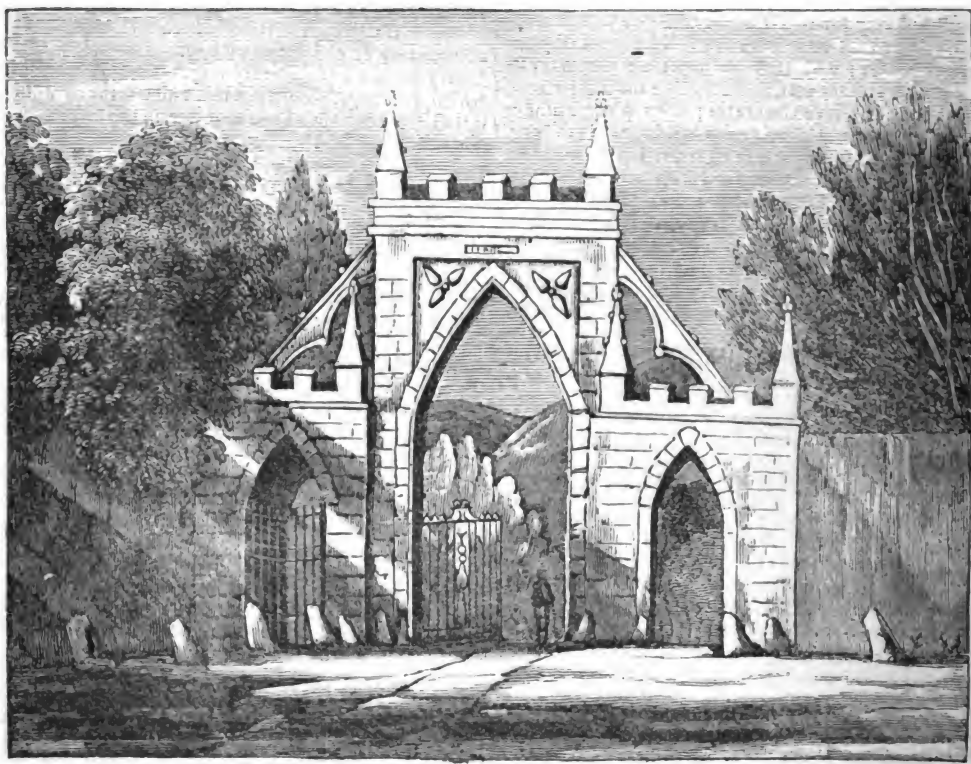
ON THE CLIMATE OF IRELAND.

It is a well known fact that the variation of climate is not entirely owing to the distance at which a country is situated from the Equinoctial line; for had such been the case, places lying at a considerable distance from it could not be hotter than others which are some degrees nearer:

To account for the great difference of our climate, we must suppose Ireland to be a vast mountain, the apex of which runs in a winding direction nearly across the entire island; leaving (or nearly so) the provinces of Leinster and Connaught on the south side, and that of Ulster on the north. Though the largest mountains, when compared to the size of the globe, are but mere hillocks, yet it is evident that the side facing the sun must be hotter, and consequently more fertile than the opposite one; for the mountain, along with shading its south side from the nipping blast, withholds the sun's rays from falling upon that of the north. In order to make this better understood, let the reader divide eight equally, then take one from one of the quotients and add it to the other, and he will have five in one of them, and only three in the other, which is, perhaps, less than the difference produced by the mountain on its two sides.

What I have now stated is but mere conjecture, as I never had the opportunity of laying a foot on any of the above named provinces, yet, perhaps, the course of our large rivers is sufficient for the bold remark.

T. A.



ENTRANCE TO TULLAMORE PARK.

Two miles and a half from Newcastle, on the skirts of Slieve Donard,* stands Briansford, or Tullamore-Park, the delightful residence of the Earl of Roden. The approach to it is through a handsome Gothic gateway—and it is situated in one of the most romantic spots that can possibly be conceived. Slieve Donard is supposed to rise nearly four miles in gradual ascent, while the perpendicular height is estimated at nearly three thousand feet.—From the northern brow of the mountain issues an exuberant fountain, which emits more than half a foot of water exceedingly rapid and pure. This stream, and many others, meet in their descent, and form a river, which, running through a channel of white stone, by ten thousand different breaks and windings, makes in summer a prospect of waterfalls, cascades, jets-d'eau, ponds, &c. the most va-

rious and delightful; but in winter floods, the roar and impetuosity of this fall are terrible in the extreme. From the top down to the rocks hanging over the sea is one continued descent, and the lower parts, though craggy and rude enough, are covered with hazel, holly, &c. those next to the sea-cliffs being old, bowed, stunted, and languishing; while it is worthy of notice, that those most remote, though situated higher, are flourishing and healthy; and all this on the face of a mountain exposed to a wide, open, eastern sea. In the descent southward, near the bottom, one is forced to slide down a sort of thatch, composed of furze, long grass, and juniper.

St. Donard, a disciple of St. Patrick, is said to have spent the life of a hermit on this mountain, and built a cell or oratory on the top of it towards the close of the fifth century: the 24th of March is sacred to his memory, but the patron-day is the 25th of July, on which day the members of the Church of Rome hers used formerly to

* The highest of the Mourne mountains.

climb up the mountain to do penance and pay their devotions. On the summit are two rude edifices, (if they may be so termed) one a huge heap of stones piled up in a pyramidal figure, in which are formed several cavities; in these the devotees sheltered themselves in bad weather, while they heard mass; and in the centre of this heap is a cave, formed by broad flat stones, so disposed as to support each other without the help of cement. The other edifice is composed of many similar stones, arranged into rude walls and partitions, called chapels, and constituted, perhaps, the oratory and cell of St. Donard. A deep, narrow vale divides Slieve Donard from Slieve Snaven, or the Creeping Mountain, so called because it must be climbed in a creeping posture; and through this vale winds a pretty serpentine stream, which discharges itself into the sea to the eastward of the mountains. The Creeping Mountain stands to the south-west of this stream, and presents to the view a huge rock, resembling at a distance an old fortification, very high, overhanging, and detached, as it were, from the eastern side of the mountain. After rain a stream rushes from the west side of the rock, which shooting from the top falls in a large cascade; to the east of which is a vast natural cave, affording an entrance as wide as the cave itself. This frightful chamber is lined with fern, grass,

and several other mountain plants, and inhabited by a vast number of hawks, jackdaws, owls, &c., and at the further end of it the light breaks in through natural crevices. To the left of this you climb up through a very narrow passage to the top of the rock, and arrive at one of the most beautiful, most magnificent, and romantic spots that can well be conceived. You there find that the rock mentioned is only the advanced part of a large shelf, which projects at about half the height of the mountain with a sweep, and leaves the space of about two acres on the top. Round the north-west, the west, and south of this area, the mountain rises to a great height, and stands like a vast wall; the area itself is almost round, and slopes gently from all sides towards the middle, where is formed a beautiful circular lake, as clear as crystal. To the west you see the rocky top of Slieve Beingan, to the east Slieve Donard's stately cone, and in front the ocean and the Isle of Man. There are several verdant vales to be met with in the deserts among the mountains, which, by the help of due culture, would be exceedingly fruitful. There is a remarkable flat rock on the top of a mountain here, called by the natives Sephin, through which springs up transparent water, without any perceptible fissure, which never fails even in the warmest seasons.



MANSION-HOUSE.

The mansion-house consists of one extensive range of building, nearly all on the ground-floor, and has more the appearance of an elegant cottage, than of a lofty edifice. From the front there is a full view of the ocean and the Isle of Man, and surrounded on the other three sides by the most magnificent mountain-scenery; rocks and precipices, finely clothed with wood and heat down which a river tumbles in a thousand fantastic forms, then gliding amid bright green meadows, and seen occasionally through groves and clumps of stately and rugged trees—the entire giving to the mountain's steep and rugged face, as viewed from the windows of the house, which has a front in three directions, the most sublime and beautiful appearance. From the eastern

front is seen a fertile valley, intersected by a mazy river, and skirted by barren mountains, until the eye, in the distant prospect, rests upon the sea. The park is finely wooded, and is watered by a river running through it, in a channel formed out of rocks and precipices, and which passes under a bridge of hewn stone. Artificial seats, to which you are directed by finger-posts, placed in different situations, have been formed in various parts of the grounds, in such places as will afford the best views of the surrounding scenery. Under the shade of an ancient-spreading thorn-tree, which forms an arbour around it, a seat sufficient to allow three persons to sit down together, has been cut out of the solid rock—on

the back of which are the following lines, descriptive of the various views which meet the eye, are rudely engraved:

"Here, in full light, the russet plains extend,
There, wrapped in clouds, the blueish hills ascend,
Even the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And, midst the desert, fruitful fields arise."

The castle of Dundrum, which is situated on a rising rock, and commands a fine view of the whole bay, is itself a very imposing object in the scene which presents itself from Tullamore-park.

A WEEK IN LONDON.

I proceeded to the business for which, in addition to the pleasure of seeing one connected with me, I had sent for my nephew, and begged to learn from him where it would be well for me to fix my residence while engaged in my present object, which was that of seeing London and Westminster. This being settled, we set forth together for my domicile that was to be, and now having a guide, and being relieved from all unpleasant anxiety as to going astray and losing myself, I was free to indulge in unrestrained contemplation of all around me. Certainly it is a fine sight, these interminable rows of houses, uniting elegance and comfort in their appearance. Every thing looked so neat, and in perfect repair, to the very scouring and squaring of the stone steps before the doors, as if people did nothing else but watch that no touch of decay or neglect should be visible about their dwellings; and to say the truth, the more I saw of the internal economy of the households of the middle class in London during my residence there, the more I was confirmed in the opinion that the chief attention of the mistress of the family at all events, was directed to the maintaining of a neat and "respectable" appearance on the outside, and within the house. The cleanness of walls, and especially corners—the brightness of the furniture, and the looking glasses, and the windows, the neat and expensive clothing of themselves and their children, and the abundant feeding and physicking of the latter, form the business of their lives and occupy all their thoughts. As for the things of imagination, or of feeling other than household feeling, they know them not. They have an interest in bonnets, but not in books—their taste is generally restricted to dress and cookery, but nevertheless they are respectable people, well fitted for the business of living, and the formation, in the mass, of what is called the English character.

Bye and bye we entered a neat looking street containing on either side about fifty houses, all of them so exactly alike, to the very colour of the doors, and the fancy of the knockers, that I wondered how the inhabitants were able to find their own particular homes amid the multitude, the rather as it is not the custom to have any name affixed upon the hall doors. A stranger must depend entirely upon the numbers, which if he happen to forget, the Lord help him. It will be no use to knock at a door by chance, and ask, for ten to one the people living next door to each other for five years last past, have no notion of each others' names, unless they happen to have had some business together about a party wall, or a spout or gutter common to both houses, or something of that sort.

"This is the street where Hopkins lives," said my nephew—"very neat and comfortable houses, an't they?"

"Yes," said I, "and the builder seems to have been so much in love with the first, that he has made all the others with more than a 'family likeness'—and saying this, I thought of poor Martha at home, and sighed.

"Ah, that puts me in mind of a story Hopkins told me only yesterday," said my nephew.

"Pray indulge me with it," said I, "if it be diverting, for either the fatigue of walking in these streets, or the thought of the distance I am from home, has depressed my spirits."

"Well," said he, "you must know that Hopkins took the house here a short time before he was married, and as he was going out one evening, expecting to return late, he took the key of the hall-door with him, desiring the servant to go to bed at her usual time, and leave a light

burning in the passage. This is a common practice, and it so happened that his next door neighbour that evening did the very same thing. When Hopkins returned at twelve o'clock at night, he went to the wrong door, and the lock being of precisely the same pattern, his key opened it, and in he went. Hopkins's neighbour was, like himself, a new comer, and as yet there was not much furniture in the house. It was in every respect so like Hopkins's own, that he perceived no difference. The truth is, I suppose, he had taken a glass of brandy and water more than usual, but he said nothing of that to me. He took the candle and went up stairs—the bed-room was the same—the two-pair front room. Hopkins observed no difference, but pulled off his clothes, and might have even gone into his neighbour's bed, but that an article of night gear in the room now exposed the mistake. It was of a flaming red pattern, and Hopkins knew that his was blue and white—he looked about, and the moment his suspicion was roused, it was confirmed, for several points of discrepancy, which, while his attention was not turned to any such thing, were wholly unobserved, now flashed upon his observation. His surprise and consternation were such, at finding himself thus an intruder, in another man's house and chamber at midnight, that he upset a rickety basin stand, the crash whereof was very great, and added to his terror. He expected that he would be siezed as a robber, perhaps shot without time or opportunity for explanation being afforded. An awful silence succeeded to the crash—no one was awakened by it, and Hopkins recovering himself a little, donned his clothes again in all haste, got down stairs, replaced the light in the hall, got out again as stealthily as a rat, and had just found his way into his own house and shut the door, when he heard his neighbour arrive. Hopkins says his nerves got such a shock that he could not sleep all night."

At six o'clock I presented myself at my new dwelling, where I was received with much attention by Mrs. Hopkins, now arrayed in her evening costume, which was much more showy than that of the morning, and so neatly put on, that she really looked a very pretty woman—but what was that to me? Her husband, too, was now at home, a fat-headed, short-legged man, concerning whom it might have been prophesied, without much skill in physiognomy, that he loved pudding. He discoursed to me of the weather until his wife sent him to cut the bread and butter, which he seemed to do *con amore*.

He appeared to be indeed a very useful person about the house in a subordinate capacity—his wife saving him all trouble in the direction of affairs. She put me constantly in mind of the Madame B. mentioned by the French essayist, Joubert, "dont l'activité l'intelligence, et l'honneur un peu despotique, s'il faut tout dire, laissent peu de chose à faire à son mari." I found they had three children, who ate their meals with them—a circumstance which I might literally say I had not bargained for; but I was unwilling to give myself or the fond parents the pain of making any objection. Miss Sarah was six years old, a white greasy-looking child, with large dead eyes, and a stoppage in her nose which did not pleasingly affect her voice. Master Jackey was five, and not an ill-looking boy, but as bold an imp as ever worked mischief, and challenging every one that came into the house, stranger or no stranger, to box; then it would close its little fists and batter away at one's knees, to the infinite delight of its parents until at last it hurt itself, and ran away yowling, to be coaxed and petted by one of them, or both. The youngest darling was Miss Emma, a sharp-eyed little wretch, very like her mother, and passionate as a little fiend:—when thwarted, she would dance with rage, or throw herself down on the floor, and kicking as if in convulsions, scream as if some one had been cutting her head off. I sometimes thought it a pity that they didn't.

Their amiable mother talked to me about them all the time of tea, except while employed in the most affectionate exhortations to them to eat plenty of bread and butter. "Do, darling, take another piece—that's a dear—do make a hearty tea." Such were her frequent exclamations, and assuredly her children showed no undue disobedience of her commands. At last the mountain of slices entirely disappeared, and father and mother

alternately at the empty plate and at their children, with an air of paternal satisfaction which none but a stoic could have beheld unmoved. How curious and delightful, thought I, are the tender sympathies which dwell within the parental breast. Alas! why am I forty-three, and a bachelor.

And so saying, or rather so thinking, for I did not say it, I took a candle to go to my room, when in came a very pretty nursery maid, with a soft pleasant voice, and after a special inquiry, with apparent solicitude, if the children had made a hearty tea, and an answer in the affirmative, she said they were dear good children, and carried them off, carefully eyeing me, I could perceive, every now and then, as much as to say, what sort of a person is this new lodger?

These pretty nursery maids in the London lodging houses play the very deuce, but I don't see what help there is for it. The name of the young person in question was Maria, and they called her Mariar. I walked up stairs behind her, while she beguiled the way with vivacious prattle to the children. As I turned into my room, the slightest imaginable turn of her eye showed that she noticed my retreat. This, said I, is her gentle way of wishing me good night—when we get better acquainted, she will venture to say "good night" to me. I never prophecied more accurately in my life.

When I went down some time afterwards to fetch a book which I brought in my hand, and forgotten in the parlour, I heard in the passage the sounds of expostulation, mixed with those of lamentation and woe. One of the voices was that of my landlady, the other was very pathetic, but strange and uncouth. When I arrived at the *locus in quo*, I thought it a point of politeness to express my hope that nothing was the matter.

"O nothing," said Mrs. Hopkins, "it's only Irish Biddy, a char-woman I employ, and I find she won't eat her victuals, so it stands to reason she can't do her work, and I'm telling her we can't have her any more."

"God bless you, Sir, do spake a word for me," said Biddy, with tears in her eyes; "I'm sure I'd ate and drink too, for it's not too much as it I'm often troubled wit, but it's agin my religion, Sir, an' I'm sure I'll work as hard every bit as if I ate the housefull; but only don't turn me off, or I'll be ruint intirely."

Here the poor woman wrung her hands and began to cry.

"I say it's quite impossible," cried Mrs. Hopkins, "that any woman that doesn't take her pint or pint an' half of beer, and some nourishment of meat in the day, can scour my floor properly, and no body will persuade me to the contrary."

"O mistress, dear jewell, sure if you'd only set your two good lookin' beautiful eyes on what I'm afther doin' to-day, you wouldn't find fault with it at all," said Biddy.

"No, I don't say it's badly done," returned the lady, not a little softened, I dare say, by the compliment to her beauty, "but I know that no work can be done as it should be if one don't eat meat, nor drink beer, and I can't have you to-morrow, unless you take your victuals properly."

"Why do you not eat and drink like other people, my good woman?" said I.

"In troth, Sir, I'll tell you how it is," she answered, "this is Friday, and to-morrow is Saturday, plaze God, if we live to see it—it's agin our religion to ate mate of a Friday, any way, and I'm undher a vow besides for Saturday, and not to taste porther."

"And what induced you to make such a vow?"

"My husband fell off a ladder, Sir, upon his breast, and he was very bad entirely, and I made a vow that iv it id plaze God to spare him, I wouldn't ate mate on Saturdays, nor drink anything stronger nor milk for a twelve-month, and sure enough it was affther that he got better, Sir, and now he's able to go about agin, I thank the Almighty."

The tears came into my eyes at this little recital, in which affection, simplicity, and superstition, were all combined. Mrs. Hopkins exclaimed, "poor ignorant creature," and slightly laughed, but seeing that I looked grave, she changed her countenance to an aspect of compassion.

As for me, I was not surprised by the poor woman's story, for in my part of the country there are several small settlements of Roman Catholics, and I was by no means unaware of the strange manner in which they mix up their superstitions with the ordinary affairs of life.

"Does your priest know of your vow?" said I.

"Yis, your honour," said Biddy, making a curtsy, and now looking rather surprised at me.

"And he can release you from it, I suppose?"

"Yis, your honour," she replied again, with another curtsy.

"And does he live near this?"

"Quite convenient, your honour—he belongs to the chapel there, just hard by Lincoln's-Inn-Fields."

"Well," said I, "I shall write a paper for you, which you must take to him, and see if he won't manage this affair for you, for it's quite too bad that you should lose your health and your livelihood on account of this vow—I dare say he can change it to something else."

"To be sure, it's himself that can do anything of the sort," said Biddy, "an' an illigent priest he is, an' a good man to us poor crathurs—maybe you know him, Sir?"

"No," said I, "I have not that pleasure, but I shall use the freedom of writing to him notwithstanding; and in the mean time I will ask Mrs. Hopkins to let you off without eating meat, or drinking beer, for to-morrow."

Mrs. Hopkins was prevailed upon to consent, and Biddy prayed that the "heavens might be my bed."

"But your husband," said I, "is he able to work again?"

"No, Sir," she replied, with a sigh, "not to say hard work; but he runs of arrands an' the like, and picks up a penny the best way he can."

"Is he an Irishman?"

"An Irishman!" replied Biddy, with a laugh, "arrah, what else would he be, Sir? In troth, he is, Sir—he comes from a place called Kicullin in the county Kildare—he lived sarvent wid one Mr. Tracy, that, I dare say, you've heard of iv you ever wor that way."

"I never was, Biddy—but does your husband know London well?"

"Does a dook swim, your honour?—It's himself that does know Lunnun; sure we've been in the place for seven years, an' a power of hardship we've seen in it too—glory be to God."

It occurred to me that I should very much want an attendant, to act both as a guide and a servant, while I remained in London, and that this poor woman's husband might answer my purpose. As to dress, thought I, this suit that I have travelled in, if it will fit him, may be made over to him as sufficiently worse for the wear to be abandoned. It is not exactly the sort of servant one should choose, if one had to seek him out, but as the occasion offers, and it would be a charity, why—

In short, I had made up my mind to the thing, so without further parley, I told Biddy that I wanted a servant while I was in town, and if her husband would come to me, so that I might satisfy myself of his qualifications, I would perhaps employ him.

The poor woman put up some more fervent prayers on my behalf, and promised to send her husband early the next morning.

He came, I saw, and he conquered. It was very absurd, and I knew it, to take upon trust all that Brian Murphy assured me of, with so much veracity, in his own behalf—but he was irresistible, and besides, he looked as if my old clothes would fit him to a nicety. He protested he knew every place and could do every thing, or if he couldn't do it just this minute, "sure he could larn."

Many a man takes high office, thought I, with precisely the same self-assurance as to capability—the difference is, that he carries off his ignorance with an air, while Brian in some sort admits it.

In the end, I had no reason to repent of having taken Brian into my service, at a venture.*

* Extracted from "A Sentimental Journey through London and Westminster," in the Dublin University Magazine, No. XVI. for April, 1831.

BLACK BEARD, THE PIRATE,

This freebooter lived in the reign of George the Second, and had united in his fortune a desperate and formidable gang of pirates, styling himself their commodore, and assuming the authority of a legitimate chief. His piracies were often carried on near the English settlements on the coast of North America, where he had met with extraordinary success. Perhaps in the history of human depravity it would be difficult to select actions more brutal and extravagant than Black Beard's biographer has recorded of him. In person, as well as disposition, this desperado, who was a native of England, seems to have been qualified for the chief of a gang of thieves. The effects of his beard, which gave a natural ferocity to his countenance, he was always solicitous to heighten, by suffering it to grow to an immoderate length, and twisting it about in small tails like a Ramillies' wig, whence he derived the name Black Beard. His portrait in time of action is described as that of a complete fury, with three braces of pistols in holsters slung over his shoulders, like bandoliers, and lighted matches under his hat, sticking over each of his ears. All authority, as well as admiration among the pirates was conferred on those who, committing every outrage on humanity, displayed the greatest audacity and extravagance. Black Beard's pretensions to an elevated rank in the estimation of his associates may be conceived from the character of his jokes. Having often exhibited himself before them as a daemon, he determined once to shew them a hell of his own creation. For this purpose he collected a quantity of sulphur and combustible materials between the decks of his vessel, when, kindling a flame, and shutting down the hatches upon the crew, he involved himself and them literally in fire and brimstone. With oaths and frantic gestures he acted the part of the devil, as little affected by the smoke as if he had been born in the infernal regions, till his companions, nearly suffocated and fainting, compelled him to release them. His convivial humour was of a similar cast. In one of his ecstasies, whilst heated with liquor, and sitting in his cabin, he took a pistol in each hand, then cocking them under the table, blew out the candles, and crossing his hands, fired on each side at his companions. One of them received a shot which maimed him for life. His gallantry was also of the same complexion as his vein of humour. He had fourteen wives, if they may be so called, but his conduct towards one of them appears to have been too unfeeling and unmanly to admit of description. He was afterwards conquered, rather than apprehended, by an expedition fitted out for that purpose, after a most desperate resistance, in which he killed almost all the crews of the vessels sent against him, and he died, with most of his gang, in the battle.

ANCIENT IRISH BARDS.

The *Ollamhain Re Dan*, or Bards of the ancient Irish were panegyrists or rhapsodists, in whom the character of the troubadour and jongleur of Provence seem to have been united. Each chieftain entertained in his castle one of these individuals, who, while he, his family, and guests, were assembled in the great hall, around the "groaning board," recited in verse, to the accompaniment of his harp, the praises of his patron's ancestors, or the compositions of the ancient bards from whom he was himself descended. Sometimes the subjects of his songs, like many of Homer's narrations, were founded on hints taken from extravagant tales propagated long before his time;—sometimes they were founded on facts; and often extemporaneous effusions of wit and humour flowed abundantly from him. As the bards, whose persons were deemed sacred, sometimes indulged in satire and invective, they held the nobles in much awe; and gifts were occasionally bestowed on them, to keep their "muse in good humour."

The influence of their rhymes, too, as well as the boldness with which they poured them forth on all occasions, was most astonishing, and may well be illustrated by the following anecdote:

When the Earl of Kildare, while Lord Lieutenant of

Ireland, was summoned by King Henry the Eighth to England, to answer certain charges brought against him, he entrusted the administration to his son, Lord Thomas. A rumour, soon after the earl's departure, being spread, that he had been executed in the tower, and that his whole family were threatened with the royal vengeance, this rash young man, by the advice of his associates, determined on revenging the injuries of his family.

While Cromer, who was both primate and chancellor, was pathetically representing to him the rashness, weakness, and iniquity of his intended enterprise, in a council assembled in St. Mary's Abbey, Dublin, Nelan, a bard who waited in his train, rhymes the praises of Lord Thomas, extolling his greatness, chiding his delay, and calling upon him to take immediate revenge in the field for the injuries of his family. The effusions of this ignorant and heated rhapsodist, had, unhappily, a greater influence than the sage counsels of the prelate, and the young Geraldine rushed forth at the head of his Irish train.

CONMAR.

He rushed to the field, and his helmet's dark plume
Triumphantly waved in the air;
And that brow which a joy-smile could scarcely illumine
Was bent by the fiercest expression of gloom,
Revenge reigned predominant there.

And proudly his war courser dashed o'er the plain,
As wild as the white-crested wave—
He foamed with impatience, he struggled in vain,
And seemed as if sharing the haughty disdain
Of Conmar, the fearless and brave.

The mien of the chieftain was graceful—to hear
The clang of the bright-flashing steel
Was the music he loved; it fell light on his ear,
And he cried, as he brandished his gore-crimson'd spear,
"The foeman my vengeance shall feel."

As the mountain-blast swift through the battle he flew,
Destruction and death in his train—
The war-fiend his trumpet exultingly blew,
And feasted his blood-loving eyes with the view
Of the vanquished who lay on the plain.

And loud was the din of the deep-pealing gun
That scattered the foe in its ire;
Helmets and banners gleamed bright as the sun,
When he flings his young rays as his course is begun,
And gilds the broad landscape with fire.

The warrior had gazed on his vassals of might,
The valiant, the wild, and the rude;
As they swept torrent-like o'er the field—a faint light
Shone round his dark features; he sprang thro' the fight
And fell, nobly fell—unsubdued.

He writhed not—he spoke not—but from his sunk eye
Dashed off a bright spot of his gore;
He heard a shout, wild as the Indian war-cry,
'Twas victory;—his mail'd arm he raised up on high,
And the chief of his clan was no more.

II.

DUBLIN:

Printed and published by P. D. Hardy, 3, Cecilia-street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.

Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Panyer-alley, Paternoster-row;
In Liverpool, by Wilmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Ambury, &
Birmingham, by Drake; in Glasgow by W. R. M'Phun; and in Edinburgh, by N. Bowack.

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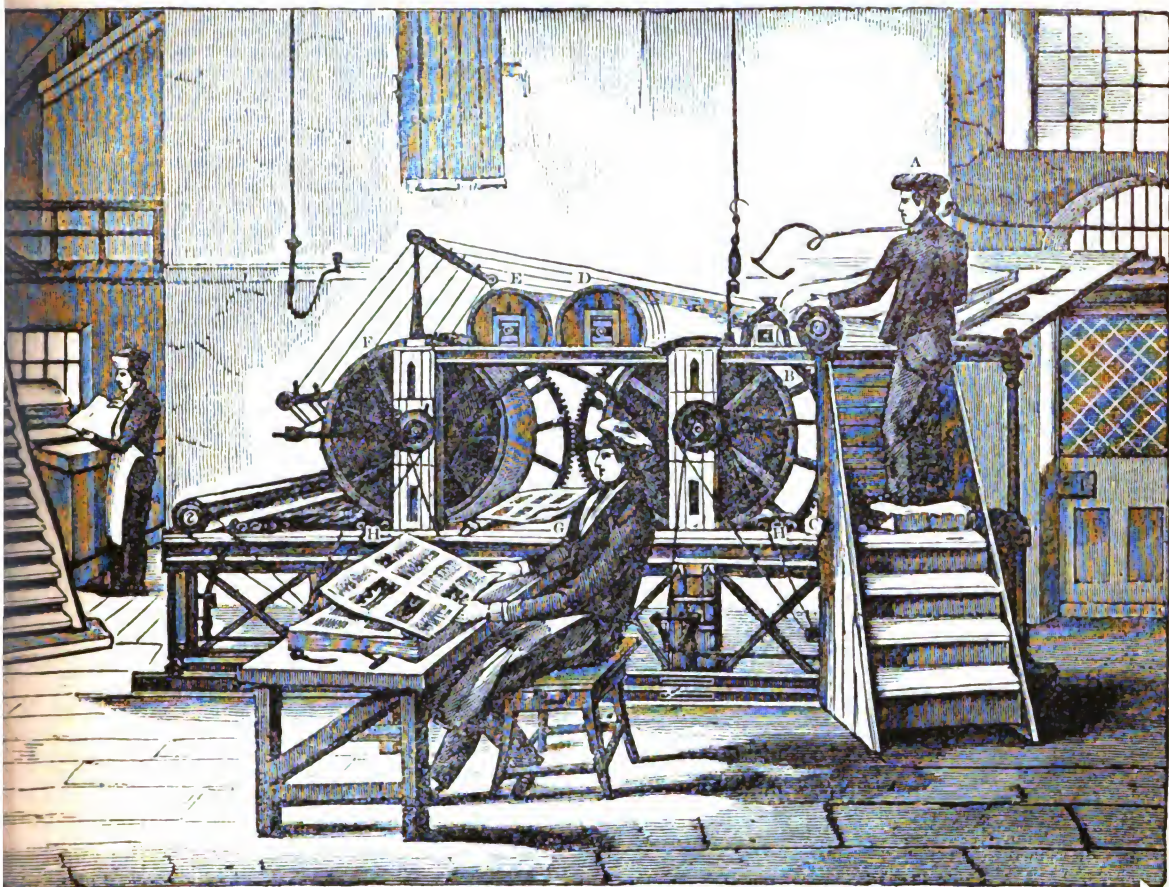
DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 97. Vol. II.

CONDUCTED BY P. DIXON, HARDY, M.R.I.A.

MAY 10, 1834.



PRINTING MACHINE.

A FAMILIAR DESCRIPTION OF PRINTING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Although in some recent numbers of a contemporary Journal, an elaborate description of the process of printing has been given to the public, still, as numbers of our readers never see that publication, and as our *Printing Machine* is rather a novelty, being the only one of the kind in Ireland, we have determined to devote our present number to a familiar description of printing in all its branches. To go into any thing like a regular history of the invention or progress of the art, would lead us far beyond our limits. Many are the discussions which have taken place among the learned in such matters, as to whom the honor of the original invention belongs. It is generally agreed, that the first idea of taking impressions from wooden blocks was conceived by Laurence John Coster, of Haarlem; and that to John Faust, John Gutenberg, and one or two other individuals in Mentz, the greater improvement of the art is to be ascribed. However, the honour of completing the discovery is generally considered to be due to Peter Schoeffer: indeed, both Faust and Schoeffer seem to have been indefatigable improvers of the art of printing, both as to materials for the mechanical operation, and taste in the production of their works: they printed many books with cut metal types, and several eminent writers assert, that

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the first entire and complete book, "*Tully's Offices*," in quarto, was printed by them, of which there are copies in the Bodleian Library, and Corpus Christi College, Oxford, of the date of 1465. Peter Schoeffer, the partner and son-in-law of Faust, is allowed the invention of *casting the types*: he privately cut *matrices*, (the hollow beds, or moulds into which melted metals being poured, they receive the form of the *matrices*) for the whole alphabet; and having succeeded to his expectation, he exhibited his work of ingenuity to his partner, which pleased him highly, and after finding out the method of hardening these castings, they found a great advantage in the use of them: the first work printed with these types was "*Durandi Rationale*," in 1459—but only the small letter type; as it appears the capitals were still of *cut type*.

In 1462, Faust is said to have carried a considerable number of Bibles to Paris, which he and Schoeffer had printed to imitate those which were commonly sold in manuscript; the art of printing being then unknown at Paris. At first he sold them as high as six hundred crowns per copy, being the same as was usually charged by the scribes, but afterwards gradually lowering his price, till he came to sixty, and even as low as thirty crowns; this, with the exact uniformity of the copies, which appeared to be all done by the same hand, astonished the people beyond measure; hence the *Parisians* declared it

impossible that it could be any other than the work of a magician; they, therefore, "are said to have searched his lodgings, and finding a great number of Bibles ornamented with red ink, they concluded it was blood, and that Beelzebub must be his coadjutor; impelled by those superstitious notions, they seized on Faust, and cast him into prison; and as they intended to accuse him of necromancy, and to put him to death as a wizard, he was obliged, as the ransom of his life, to divulge the secret and publicly make known the mysterious 'ART OF PRINTING.' This event gave rise to the tradition of the '*Devil and Doctor Faustus*,' handed down to the present time." It is supposed that he died of the plague which raged at Paris, in 1466.

The secret of printing becoming known, patronised by kings, and esteemed a divine blessing to mankind, it spread far over divers nations, appearing almost instantaneously at Rome, Venice, London, and Paris; and, in a short time, reached to the other quarters of the globe. The art of printing passed from Haarlem to Rome in 1467; in 1468 it was carried to Venice and Paris, and in 1471 to London.

In what uncertainty the history of the first use of printing in England is, may be seen by the following short and imperfect detail. Some of our almanack-makers tell us that printing was first used in England, A. D. 1443; others say, not till after 1459. The workmen of the printing press, at the theatre in Oxford, in a paper printed by them, August 23, A. D. 1729, affirm, that the noble art and mystery of printing was first invented in the year 1430, and brought into England in the year 1447; a mistake, perhaps, for 1474, or rather 1471. The learned Mr. Collier assures us that the mystery of printing appeared ten years sooner at the University of Oxford, than at any other place in Europe, Haarlem and Mentz excepted, which fixes the introduction of it there as early as 1457; since, it is certain, that it appeared at Rome, and elsewhere in Europe, in 1467; though, by the date put in the margin, he seems willing to have had it thought, that it did not appear at Oxford before 1464.—Some writers suppose, that this art was first brought into England in 1460; and Mr. Bailey implicitly follows Atkyn's romance of the introduction of it in the reign of King Henry the Sixth, or before 1460.

According to the opinions of our best historians, the "*art of printing*," was introduced and first practised in England, by William Caxton, a mercer and citizen of London, who, during his travels abroad, and a residence of many years in *Holland, Flanders, and Germany*, in the affairs of trade, had obtained a knowledge of this art, and returned to his native country, about 1471-2. His press was set up, and worked for a considerable time at Westminster Abbey, under the immediate patronage of the then abbot. His quiet enjoyment of the process, for five or six years, without a cotemporary rival, sufficiently proves that no one besides himself, in England, knew any thing of the use of the *press, or printing*, and that any pretensions to priority, however strenuously asserted by some, in favour of any other, must be altogether fallacious and unfounded.

INTRODUCTION OF PRINTING INTO IRELAND.

Printing, according to the best information we have been able to obtain, is rather of modern introduction into this kingdom; no books having been discovered as printed there prior to 1551. It also appears, that before this time the works of Irish authors were generally printed at Antwerp, Lovaine, or Cologne; that the practice was continued for upwards of a century after the above date, and that so late as the beginning of the 17th century, very few works were printed in Ireland. The progress of printing was probably retarded for many years by the unfortunate state of the country, and the tyranny of the *Star Chamber*, the arbitrary decrees of which compelled those who were opposed to the established order of things, to have recourse to the printing of their works in a foreign land.

In 1633, we find Secretary Windebank, in a letter to the Lord Deputy Strafford, ordering a book which had been imported into Ireland from Lovaine, to be sup-

pressed, and to call the author, Peter Lombard, titular primate of Armagh, to account for the same, who it appears was dead at that period.*

About 1646, Rinuccini, the Pope's Nuncio, established printing presses in Kilkenny and Waterford, for the purpose of giving publicity to his orders, and those of the Supreme Council of the Confederate Roman Catholics, then met in the former city. In the above year an almanac was printed at Waterford, and one in London, each containing an epitome of Irish affairs: the latter was entitled "*The Bloody Irish Almanac*."†

From this period works written by Protestants regarding Ireland, were usually printed in Dublin, London, or Oxford; but those by Roman Catholic writers, being generally hostile to the state; or legends concerning saints, continued to be printed on the Continent, at Rome, Paris, Prague, Antwerp, Lovaine, and Venice.‡

In 1688, Lord Clarendon, then Lord Lieutenant, when writing to England, says, "that on board of two vessels arrived at Dublin from France, there had been discovered a number of books, amongst which was one entitled, '*The Bleeding Imphegenia*,' another called '*Gospel and Liberty*,' and a third named, '*A Ponderation upon Certain Branches and Parts of the Act of Indemnity and Oblivion passed 1660*.'"§ It is probable that those works were decidedly hostile to the Irish government. The first was written by Nicholas French, titular Bishop of Ferns, and printed in 1674; it contained a justification of the rebellion of 1641-2, and the breaches of the peace of 1646 and 1648.¶ However, latterly, it is well known that several works announced as printed on the Continent, were really printed in this kingdom. In 1762, there was published by Dr. Thomas Burke, "*Hibernica Dominicana*," declared to have been impressed at Cologne, but it is now ascertained to have been executed in Kilkenny, by Edward Finn, under the author's inspection.‡ We now proceed to notice those works which are supposed to have been the earliest productions of the Irish press.

In 1551, "*The Boke of Common Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments and other Rites and Ceremonies of the Church*," was printed in Dublin, in alternate lines of black and red ink, by Humphrey Powell.—This is believed to have been the first work printed in Ireland; a copy is preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin.** Four years after, two books are noticed in their title pages as printed at Waterford, but as there is no evidence of printing having been so early executed in that city, they are alleged to have been printed in London.††

In 1566, an Irish Liturgy is said to have been printed for the use of the Highlanders of Scotland; but where it was executed, or in what character, are now equally unknown. In this year John Dale, a Dublin bookseller, imported from London a number of small bibles, which met with such a rapid sale that seven thousand were sold by him in about two years.‡‡ About 1577, a catechism, translated into Irish by John Kerney, and printed with Irish types, was executed in Dublin; it was entitled, "*Alphabetum et ratio legendi Hebernicum et Catechismus in eadem lingua*." This is said to have been the first book printed in that character, or at least the first of which we have record.§§ So late as 1744, Walter Harris informs us that "there are no Irish types in this kingdom;" the first Irish types that found their way to Munster, were sent thither by James Hardiman, Esq., in 1819.¶¶

* Strafford's Letters; this book was entitled, "*De Rebus Hiberniæ, Sanctorum Insula*," &c. &c., and was printed at Lovaine in 1632.

† O'Connor's Historical Address.

‡ Ware's Writers of Ireland, Harris's edition.

§ Clarendon's State Letters.

¶ Ware's Writers of Ireland, Harris's edition.

‡ Anthologia Hibernica, v. 1. p. 95.

** Whitlaw's and Walsh's History of Dublin.

†† Anthologia Hibernica.

‡‡ Ware's Annals.

§§ Ware's Irish Writers, Harris's edition.

¶¶ Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy.

In 1587, an almanac was printed in Dublin by William Farmer, which is believed to have been the first work of that kind published in Ireland.* 1608-9, the Irish Common Prayer Book was translated out of the English into the Irish language, by William Daniel, Archbishop of Tuam, and printed in Dublin in the Irish character, by John Franckton, and dedicated to the Lord Deputy Chichester, at whose instance it had been undertaken in 1605.†

In 1615, a work on the Reports of the Courts in Ireland, was printed in Dublin for Sir John Davys; and in 1624, a volume of sermons is noticed as being printed in the same city, from the pen of G. Andrews, Bishop of Ferns. The first Latin work printed here, is supposed to have been Sir James Ware's "*Archiepiscoporum Cassiliensium et Tuamensis Vitae, duobus expressae Commentariis, Dublinii, 1626, 4to.*"‡

The first newspaper printed in Ireland was published in Dublin in 1700. It was entitled "PUE'S OCCURRENCES," from the name of the proprietor, and continued to be published daily for upwards of fifty years. A newspaper called the "DUBLIN INTELLIGENCER," began to be printed in that city about 1704-5; and "PAULKNER'S JOURNAL," was first published in Dublin in 1728.§

In the North of Ireland it is believed that no printing was established prior to 1696, in which year James Blow, printer, and his brother-in-law, Patrick Neil, arrived from Glasgow, and settled in Belfast; and in 1704, the former printed in that town the first edition of the Bible in Ireland.|| It is, however, probable, that for some time his establishment was rather on a limited scale, as we afterwards find several books and pamphlets, written by persons of the town and neighbourhood of Belfast, printed at Dublin or Glasgow. About 1720, Robert Gardner commenced printing in Belfast; we have seen several pamphlets printed by him a few years after.

On the 1st September, 1737, "THE BELFAST NEWS LETTER," the first newspaper published in Ulster, began to be printed in that town by Robert Joy. The price in the town was 4s. 4d. per annum, or 6s. 6d. when delivered in the country. Advertisements of "a moderate length," were inserted at 2s. 2d. the first time, and 6s. for each insertion afterwards. Their number in each paper, generally, averaged from eighteen to twenty-five. At present there are five newspapers printed in Belfast, and there are ten printing offices. Several of these are rather extensive, at which are executed printing equal to any done in Ireland.¶

Having thus stated a few of the most interesting particulars relative to the original invention of the art of printing, and of its first introduction into this country, we shall now proceed to explain in a familiar way the process itself, as it is at present carried on in our own office.

Before proceeding to the more practical details of the process, the visitor may examine the various sizes of the types, which he will perceive gradually to diminish from four inches in height, as in the letters used in large placards and posting bills, to a size not thicker than a small-sized pin, as in the Diamond editions of the Prayer Books and Bibles; and we may here observe it is this which makes the expense of a large printing establishment so very heavy—the gradations in the sizes of the type being scarcely perceptible, and it being still necessary to have large founts of each, and all of them, in order to suit the different sizes of the works which may be required to be printed. Of the correctness of this observation it may afford some idea to mention, that while our office would be considered but of very inferior dimensions in London or Oxford; about two years since, at the time when the pre-

mises, on which the Penny Journal is now printed, was consumed by an accidental fire, there were melted down upwards of eight tons of type, the greater proportion of which cost from 2s. 6d. to 5s. 6d. per pound.

As individuals resident in the country are frequently at a loss to know how to describe the size of the letter in which they may desire to have any particular work printed, we subjoin a few specimens of the descriptions of type used in the printing of books and pamphlets.

ENGLISH.

This letter is seldom used in any work under a Quarto size, and but seldom even in this. It is principally used in law forms, leases, acts of parliament, &c.

ENGLISH LEADED.

In a Folio, or large Quarto, English leaded is very effective. It is seldom used, however, in any work under these sizes.

PICA.

This letter is generally used in Quarto and Octavo volumes, but it is in fine works always leaded, as it very much improves the appearance of the work.

PICA LEADED.

Leads, or space lines, are thin pieces of type-metal, which being introduced between the lines, alter the appearance of the type, as in the specimens now given.

SMALL PICA

Is sometimes used in Quarto, but more frequently in Octavo pages. The Dublin University Review, and several of the English periodicals are printed in this type.

SMALL PICA LEADED.

The first edition of Carleton's Traits and Stories, 3 vols., published by Wakeman, and which sell for 30s., was printed in this type. The work was nearly ready for delivery when the entire edition was consumed in the fire to which we have alluded. The type was again set up, and printed off in about three months, principally in the office, which had been rebuilt.

LONG PRIMER.

There is no letter more used than this in the present day where a large quantity of matter is required to be compressed into a given space, with a good sized type, as in Reports of Societies, Magazines, and such like publications, "The Northern Tourist," and Martin Doyle's works, as published by Curry and Co. and in the generality of country newspapers.

* Anthologia Hibernica. In this last work, vol. 1, p. 130, it is stated that the late General Vallancey had an Irish almanac of the 14th century; this we believe to be an error of the press.

† Ware's Writers of Ireland, Harris's edition.

‡ Ware's Writers of Ireland, Harris's edition.

§ Whitlaw's and Walshe's History of Dublin. MS.

|| MS.

¶ For many of the particulars collated in the foregoing, we are indebted to Mr. M'Skimming of Carrickfergus.

LONG PRIMER LEADED.

This is a description of printing which appears to be universally liked. In 8vo, 12mo, and even 18mo, it is much used. The Irish Farmers' Magazine, M'Gregor's True Stories of Ireland, and Popular Tales and Legends of the Irish Peasantry, just published, may serve as specimens.

BURGEOIS.

This is also a letter much in request; it presents a good face, and takes in a vast quantity of matter, as may be seen in our own Penny Journal, in the Dublin University Magazine, and in the Report of the Juvenile Deaf and Dumb Society.

BURGEOIS LEADED

Makes a very neat book, where the page is not large and where it is desirable to take in a considerable portion of matter. The most fashionable size at present for light and amusing works, appears to be a neat small page printed in Long Primer or Burgeois, on 8vo. post, or foolscap 8vo.

BREVIER.

This sized type is generally preferred for notes to works printed in Long Primer or Burgeois, and for extracts in Magazines, Reports, and the Lists of Subscribers to Societies.

BREVIER LEADED.

This is considered a good size for extracts in works printed in Long Primer or Burgeois leaded.

MINION

Is a letter very little used either with or without leads.

NONPAREIL

Without leads is generally used for notes to larger letter, and in small works, such as Prayer Books and Bibles.

NONPAREIL LEADED.

Nothing can look better than a very small book, say sixty-fours, in this type. We would instance "Consolation in Affliction," a pretty little volume recently published by Wakeman, and which has been said to be one of the handsomest little works ever printed in Ireland.

PEARL LEADED.

Some handsome little volumes have been from time to time brought out in this type, but it is too small for general reading; small editions of the Bible and Prayer Books have been printed in it, however.

DIAMOND.

To this the same observation will apply.

From a glance at the foregoing, gentlemen desirous of having works printed may be able to decide what would suit best, according to the description of the work, and the size of the volume.

Having thus been shown the various sizes of the types, the visitor may turn his attention to the Compositors' Room, or as it is more generally called,

THE CASE ROOM.



Here will be perceived a long range of wooden frames resembling desks, on which are placed the cases which contain the types. On each frame are laid four cases of some particular fount of type—two of Roman letters, and two of Italic, which, it will be perceived, are appropriated to the use of one man. Each case is divided into a number of small compartments—the upper case containing the capitals, small capitals, figures, and accented letters—the lower case the small letters only. From these the compositor picks up, one by one, the letters necessary to form the words or sentences which may be in the MS., a copy of which lies before him; these he ranges in a small iron frame which he holds in his left hand, and which is tech-

nically termed a composing-stick, taking care at the end of each line so to arrange the spaces between the words as to leave no deficiency at the end of the line where the paragraph closes. From this iron frame he empties the lines upon a small wooden or brass frame, nominated a galley, which lies upon the adjoining table (see plate,) until there are a sufficient number to form a page, and so proceeds until the requisite number of pages to make up a half sheet or sheet are completed, when he carries them to the imposing stone, and having arranged them so that when an impression is taken, the sheet will fold up and allow the right folios to show in succession; he then puts round them a rectangular

iron frame, called a *chase*. The intermediate spaces between the pages are filled up with small blocks of metal, (in some offices wood is used, suited to the size of the page and the margin required, and then firmly locked up with small wooden wedges, called quoins, so as to form altogether, apparently, one solid piece of metal. This is called a form, and being laid on the proof-press, an impression is taken off, in the manner hereafter described; This first proof is submitted to the reader, who compares it with the copy or MS., and corrects any error which may have been made by the compositor. This being corrected in the types, another proof is taken, and sent to the author, which having been again corrected, and again read and revised, is finally marked for press; and when the necessary number of copies are printed off at press, the types are then returned to the compositor, who *distributes* them once more into the cases from whence he had before taken them. This is a very quick and nice operation, inasmuch as the fingers and the mind must act in concert, much in the same way as is required in playing on a keyed instrument.

When the art of printing was at first established, it was esteemed the glory of the learned to be correctors of the press to eminent printers. Physicians, lawyers, and even bishops occupied this department. The printers then frequently added to their names those of the correctors of the press, and editions were thus valued according to the ability of the corrector.

As errors of various kinds will present themselves to an author in the printer's proof sheet, we subjoin a few of the marks generally used by those who are correctors or readers for the press; they are the marks in general use, and will enable an author to mark his proof so as to be understood by the compositor.

When a word is incorrectly spelled, mark the wrong letter in the word with a stroke of the pen, and place the letter to be substituted in the margin opposite, thus,

For a letter turned upside down, thus,

To take out an unnecessary letter or word, thus,

When two words are run together to mark a space or division between them, thus,

When two words or portions of a sentence to be transposed, thus,

When two paragraphs are to be joined in one, thus,

When a word is omitted, mark a caret in the place where the omission is made, and the word in the margin: when a word has been omitted, thus,

To change a word or words to *Italic*, thus,

To small capitals, thus,

To capitals, thus,

To retain a word or sentence by mistake marked out with the pen, thus,

To substitute comma or supply semicolon or full-point, thus,

To straighten crooked letters, thus,

To mark new paragraph, thus,

When a long sentence is omitted, thus, or write the omission in the margin.

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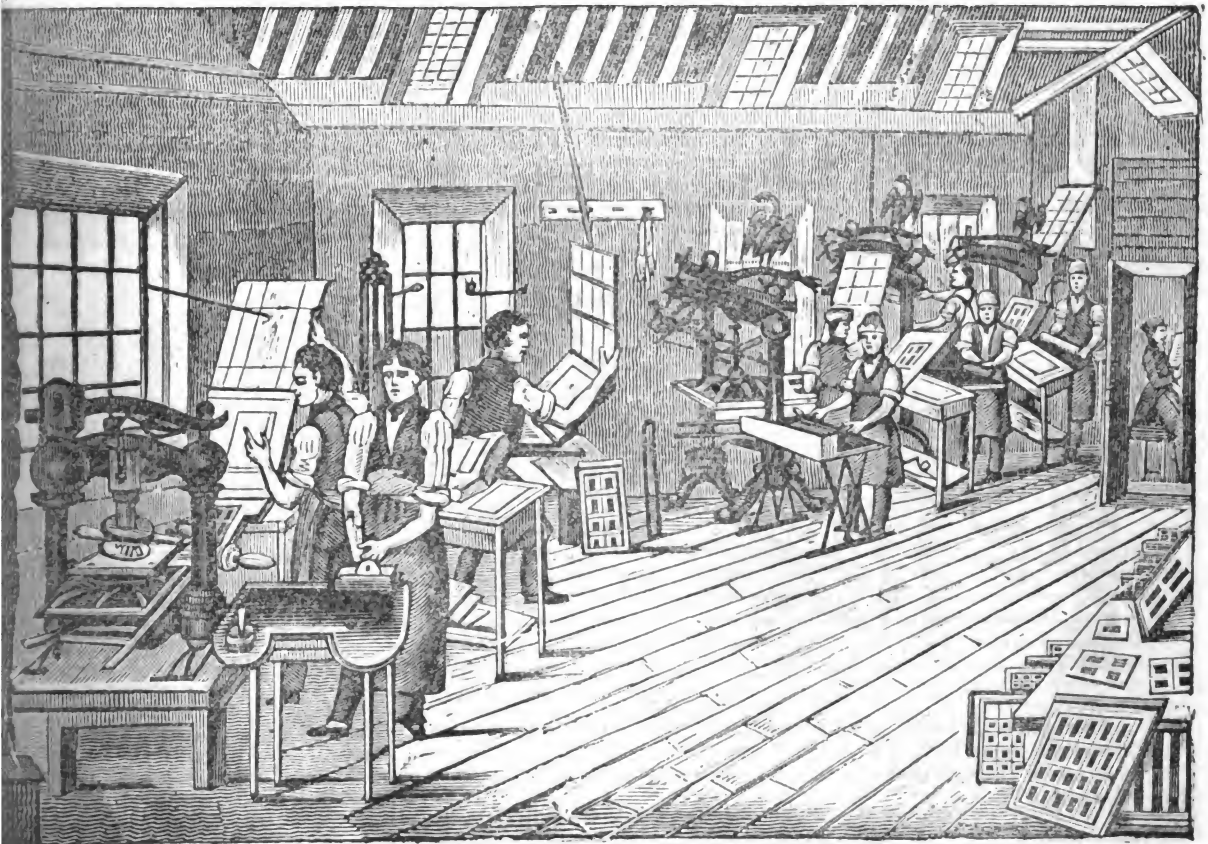
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THE PRESS-ROOM.

There is no department of the printing business which has undergone a more thorough alteration than the Press-Room, within the last twenty years. For the old-fashioned,

clumsy, wooden press, the entire power of which was confined to the operation of the lever and screw in their least effective construction, we have now substituted those

elegantly constructed iron presses, which have, from time to time, appeared under the name of the Stanhope, the Clymer, and the Columbian, a specimen of each of these may be seen in our office. As a guide to our printing friends in the country, we would observe that for the larger we prefer the Columbian, and for the smaller a very neat press made by Mr. Joseph Aldritt, jun. of this city, which takes its power from two little joints that act upon the platten, something very much in the manner of the joints of the elbow, which bring upon the type a fair, equal, and good impression.

In place of the large balls made of sheep-skin, stuffed with wool, and by which there was a vast waste of ink and labour, we have now the neatly formed roller, composed of the proper proportions of glue and treacle,* suited to the various seasons of the year, and which takes up the ink and gives it off again on the type, in a way much superior to the former method. As many of our readers, however, may never have had the opportunity of examining a printing office, we shall endeavour to make this portion of the process intelligible to them.

The *form*, that is the types arranged within the iron frame, called the *chase*, which we have described, being placed upon the table, or level surface of the press, is now *made ready* by one of the pressmen. This is rather a particular department of the business; as in small works considerable care is required to make *good register*, or, in other words, to make the various corresponding pages fall on the back of each other, and, unless this were done, the printing would have a very bad appearance; which will account for the same charge being made for working off ten copies of any publication that would be made for two hundred and fifty, the same trouble being requisite. This part of the work being at length properly adjusted, one of the pressmen, after passing his roller several times over a board which lies before him covered with ink (which we may observe, by the way, is composed of lamp-black and oil), then rolls it backward and forward across the form of type. His companion, in the mean time, has taken a sheet from the heap of paper before him, which had been previously damped, and laid it on the tympan, which he turns down on the type, and rolling it in under the point of pressure by the rounce-handle, pulls the bar, and thus makes the impression. In the hands of a person unacquainted with the art, a considerable time would be required for each sheet, while an experienced pressman will frequently lay on, print, and take off eight sheets in a minute; and this with such exactness as never to cause the sheet to deviate in the least degree from the spot marked out by two little points which pierce the paper on printing the one side, and which form the guide for printing the other. The rapidity with which these operations are performed appears extraordinary to those unaccustomed to the art, but when we come to consider the performance of the machine, the effects of manual labour, extraordinary as they may have appeared, will be thrown altogether into the shade.

The required number of sheets, on being worked off, are handed to the warehouseman, who hangs them up to dry, who in a day or two having placed each sheet separately between glazed boards, subjects the entire to the pressure of an Hydrostatic press of three hundred tons power.—This not only takes off the indentation caused by the types on the paper, but gives it a fine smooth surface, which very much improves the appearance of the work. This last operation, however, is confined to the finer descriptions of book-work: with such a publication as the Penny Journal, or common school books, it would occasion too much loss of time and trouble to admit of its being generally done.

* Rollers are a composition of glue and treacle, which when boiled into a liquid state are cast in a mould, round a cone of wood, and when cold, on being extracted from the mould, are found sufficiently firm and consistent to answer the required purpose.

In our observations relative to the operation of printing, we have heretofore been speaking of the common press. We shall now proceed to the

PRINTING MACHINE.

We would here request the reader to refer for a moment to the engraving of our machine, which we have given in our first page. He will at once perceive that its operations are very different from those of the common press. In the latter he will notice that the surface of the platten, which gives the impression to the type, is a plate placed in a horizontal position, and that the impression is produced by a screw and levers acting directly and at the same moment on the entire surface of the form of types to be printed; while in the machine the impression is taken off by rollers, under which the types are made to pass on an iron or steel table, and which works from one end of the machine to the other. He will also notice that while in the common press only one side of the sheet is printed, both sides are worked off during the operation by the machine. To explain this more fully we again refer to the engraving. The boy, A, is seen placing a sheet of white paper on a number of tapes, which pass round cylinder B, and which latter, during each evolution, carries the sheet with it, just in time to meet the form of types which are placed on table C, and which give off an impression as they pass under the cylinder. By a very simple arrangement of the tapes round the small roller or drums, D and E, the sheet, now half printed, is conducted to cylinder F, which, as it revolves, meets the other form of types, and receiving the impression on the other side, is now thrown out, completed, to the boy G, who lays it on the table at the side of the machine. The entire operation is so extremely simple, that a few moments examination of the engraving, with the explanation, will make the process perfectly intelligible. The inking of the types is performed by the small rollers, H, H, and the assistance of what is called the Doctor: by a small lever and pinion the roller is raised up to where a large iron roller (the Doctor) is revolving in a small trough filled with ink, and from which, at every evolution, it takes a little, which it again lays down on the end of the table, which carries the types under the cylinders, and which passing under the rollers, H, H, imparts the necessary quantity to them, which they again give off to the types during the motion backwards and forwards under them.

Having thus given a familiar, though brief, description of the process of printing by the machine, we shall now mention a few of the advantages which it possesses over the common printing press. The greatest of these we conceive to be the time saved in the operation, and the large size of the sheet which it will print.

The number of impressions produced per hour on the Columbian, Stanhope, or improved press, of the generality of book-work, is two hundred and fifty per hour, by the joint exertions of two men—the one inking the types with the roller, the other laying on the sheet, and taking off the impression—the machine, with two boys, one to put in the sheets, and the other to take them out, would produce seven hundred and fifty sheets printed on—that is fifteen hundred impressions; and when are worked together, as in the case of the Penny Journal, three thousand impressions in the hour. This will once shew the advantage of the machine in works of great expedition, or where a large number are to be worked off; as it will appear that while one thousand perfect copies is all that could be produced by a common press with two men, in one day, the machine will produce five thousand copies in the same time.

With regard to the saving of time, however, when reotype plates are used, the advantage is lessened, as the time it takes to make ready reotype form is very considerable. The machine can only be applied with advantage, therefore, in cases, as from the time it takes to make ready a page of moveable type, it would not be worth while to print numbers under two thousand on it.

STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY.

By turning to the last page of the present number, the reader will see at one side of the large floor in which the steam-engine is at work, a correct view of the Stereotype Foundry. When the types are set up, each page is fastened in a *chase*, something in the way before described for printing, and from these an exact cast is taken in *Plaster of Paris*, which is put into an oven, and thoroughly dried or baked; it is then put into what is technically termed the *dipping-pan*, and let down by a small windlass or crane into the melted metal, and kept under the surface for a short time, when it is again drawn up and left to cool on wet sand. The plate is now cleared of any extraneous metal that may have adhered to it; and being found perfect, it is placed in a small lathe, which moves horizontally, and the bottom or lower surface revolving against a sharp cutting tool, any inequalities in the thickness are removed. It is then handed to the *picker*, who removes any imperfections which may have been caused by the metal forming into small globules, while filling into the plaster mould. This renders the plate perfect, and it is now laid by as ready for the press, being a complete *fac simile*, or counterpart of the type from which the mould was taken—the letters being equally well formed, and sharp in the face.

While, however, the process of stereotyping is very simple, it requires a good workman, well acquainted with the process, to produce plates free from pick, and which will give off a clear and sharp impression on the paper. This is particularly the case where there are wood cuts, as in the Penny Journal; many of the lines in the wood engraving being very fine, and not very deeply cut, unless great care is taken the stereotype will be defective. Much depends on the temperature of the metal at the time of casting, on the preparing and running of the plaster into or upon the cut, and upon the gradual and careful drying or baking of the mould, after the impression of the types have been taken off. The advantages which stereotyping affords are, first, the common types and wood engravings are not worn out as they would be by taking off large impressions. Secondly, by taking off several plates of the same thing, we are enabled to multiply copies to any required extent, with a great reduction of labour in press-work, and a consequent reduction of expense. It also enables us to print just as many copies of a work as may be required for the present, and afterwards to meet any further demand without running the risk of a large edition remaining unsold, as a small edition of any number can be printed off at a day's notice. It is, however, applicable only in peculiar cases—in works where large editions are required, and where there is a probability of a continued demand, such, for instance, as the Penny Journal.

Very exaggerated reports have been circulated as to the extraordinary profits produced by employing Machines; but it is difficult, indeed almost impossible, to give any exact data by which to estimate the saving arising from using a Machine as compared with the common press, so much depends upon the quantity of work, the nature of that work, the number printed from each form, &c. The Weekly Expense of steam power and persons necessary to attend the Machine, is £4 10s.; to which may be added the interest on £500, the first cost of Machine, Steam Engine, fitting up, &c., &c., with ten per cent. for wear, tear, and repair, &c., as these are greater than in the common press.

THE STEAM-ENGINE.

Our steam engine is what is called a high pressure engine. It is nominally a three-horse power, but can be worked to four horse. It is of a very simple construction—(A) the boiler, which is supplied with water pumped from a considerable distance by the engine itself, and which requires about three cwt. of coal per day to keep it at the proper temperature; (B) the steam-pipe, acting on the piston (C) and which working up and down, turns the small crank D, at the end or shaft of which is the fly-wheel, E, and F, a drum, or small wheel, over which the belt passes which gives the motion to the Printing Machine. Professor Stevelly, of the Belfast College, when lecturing some time since in the Dublin Society House, referred to this engine as the best constructed of the

kind which he had ever seen. It loses very little of its power by friction, the parts being so few and so simple. To the boiler there is a safety valve and a gauge, which tells the exact pressure; and, although by many high-pressure engines are considered dangerous, from our experience we would say that there is scarcely any danger whatever; indeed, no accident could well occur, except by extreme negligence. High-pressure steam engines are employed with most advantage. 1st. Because the greater the compression of the steam, the less is the space the engine occupies. 2d. Because it produces an equal power to that of a low pressure engine, with a smaller quantity of fuel. —The kind of boiler used is a single tube made of wrought iron plates, with ends of the same material, and of a hemispherical form; it is placed horizontally, the water occupying by far the larger portion of the space within, and the fire is applied under the bottom part.

THE PENNY JOURNAL.

Without the assistance of our Stereotype Foundry and Printing Machine, we could not, by any means, have carried on the Penny Journal. From the following statement of the *First Cost* of the article we sell each week for a penny, which we quote from our cotemporary, the London Penny Magazine, some idea may be formed of the efforts required to support such a publication, in this country:

"After the experience of three centuries and a half, the power of reading has become so generally diffused, that a work like the Penny Magazine, which requires a sale of *sixty or seventy thousand copies*, may be undertaken, with a reliance alone upon the general demand arising out of the extended desire of knowledge. The wood-cuts themselves of the Penny Magazine, for example, required to produce a yearly volume amounts to three thousand pounds, or sixty thousand shillings. If one hundred and twenty thousand copies are sold, that expense is sixpence upon each volume; if sixty thousand, one shilling; if ten thousand and six shillings; if three thousand, one pound — The purchasers, therefore, of a twelve months' number of the Penny Magazine, buy not only sixty-four sheets of printed paper, but as much labour of literature and art as would cost a pound if only three thousand copies were sold, and six shillings if only ten thousand copies were sold. Those, therefore, who attempt to persuade the public that *cheap* books must essentially be bad books, are very shallow, or very prejudiced reasoners. The complete reverse is the truth. The cheapness insures a very large number of purchasers; and the larger the number the greater the power of commercially realizing the means for a liberal outlay upon those matters in which the excellence of a book chiefly consists—its text and its illustrations."

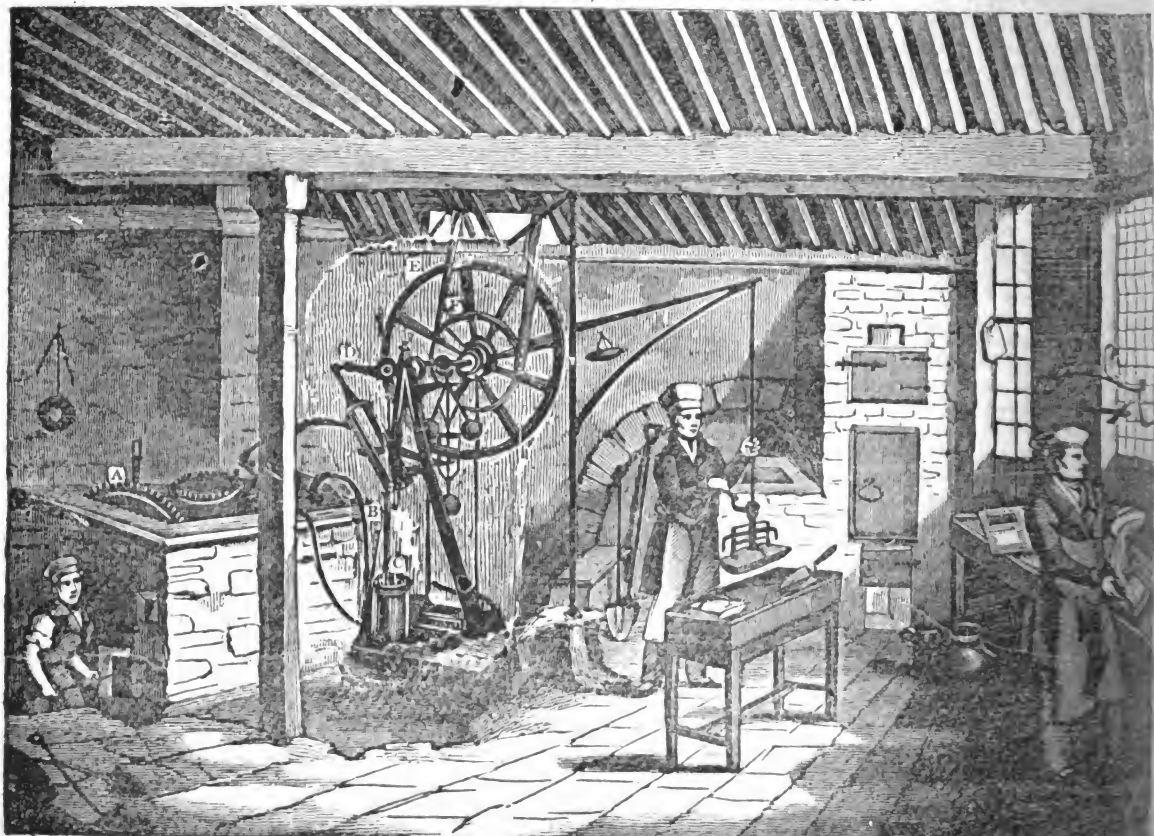
From the foregoing statement it will appear evident that in conducting a Penny Publication in this country, we labour under many disadvantages. To procure such a sale for a journal printed in Ireland, as the Editor of the Penny Magazine states to be necessary for its support, we consider an utter impracticability. Being satisfied with smaller profits to ourselves, and by going to work in a more economic way than the proprietors of the English Penny Journal conceive necessary, we have been enabled to succeed beyond the expectations of some of our warmest friends and supporters; and have now the satisfaction of stating, that besides a very extensive circulation in Ireland, at the present moment there are more of our Penny Journals sold in England than there are of the English Penny Magazine sold through the entire of this country. Already has it been sent to some of the most distant portions of the globe—to Van Dieman's land, the United States, North America, and the East Indies. It is not a month since we received an order from an English bookseller for a tolerably large parcel to be shipped for Calcutta: and, we feel certain, that before another year shall have rolled away, it will have found its way into the most remote regions of the earth. Indeed we take some credit to ourselves when we reflect that left to our individual efforts, unsupported by any public body established for the promotion of literature, as the English Penny Magazine is, that while that and every other penny publication in England and Scotland have been for some time past on the decline, and while the Irish Penny Magazine, originally started as a rival to the Journal, has long

ceased to exist, our little bark has weathered the gale, and in the face of all opposition, is now making sure and certain progress, by extending its circulation in every direction. We say not this as an empty boast. It is a fact or a falsehood which may be easily determined by a reference to booksellers generally, more particularly to those who are our agents here and in England. No doubt we have been required to sink an amount of capital in the concern far beyond any thing which might be contemplated by persons unacquainted with the heavy expences incurred in bringing out a periodical of this description. We have also, in the prosecution of our work, had numerous difficulties to encounter and overcome, which had they been known to our readers, we have no doubt would frequently have induced them to overlook many of our deficiencies and short comings, and to give us credit for what we attempted. When the Penny Journal at first came into our hands, our Printing Machine had not been set to work. It was the first and is the only machine of the kind which has been introduced into Ireland. A prejudice existed against it by the workmen.—It is but justice, however, to say for them, that although many of them at first considered it would deprive them to a certain extent of their accustomed labour, there was not at any time the slightest attempt made to injure the machine, or prevent its working. Still it was a complete novelty. There was not an individual in the country who knew any thing of its construction; and, in consequence of a delay which occurred in the progress of its first erection, a workman who came over from Scotland to instruct one of our workmen how to manage it, had to return without imparting the requisite information. Thus, left to ourselves, it could not be expected that the work done by the machine could at all bear comparison with that done in an establishment in the sister island, where practice had made perfect, and where, if any thing went wrong with the machine, there were mechanics on the spot, who understood the principle on which it was constructed, and could at once remedy a defect or supply a deficiency.—Then, again, when we commenced the Journal, the wood engravings were not cut in a way calculated to work well on the machine; added to which, in all Ireland we could not procure a workman who perfectly understood the stereotyping of the engravings—nor, indeed, could we,

for several months after, procure one from Scotland or England. With these difficulties in our way, it is not much to be wondered at that the impressions of the Journal were at times faint and imperfect, and at others so filled up with ink as to destroy the effect of the engravings. Indeed we had more than once determined on making an apology to our readers on these points, but being always averse to excuses in any shape, we determined to let our progressive improvement bespeak our intentions. But here, again, we were in a great degree thrown out of our calculation; for the machine having been originally placed in an upper story of our office, the tremor produced by its working, so shook the entire house, as to render it necessary to remove it to the ground floor. We are, however, now once more regularly at work, and after the experience our workmen have had, we trust we shall never again have to allude to the subject in the way of apology or excuse. At the same time, while we consider it thus necessary to explain the causes of our deficiency, we feel persuaded that when the second volume of our Journal is completed, which it will now be in the course of a month, it will not be considered creditable to the country, or unworthy of a comparison even with the London Penny Magazine, with all its advantages of printing and patronage. But our readers will probably begin to think that enough has been said on this subject; as we think so too, we shall merely add that as it is the *first* excuse we have attempted, we trust it will be the *last* we shall ever have occasion to make for any deficiency in the appearance or the workmanship of the Dublin Penny Journal.*

* It is but fair to mention that the greater proportion of our wood engravings have been executed by Mr. B. Clayton, jun., of this city, in whose style there is evidently a great improvement since he commenced engraving for this Journal. The engravings to No. 91, Carrigrohidy; No. 93, Bridge at Cappoquin; and No. 94, abbey at Youghal and Tower of Castledermot, which appeared in recent numbers, are by a celebrated London artist. We confess we think them little to his credit. Perhaps we should also mention, that in the hurry of going to press, the name of the talented artist for whom we are indebted for several of our best sketches in the north of Ireland, Mr. A. Nichol, was omitted.

STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY, AND STEAM-ENGINE.



Dublin: Printed by R. D. MADD, of Cecilia-street.

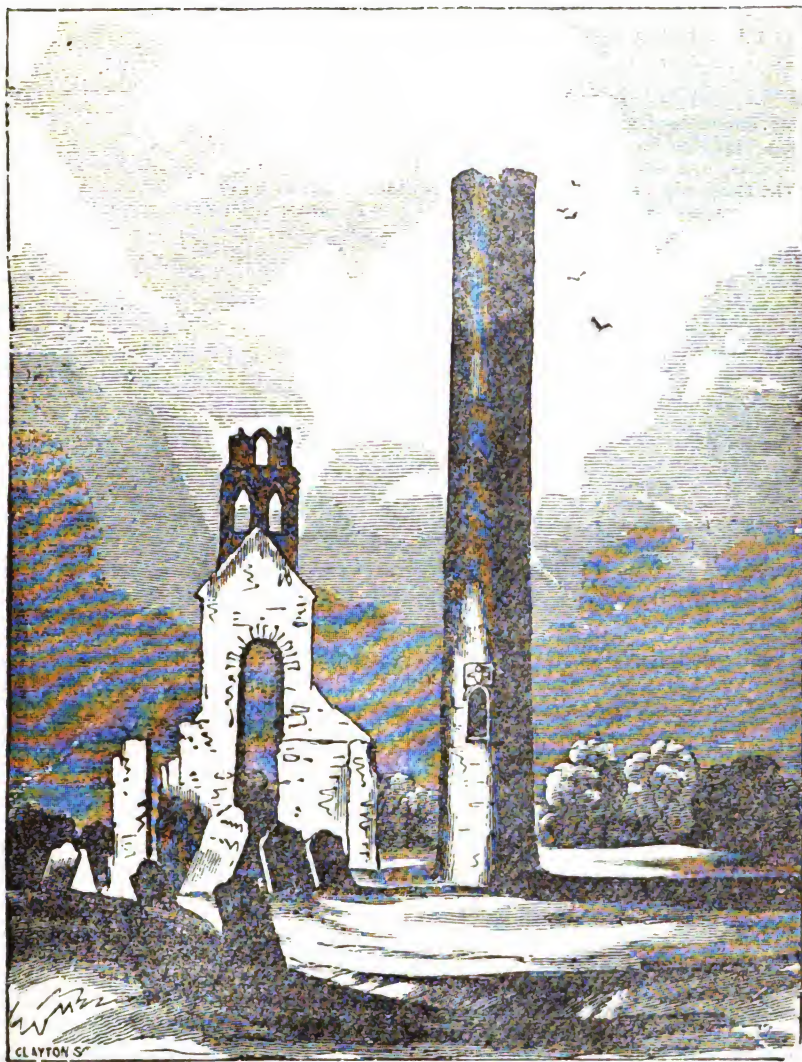
THE
DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 98. VOL. II.

CONDUCTED BY P. DIXON HARDY, M.R.I.A.

MAY 17, 1834.



ROUND TOWER AND CHURCH OF DONAGHMORE.

Drawn by A. Nichol, Esq.

The above ruins are situated within about a mile of Navan, in the county of Meath. The tower is rather a good specimen of those ancient structures, so many of which are to be met with in various parts of our island, and which have given rise to so many conjectures and discussions among learned antiquarians. It is about seventy feet high, and twelve feet in diameter at the base. Like the round tower at Antrim, there is carved over the doorway, a representation or likeness of the crucifixion, which stands ten feet from the ground.

As our readers have already in several of our former numbers been made acquainted with the various opinions entertained relative to the original uses, &c. of these ancient buildings, we should not have considered it necessary again to turn their attention to the subject, but for a very *erudite* publication, in the shape of a large 8vo. volume, price 15s., with which the world

has been recently enlightened by Mr. Henry O'Brien, we beg his pardon, Henry O'Brien, Esquire; a work which treats not only of round towers, and square towers—of caves under ground and caves over ground—of angles and triangles, arks and pyramids, and the tree of knowledge—of Knights Templars and the mysteries of Freemasonry, for the first time revealed—of Sabaism and Budism—cum multis aliis of a similar genus—but which actually demonstrates that “the blessed isle” in which we live is at the present moment in the same situation in which it was some centuries before the period of the deluge; that it was at that time inhabited by a colony of

* In the work we are informed that the price of £50 was adjudged to George Petrie and £20 to H. O'Brien, Esq., A.B., (e.g. Big Ass.)

inferior deities, driven for some minor offences from the upper regions: by whom it was intrusted to the Boreades, who held it in direct line from their ancestor Boreas.

But to come to the book itself, in order to review it as every book should be reviewed, by commencing at the beginning, we shall give the title page as it stands in the volume:

THE ROUND TOWERS OF IRELAND;

Or the Mysteries of Freemasonry, of Sabuism, and of Buddhism,

FOR THE FIRST TIME UNVEILED.

'Prize Essay' of the Royal Irish Academy, enlarged and Embellished with numerous illustrations.

BY HENRY O'BRIEN, ESQ., A. B.

Now, without any intention of puffing the work, we would ask, must not every Irishman who knows how to read, and reads this title, and who can possibly scrape together 15s., buy Mr. O'Brien's book, which not only reveals the Freemason secret, and the secrets of Buddhism and Sabuism, but which has set completely at rest the long contested subject relative to our own round towers; and this more especially, when informed by us, that he will find in it more to laugh at than in any book of a similar size with the perusal of which we have ever before been favored. If the title be good, however, the dedication is still better, it is as follows:—

To the Learned of Europe, to the Heads of its several Universities, to the Teachers of Religion and the Lovers of History, more especially to the Alibonistic order of Freemasons, to the Fellows of the Royal Society, to the Members of the Royal Asiatic Society, to the Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries, to the Editors of the *Archæologia Scotica*, to the Committees of the Societies for the propagation of the Gospel and the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and to the Court of the Honourable the East India Company, this volume is inscribed, as a novel exposition of Literary Inquiries in which they are severally interested, and as an intimation of respect from the Author.

Again we say, who would not purchase such a book; a work not only calculated to enlighten the literati of Europe, but the whole world, to its remotest points.—But after saying so much for the title and dedication, what must our readers think of the work when informed that the preface is still better than either. As, however, a goodly portion of it relates to some kind things Mr. O'Brien has been pleased to say of us, and of the brief address we presented to our readers when we at first became connected with the Penny Journal, it would ill become us to say much upon this portion of the subject. We would simply remind him, and we would wish it to be generally understood, that the motto of the Penny Journal is

"*Nemo me impune lacessit.*"

From the momentous and extraordinary subjects discussed in the volume, and the profound mysteries of which it treats, our readers will at once perceive that to speak of Mr. O'Brien's publication in the terms it merits, would be far beyond the reach of thought which the editor of even a Twopenny Journal could be thought capable of bringing to bear upon such a subject; and, therefore, in proceeding towards the body of the work, we pause. To review a volume of such dimensions, containing 525 8vo pages, and treating on full as many subjects, is a task which we feel would altogether addle any portion of brain which we may possess. We must, therefore, content ourselves with saying of it that it is a work worthy of its author; it proves to a demonstration that the march of mind is doing great things for our nation; and it proves more than this, and a point, by the way, of which many have heretofore doubted, that *mind*, like a crab, can march backward as well as forward; and thirdly and lastly, it proves that some of the London publishers are rather greater fools than the publishers of Dublin.*

* Really we thought that Mr. Whitaker of Ave Maria Lane London, had more common sense than to print this same said

From the slightest glance through the volume, it will appear evident, that Mr. O'Brien is supernaturally gifted with a kind of second sight, which has enabled him to penetrate the veil that has hitherto obscured the early ages of our country from the most diligent antiquarians, that he has, in fact, discovered the "open cessame" to those deep caverns of information in which the stores of ancient literature have been locked up for thousands of years.—In proof of this we have only to use the following brief extracts:—

"For the last three thousand years and more, the learning of the world has been employed to ascertain the origin of the doctrine of Buddhism. The savants of France, the indefatigable inquirers of Germany, the affected pedants of Greece and Rome, and the pure and profound philosophers of ancient India and Egypt, have severally and ineffectually puzzled themselves to dive into the secrets of that mystic religion.

"It will soon appear, that however impenetrable heretofore, it is so no longer."

"A dire plague of astringent benightment has lain brooding over history! and spread, like the *opus*, its baneful emanation over everything of culture that fell within its shadow!"

At the moving of Mr. O'Brien's magic wand, the phantom has vanished; and Erin, the Emerald Isle, not only stands forward as the island of saints, but the birth place of the gods, and the pleasure garden of the ancient deities. He says—

"Having promised early in this volume to identify our island with the *Insula Hyperboreorum* of antiquity, I shall, without further tarrying, produce the extract referred to, from Diodorus; and, lest I may be suspected of adapting it to my own peculiar views, it shall appear minutely in Mr. Booth's translation—viz.,

"They say that Latona was born here, and therefore that they worshipped Apollo above all other Gods; and because they are daily singing songs in praise of this god, and ascribing to him the highest honours, they say that these inhabitants demean themselves as if they were Apollo's priests, who has here a stately grove and renowned temple of round form, beautified with many rich gifts.—

book after reading the dedication. As Mr. O'Brien has thought proper to insinuate, that on our taking up the Penny Journal we were edited by a friendly hint from the Academy, of which we have the honor to be a member, we think it but fair to return the compliment, by stating a circumstance, which Mr. O'Brien will recollect took place long before we were connected with the Penny Journal. Some short time previous to the fire which consumed our premises, about two years since, we had commenced printing Mr. O'Brien's book.—Finding out the merits of the work in the course of printing off the first few sheets, we absolutely refused to print it on any terms, although Mr. O'Brien offered a guarantee for the payment of the printing and paper. The fact is, we did not wish in any way to be accessory to bringing such a literary melange before the public eye. It is at once an indecent, incongruous, and, in many instances, a downright blasphemous publication. As many, however, may be anxious to know what the discovery really is that Mr. O'Brien professes to have made, we may mention he tells a very edifying story about Vishnou and Sheevah, which is too indecent for our publication; and in winding up of which, it was ordained that in the temple of the latter, "those parts should be worshipped which the false devotees had impudently attempted to destroy." He then, giving a drawing or engraving of one of our own round towers, asks—"But what was the form under which the deity was recognised? Look on this picture and on that, and the answer presents itself."

Elsewhere, he says:

"What, then, I shall be asked, was their design? To this I beg leave to offer a circumlocutory answer.

"Then be it known that the "*Round Towers*" of Ireland were temples constructed by the early Indian colonists of this country, in honour of that *fructifying* principle of nature emanating, as was supposed, from the sun, under the denomination of Sol, Phoebus, Apollo, Abad or Budh, &c. &c.; or from the moon, under the epithet of Luna, Diana, Astarte, Venus, Babia, or Butsee, &c. &c.

That there is a city likewise consecrated to this god, whose citizens are most of them harpers, who, playing on the harp, chant sacred hymns to Apollo in the temple, setting forth his glorious acts. The hyperboreans use their own natural language, but, of long and ancient time, have had a special kindness for the Grecians; and more especially for the Athenians, and them of Delos; and that some of the Grecians passed over to the Hyperboreans, and left behind them divers presents, inscribed with Greek characters; and that Abaris formerly travelled thence into Greece, and renewed the ancient league of friendship with the Delians.

"They say, moreover, that the moon in this island seems as if it were near to the earth, and represents, on the face of it, excrescences, like spots on the earth; and that Apollo, once in nineteen years, comes into the island; in which space of time the stars perform their courses, and return to the same point; and, therefore, the Greeks call the revolution of nineteen years, the Great Year. At this time of his appearance they say that he plays upon the harp, and sings and dances all the night, from the vernal equinox to the rising of the Pleiades, solacing himself with the praises of his own successful adventures. The sovereignty of this city, and the care of the temple, they say, belong to the Boreades, the posterity of Boreas, who hold the principality by descent, in the direct line from that ancestor."

"When copying this article from the writings of Hecataeus, it is evident that Diodorus did not believe one single syllable it contained. He looked upon it as a romance:—and so far was he from identifying it with any actual locality, that he threw over the whole an air of burlesque. We are, therefore, not at all obliged for the services he has rendered—yet shall we make his labours subservient to the elucidation of truth. Little did he dream that Ireland—which he, by and by, expressly mentions by the name of Irin, and which he calumniates as cannibal—was one and the same with that isle of which he read such encomiums in the writings of former antiquarians; and, most unquestionably, it did require no small portion of research to reconcile the contradiction which the outline involves, and which is now further enhanced by his scepticism."

"But Ireland, thank God, is rescued from the drivelling of such dotards. It will hold its place, now, amongst the nations of the earth; and the result is inevitable, however tardy your compliance, but that the truth will be revived from one pole of the universe to the other; that in the primeval world, all sanctity and all happiness had here fixed their abode—that heaven was here personified—and that the irradiating focus of all moral enlightenment was here alone to be found."

But Mr. O'Brien has not only demonstrated that this island was at one time a little heaven in itself, inhabited by a colony of the gods, he has with equal clearness and research proved that the round towers were cupboards in which the priests who were appointed by these higher powers, either held little likenesses of the Gods, or kept their bread and butter: and that the river Shannon is but a branch of the river Ganges. Lest our readers should suspect us of exaggeration, however, we shall allow Mr. O'Brien to state the discovery in his own words: speaking of the round towers of India, he says—

"Our Round Towers have similar shelves, or recesses in the wall, and 'reaching, like a circular beaufait, from near the bottom to the top.' Wherever these do not appear, their place is supplied by projecting stones, for the evident purpose of acting as supporters."

"I thus solve the question—*They were so many cupboards for containing the idols of Budhu*, as the structures themselves for temples for his worship, &c."

And again, in comparing the former grandeur of Ireland with the other nations of the world, Mr. O'Brien asks—

"What greater can you produce of ancient Egypt? Her pyramids. Our 'round towers' are as *old*; are likely to be as *permanent*; and are really more *beautiful*. What are the vestiges of Ancient Etruria? of Assyria? Troy? Chaldea? nay, of Babylon the Great, the queen of the world? A few consolidations of stone and mortar—dis-

jointed rubbish—and incrustated pottery. All these *we* retain, in addition to the thousand other evidences which crowd upon the historian."

In another place, speaking of the Irish language, he observes—

"Though I cannot avoid concurring in the laudable hope that 'our own age' may witness important conclusions on this subject, still it strikes me,—and I earnestly urge it as worthy the notice of a Reform Ministry, that until the Irish language be raked from its ashes, no accuracy can ever be obtained either in the Zend, Pahlavi, or Sanscrit dialects, which are but emanations from it, or in the subject matter, historical or religious, which they profess to pourtray."

But this is not all—not only has our author discovered the uses of the round towers, that they were neither more nor less than the cupboards of the priests of Budh, he has also found out the meaning of the book of Genesis, he says—

"Whatever be my fate, one consolation, at least, awaits me, that, in addition to the Towers, I shall have expounded the mysteries of Genesis."

"To begin with the Tree of Knowledge—what, do you suppose, was it, in actual earnest? Verily, neither more nor less than the all-enchanting Budh! And that verbal phantasmagoria, to which I have some time ago alluded, can be illustrated, no where better, than in that refined, and hitherto inexplicable allegory, to which this term gave birth."

And again in reference to the incarnation and crucifixion of Budha, which he asserts took place many thousand years before the Christian era, he observes—

"But great as was the resemblance which the personal example and the doctrinal lessons of Macha and Christ bore to another, it was as nothing compared to the almost incredible similitude of their respective departures. They both died the inglorious death of the cross to reconcile man to his offended Creator; and in confident dependence upon the best authenticated assurance, exulted on the occasion, however galling the process, of expiating, by their own sufferings, the accumulated sins of humanity."

"Buddhism flourished thousands of years before it (Christianity) or Brahminism either; and this cross was the symbol of Budha crucified."

This, we think, must at once appear the *ne plus ultra* of the investigation; and but for the fastidiousness of some carping critics, who will never be satisfied with mere assertion, we might at once dismiss Mr. O'Brien and his book; the former to be ranked as a first rate star, in the constellation of antiquarian luminaries—the latter as a volume which no other man could write, and which we will venture to affirm, could not be matched by any work which has appeared since the publication of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, Jack the Giant Killer, or the achievements of the redoubtable Tom Thumb.—Having, however, given a sufficient number of quotations to enable the reader to judge of the production, we are now compelled, in candour, to speak more seriously on the subject. To us the work appears little more than the ravings of a disordered imagination; and we confess we were really astonished after reading it, that learned and cool-headed individuals, as we know the Council of the Royal Irish Academy to be, should not have been more upon their guard than to allow their feelings so far to get the better of their judgment, as to place them in the awkward position in which they now stand, that of appearing to have awarded a premium to a book, which instead of meriting a reward, deserves to be scouted, as an indecent, improper, and absurd extravaganza.

To attempt any analysis or general review of such an extraordinary production, would lead us quite out of our usual course—such a compound of nonsense and absurdity we have seldom before seen in the shape of a printed volume. For any evidence to establish the clumsy and far-fetched theory advanced by Mr. O'Brien, we have searched in vain through his volume,—

His statements are all founded on the most absurd assumptions, which, at once, exhibit a total ignorance of the real history of his own and other countries.—On this it may be sufficient to observe, that he speaks of Buddhism as the religion of Persia, while the truth is, the Persians know nothing about it; Budha being the deity of the Celonese and Burniese—and, at the same time, in his hurry to establish his theory, he has most unfortunately neglected to favor his readers with any description of the temples or the images in Ceylon, or in those countries where the worship of that deity is still practiced; and thus, in the very outset, we are left in the dark as to the comparison he attempts to institute. One thing certainly is satisfactory to know, that the "*hot poker*" is not now used among the Freemasons as it was formerly; at least, we do not discover anything about it or any other of the secrets of Freemasonry throughout the volume, although this bears so prominent a part in the author's title page.

That the Council of the Royal Irish Academy deserve to be rather severely taken to task for their share in the publication, is unquestionable. To have such a melange go before the learned with the impress of the Society's award, to us appears highly discreditable to the Academy, as it must certainly tend to lessen their character in the literary world. We are aware of the circumstances of the case, still we do not consider them by any means such as would justify the Council of the Academy in their proceeding. In our opinion they are bound to certain rules from which they should not swerve. They should not give out of the Academy's fund one penny for charitable or eleemosynary objects. Literary merit alone is entitled to their reward, and their medals and premiums should be bestowed on literary merit only.—Giving twenty pounds for an essay composed of such wretched trash as that contained in the volume before us, we consider quite sufficient to sink the Academy in the opinion of the learned, and to render its decision in other cases, at least, questionable. When an essay or a work has received the coronization of the Institute of France, we are always certain it is of first rate merit, and the author is elevated; but when such rubbish as this of Mr. H. O'Brien's on the Round Towers of Ireland receives reward, and when the author is thus in some measure enabled to style it a *Prize Essay* from the Royal Irish Academy, the learned only smile with contempt on the givers and receivers, and estimate literature in Ireland very low. We, indeed, know the members of the Council of the Academy to be learned, intelligent, and astute, and readily impute this decision to its proper source—to kind and benevolent feelings; but this cannot be known by strangers, and therefore it is that we quarrel with their mode of acting. We have ascertained, that the motive which induced the Council to give the sum of twenty pounds to Mr. O'Brien, was not because it was considered a work of merit, but as a reward for his industry and ingenuity; and as the Academy are not responsible for the opinions of the essays, they thought, (at least one or more of them thought), it might be well to give to the world, even the lucubrations of Mr. Henry O'Brien, as they were onté; but it was especially provided that those points which were considered objectionable should be omitted. The work now published, however, is not only very different from that sent into the Academy, but all the objectionable passages are still retained.

We have heard it asserted that a large proportion of the precious compound was furnished by a *ci-devant* member of the Council of the Academy. This, however, we can scarcely credit; for however the opinions in the essay appear to correspond with some others which that learned gentleman put forward in his Penny Magazine, while it was in existence, we still think he has more of the necessary ingredient, common sense, than to perpetrate such a hoax on an individual he calls his friend, and for whom he was the chief means of obtaining the twenty pounds, as a remuneration for his labour in writing the same said essay.

In conclusion, we would remark, that while in our censures of the work we have been severe,

truth and common honesty required it; and as our Journal is devoted, in a measure, to the antiquities of our country, we felt called upon to make the observations we have done. Bad as the character of our countrymen may be, we never could agree to the idea of imputing to them, at any period of their history, superstitions so revolting and debasing as Mr. O'Brien would make it appear they practised as votaries of Budha.

Of Mr. Petrie's Essay, which really obtained the prize of fifty pounds, we can say nothing, as it has not appeared, and from the tardy operations of that gentleman, we do not calculate upon having a very early opportunity of criticising it. Of one thing we are certain, he will not feel it very desirable to have it placed in juxta position with the learned lucubrations of Mr. O'Brien.

Throughout the entire of Mr. O'Brien's volume, we did not discover any thing that pleased us so much as the following stanzas, by an American lady, which, like the greater portion of his work, is copied from one of the passing publications of the day:

THE WINDS.

"We come! we come!" and ye feel our might,
As we're hastening on in our boundless flight;
And over the mountains and over the deep,
Our broad invisible pinions sweep,
Like the Spirit of Liberty, wild and free!
And ye look on our works, and own 'tis we;
Ye call us the winds; but can ye tell
Whither we go, or where we dwell?

Ye mark as we vary our forms of power,
And fell the forest or fan the flower,
When the hare-bell moves, and the rush is bent,
When the tower's o'erthrown and the oak is rent,
As we waft the bark o'er the slumbering wave,
Or hurry its crew to a watery grave:
And ye say it is we! but can ye trace
The wandering winds to their secret place?

And whether our breath be loud and high,
Or come in a soft and balmy sigh,
Our threat'nings fill the soul with fear,
As our gentle whisperings woo the ear
With music aerial, still 'tis we,
And ye list, and ye look; but what do ye see?
Can ye hush one sound of our voice to peace,
Or waken one note when our numbers cease?

Our dwelling is in the Almighty's hand,
We come and we go at his command;
Though joy or sorrow may mark our track,
His will is our guide, and we look not back;
And if, in our wrath, ye would turn us away,
Or win us in gentler air to play,
Then lift up your hearts to Him who binds,
Or frees, as he will, the obedient winds!

THE MISERIES OF AUTHORSHIP.

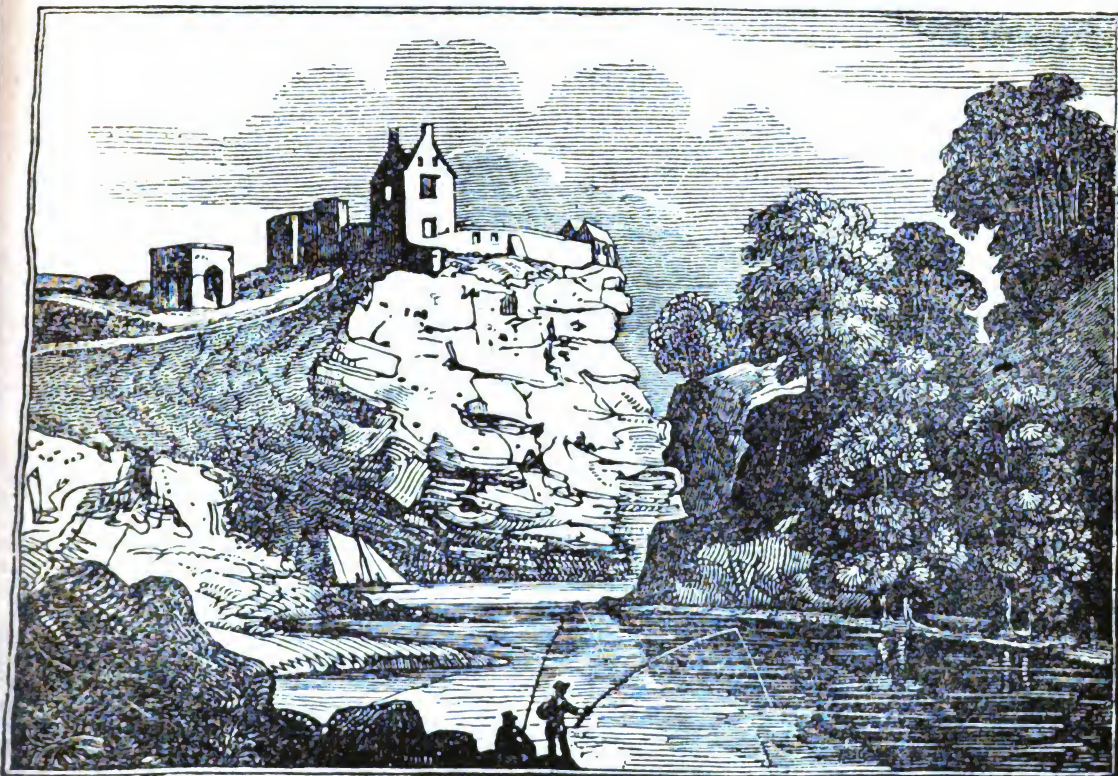
An author by profession may always be known by certain outward, unquestionable appearances of poverty, which are sure indications of genius and a total disregard for decency. His exalted pursuits elevate him above the paltry considerations of cleanliness: the luxury of a change of linen, or the perplexing extravagance of two coats, would only distract his attention from his literary pursuits, or frighten his bookseller out of all recollection of his person. His face should resemble a dried mummy, and his eye be sunk deep in the socket, like the wick of an expiring parish lamp; the skinny exterior of his upper lip should be well covered with snuff, and his teeth give proofs of his attachment to a social pipe; his hat should be of the fashion of his boyish days, pinched into a thousand eccentric forms, by way of amusement, while waiting in anxious expectation of a great man's notice, or a bookseller's liberality; his boots should be waterproof, &c. one hole to let the water in, and another to let it out; by

pocket-handkerchief (if he does not use the sleeve of his coat) should have more holes than the French admiral's flag, at the battle of the Nile, and must on no account be washed above once in six months, for fear of wearing it out. In his carriage, he should preserve a gentle bend, by way of reducing his altitude to the level of common-place understandings. He should be exceedingly cautious how he frowns, lest it should be misconstrued into contempt; nor can he be too particular in the indulgence of a laugh, least it should be taken for derision. He may accept any invitation to dinner, and is never expected to return the compliment; nay, he may pop into any family, where he has the least footing, without hesitation, and take pot-luck, and charity prescribes the necessity of their pressing him to stay.

He must always be ready with a good joke cut and dried, to suit the humour of his company, to defend his host with, or amuse the family party. Every thing he says will be sure of applause, as coming from an author, and, above all, he must endeavour to be egotistical. If he should lack wit, and be without conversational talents (no unusual thing for a modern to want,) he need not be uneasy, if he can only manage to pass for an eccentric, and then his excessive stupidity will be placed to the account of his deep study and total abstraction. He should, on no account, shave more than once a week, because a long beard may be considered a mark of singularity inseparable from original genius. He must never think of paying his debts: first, because such a practice is wholly unprecedented and would ruin the whole profession by example; secondly, because, if any one has trusted him, he may be sure they did so from motives of charity and without hope of payment; or, thirdly, if any one has been

mad enough to indulge in such a chimerical expectation, his folly deserves correction. His residence should be in the attic of some old-fashioned building, where in times past, a celebrated poet was starved to death, or some distinguished literary character has since committed suicide. His furniture should be a truckle-bedstead with a flock mattress, and an old great coat for a coverlid; his couch or settee formed by the side or end of it; his box, for if he has no wardrobe to fill it with, he still should have a box, to give him consequence with his landlady, and serve the double purpose of shutting out prying curiosity from his papers, and forming a writing-desk by his bed-side. In writing he should be ambidextrous, and in catching an idea or a passing thought, jump instantly out of bed and commit the subject to paper on the inspiration of the moment. If he is ever imprisoned for debt, he should attribute such an occurrence, not to any wild hope of enforcing payment, but merely as a friendly act, done in the idea that seclusion from the world may correct his idleness, better his fortune, and afford him at once the opportunity and incitement to pursue his labours. If he has not tasted of all these, and ten times more miseries than are here related, then he is no true author.

There are a set of dull, heavy, leaden-headed college mechanics, who having served an apprenticeship to the art of translating the classic languages, as they are called, lard their conversation with a succession of misplaced quotations, in monkish Greek or Latin, in the hope of passing for authors. Now be it known, we utterly reject any such pedantic persons, and any such claims to the rights and privileges of genius or the delightful sensations of the miseries of authorship.



BENBURB CASTLE.

The ancient castle of Benburb, situated in the barony of Dungannon, on the borders of the county of Tyrone, and but a few miles distant from Armagh, stands on a **mestone rock**, which rises upwards of one hundred and **venty feet over the Blackwater**, and is nearly perpendicular on the two sides around which the river takes its **turns**. It is thus, on those sides, rendered impregnable

by nature, while the height at which it stands over the surrounding country, must have made its defence a matter of very easy accomplishment by a very small garrison.—It was consequently regarded as a place of very considerable importance during the period in which the northern province was the theatre of war. It is rather strange, however, that whilst the generality of the old castles in the

North are composed of a very strong cement, and of such good materials as to render their reduction next to impracticable and while there is a great plenty of the best materials for building in the immediate neighbourhood, the Castle of Benburb was but badly constructed, of inferior materials, and the stones commonly of the pebble kind. At some distance from the castle, in the little village adjoining, there is a small ancient building, which appears to have been a watch-house belonging to the castle.

Lying in the immediate neighbourhood of Armagh, it was the scene of many a bloody engagement between the native Irish and the invading armies of the Scotch and English. That which took place in 1646 between Owen Roe O'Nial, aided by Sir Phelim O'Nial, and the Scotch general, Monroe, supported by Lord Blaney and Lord Montgomery, at the head of several English regiments, is thus given by Stuart in his History of Armagh.

About the end of May, 1646, Owen Roe O'Nial approached Armagh, at the head of five thousand foot and five hundred horse. Monroe, who was then stationed within ten miles of the city, arrived there with eight hundred horse and six thousand foot, at midnight, on the 4th of June. Meanwhile, O'Nial, aware of his advance, had encamped his troops at Benburb, betwixt two small hills. The rear of his army was protected by a wood, and the right by the river Blackwater. Here Monroe determined to attack him, and for this purpose, marched at the head of his troops, on the fifth of June. He had ordered his brother, George Monroe, to proceed expeditiously with his corps from Colerain, and to join him at Glasslough, or Benburb. O'Nial, aware of this movement, had despatched Colonels Bernard M'Mahon, and Patrick Mac Neny, with their regiments, to prevent the junction of this force with Monroe; a commission which, the abbe Mac Geoghegan says, they executed to the satisfaction of their commander. Monroe himself passed the river, at a ford near Kinnard, (Caledon), and marched towards Benburb. As he advanced, he was met by Colonel Richard O Farrel, who occupied a strait through which it was necessary for him to pass, but the fire of his cannon compelled that commander, after a short rencontre, to retreat. And now the two armies met in order of battle. The wary O'Nial amused his enemy, during several hours with various manœuvres and trivial skirmishes, until the sun, which at first had been favourable to the Scots, began to descend in the rear of the Irish troops, and shed a dazzling glare on their enemies. The detachment which O'Nial had sent against George Monroe, was seen returning towards the hostile armies. The Scottish general, at first, imagined that this was the expected reinforcement from Colerain: but when he perceived his error, he prepared instantly to retreat. O'Nial, however, seized the opportunity, with the promptitude of an experienced commander, and charged the Scots and British with the most determined valour. The gallant Lord Blaney, at the head of an English regiment, made a noble defence. He fell combatting with the most undaunted resolution, and his men maintained their ground till they were hewn to pieces around their beloved commander. Meanwhile the Scottish cavalry was broken by O'Nial's horse, and a general rout ensued. A regiment, indeed, commanded by Colonel Montgomery retreated with some regularity; but the rest of the British troops fled in total disorder. Lord Montgomery, twenty-one officers, and one hundred and fifty soldiers were taken prisoners; three thousand two hundred and forty-three men were slain on the field of battle, and many perished the succeeding day in the rout. Monroe fled with the utmost precipitation, leaving his artillery, tents, and baggage with the greater part of his arms, booty and provisions to the enemy. Colonel Conway, accompanied by Captain Burke, also escaped to Newry, after having had two horses slain under him in his flight. Owen Roe O'Nial lost in this battle seventy men killed and two hundred wounded.

On the fourth of October, 1652, a high court of justice was held at Kilkenny, for the trial of such persons as had been accused of the commission of barbarous murders in the rebellion. This was followed by another which was held in Dublin, and here Sir Phelim O'Nial was arraigned, tried, condemned, and sentenced for execution. He had

concealed himself in an obscure island, where he was discovered and seized by the Lord Caulfield. Previous to his execution he was pressed to declare that he had received a commission from King Charles, authorizing the rebellion. Nay, at his trial, the judges promised that his estate and liberty should be restored to him if he could prove the existence of such a commission. But O'Nial, though brutal in life, was magnanimous in death, and persisted in declaring, even at the moment previous to his execution, that he never had any commission from the king for levying troops or prosecuting the war.

THE WHITEBOYS.

During the summers of 1828 and 1829, the Queen's county, and the counties of Carlow, Kilkenny, &c. were greatly disturbed. The peasantry having entered into a very extensive combination, under the title of Whiteboyism, kept the country in a continued state of alarm. In a story of this nature, professing to be a picture of a certain trait in our national manners, it would not be proper to discuss the occasions or circumstances which are said to have given rise to this illegal association or conspiracy; we propose only to describe our countrymen as they really are, with regard to morals, turn of thought, and expression, without lessening, exaggerating, or caricaturing in any way.

The Irish *scullogues*, or large farmers, who act as middlemen and land-agents, are generally hated by the lower farmers and cottiers, on whom they practice all the little tyranny which is in their power. As these people originally spring from the very lowest of the peasantry, they are also despised and detested the more, for the Irish, in general, look up with great respect to noble birth and genteel extraction.

Near the foot of Cloughbrennan, in the Queen's county, there resided a person of the above description. His name was Cornelius Cahill, and he was said to be a very wealthy man: he possessed two or three large farms, and was a very extensive cattle breeder and grazier; he was also agent to two or three gentlemen in the county. He lived near the road side on the way to Carlow. The house was built by his father, and was a small, square, stone-built and slated tenement, with two windows, strongly barred on each side of a hall-door in front; and a little skirting of young fir-trees running round between it and the road, from which a straight gravelled path led by a wooden-gate up to the house. Misther Corny Cahill's father was the first comfortable man of the name ever known in the country; and he was at one time a poor day-labourer, working his day's work at hedging, trenching, or any other country-work; and occupying, with his family, a wretched hut on the side of the hill of Cloughbrennan.

Suddenly he grew rich, and took a large farm, which he stocked with cattle, and built a farm-house, and became a thriving man, to the astonishment of his neighbours. He sent his children to school with new frize jackets, and brogues and stockings, which they never were seen with before, and employed labourers to till his ground and manage his farm. Many conjectures were formed as to the source of his wealth: some affirmed that he dug up a pot of gold while levelling a rath at the farm of Paddy Golding; others, that he dreamt of it one night; but there were many who suspected that he did not come by it by any such fair means; and hinted a story which made much against his character. At any rate he was christened by his neighbours *Donough an Thrunka*, or *Deas of the Trunk*; for it was said; that while working in a lone-some part of the mountain road by himself, a carriage, with only one servant, the coachman, passed by, to the back part of which a trunk was strapped, and that tempted by the opportunity afforded him by the loneliness of the situation, and the feasibility of detaching the trunk from its holdings, he followed the carriage to a certain part of the road, and mounting behind, cut the straps which fastened it, and buried the trunk beneath the new ditch which he was making by the road side. Another version of the story relates, that the trunk fell from behind the carriage, the weight of the gold it contained breaking it.

holdings. At any rate the summer before Denis Cahill became so suddenly rich, great search was made through the country for a black leathern-covered trunk, which was lost or stolen from behind the carriage of a noble family who were travelling to the south. However he acquired his riches at first, it was observed that he was thriving in a very wonderful manner; day after day, some new signs of increasing consequence became visible; and farm after farm was purchased, or otherwise secured, until many of the surrounding gentry were declared inferior to him in property.

He had many children, sons and daughters, several of whom died at an early age. One son was destined for the army, and, accordingly, became so attached to firearms before he was sixteen years of age, that he was considered the first sportsman in the country; but had the misfortune to shoot his brother one day, while firing at rabbits in the burrow; and the following season, while leaping through a quickset-hedge, to get a shot at a hare, that was seen scampering across the field before him, shot himself as he pulled the fowling-piece after him through the hedge. Another son was drowned in the Little Lough, and a fourth died of consumption, contracted at the College of Maynooth, while studying for the Irish priesthood. The subject of the present tale, Cornelius, was sent the year following to prepare for the sacerdotal habit, but was expelled for bad and profligate conduct; and, after coming home, in a quarrel with his elder and only brother, contrived to inflict such serious injuries, that he died shortly after in consequence.

At the time the present tale opens, some years after his father's death, he was in possession of all his father's property, and one of the most generally detested men in the whole county. At a previous assizes in Maryborough, he prosecuted two men, who were hung, for an attack on his house in search of arms; one of whom, at the place of execution, declared the justice of his sentence, and bore testimony to the innocence of his companion. This completed to ripening the hatred which was in its spring for him, and he became the watched and the marked of the whiteboys.

On the other side of Cloghbrennan, on one of Cahill's farms, resided an honest poor man, with one son and a daughter, who rented fifteen or sixteen acres of land under him; and who, with the assistance of his son, then about twenty-one years of age, cultivated their little spot, and managed to live comfortable and independent.—Bryan Mooney, for such was the farmer's name, was returning one evening, in the winter of 1829, from the town of Carlow, after making a market, and disposing of the surplus produce of his little farm much to his satisfaction. Mounted on a young and spirited half-blood mare of his own rearing, and of which he was very proud, and with a glass or two of the native rising high in his brain, he considered himself one of the most fortunate men in the Queen's county. Thenight was dark, and as he approached the foot of Cloghbrennan, the wind, cold and frosty, blew keen over the dark hill's side, and Mooney wrapped his cloak, or frize riding coat, closely round him, and tipping his mare with the end of a supple heavy-handled whip, proceeded at a sober trot along the narrow, lonesome road. He knew the country to be much disturbed, but he had no fears for himself. His neighbours and he had been always on peaceable terms, and he was unconscious of having an enemy in the wide world; therefore a thought on the subject never entered his head.

Nearly at the foot of the hill the road gives a sudden turn to the right, and enters on a wild-looking, rude tract, where the vestiges of any human habitation are never to be met with. As Mooney turned into this part of the road, a shriek of distress, and a rush and trample, as of men in contest, came from the neighbouring field: then another shriek, and call of murder; and the earnest prayers for mercy were succeeded by the threatening and taunts of one or two men, who appeared as if dragging the sufferer farther into the darkness and loneliness of the place, in order to complete some deed of blood.—Mooney, inspired by the generous impulse of the moment, faced his mare to the low, dry-stone built boundary at the road side, which the young animal cleared at a bound and galloped across the field in the direction of the sounds.—

As he came up, he beheld a man faintly struggling against three ruffians, who were dragging him along, with dreadful threatening and horrid imprecations.

"Say your prayers," said one to him, "av the' do you any good, for its short your time is."

"Its little good they'll do him, I'm thinkin'," said another ruffian, "in regard iv all the black doin's that's to the fore agin him."

"Have mercy on me," cried the wretched man on his knees; "for the sake of your souls at the last day do not commit murder, and any thing you wish me to do I'll do it without asking a question."

"Is it you that axes mercy, you informing villan?" said another: "It's little you can expect, I'm thinkin', if it's the right o' the thing you look at."

"Oh! have mercy! have mercy!" again ejaculated the wretch.

"Yes; the same as you showed Doolin and Toole;" said the first ruffian, when you get them hanged, an' you knowin' one poor boy to be innocent."

They now had him down, and one of them was kneeling on his breast. It was at this juncture that Mooney came up; and he thought that he distinguished the voice of his landlord, as he shrieked in the last throes of fear and horror beneath the men; so twisting the thong of his heavy whip round his hand, and winding it furiously about his head, he dashed to the spot, and before they were scarcely aware of his approach, he knocked the man who was kneeling on his breast senseless to the ground. The other two fled, without once looking to see by whom they were attacked: and alighting from his mare, and raising the man, almost stupified, from his perilous situation, he found that indeed it was his landlord, Mr. Corny Cahill.

"Oh! God be praised," he exclaimed, as he slowly recovered the use of his faculties, and found that he had been delivered from a frightful and horrid death.

"And is it yourself," Mr. Cahill, said Mooney, "that I'm after pursarvin' from destruction? just take my mare here, and go as fast as you can to my house, as it's the highest and quietest, and stay there till I come to you."

"I will—I will," he said in an eager and agitated manner; "but watch that fellow—that assassin, and if he recovers have him sent to prison, that we may hang him or make him inform on his comrades."

Mooney evaded a direct answer, but urging his landlord to fly, he added, "you know if they return, us both 'ill be kilt 'ithout mercy; so dash on for the sake ov him who made me the instrument of saving you."

Cahill did not require a second intimation of the danger, but turned the horse's head about and soon galloped out of sight.

Mooney looked at the man, who, to all appearances, lay lifeless on the field beneath him. He opened his eyes, and slowly turned his head, as if to see was he alone; and getting up, he shook himself firmly into his great coat, and putting his hand to his head, he rubbed it awhile, as if to determine whether all was right or not; then, as if satisfied of the safety of his cranium, he turned towards Mooney, and in a tone half serious, half joking, said,

"Bryan Mooney, you should look afore you'd leap, and you should see who was undher your arm afore you'd strike with so heavy a hand; you were nigh murderin' your own wife's first cousin that was, God rest her soul."

"Good heavens! what brought you here, Paddy Rooney? You'll be hanged for this night's work, that you will, as sure as a gun," exclaimed Mooney, horrified at beholding so near a relative in such a perilous situation: but Rooney, who appeared to be particularly well acquainted with such scenes, looked perfect indifference.

"Mind your own business, Bryan Mooney," said he, "and let others mind theirs; and if you did, you'd have left that black-hearted villain in the hands that knew best how to handle him."

"Paddy Rooney, will you just take a friend's advice, and never heed the blow I sthruck you, but just take yourself away as fast as you can, and never say you saw me," said Mooney.

"I forgive you in the regard of the blow," replied Rooney; "but just take a bit of advice in return. Niver agin intherfere in what doesn't consarn you. I'll take

care that the boys don't disturb you on account of this night's work, and keep your temper about it yourself."

Roony then bid his relative good night and turned away. He was soon lost in the darkness as he passed down the field, and Mooney turned about and pursued his way home on foot.

On entering the house he found his landlord sitting at the fire beside his daughter, the young and blooming Kathleen, and quite recovered from the effects and fright of the attack recently made upon him. He was profuse in his acknowledgments to Mooney for his deliverance; and it was agreed that he should stop there during the night. The next morning Cahill proceeded home, and for a length of time never stirred out of his house by night. He never made any noise about the attempt that was made on his life; and it was scarcely known to any but the few personally concerned in the transaction. However, another feeling, which contributed to alarm old Mooney very much, seemed to have sprung up in the bosom of his landlord—a passion for the young and innocent Kathleen. Mooney was well aware that Cahill was one of the most profligate and abandoned of men: that his passions were ever his masters, and there was no sacrifice he would not make to gratify them. He could not expect that such a character could have honorable views or intentions towards his child; and he dreaded to desire him to keep away from his house, for his anger was desperate, and his revenge sure and deadly.

Day by day he came to Mooney's, and always endeavoured to come at a time when the old man and his son would be absent at their field labour. By slow and insidious ways he at first attempted to win a favourable impression; then by degrees, growing more bold, he grew pressing and eager, and proceeded to take certain liberties with her person which put her maiden modesty to the blush, and obliged her to complain to her father. Her soul abhorred him—she could not bear the false and disagreeable expression of his face; but, like the rest of her family, she dreaded his power, and feared to say any thing that could tend to irritate him. The father did not know what to do; but the brother, a fine manly young fellow, about twenty-one years of age, was determined, let what would be the consequence, to bring the affair at once to an issue, and end it. So the next visit he paid, Maurice watched him: and pretending other business, quitted his father's side in the field, and proceeded by a circuitous rout to the house. I have said before, it was placed in a lonely situation, a distance from the public road, and far away from every other habitation. As Maurice approached the house, the voice of his sister shrieking for assistance reached his ear, and he darted like an arrow to her help. The door was closed, and she within, shrieking in desperation. He rushed against the door, which gave way before him, and as he leapt in, he found Cahill, with his sister in his arms, and he endeavouring to force her into the room. Young Mooney seized him by the throat, and swinging him with a powerful arm to the other end of the house, stood between him and his panting sister, with eyes on fire with maddening rage and indignation.

"Monster!" he exclaimed, "is this the way you show your gratitude to my father's child, after he rescuin' you from death—a death you deserved richly."

"Oh! Maurice! Maurice!" she cried, bursting into tears, "it was God sent you to me."

Cahill stood petrified; he did not reply, and Maurice seizing him by the collar, was dragging him to the door. "Oh! sure you're not going to kill me," said he with an ancer.

"Go away, you villain," said Maurice; "you are not worth killing; but let you never come inside this door again," and he pitched him forth and shut the door after him.

Cahill returned to his house, burning with disappointment and rage, and resolved upon revenge. It was then that he recollected that on the night on which his life was in danger, Maurice was absent from his father's house; and immediately conceived the idea of impeaching him with the crime. Accordingly he proceeded to the next

magistrate, and lodged informations against Maurice Mooney, and a warrant was issued for his apprehension. Timely notice was conveyed to young Mooney, who absconded, and took refuge with a relative who lived at a great distance, until his father disposed of a certain portion of his means to make up a sufficient sum to send him out of the country.

He embarked the March following for America, and in the course of the last year he sent money to bring over his father and sister, and he is now a wealthy farmer in New Orleans.

As for Cahill, he met the fate which the whiteboys had long threatened him with. Returning from giving his vote at an election which took place the ensuing summer, at an hour later than usual with him, he was fired at by two or three at the same time, one of the balls passing quite through his body. He was able to make good his way home, and he lingered under the fatal wound for about six weeks, and died in the most excruciating agonies. The murderers were never discovered.

J. L. L.

MY NATIVE ISLE.

Oh! tell me not of fairer lands
Beneath a brighter sky;
Of streams that roll o'er golden sands,
And flowers that never die!

The flower that on thy mountains' brow,
When wintry winds assail,
Securely sleeps beneath the snow,
Its cold and kindly veil;

Transplanted to a richer soil,
Where genial breezes play,
In sickly bloom will droop awhile,
Then wither and decay.

Such, such, thy sheltering embrace,
When storms prevail. I feel
My father's fathers' resting place,
Though cold, yet kindly still.

And ah! the flowret's fate were mine,
If doomed from thee to part;
To sink in sickening, slow decline,
The canker of the heart.

Love's dearest bands, friendship's strong ties,
That round my bosom twine!
All past delight, all present joys,
My native isle, are thine!

If all were gone, like summer's dew,
Before the morning beams;
Still friends that pass not, I should view
In thy wild rocks and streams.

Oh! may they still, thy changeful skies,
Thy clouds, thy mists be mine!
And th' sun that saw my morning rise,
Glean on my day's decline!

DUBLIN:

Printed and published by P. D. Hardy, 8, Cecilia street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.

Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Panyer-alley, Paternoster-row, in Liverpool, by Wilmier and Smith; in Manchester, by Arncliffe, in Birmingham, by Drake; in Glasgow by W. R. M'Phun; and in Edinburgh, by N. Bewick.

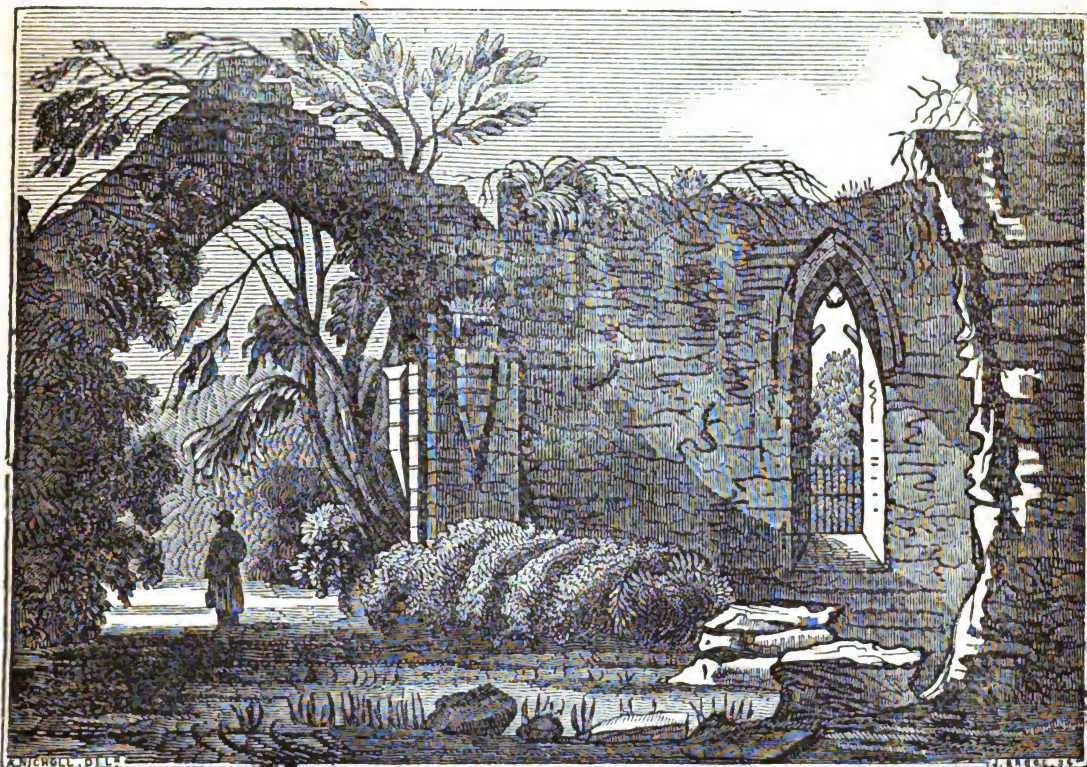
THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 99. Vol. II.

CONDUCTED BY P. DIXON, HARDY, M.R.I.A.

MAY 24, 1834.



RUINS OF GREY ABBEY, COUNTY OF DOWN.

This once celebrated abbey was situated in the vicinity of a small town of the same name in the north of Ireland, about ten miles from Belfast, and within a short distance of Strangford Lough. The ruins are of considerable extent, in good preservation, and finely situated for effect. The abbey is thus quaintly described in an old work entitled the Montgomery MSS., which has been recently published:—"Neare and in view of Rosemount-house, are the walls of a large abby of curious work, (ruinated in Tiroewen's rebellion); it is called in inquisitions and patents Abathium de fugo Dei; in Irish, Monestrelea; in English, Grey (or Hoare) Abby from the order of fryars who enjoyed it; and had, in ancient times, belonged thereunto, all its own parish, both in spiritualibus et temporalibus, conferred by De Courcy, at the inshanes of his wife, the king of the Isle of Man's daughter, as Cambden reports (if I remember aright) in the annales of that island. To this abby belonged also divers lands and tithes in the county of Antrim, viz., out of Ballymena..... Campion reports (p. 69) that the said abby, Innes and Comer, were built A. D. 1198 and 1199; but in all my researches I could not find figures or any stones either of the abbey or of the castles aforesaid, to denote the year when they were erected; and who views the walls and ruines of this monastery, will allow many years to the building of it. The church thereof was in part roofed, and slated, and re-edified, and a yeard thereunto walled about, and a competent stipend given for that by the said first Lord Montgomery; and, in A. D. 1685, it was new roofed again by the heirs of William Montgomery, and by contributions of gentlemen concerned therein." The miserable condition of this district previous to the

Settlement of Ulster, by James I, about which time Hugh, afterwards Viscount Montgomery, came over to Ireland—as well as the first steps of the rapid improvement which attended that measure—are strikingly portrayed in the following extract, taken from the Montgomery MSS. just alluded to:—

"In the spring time, 1606, those parishes were now more wasted than America, (when the Spaniards landed there,) but were not at all incumbered with great woods to be felled and grubbed, to the discouragement or hindrance of the inhabitants; for in all those three parishes aforesaid, thirty cabins could not be found, nor any stone walls, but ruined, roofless churches, and a few vaults at Grey abbey, and a stump of an old castle in Newtown, in each of which some gentlemen sheltered themselves at their first coming over. But Sir Hugh, in the said spring, brought with him divers artificers, as smiths, masons, carpenters, &c. They soon made cottages and booths for themselves, because sods and saplins of ashes, alders, and birch trees (above thirty years old) with rushes for thatch, and bushes for wattles, were at hand. And also they made a shelter of the said stump of the castle for Sir Hugh, whose residence was mostly there, as in the centre of being supplied with necessaries from Belfast (but six miles thence), who, therefore, came and set up a market in Newtown, for profit for both the towns. As likewise in the summer season (twice, sometimes thrice, every week), they were supplied from Scotland, as Donaghadee was oftener, because but three hours' sail from Portpatrick, where they bespoke provisions and necessaries to lade in, to be brought over by their own or that town's boats, whenever wind and weather served them, for those

was a constant flux of passengers coming daily over..... 1607, you might see streets and tenements regularly set out, and houses rising as it were out of the ground (like Cadmus's colony) on a sudden, so that these dwellings became towns immediately. Yet among all this care and indefatigable industry for their families, a place of God's honour to dwell in was not forgotten or neglected; for, indeed, our forefathers were more pious than ourselves, and so soon as said stump of the old castle was so repaired (as it was in the spring time, 1606,) as might be shelter for the year's summer and harvest, for Sir Hugh and his servants that winter, his piety made some good store of provisions in those fair seasons, towards roofing and fitting the chance of that church, for the worship of God; and therein he needeth not withdraw his own planters from working for themselves, because there were Irish Gibeonets and Gatrans enough in his woods, to hew and draw timber for his sanctuary; and the general free contribution of the planters, some with money, others with handicrafts, and many with labouring, was so great and willingly given, that the next year after this, before winter, it was made decently serviceable; and Sir Hugh had brought over at first two or three chaplains with him for these parishes. In summer, 1608, some of the priory walls were roofed and fitted for his lady and children, and servants (which were many) to live in. Now every body minded their trades, and the plough and the spade, building and setting fruit trees, &c., in orchards and gardens, and by ditching in their grounds. The old women spun, and the young girls plied their nimble fingers at knitting—and every body was innocently busy. Now the golden peaceable age renewed; no strife, contention, quarrelous lawyers, or Scottish or Irish feuds between clans and families, and surnames, disturbing the tranquillity of those times; and the towns and temples were erected, with other great works done, even in troublesome years.

"He (Sir Hugh, the first Viscount Montgomery) sent over to Donaghadee (by the understanding Irish then called *Down da ghee*, i. e. the mound or burial place of the two worthies or heroes) before him some hewn freestone, timber, and iron, &c., of which he caused to be built a low stone walled house for his reception and lodging, when he came from or went to Scotland. Mariners, tradesmen, and others, had made shelter for themselves before this time: but the Viscount's was the first stone dwelling-house in all the parish. He also wholly repaired the Church of Greyabbey."

Of the parish of Greyabbey, in the year 1634, the writer says, that it contained "a double-roofed house, and a baron and fower flankers, with bakeing and brewing houses, stables, and other needful office houses; they are built after the forraigne and English manner, with outer and inner courts walled about, and surrounded with pleasant gardens, orchards, meadows, and pasture enclosures, under view of the said house, called Rosemount, from which the mannor taketh name."

"The manner in which the Montgomery family became possessed of this fine tract of country is gathered from the "Grand Inquisition of the county of Down."

"Con O'Neill, chief of South or Upper Clondeboy, whose castle was that of Castlereagh, having about Christmas, 1602, a 'grand debauch' at Castlereagh, with his brothers, friends, and followers, he sent his servants to Belfast for more wine; but, in returning, a quarrel took place between them and some English soldiers, near the Knock Church, and they lost their wine. Con, inquiring into this transaction, learned from themselves that their number exceeded that of the soldiers; on which he swore 'by his father, and the souls of his ancestors,' they should never be servants of his till they had beaten the 'buddagh Sasinagh soldiers.' On this threat they returned, armed, and attacked the soldiers, several of whom were killed in the affray; and Con was soon after taken up as an abettor, and sent prisoner to Carrickfergus castle. The severity of his first confinement was soon mitigated by a permission to walk through the town during the day, attended by a soldier, who returned him to the provost-marshal at night. He at length obtained his liberty in the following manner:—Thomas Montgomery, master of a barque, which traded thither with meal for the garrison, was em-

ployed by Hugh Montgomery, his relation, to endeavour to effect Con's escape. Having got letters conveyed to Con, acquainting him of the steps about to be taken, he began by making love to Annas Dobblyn, daughter of the provost-marshal; and marrying her, through her effected Con's escape, who was conveyed on board Montgomery's vessel, and landed at Largs in Ayrshire. In 1605, Con obtained his pardon from James I. at the suit of the above Hugh Montgomery, and James Hamilton; but for their effecting of his escape, and this service, he had previously made over most of his lands to them, of which they immediately obtained a new patent from the crown. April 25, 1606, we find Con granting the lands of Ballyrosboye, in the Galluigh, between Castlereagh and Belfast to a Thomas Montgomery, probably the above-mentioned Thomas, for his share in effecting his escape.

"Viscount Montgomery brought over a page to his lady, Edward Betty, the prettiest little man I ever beheld. He was of a blooming damask rose complexion; his hair was of a shining gold colour, with natural ring-like curls hanging down, and dangling to his breast, and so exact in the symmetry of his body and limbs to his stature, that no better shape could be desired to a well carved statue. His wit was answerable to what his comely face might promise—and his cunning no less: for many times, when gentlewomen, that did not frequent Newtown-house since the first Viscount's death, till the second lord brought his lady to live therein, came to pay visits to her ladyship, this beautiful mannik was often mistaken for one or the other of his lordship's sons, and taken up by the gentlewomen on their laps, and they kissed him to make him prattle, which he could very well do as a child. He kept them in their ignorance so long as to have occasion enough to make his lady sport: nay, sometimes he would protract his converse till his lady came from her chamber to see the female visitants, his unmannerlyness being reproved by his lady, so to impose on the gentlewomen, as to sit on their knee and promote the error. You may believe the mistaken ladies blushed, and were extremely ashamed—and this happened when he had passed twenty years of age."

A REGULAR GASCONADE.

A Gascon, who had been for some years in the service of Louis the Fourteenth, obtained from him a gratuity of fifteen hundred livres. He went immediately to be paid by M. Colbert, who had just sat to table; notwithstanding, the Gascon passed into the dining-room, and asked who was Colbert?

"I am the person," said Colbert, "what would you be pleased to have?"

"A trifle scarce worth mentioning, a small order of the king for letting me have fifteen hundred livres."

M. Colbert, according to his usual good humour, desired him to be seated at table, and partake of their fare. After dinner the applicant was directed by Colbert to one of his clerks, who gave him one thousand livres.

The Gascon said "that there were five hundred more coming to him."

"Very true," said the clerk, "but so much of the payment has been stopped for your dinner."

"What! five hundred livres for a dinner! I give but twenty sous at the eating-house."

"That may be, but you have had the honour to dine with M. Colbert, that great and first minister of state, and it is but fit you should pay for the honour."

"Well, then, if it be so," replied the Gascon, "here, take back all the money; what signifies my incumbering myself with one thousand livres? To-morrow I'll bring here a friend to dine, and all will be paid."

Monsieur Colbert admired the gasconade, had the officer paid the whole of his bill, and afterwards rendered him several good offices.

At Shanmore, in the county of Down, some years ago, in cutting a channel for a canal, a subterraneous forest of fallen trees, of oak, ash, alder, &c., was discovered lying for nearly a mile in length, under a covering of earth, in some places six in others eight feet deep,

COUNT TOTTELEBEN, OR THE RUSSIAN TRAVELLER.

SIR—The following story is taken from a *scrap book*, probably made up fifty years ago, where I found it. I send it to the Penny Journal, as the story is a good one, and said to be authentic. J. G.

Count Tottleben, so celebrated in the history of Germany, for his numerous adventures, and the strange vicissitudes of his fortune, was once, while a general in the Russian service, on a journey from Warsaw to Petersburg, travelling in a light open chaise, accompanied by a single servant, he was one day overtaken by a violent storm in the province of Livonia, twelve or fifteen miles from the town where he intended to pass the night. The season was cold, the evening advanced, and he was himself wet to the skin; the day had been dreary, and the evening was darkly setting in, and the rain contributing to render it still darker. A decent-looking public-house, that stood detached by the road side, very opportunely presented itself to our traveller. He alighted and entered, resolving to set out so much earlier the next morning. The people of the house seemed very attentive and obliging. He was shown into a room, up stairs, that was clean and neat; and was promised a good supper. In short, Tottleben had every reason to be satisfied with his accommodations. Accustomed from his youth to a wandering life, he used, when in houses of public entertainment, to pass very little time in his own apartment, but to associate with the other guests in the public room. There he entered into conversation with every one, whether a foreigner or a native; was affable, and even humorous: knew how to give and take a joke; told stories, and listened to those of others; and to this social disposition, he joined prepossessing manners, and a figure distinguished for manly beauty. He seldom met with a man who was not pleased with his company, and still less a woman. He rarely indeed met with a female who was not at least secretly interested in his welfare. On the present occasion he adhered to his usual custom, and he passed an hour or more below in the tap-room.—He conversed with the host, who had formerly been in the military service; and still more with the hostess, a young, and extremely pretty woman, but now in the family way. He offered to stand god-father for her first-born, jocosely enquiring how her husband behaved to her. During this conversation a young servant-maid was frequently backward and forward in the same room.—The count might possibly not have observed her, but she had taken much notice of him: his handsome figure—the vivacity of his conversation, and even the foreign uniform which he wore, delighted her. She could have listened to him for a day together, but would have been still better pleased to converse with himself. She was, besides, acquainted with a subject that very nearly concerned him, of which it was necessary that he should soon be informed, otherwise it would be too late. His ignorance, his security afflicted her; at the same time her interference was likely to cost her dear: nevertheless, as often as she looked at him, she thought within herself—“No; he is too amiable.” At length she could refrain no longer; and, as she passed, she pulled him by the coat: Tottleben perceived it in an instant, he looked at the girl and observed her wink to him, but for what reason he knew not. However there could be no great harm in hearing what she had to say. He accordingly withdrew under pretext of taking a little fresh air. She was already waiting for him at the door of the kitchen; she beckoned to him to go into the yard, followed him in haste and agitation, and thus addressed him:

“For God’s sake, Sir, take care of yourself—you are not among such honest people as you imagine. They know you have money with you; they intend, to-night, to rob you, and not only that, but also to take your life; and for this purpose they have already sent for assistance. Be on your guard; but, for God’s sake, do not betray me. If they perceive I have given you warning, it will cost me my life, that I am sure of; but yet I could not for my soul, suffer so brave an officer, and so fine a gentleman to be put off in his sins, and in his prime.”

This address, as may easily be conceived, made a deep impression on Tottleben. A man of ordinary understanding would have immediately sought the means of escape by flight. A presence of mind, almost incredible, inspired him on the spot with a very different idea.

The maid was about to retire, when he quickly drew her back by the arm.

“One word more, my girl,” said he, “does your master live on good terms with his wife?”

“Yes—on the best,” was the reply.

“Does he really and truly love her?”

“Almost as his own life.”

“Very well; now you may go: if I escape, your fortune will be made; if I die, your warning shall die with me.”

The girl flew to the kitchen, and the count returned to the public room. Not a look betrayed him; his tone and temper were just the same as before; or, at least, so they appeared. He even ordered supper to be laid below, and would not sit down to it except on condition that his kind host and hostess would partake of it with him. He concealed his suspicions under the disguise of affability.

After supper, he ordered his servant to bring a box that was still locked in the chaise:

“There is not much in it,” said he to the host; “it contains, perhaps, two hundred rubles, which are to carry me to Petersburg; I should wish good care to be taken of them—and where can they be safer than in your hands? In eight weeks, when I return, I hope it will be heavier with gold than it is now with silver. Then, I shall certainly call here again; and if, as I hope, my little godson has found his way into the world, will bring a present of at least fifty rubles for him.”

This declaration called forth a thousand thanks; and the landlord promised to keep the box all night under his pillow. He immediately prepared to retire to bed, and the landlord to light him to his chamber.

“Do you know, Madam,” said Tottleben, laughing, to his hostess, “that this lighting is a job which I had much rather you should perform. But, joking aside, I am so superstitious as to fancy, that I always sleep as well again when a handsome woman shows me to my bed, than when a man attends me.”

At this proposal the woman looked rather strange, and showed no great inclination to perform the office. The count still continued his jocular strain, put the candle into her hand, and took hold of her arm, observing, that she ought not to refuse the future godfather of her child such a trifling gratification, and that she might take the conjugal protector of her house along with her. By these means, and other representations of a similar kind, he at length prevailed upon her to accompany him, followed by her husband. They now entered the chamber: here Tottleben himself, as soon as he had alighted from his carriage, had hung upon a nail a double-barrelled carbine, full charged with ball, and which he always carried with him when he travelled. He took good care not to cast a look at it before the proper time; but while the woman was setting the candle on a table near the window, when she was just going to wish him good night, he quickly took down the weapon, and stepped still more hastily between the landlord and his wife. In a voice that suddenly passed from jest and laughter, to the sternest tone of command, he cried—

“No, my good woman; we are not going to part from each other so abruptly. On this chair, at that table, you must sit down and pass the night in my company; your honor, I swear to you, shall run no risk; but on the slightest noise at the door of the chamber, on the least opposition on your part, or the least attack upon myself, the three balls with which each of these barrels is loaded, shall dispatch you and your infant at once—this I solemnly swear.”

The landlord and his wife would sooner have expected the dissolution of nature than such an address; both were silent for a minute, and then did all they could to dissuade him from his resolution. At length, finding that nothing availed, the husband threatened to repel force with force, and to call his people to his assistance. Tottleben’s presence of mind did not forsake him.

“I have no doubt, Sir,” said he, “that you have plenty

of people and assistance at hand; but they are not so near as to rescue your wife from death. If but a dog approaches, if but a hand is raised against me, I will blow out her brains. Besides the two barrels of my carbine, I have here a pair of pocket pistols, capable of doing excellent service. I may be overpowered, I confess, but, at least, three or four men shall accompany me, and that charming woman shall go first to show us the way. This is my mode in many public houses; if you do not like it I am extremely sorry; but take care and let my horses be fed, and put to my carriage very early in the morning.—Now begone without delay—this is, to-night, my apartment.”

Villains commonly lose their courage when they have true resolution to deal with. Such was the case in the present instance. The woman sat down, and the man withdrew. In this extraordinary situation the remaining couple passed the night. Tottleben, seated at the table just opposite the hostess, spent the hours in reading and writing as well as he could. At the same time he kept his carbine on his arm ready to fire. At the least noise that was made in the house during the night, the poor woman immediately trembled like a criminal at the bar, entreating him not to be too hasty, and assuring him that nothing should happen to him. In fact, during the whole night, not a foot was heard approaching the chamber of the count. At the break of day came Tottleben's servant; before he was half up stairs, he called out to let his master know who he was: he brought the box committed the preceding evening to the custody of the landlord, the count's breakfast, and a bill with very moderate charges. The count presented the first cup of coffee to his fair companion; and after she had done it, he took the rest quite at his case. When he was informed that every thing was ready for his departure, he thanked the hostess for her good company, and begged her to favour him with it to the carriage. He then conducted her down stairs as po-

lately as if she had been the first lady of the court. At the house door he stopped, and inquired for the servant maid, whom he had seen the evening before, and whom he accurately described. She advanced, trembling, from a corner. All the suspicions of the landlord had already fallen on her; already he had, as she afterwards related, promised, with the most tremendous imprecations, to give her a suitable reward as soon as the danger was over.—When Tottleben saw her by day-light, and looked at her more narrowly, he observed that she was a delicate, elegant girl. He threw her a full purse—

“Take that,” said he, “and if you are determined to remain here, buy yourself a husband with it; but if you are afraid to remain with your master, come along with me; I will answer for your success, and I swear that I will provide for you as long as you live.”

The girl sprang into the carriage, leaving behind her every thing she possessed, which probably, indeed, was of no great value. The count took leave of his fair hostess, begging her not to forget that he was to be godfather; he requested a kiss at parting, and then continued his journey.

He was afterwards informed by his servant, who slept in the public-room, that about midnight three robust fellows softly entered the house, went into another room, and, after a long conversation with the landlord, sneaked away again. The girl, who had been almost a year in the house, related, that during that time, two strangers, who had put up there, had disappeared, she knew not how.—At the next town, the count acquainted the magistrates with the whole affair. Soldiers were immediately dispatched, but they could not, or would not, find either the host or hostess. At the same place, Tottleben provided his female deliverer with decent apparel. She continued his companion in travel, and at length, when the seven years war called him into active service, he married her, and settled upon her a considerable property.



GOLDSMITH'S HOUSE.

The village of Auburn, once the residence of Oliver Goldsmith, or at least the scene of his youthful days, and which he has immortalized in his beautiful poem of the “Deserted Village,” is situated in the county of West-

meath, about seven miles from Athlone, on the high road leading to Ballymahon; and, though time has caused many alterations, yet the principal features of the landscape are the same, and many of the scenes described by

the poet are still pointed out. Having been lately in the neighbourhood of this interesting spot, I was induced to pay it a visit, and consider it well worth the attention of the classical and curious.

On arriving at the entrance to Auburn House, the beautiful and romantic residence of John Hogan, Esq., we alighted, determining to proceed on foot and explore the village and its environs; fortunately some of our party were acquainted with the localities, and were able to direct our attention to every thing that was interesting.—Proceeding for a short distance, we got a view of the ruins of the Rev. Henry Goldsmith's residence, (the father of the poet). It is about two hundred yards from the road, and seems to have been comfortable and well built; but at present nothing remains except the walls. Goldsmith thus describes it:—

"Near yonder copse where once a garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose."

There are a few cottages a short distance from the house, and at the other side is a door, which we supposed to have led to the garden at the back of the premises.—The next attraction is the village ale-house.

"Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired;
Where grey beard mirth and smiling toil retired;—
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round."

It is still the "traveller's home," and the sign post depending from a large white-thorn near the house, with the same design on it which Goldsmith has alluded to in some of his other poems, viz.—"The Three Pigeons." In front of the ale-house stood—

"The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade
For talking age and whispering lovers made."

The old thorn has been taken up, having decayed from age; the trunk of it has been shown at the "Three Pigeons," where those who wish to possess so curious a relic may obtain pieces of it. A younger tree has been planted in its stead, whose foliage may yet shelter the "seats beneath the shade," which still remain, and on which some of our party were so curious as to seat themselves.

From near this spot you have a beautiful view, embracing all that is interesting to a visitor; in front are the deep blue waters of the lake, surrounded with farm-houses and plantations, beyond which is Lissoy, with its—

"Decent church which tops the neighbouring hill."

And its old castle surrounded by the nicely white-washed cottages of the villagers. On the right hand is "Auburn," with its plantations down to the margin of the lake, and the remains of Goldsmith's house.

It can hardly be expected that the residence of the village schoolmaster could be pointed out, for even in the poet's time—

"The very spot

Where many a time he triumph'd, was forgot!"

Nor did we see any vestige of "The busy mill." But I hope, Mr. Editor, this hastily written sketch will induce some one to visit it who may be able to devote time to the survey, and to collect those traditional anecdotes respecting the family, many of which are still current in the country. A worthy lady of the neighbourhood informed me that she recollected having had an old herdsman, who when very young had lived with Henry Goldsmith, the brother of the poet, the same to whom he addressed his poem of "The Traveller." In passing along, we remarked that the furze hedges were remarkably luxuriant, and fully justify the expression of—

"Blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay."

Nor did the vast quantity of water-cresses in the stream

which issues from the lake, escape our notice; one of our party repeating the lines—

"The wretched matron, forc'd in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread."

Hoping you may deem this worthy of insertion in the "Penny Journal," I remain, A CONSTANT READER.

From Brewer's "Beauties of Ireland" we quote the following particulars relative to Goldsmith's family, and the interesting district through which the poet was accustomed to wander in his boyish days:

"The 'Goldsmith family,' has been long settled in Ireland; and though one of them (Dr. Isaac Goldsmith) was dean of Cork in the year 1730, they seem to have resided chiefly in the province of Connaught. For several generations they regularly furnished a minister for the established church, being what is termed a clerical family.—The father of the poet was the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, who married the daughter of the Rev. Oliver Jones, diocesan schoolmaster of Elphin, in the county of Roscommon. By the residence of Mr. Charles Goldsmith at Pallice, on the 29th of November, 1728, when his son Oliver was born, it is probable he was curate of the chapel of ease in the parish of Cloncalla, or Forgeny. He was afterwards promoted to a benefice in the county of Roscommon. After the death of her husband, Mrs. Goldsmith settled in Ballymahon, with her son Oliver, then a child, and lodged in the house now occupied by Mr. John Lanigan at the corner of the entrance from Edgeworthstown road.

"At this place Goldsmith's mother lived, in low circumstances and indifferent health, until the year 1772, or 1773, at which time she was nearly blind. It is traditionally said that the poet, when a boy, was of reserved and distant manners, fond of solitary walks, spending most of his time among the rocks and wooded islands of the river Inny, which is remarkably beautiful at Ballymahon."

"Connected with this period of his life may be noticed an anecdote, inserted in Mr. Graham's 'Statistical account of Shruel,' on the authority of a direct descendant of the Rev. Henry Goldsmith, of Lissoy, curate of Kilkenny west, the elder brother of the poet. 'Goldsmith was always plain in his appearance, but when a boy, and immediately after suffering heavily with the small-pox, he was particularly ugly. When he was about seven years old, a fiddler, who reckoned himself a wit, happened to be playing to some company in Mrs. Goldsmith's house; during a pause between the country-dances, little Oliver surprised the party by jumping up suddenly, and dancing round the room. Struck with the grotesque appearance of the ill-favoured boy, the fiddler exclaimed, 'Æsop!' and the company burst into laughter, when Oliver turned to them with a smile, and repeated the following lines:—

'Heralds proclaim aloud, all saying,
See Æsop dancing, and his monkey playing.'

"On the 11th of June, 1744, Goldsmith was entered of Trinity College, Dublin; and in the entry on the college books, the Rev. Theaker Wilder (a younger son of the family of Castlewilder, in this county) is named as his tutor.* In 1747, he obtained 'his only laurel in the University of Dublin, that of an exhibition on the foundation of Erasmus Smyth, Esq., and in this year he was publicly admonished for having been concerned in a riot, and pumping a bailiff, who had invaded the privileged precincts of the college.'—On the 27th of February, 1749, he was admitted a bachelor of arts, two years after the regular

* In the "Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland," Dr. Campbell asserts that Goldsmith's tutor was "a Dr. Radcliffe," and mentions a letter written from England by the poet to his former tutor at College, requesting a testimonial of good character, such a credential being deemed necessary for his appointment to the humble office of usher in a country school. Goldsmith, however, according to Dr. Campbell's anecdote, had thought proper to assume a feigned name on first going to England, and his letter was, therefore, not answered by Dr. Radcliffe. Phil. Surv. pp. 287-8.

* Mrs. Russell, of Lisanode.

time; and he then qualified himself for admission to the College library.

"In 1753, Goldsmith was at Edinburgh, as a medical student; and in the following year he commenced his unfriended travels. The leading features in his subsequent life are well known to the public; and the writings on which he was employed during many of his mature years, cannot fail to render his biography a subject of interest with very remote posterity. In all his 'wanderings round this world of care,' he was actuated by an ardent desire of revisiting the scenes of his youth. In a letter, written in December, 1757, to Daniel Hudson, Esq., at Lissoy, near Ballymahon, (which gentleman had married his sister,) he says that 'he wishes from his heart, Mr. and Mrs. Hudson, Lissoy and Ballymahon, and all his friends there, would fairly make a migration into Middlesex;' adding, 'that as, on second thoughts, this might be attended with inconvenience, Mahomet should go to the mountain;' and he promised to spend some weeks of the ensuing summer between Ballymahon and Lissoy. He also observes, in a sportive way, 'that it is unaccountable a man should have an affection for a place, who never received, when in it, above common civility, and who never brought any thing out of it but his brogue and his blunders.'

"Unhappily, the fervent wish he entertained of again seeing this spot, so tenderly beloved, although the soil proved ungenial to his early views, was never gratified.

"It is certain that the scenery of this neighbourhood had made a vivid impression on his susceptible mind; and it is confidently supposed that many of his poetical descriptions are drawn from objects with which he was here familiar. Several of these rural objects, rendered so enchanting in poetical delineation, are believed to exist at Lissoy, at which place his brother (Curate of Kilkenny-west, in the adjoining county of Westmeath) resided, when Goldsmith addressed to him the poem entitled 'The Traveller.'*

"The peasantry of this district,' says the author of the Survey alluded to, 'are shrewd, intelligent, and industrious; fond of manly exercises and amusements; such as foot-ball, hurling, wrestling, and swimming, in most of which they excel. They assemble on summer Sunday evenings, and amuse themselves by dancing, for the prize of a cake, which is exhibited on a pole, to encourage the candidates by a view of the object of their ambition.—English is universally spoken, though the great body of the people understand Irish, and many of them prefer using it. The manners of these people are mild and prepossessing, though they all possess what higher folks term a nice sense of honour; that is, they would neither give nor take an affront; they would be led, not driven.'

"Pallice is situated within one mile and a half of the town of Ballymahon, in the parish of Cloncalla, commonly called Forney. The walls of the house in which Goldsmith was born are yet standing, but the whole is in

a ruinous condition, as the roof fell in a few years back. The building at the time of Goldsmith's birth was in the occupation of his maternal grandfather, the Rev. Oliver Jones."

The following additional particulars are gleaned from various sources:

The scenery about Ballymahon is delightful, chiefly owing to the river Inny, which runs through it under a bridge of five or six large arches, after falling over several ledges of rocks, among which are several small wooded islands, which, with the precipitous banks on each side of the river, form a landscape of great beauty, wanting neither mill, church, nor groups of cottages, to render it as interesting a spot perhaps as ever inspired or cherished the latent energies of a youthful poet.

Within five miles of Ballymahon, is situated Castle Wilder, the estate and residence of a very respectable family, from which the mansion takes its name, one settled in the county on one of the estates forfeited by the O'Farrell family in 1641. A younger son of this house was then a fellow of Trinity College, and under him, unfortunately for himself, was the young poet placed as a pupil. The following account of this singular man, taken from the Dromore manuscript memoirs of Goldsmith, may serve to show the sad state of religious feeling in Ireland, when such a character could be tolerated as a clergyman in it, and account for the miseries which his eccentricities, or rather profligacy, inflicted upon his unfortunate pupil. "Wilder, whose Christian-name was Theaker, was equally remarkable for strength, agility, and ferocity. He was once seen to jump on the box of a hackney coach, as it passed rapidly through one of the streets in Dublin, and knock the driver from the seat, because in flourishing his whip the unfortunate man had happened to strike his face. He sometimes, it was said, when he was senior lecturer, classed places for entrance, not according to merit, but to his own caprice. When Dr. Marsh entered, he was the examiner; the three first places were acknowledged to be the right of Marsh, Mead, and Harris. But Wilder transposed the names, and entered them on the books Harris, Mead, and Marsh, assigning for his reason the superior harmony of the latter arrangement. To Goldsmith he behaved the cruel tyrant rather than the kind instructor, and though he set the example of riotous and disorderly conduct, was quite savage in the infliction of punishment on his pupil for the slightest offences in the same way.

Goldsmith was thoughtless enough to invite some persons to a supper and a dance in his rooms in college one night. In the midst of the gaiety Wilder broke in upon them, affronted the company, and inflicted, in the Buxley style, manual correction on the object of his anger. Indeed the young man suffered scarce less from following the example of his riotous tutor, than from the capricious punishments which the barbarous pedagogue inflicted upon him; and to the sad influence of such a pattern much of the miseries of his future life were perhaps justly attributed.

The end of Wilder was consonant to his life, which was one continued scene of the lowest profligacy. The college living (that of Tanet,) which he acquired in right of his fellowship, was situated in a remote part of the county of Donegal.

One morning he was found dead in his dining-room, after having, as it was supposed, forced his way through the window. There were marks of contusion or fracture observed on his head; but for reasons not known, no inquest was held on his body.

Disheartened by the ill-treatment which he received from his tutor, Goldsmith got into despair, and left the college. He had an uncle resident in the county of Cork, Dr. Isaac Goldsmith, his father's elder brother, dean of Cloyne, to which a prebend was annexed. It was strange that he never mentions him in his works, or any letter to his friends which has been preserved; yet tradition about Ballymahon is, that he went to him on this occasion, not in despair of getting through college, but in account of the cruelty of his tutor, but to consult about the means of getting orders, and an appointment to a curacy. This the writer of these pages

* The late Rev. Mr. Newel, of Cambridge, who republished the poems of Goldsmith a few years back, contends, with great appearance of probability, that many of the objects portrayed in the 'Deserted Village' were to be found in Lissoy. In Mr. Newel's edition of Goldsmith's poems are inserted views of the Parsonage-house, the Church, and the Mill. But it will be obvious that the scene of action in that poem is laid in England, although, in the descriptive parts, the poet appears to have delineated objects really existing in the favourite haunts of his boyish years. It is observed by the Rev. Mr. Graham, in his "account of Shrael," that "the clergyman's mansion is still well known: the parish church of Kilkenny-west 'tops a neighbouring hill;' the lake and the mill lie between it and the mansion-house; the hawthorn tree still exists, though mutilated 'laniatum corpore toto,' by the curious travellers, who cut pieces from it as from the royal oak, or from the mulberry tree of Stratford-upon-Avon. The village ale-house has lately been rebuilt, and ornamented by the sign of the 'three jolly pigeons.'"—A lady from the neighbourhood of Portlennone, in the county of Antrim, visited Lissoy in the summer of 1817, and was fortunate enough to find, in a cottage adjoining the ale-house, the identical print of "the twelve good rules," which ornamented that rural tavern, along with "the royal game of goose; the wooden clock, &c."

county of Longford from a lady intimately acquainted with Goldsmith's mother. To the county of Cork, however, he went, on the occasion above mentioned, for it is stated by some of his biographers, and indeed by himself in the following letter, with the intention of going to America.—The letter has been preserved in the Dromore manuscript, and the parsimonious friend mentioned in it was, most probably, no other person than the dean of Cloyne, whom the indignant youth could not acknowledge as an uncle. It shall only be premised, that to such a state of want had his imprudence reduced him before he sought refuge under the inhospitable roof of the sago-drinker, that he had parted some of the necessary apparel from his body, and, after fasting for twenty-four hours, thought a handful of grey pease, given to him by a girl at a wake, the most comfortable repast he had ever made.

"My dear Mother,

"If you will but sit down, and calmly listen to what I say, you shall be fully resolved in every one of those many questions you have asked me. I went to Cork, and converted my horse, which you prize so much higher than Fiddleback, into cash, took my passage in a ship bound for America, and, at the same time, paid the captain for my freight and all the expenses for my voyage. But it so happened, that the wind did not answer for three weeks; and you know, mother, that I could not command the elements. My misfortune was, that when the wind served, I happened to be with a party in the country, and my friend the captain never inquired after me, but set sail with as much indifference as if I had been on board. The remainder of my time I employed in the city and its environs, viewing every thing curious, and you know no one can starve while he has money in his pocket.

"Reduced, however, to my last two guineas, I began to think of my dear mother and friends whom I had left behind me, and so bought that generous beast Fiddleback, and bade adieu to Cork, with only five shillings in my pocket. This, to be sure, was but a scanty allowance for man and horse, towards a journey of above an hundred miles; but I did not despair, for I knew I must find friends on the road.

"I recollected particularly an old and faithful acquaintance I made at college, who had often and earnestly pressed me to spend a summer with him, and he lived but eight miles from Cork. This circumstance of vicinity he would expatiate on to me with particular emphasis. 'We shall,' says he, 'enjoy the delights of both city and country, and you shall command my stable and my purse.'

"However, upon the way I met a poor woman all in tears, who told me her husband had been arrested for a debt he was not able to pay, and that his eight children must now starve, bereaved as they were of his industry, which had been their only support. I thought myself at home, being not far from my friend's house, and therefore parted with a moiety of all my store; and pray, mother, ought I not have given her the other half-crown, for what she got would be of little use to her?—However I soon arrived at the mansion of my affectionate friend, guarded by the vigilance of a huge mastiff, who flew at me, and would have torn me to pieces, but for the assistance of a woman whose countenance was not less grim than that of the dog; yet she, with great humanity, relieved me from the jaws of this Cerberus, and was prevailed on to carry up my name to her master.

"Without suffering me to wait long, my old friend, who was then recovering from a severe fit of sickness, came down in his night cap, night-gown, and slippers, and embraced me with the most cordial welcome, showed me in, and after giving me a history of his indisposition, assured me that he considered himself as peculiarly fortunate in having under his roof the man he most loved on the earth, and whose stay with him must, above all things, contribute to perfect his recovery. I now repented sorely I had not given the poor woman the other half-crown, as I thought all my bills of humanity would be punctually answered by this worthy man. I revealed to him my whole soul, I opened to him all my distresses, and freely owned that I had but one half-crown in my pocket, but that now, like a thief-taker weathering out the storm, I considered myself in a secure and hospitable harbour.—

He made me no answer, but walked about the room, rubbing his hands, as one in deep study. This I imputed to the sympathetic feelings of a tender heart, which increased my esteem for him, and as that increased, I gave the most favourable interpretation to his silence. I construed it into delicacy of sentiment, as if he dreaded to wound my pride by expressing his commiseration in words, leaving his generous conduct to speak for itself.

"It now approached six o'clock in the evening, and as I had eaten no breakfast, and as my spirits were raised, my appetite for dinner grew uncommonly keen. At length the old woman came into the room, with two plates, one spoon, and a dirty cloth, which she laid upon the table.—This appearance, without increasing my spirits, did not diminish my appetite. My protectress soon returned, with a small bowl of sago, a porringer of sour milk, and a piece of coarse brown bread. My friend apologised that his illness obliged him to live on slops, and that better fare was not in the house, observing, at the same time, that a milk diet was certainly the most healthful; and at eight o'clock he recommended a regular life, declaring, for his part, *he would lie down with the lamb, and rise with the lark.*

"The lenten entertainment I had received, made me resolve to depart as soon as possible; accordingly, next morning, when I spoke of going, he did not oppose my resolution, he rather commended my design, adding some very sage counsel upon the occasion; 'to be sure,' said he, 'the longer you stay away from your mother, the more you will grieve her and your other friends, and possibly they are already afflicted at hearing of this foolish expedition you have made.'

"Notwithstanding all this, and without any sanguine hope of softening such a sordid heart, I again renewed my tale of distress, and asking him how he thought I could travel an hundred miles upon one half crown; I begged to borrow a single guinea, which I assured him I should repay with thanks; 'and you know, Sir,' said I, 'it is no more than I have done for you.' To this he firmly answered, 'Why look you, Mr. Goldsmith, that is neither here nor there, I have paid you all you ever lent me, and this sickness of mine has left me bare of cash. But I have bethought myself of a conveyance for you: sell your horse, and I will give you a much better one to ride on.' I readily grasped at his proposal, and begged to see the nag; on which he led me to his chamber, and from under the bed he pulled out a stout oak stick: 'here he is,' said he, 'take this in your hand, and it will carry you to your mother's with more safety than such a horse as you ride.' I was in doubt, when I got it into my hand, whether I should not, in the first place, apply it to his pate; but a rap at the street door made the wretch fly to it, and when I returned to the parlour, he introduced me, as if nothing of the kind had happened, to the gentleman who entered, as Mr. Goldsmith, his most ingenious and worthy friend; of whom he had often heard him speak with rapture. I could scarcely contain myself, and must have betrayed indignation in my mien to the stranger, who was a counsellor at law in the neighbourhood, a man of engaging aspect and polite address.

"After spending an hour, he asked my friend and me to dine with him at his house. This I declined at first, as I wished to have no further communication with my old hospitable friend; but at the solicitation of both, I at last consented, determined as I was by two motives—one, that I was prejudiced in favour of the looks and manner of the counsellor—and the other, that I stood in need of a comfortable dinner. And there, indeed, I found every thing I could wish—abundance without confusion, and elegance without affectation.

"In the evening, when my old friend, who had eaten very plentifully at his neighbour's table, but talked again of '*lying down with the lamb*,' made a motion to me for retiring, our generous host requested I should take a bed with him; upon which I plainly told my old friend, 'that he might go home and take care of the horse he had given me, but that I should never enter his doors.' He went away with a laugh, leaving me to add this to the other little things the counsellor already knew of his plausible neighbour.

"And now, my dear mother, I found sufficient to recon-

cile me to all my follies, for here I spent three whole days. The counsellor had two sweet girls to his daughters, who played enchantingly on the harpsichord; yet it was but a melancholy pleasure I felt the first time I heard them, for that being the first time also that either of them had touched the instrument since their mother's death, I saw the tears in silence trickle down their father's cheeks. I every day endeavoured to go away, but every day was pressed, and obliged to stay. On my going, the counsellor offered me his purse, with a horse and servant to convey me home; but the latter I declined, and only took a guinea to bear my necessary expenses on the road.

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"To Mrs. Anne Goldsmith,
Ballymahon."

Some few years since a meeting was convened by the admirers of the poet, for the purpose of drawing public attention to the subject of erecting a monument to his memory, near the place of his birth. We regret to have to state, however, that nothing has ever yet been effected, and we fear never will be, towards realizing the plan proposed.—Had he been born in England or Scotland, this would not have been the case, as we shall in some early number have an opportunity of showing, when speaking of the life of Burns, recently published by his friend, Allan Cunningham. Goldsmith's works, however, will stand as an imperishable monument of his genius, and we feel that we cannot better consult the feelings of our readers than by giving one or two short extracts from the poem to which our correspondent alludes:—

"Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,
Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting Summer's lingering bloom delay'd.
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please.
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paus'd on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I bless'd the coming day,
When toil remitting, lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round,
And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
The dancing pair, that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutt'd face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove:
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these
With sweet succession, taught ev'n toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green;
One only masters, grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choak'd with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires thy echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall,
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd can never be supplied.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
And many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose;
I still had hopes—for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose,
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a-year;
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but relieved their pain;
The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier kindly bade to stay,
Sat by the fire, and talk'd the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
Where grey-beard mirth, and smiling toil retired,
Where village-statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendors of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door:
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay,
With broken tea-cups wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land."

DUBLIN:

Printed and published by P. D. Hardy, 3, Cecilia-street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.

Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Fanny-alley, Paternoster-row;
In Liverpool, by Wilmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Ambury,
Birmingham, by Drake; in Glasgow by W. R. M'Phaun; and in Edinburgh, by N. Bowack.

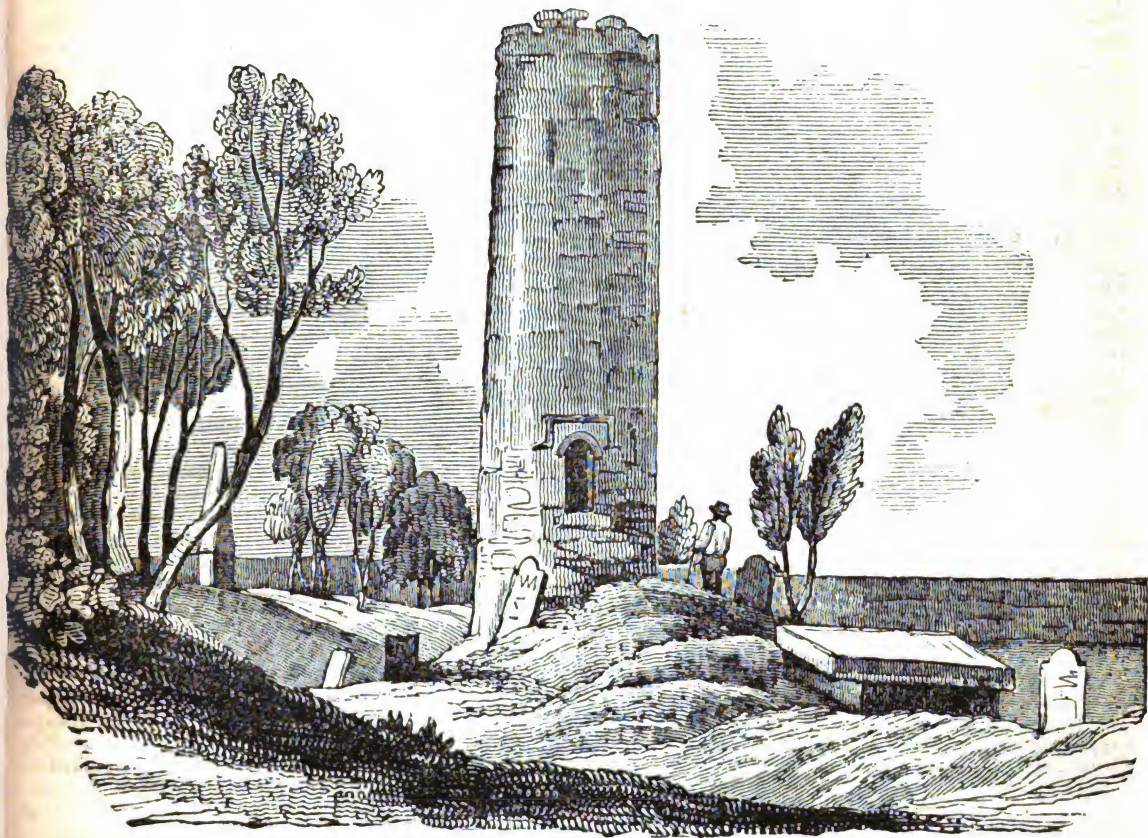
THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 100. VOL. II.

CONDUCTED BY P. DIXON HARDY, M.R.I.A.

MAY 31, 1834



ARMOY ROUND TOWER.

On the northern coast, within about four miles of Bal-lycastle and one of Kenbaan Head, stands the remains of the Round Tower of Armoyn. About forty-four feet of this ancient structure is still in a tolerable good state of preservation. Although differing in some respects from the three other towers to be met with in the same county, Antrim, Trummery, and Ram's Island; still there is nothing in its structure to call for a more particular observation than we have made in speaking of the Round Towers of Donaghmore and Antrim, in preceding numbers of the Journal.

It is our intention in some early number of our next volume, to give an article, with several descriptive engravings, on the beauties and natural curiosities of the Antrim coast, in which the Causeway shall occupy a prominent position. In the mean time, the engravings in our present number—the Round Tower and Cromlech, which are situated in the immediate vicinity of the Causeway, may be deemed interesting by persons visiting that great natural curiosity, and who may never before have had opportunity of seeing these ancient memorials of Ireland's former state.

ENGLISH CHURCHES AT LORAGH.

In my notice of the Abbey of Loragh, which appeared the 86th number of your Journal, I hinted at giving

in a succeeding number an account of other religious ruined buildings in that neighbourhood. I will now go on as far as my knowledge will allow in the fulfilment of my promise.

The small town of Loragh is in the barony of Lower Ormond, and county of Tipperary, midway between St. Ruan's Abbey and my present subject. It was a mean, and very poor village six or seven years ago, when its spirited owner, — Toone, Esq., obtained for it a patent for four fairs in the year, which has occasioned it to thrive considerably. Notwithstanding the worthy gentleman just mentioned using great exertions for its prosperity, owing to its situation, it will hardly ever become a flourishing town; however, if a new road be made, as is contemplated, it will become a pretty good thoroughfare.— Tradition says, Loragh was formerly a large town, and situated on a rising ground not much more than a hundred perches to the south of where it now stands. This is most certain, for in ancient times the direct road from Nenagh to Banagher passed through it, and the streets may still be traced. The foundation of an abbey may also be seen within a short distance of where the town stood. Tradition would have it to be the first abbey founded at Loragh; but I am of a contrary opinion; for the site of the present one (it is natural to suppose) was chosen in preference to any other spot in the neighbour-

hood. The two buildings, called by the peasantry the English churches, were founded in the year 1269 by Walter de Burgo, for Preaching Friars, who inhabited them till Cromwell's time. The largest building measures ninety-four feet by twenty-three on the inside; and was built partly on the plan of St. Ruan's abbey. It is greatly demolished—no part of the walls being to their original height, but the gable ends and some additions. The front wall is entirely taken away. The principal entrance like St. Ruan's abbey) was in the west end, and is formed with a pointed arch, supported by clustered pillars elegantly wrought. There are some tomb-stones in the east end, but I believe it has discontinued to be a burying-place since the front wall was taken down; for pigs and cattle have liberty to traverse the consecrated ground, to the discredit of the people residing in its vicinity. This is hardly to be wondered at, when the burying-ground at the rear of the friary (which I am informed but a considerably short time ago was filled with graves), is now converted into a kitchen-garden. Indeed I was surprised to see heaps of bones turned up in every quarter. The small river of Lough was, by means of a canal, conducted close by the friary, in order to convenience the fraternity, but has, once more, resumed the course where,

"Slow and in soft murmurs, nature bade it flow."

One of the buildings is small, not measuring more than thirty feet by twenty-six within the walls, exclusive of the church, but high, and remarkably well built—the back wall especially, which has no windows. Indeed, from its castellated buttresses and other features, it is very probable that it served for the double purpose of a religious and a military station. There is a small crypt in the west end, so peculiar to the religious edifices of the early English settlers. A few yards off is the base of an ancient cross, which was entire till about the year 1650, when Cromwell caused it to be broken. In the west side of the churchyard is such another, but in two divisions; whereas the one first mentioned was hewn out of a solid grit stone. Tradition says Cromwell caused the head friar to be shot; but I think it a tale unworthy of credit, for it says he was called St. Ruan, whom we know to have died many hundred years before Cromwell's unwelcome visitation.

T. A.

THE MURDERED TRAVELLER.

AN INCIDENT ON THE SOUTHERN ROAD.

"Halloo waiter."

"Coming, Sir."

"Has my horse been fed?"

"He has just had his oats, Sir."

"Did you see that his near hind shoe was secured, as I desired?"

"All's right, Sir; the smith is only this moment gone."

"Well, my good fellow, please to have him saddled and brought round in about half an hour; meantime, you may amuse yourself by making out my bill."

The servant vanished, and the gentleman was left alone to his meditations and a pint of port. He was evidently an old and experienced traveller, well appointed in all respects for the road; he was a stout built, well-fed Englishman, exhibiting that thoughtful and practical expression of countenance which so much characterises the man of business in the sister island. He had already travelled twenty Irish miles, and nearly the same number yet interspersed between where he then was, and the village at which he purposed to put up for the night. He had not been long in Ireland; and the tales he had read and heard repeated (too often grossly exaggerated) of pikes sixteen feet long, of houghings, burnings, and other abominable manœuvres, had not conveyed an over favourable impression regarding the country he had undertaken to journey through. Evening was fast closing in; and when from the window he looked on the wide black bog through which his road lay—presenting as it did, after a heavy day's wet in November, a dismal contrast to the level surface of the English 'turnpike road,'—and then turned alternately to the pleasant turf fire which glowed upon the hearth, and to the fine old wine that sparkled seductively in his glass, he sighed at the thought of resign-

ing the comforts which these conferred, for the cheerless misery which that presented. He was not a man, however, to be easily depressed; so finishing his port, and ordering a few more sods to the fire, he mixed, by way of a finisher, a fiery tumbler, strongly impregnated with the 'spirit of the mountain.' He then turned his huge 'Peter-sham', so as to acquire more of the genial influence of the blazing turf, and proceeded to examine his arms. These consisted of a case of pistols splendidly mounted, feather-sprung, and detonating. Having perfectly satisfied himself that no tricks had been played with their charges, he placed them carefully in the two-breast pockets of his great coat, situated inside the lining, so as to protect them alike from damp and prying observation. With such companions, he thought himself capable to face Colliers or even Captain Rock himself, should either venture to oppose him. The waiter now entered, and announced that his horse was ready: so, settling his bill, he rose, and tying a silk handkerchief round his throat, and pulling on his large 'furnough', mounted his horse—a fine strong animal, who answered his rider's caress by a girized neighing; then, placing in his mouth a lighted cigar, and slipping a *dougan* into the ready hand of the vicious hostler, who, in rather a mysterious tone, wished him "safe journey," the traveller rode off.

The night was becoming pitchy dark, and the rain, driven full in his teeth by a biting gust, was falling fast; but his horse, which possessed great strength and action, having been well refreshed, bore him gallantly: and, after an hour's good going, he calculated upon having traversed the inn eight or nine miles. As he advanced, however, the road became more hilly, broken, and difficult, and was in some places so narrow, that he was in doubt of being swamped in the deep drains which ran on each side, and he was therefore obliged to dismount and lead his horse by the bridle. Having proceeded a little further on, he came to where four roads crossed, and seeing a light in a miserable hotel, which was situated in a small field, a little from the way-side, he turned his horse to a tree, and advanced towards it, to ascertain his way correctly. His path, though short, in some passages in music, he found very difficult to get through. He had sunk knee-deep in the mire, and was tempting to cross a trench, fell into a pool of green stagnant water, scrambling out of which, he stumbled, and found himself in the company of a pretty animal, a woman, dressed in a coarse gown, who, with her infant progeny, had been enjoying a profound repose. The noise occasioned by his unceremonious *entrée* seemed to arouse great alarm in the hotel; the moonlight which had gleamed from the four-paned window (three of straw and one of glass) was instantly extinguished, and a loud and boisterous chorus became hushed in silence. Having made good his entrance, he found himself in a small earth-floored room, furnished with a deal table, flanked by low forms of the same material; at the head of the table sat three men dressed in dark freize coats, all busily employed in inflicting summary justice upon a coarse cheese of home manufacture, and on tea bread, while occasionally they made acquaintance with a large black bottle, whose contents appeared somewhat more calorific than "blest water from the spring." At the lower end of the table sat the mistress of the establishment, and four ragged half-starved children, engaged at their resper time meal, composed of that root which Malthus vituperates, and Sadler praises. Our friend having procured the necessary information, requested the assistance of one of the youngsters, to guide him through the difficulties of the way. While he was speaking, he observed that one of the freize-coated personages, a pale, thin, determined-looking man, was eyeing him most scrutinizingly. Accompanied by the boy, the traveller took his departure—previously, however, requesting the company to feel no uneasiness from his visit, for he was neither a spy nor a still-hunter, a pretence for some process-server on a professional tour. As he left the room, he noticed that the opposite apartment was used as a stable, and contained three horses ready saddled.

* The author is incorrect here; Colliers contend in practice chiefly to the Northern line of business.

their stalls. Having passed the most difficult part of the road, "Good night, my fine little fellow," said the traveller, "you have conducted me safely—and here is a shilling for your trouble."

The boy closed his hand fast upon the coin; and, running home, entered the room, exclaiming "mother, mother, look what the gentleman sent you—a white shillin'!"

"A shillin', you gossoon!" said the woman, holding it up to the light; "for a shillin' its mighty heavy an' yellow intirely."

"You *omadawn*! isn't it a *surrin*—a rare goolden one," shouted the pale man, as rising he snatched it from her, and, in his impatience, struck with a hazel switch his astonished companions. "Blood an' fire, boys," he continued, "what are yees at? Don't yees see the gentleman is gone, that threw away his *surrin* as if they were farlans, an' carried no smaller change than yellow goold. What a beautiful *cish of throat* we let sliy through our fingers," and he bit his lip in vexation.

"It's not too late yet," said one of his comrades; "an' a canther will do us no harm."

"Thru for you, a *bouchal*; so I'll just fresh prime the poppers, an' be with yees in no time. Whelan, bring out the horse!"

In two minutes the robbers were in full chase. Through the stillness of the night air, the hurried tramp soon reached the ears of the pursued. "There is no use in flying them," thought he, as the terrible suspicion burst upon his mind; "they are fresh, and I am weary; I will therefore await them, and prepare for the worst." He then took out a pistol, cocked it, and drawing up his horse, held the reins tightly, and prepared for the attack. They were now up with him.

"Ha, the three of them!" exclaimed he, as, turning an angle of the road, they broke upon his view. "The long odds are against me; but the knowing ones may be taken in."

"Stop, stop!" shouted two of the villains, riding furiously up, and halting one at each side of him—while the third held back in the rear.

"Who dares stop me? Cowards stand off!" exclaimed the traveller sternly.

"Be aisy now, my darlind," said the pale-faced ruffian, "an' we'll be civil to you,"—and, at the same time, both the robbers were covering him with their short carbines—"we only want whatever loose cash you may happen to have about you: an', to save both of us trouble an' unaisiness, give it decently."

A shot from the traveller cut short this harangue; and the robber's horse, startled by the report, broke away, leaving his rider dent upon the ground.

"Oh, ye murderin' thief," roared one of the remaining assailants, "you've kilt my brother; but it'll be the dearest shot you ever fired;" and, as the echo of the traveller's pistol died away, a ball from the carbine passed through its victim's back. The gentleman reeled, but fell not; and, with instinctive courage, wheeling round his horse, sprung the bayonet of his discharged weapon, and, with all the energy of coming death, stabbed his slayer to the heart. They fell together to the earth, gory and lifeless.

Early next morning, the inhabitants of the village of B— were surprised at the appearance of a horse straying through the street, with a broken bridle, and saddle stained with blood. The alarm spread; and search being made, the bodies were found lying as they fell—the clothes of one of them torn, and his pockets rifled. None of them could be recognised; they were all strangers in that part of the country. The requisite forms of the law were complied with; and after the inquest, the remains of the unfortunate gentleman were decently committed to the earth. A case of handsome pistols were found on the fatal spot, which were deposited with the sheriff of the county—sole memorials of the dead. Time rolled on, and mystery still dwelt upon the matter—until even the memory of the dead had well nigh passed away.

About seven years afterwards, however, a man having been condemned to suffer the extreme penalty of the law, in the assize town of T, sent for the governor of the gaol, the night before execution, and presented him with a

small copy of "Falconer's Shipwreck," as a memorial of his sense of the kindness he had experienced from him; but he made no confession whatever. In a blank leaf were the initials, "W. H." which were found to correspond with those engraved on the pistols that had belonged to the murdered traveller.

F. S. B.

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

When the Duke of Ormond was on his passage to Ireland to undertake the government of it as Lord Lieutenant, in the reign of Queen Anne, he was forced, by contrary winds upon the then almost barren island of Ilia. There was no house in this place where his grace could find tolerable accommodation, but a poor clergyman's house, in which were three small rooms, and these very poorly furnished; however, these inconveniences were compensated by the happy disposition of the landlord, and the frugal, but decent hospitality, with which his excellency was particularly pleased. The wind, some days after, shifting about, the Duke and his retinue prepared for again setting out on their passage; but before he went on board, he asked his landlord what his living was?

"Twenty-two pounds a year," replied Joseph, (for that was his name.) At which the duke being surprised, asked again how he came to have his establishment so decent and neat on such a small salary?

"Why," replied Joseph, "my wife, Rebecca, is an excellent housewife, and as we have two cows, she sells the milk and cheese, and almost supports the family; whilst we reserve my twenty-two pounds for clothes and our children's education, which, at all events, I am determined to give them, and then the world is before them, let them shift for themselves."

Ormond was charmed at the sight of so much contentment, which this poor, but generous clergyman enjoyed; and having made Rebecca a handsome present, he promised to advance Joseph in the church, and immediately went on board.

Joseph having waited with anxiety for some time to hear from the viceroy, at last resolved on going to Dublin, and pushing his fortune, for which he seemed to have had only this single chance in his whole life. He set off, and soon arrived in Dublin. He imagined the best way of succeeding would be, if possible, by preaching before the Duke of Ormond, and using every stroke of address to make him recollect who he was, and what he had promised. Joseph therefore applied to the dean to be permitted to preach in the cathedral next Sunday. The dean, who knew nothing about him, seemed surprised at the request, and being of a humane disposition, he did not peremptorily refuse it; but judging it necessary to be acquainted with the abilities of the person to whom he was to grant this favour, he entered into a conversation with the stranger on various subjects, and finding him to be possessed of a considerable share of ability, he permitted him to preach next Sabbath forenoon, before the viceroy, and both houses of Peers and Commons. Joseph mounted the pulpit, and chose that remarkable text, "But the chief butler remembered not Joseph, but forgot him." He enlarged on the text in the manner he judged best calculated to promote his purpose, and then made the following application; "now, my honoured hearers, let us turn our thoughts inward, and question ourselves 'did ever I get a kind office done me by one of an inferior station in life, one, who like the poor widow in the Gospel, freely gave a mite though it was all her living; and have I overlooked such generosity, and basely forgot to reward it seven fold?'—Have I ever been exposed to the inclemencies of the storm, and where conflicting elements seemed to conspire for my ruin? and did ever any of a low but contented station of life, with open arms receive me and my weather beaten attendants into his house, although he had no hope, or at least, no certainty of retaliation on my part; and have I allowed such benevolence to pass unrewarded, and ashamed to acknowledge my benefactor, have suffered him to languish under the iron grasp of poverty?"

Here the duke could not help examining his own conduct; and, upon recollection, found that he was guilty of

some pieces of negligence equally criminal, and perfectly similar to this, which had just now been described in so affecting colours : but he was still more excited, when, upon a thorough examination of the preacher, he found that he strikingly resembled his own hospitable landlord in the island of Ila ; upon which he turned to one of his lords and asked him, "if this was not their old landlord in Ila?" He replied that he thought it was. The duke desired the parson to be invited to dinner that day. Joseph came accordingly, and the duke asked him did he not come from Ila, to remind him of his promise to provide for him? Joseph acknowledged that such was his intention, "as he thought the neglect of him only arose from the important concerns of the government with which his excellency was entrusted."

To which the Duke replied, "you are a worthy man," and after dinner ordered some of his clerks to look over the vacancies of the church. The clerks, upon searching, told the duke there was only a living of four hundred pounds per annum, and he immediately preferred Joseph to it. The Duke of Ormond was soon afterwards divested of all his dignities, and escaping a trial by retiring to France, he was fugitated, and his large fortune was forfeited to

the crown. The generosity of his friends for some time supplied him ; but these aids were soon withdrawn, and the once great Duke of Ormond, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lieutenant General of Her Majesty's armies, &c. &c., now found himself surrounded with all the horrors of indigence, contempt, and death. The generous Joseph, hearing of his benefactor's misfortunes, consulted with his wife, whether they could not live upon one hundred pounds a year out of his living of four hundred a year, and remit three hundred of it annually to the duke. She readily consented, and immediately Joseph remitted to his grace the first quarter of his annuity. Struck with this second act of kindness, his grace wrote an account of it to a certain great personage at court, who, although in different interests, yet still preserved the ties of friendship inviolable. Being delighted with such real generosity in a poor man, the courtier got Joseph preferred to a second living, which raised his income to eight hundred pounds yearly ; but, prior to this second preferment, the Duke of Ormond died in exile.

This story was related by an officer in the army, who declared he was descended from the hero of it, Joseph of Ila.



RUINS OF TINTERN ABBEY.

Within a short distance of the mouth of the bay of Bannow, in the county of Wexford, at the foot of a lofty hill, stands the ancient ruin of Tintern abbey, a picturesque and imposing object. It was originally founded by William, Earl Marshall of England, and Earl of Pembroke, who wedded the lady Isabella de Clare, daughter of Earl Strongbow by his second wife, the Princess Eva Macmorrough, in whose right he claimed the lordship of Leinster. The Earl of Pembroke, when in great danger at sea, made a vow that, in case he escaped, he would found an abbey on the spot where he landed in safety. His bark found shelter in Bannow bay, and he scrupulously performed his vow by founding this abbey, which he dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and filled with Cistercian monks, whom he brought from Tintern, in Monmouthshire, a monastery that owed its foundation to the house of De Clare. The new Abbey of Tintern was richly endowed by the founder, but experienced some vicissitudes of fortune ; and it is stated by Archdeall that, in the year 1447, "the lands be-

longing to it being very much wasted, and the abbot having rebuilt the house at his own particular cost and charge, it was enacted by parliament that the abbots of Tintern should not in future be compelled to attend parliaments, or other great councils." After the dissolution of religious houses, the buildings and appurtenances of this monastery were granted by Queen Elizabeth, to Anthony Colclough (afterwards Sir Anthony Colclough, Knight) to hold in *capite*, at the annual rent of 26s. 4d. Irish money.

The abbey church was a handsome building, in the pointed style, designed after the plan and elevation of Dunbrody abbey, but not on so extensive a scale. The walls are still entire, with a square tower rising from the centre ; but scarcely any traces of architectural ornament are now to be discovered.

By the Colclough family a part of the structure was converted into a mansion, still their residence : and many of the dependent chapels and other buildings were removed at different times, the stone being used in building

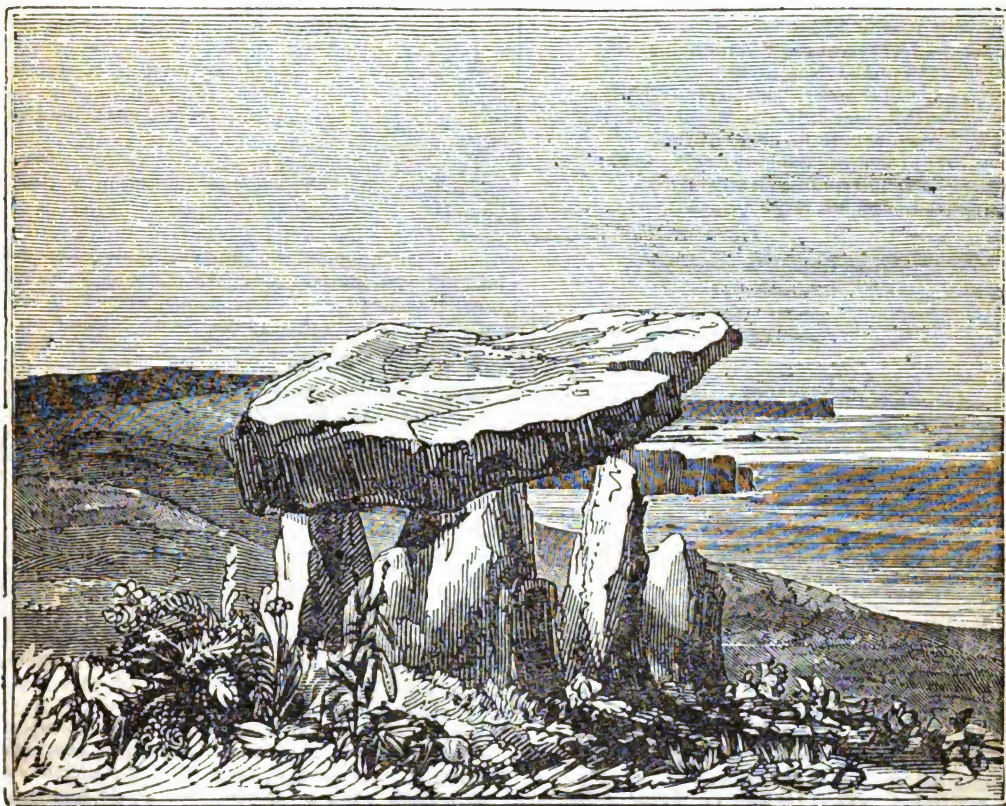
the parish church, and a neat bridge thrown over the meandering river that waters the demesne.

The village of Tintern is a small assemblage of rural dwellings, placed on a gentle acclivity near the bay; and it should be remarked that the farm-houses in this parish usually wear a neat aspect, being white-washed, covered with slate, and decorated with agreeable plantations.

The memorable arrival in a creek of the river Banow, called Bag-and-Bun, of Fitzstephen and his hardy followers, has given rise to the well-known Wexford proverb,

In the bay of Bag-and Bun,
Was Erin lost and Erin won!

The recollections connected with the adventurous landing of Fitzstephen impart an unusual degree of interest to this neighbourhood. This "first of all Englishmen, after the conquest, that entered Ireland," as he is termed by Hollingshead, landed in the territory of Hy-Kinselagh, at the head of a chosen band of Anglo-Normans, amounting to thirty knights, sixty men-at-arms, and three hundred archers and horsemen. He made the passage from Milford haven in three ships, and effected the debarkation of his followers on the 11th of May, 1169, at the mouth of the river Banna, or Banow (which here empties itself into the sea) in a creek called Bag-and-Bun.



CROMLEACH AT MOUNT DRUID.

This memorial of the superstitious customs of our country, previous to the introduction of Christianity, stands on an eminence in the grounds of the Rev. Robert Trail, of Ballintoy, in the immediate vicinity of the Giants' Causeway, in the county of Antrim.

This species of rude altar is very common in many parts of Ireland; it is called both in the Irish and old British language *Crom liugh* and *Crom-leche*, which signify in both a crooked stone, not from any crookedness, but from their inclining posture. They are supposed to have been so formed, in order to allow the blood of the victims slain upon them to run off freely. Mr. Rowland, in his *Mona Antiqua*, (page 47) conjectures that the word is derived from the Hebrew, *Cerumluch*, i.e., a devoted table or altar. Noah, after he left the ark, was to build an altar and offer up sacrifice on it to the Lord—Genesis viii. 20. And it is to be supposed that he built it of such coarse and rude stones as the mountains where the ark rested, afforded.—In Exodus xx. 25, they had a command not to build them of hewn stone, which seems to show that the British *Cromleche*, and the Irish *Cromliagh* are only the remaining effects of that ancient law and custom of not striking a tool upon the stones of their altars.—Deut. xxvii. 5. These rude altars are sustained in some places by rows of pillars, and sometimes by three or more large stones, something similar, though smaller, than the table or covering stone. The *Cromliagh* at Mount Druid appears to be of the latter class.

Of the Druidic system very little is actually known; and that little can be collected only from Greek and Latin authors. It was doubtless a system of profound mystery. Its priests, designated by the name of Druids, were forbidden by the inviolable rules of their institution to divulge to the laity any of their dogmas, or to commit to writing any part of their doctrines, which were composed in verses merely oral, and treasured in the mind by a tedious course of study. Their places of worship were lonely groves, awful to the vulgar by gloomy shades and religious consecration. For the oak tree they enjoined extraordinary reverence. On their altars they offered bloody sacrifices, and among the victims were frequently men, commonly such as were condemned for supposed or real crimes. Among them was said to be maintained a kind of hierarchy, terminating in Archdruid, President of all. To the vulgar they communicated some instructions of a moral nature; and, to inspire them with courage in battle, are said to have given them, in the doctrine of the metempsychosis, some faint idea of the soul's immortality. It is to them the following allusion is made by Ossian.

"There, mixed with the murmurs of waters, rose the voice of aged men, who called the forms of night to aid them in their war."

Lucian also mentions them, thus:

"Et vos barbaricos ritus, moremque sinistram
Sacerdum, Druidæ, positos rejectis ab arvis."

"Ye also, Druids, from relinquished arms
Returning, recommend your awful rites
Barbaric, and solemnities uncouth."

Although in the following extract from a juvenile production,* published some years since; there is evidently an anachronism, still it has been considered as not giving a bad idea of the unholy rites which are supposed to have been practised by the early invaders of our country.

"Soon from the shore the fleet is seen,
In warlike garb, and threatening mien,
Upon each galley's deck appears
A triple row of shields and spears.
Closed are O'Connor's peaceful halls,
Grates the portcullis as it falls,
Ten glowing summers have gone o'er
Since that hoarse strick was heard before;
The pharos spreads the dread alarm,
And tells each neighbouring chief to arm,
From every fort and turret round
Is heard the bugle's echoing sound.

On Mohir's cliffs the war-touch burns,
The signal every fort returns,
Roused by the gleagh from afar,
The neighbouring chieftains arm for war.

Meanwhile the foe, with anxious care,
To their dread god a cromleach rear;
On three rude crags of stone is placed
A ponderous flag, sloped to the east;
Round this is formed in mystic rite
A circle wide of unhewn stones,

While three old Druids, robed in white,
Place here and there some human bones;
Pieces of wood around are spread,
And lighted firebrands ready laid.
At distance, borne on truss of spears,
The destined victim now appears,
Bound hand and foot—his look serene
Speaks him a warrior to have been—
A captive now—the tenth I ween.

As he is slowly borne along,
The Druids raise the funeral song—
Now on the sloping cromleach laid,
Beside him rests the murderous blade.
Nine times in solemn rite, profound,
They pace the measured circle round,
Still muttering words of mystic sound!
The Archdruid gives the fatal stroke,
The victim who nor once had spoke,
With his expiring, latest breath,
Defies in scorn the men of death—
While slowly now he bleeds and dies,
Loud yells from all the squadrons rise;
The Archdruid lifts his onken wand,
The bending squadrons silent stand;
Again the song the Druid's raise,
To celebrate great Wodin's praise:

DRUID'S SONG:

"Glorious Wodin, god of war,
Mount thy blood-stained conquering car,
Come and drink this flowing blood,
Food delicious for a god.
Lo! the banquet now is spread,
Look! the wine is ruby red;
Mount thy chariot, lord thine aid,
Nerve the arm, and steel the blade—
Ere the morning's sun decline
Richer banquets shall be thine
Glorious Wodin! god of war,
Mount thy blood-stained conquering car,
Come and drink this flowing blood,
Food delicious for a god."

* "Bertha," a tale of Erist.
† A signal from the watch tower.

They cease, and all th' maddening throng
Take up the chorus of the song,
While quickly from the smoking pyre
Ascends one brilliant flame of fire,
And all around in mazy trance
The Druids lightly foot the dance."

The Scandinavians practised the superstitious rites of Gothic Paganism. They are said to have dedicated the tenth of their captives, ascertained by lot, a sacrifice to Wodin, or Odin, the god of war.

SALLY M'DONNELL.

About the beginning of the last century there lived an apothecary at the entrance of a village in one of the northern counties in Ireland. His name was Stewart, and he practised medicine and surgery very successfully.—Owing to his triple profession and economical habits, he was reputed well to pass in the world, and every year added to his wealth. The rear of his dwelling looked to some fields, and the court yard that belonged to it was enclosed by a low wall; yet though unprotected, both from his situation and the state of his premises, Stewart had hitherto lived in security. One night he was as usual attending some of his patients, when Sally M'Donnell, his only servant, who on such occasions attended the shop and took care of the house, was preparing to go to bed as the clock had struck twelve. She knew that her master would not return till morning was advanced, and she shut the shop and bolted all the doors and windows, raked the kitchen fire, and went into a small room that opened from it, where she slept. She began to undress herself, when she heard a noise from the rear, as if some person was trying to break into the kitchen from the window; she concealed the light from her candle, and listened; the noise ceased, and was resumed at intervals, as if the persons were fearful of alarming the inhabitants; hardly knowing what she did, she seized a cleaver, and placing herself by the window waited the result in silence. The attack on the window soon recommenced—the shutter gave way—the window frame and panes of glass were broken, and two heads pushed in through the aperture. Sally made blows at both with all her strength, and they were withdrawn; heavy groans followed, and, after a while, all remained silent. She listened anxiously, expecting another attempt, but none being made, she secured the broken window as well as she could, by placing the kitchen table upright against it and several weights, and locking the kitchen door, she repaired to the room behind the shop; here she relighted the fire, and remained till Mr. Stewart's return early in the morning. She related all that had passed, and said she feared having seriously wounded the assailants. He examined the court-yard and passage through the fields, and from the traces left agreed in her opinion. This event caused much conversation and speculation in the hitherto peaceful village. Some weeks rolled away, during which Stewart made every effort to discover the perpetrators of the outrage, but in vain; an impenetrable mystery seemed to hang over the transaction.

One market-day a handsome young man, of gentlemanly appearance, came to the shop to have a hurt dressed on his hands. He paid liberally, and as he seemed uneasy about it, though Stewart did not consider the injury much, he desired the stranger to call whenever he came to the village, and that he would dress it. One day the patient came, Stewart was otherwise engaged; but Jones said he was in haste to return home, Sally offered to attend to his hurt, and continued to do so, as the wound in the hand healed by her judicious management, she inflicted another by her bright eyes; the patient became in love with her. Sally was perfectly not inconsiderable to the admiration she excited—she returned the compliment, and fell desperately in love with her engaging patient. He proposed marriage, and she acknowledged her partiality for him. She was to make him happy, and wished to inform Stewart of the approaching change in her situation.

"Alas! my sweet girl," said Jones, "that would make me entirely; it is easy to see he never would come."

he intends you for himself. I have not been coming here so long without finding that out."

Sally felt that her lover had reason for his surmises; and she agreed that their marriage should be private.—Jones told her that her master would easily forgive her when it was over, and he saw the good circumstances in which Jones was.

In the north of Ireland, runaway matches were considered in a less unfavorable light than in the south. In Sally's class of life they frequently occurred; and having arranged all the necessary preliminaries with Jones, as to where they were to be married, one fine night in April she stole out, after Stewart had retired to rest, and carefully closing the hall-door, proceeded on her expedition. Jones was waiting for her, according to appointment; they then walked down the road that led from the village, and, cheered by the soft whispers of love, she recovered her spirits. He had left his horse in a ruinous house, and, leading him forth, placed Sally on him, and then mounting before her, struck into a brisk trot. After travelling for some time, she asked, had they far to go? He replied that a few miles would bring them to his friends.—He soon turned off the high road, down a lane. Sally asked why he did so.

"I prefer this short cut, as there is less danger of pursuit; who ever heard of runaways keeping to the public road?"

The rapid rate at which they travelled prevented their conversing much, but Sally fancied that Jones's manner was changed—his answers were short and dissatisfactory; and when he laughed at her questions, it made her tremble—it was not like a human laugh. Though the moon did not shine brightly, there was sufficient light to guide them. He now entered on a common that led to the remains of a forest; the ground became rough and rocky, much encumbered with underwood, and some fine old trees were scattered through it.

"Do your friend live here?" asked Sally in surprise.

"You shall soon know."

She became alarmed, and tried to get off the horse; but Jones grasped her, and with Herculean strength whisked her before him, swearing dreadfully that if she did not keep quiet she never should reach the ground alive. He soon afterwards alighted, and led the horse, still holding her firmly. At length he stopped and whistled; she strained her eyes, but could not perceive any house. The whistle was soon answered, and a man appeared through the gloom, and took the bridle, telling Jones "that they had been waiting for him since night-fall." He took Sally off, and told her "she was now near the end of her journey. She begged to know where he was bringing her, and struggled to get away.

"Come, come," said he, "this is soon ended;" and taking her in his arms, he carried her down a sloping path concealed by the underwood, till a rock seemed to impede his further passage; here he let Sally down, still holding her firmly, and slipped behind the rock, dragging her after him through so narrow a passage that none but those acquainted with it, could think it led to any cave. The entrance to it was so low that Jones was obliged to enter on his hands and knees; after he had passed the narrow inlet, next they entered a tolerably sized apartment: a bog wood fire afforded light—some women were seated round it, their ferocious countenances looking still more appalling from the fitful gleam cast on them.

"Here," said Jones, bringing Sally forward, "here I have brought her to you, and a tough job I had of it, sure enough."

A yell of savage joy burst from the women, and they crowded round her exclaiming "are you come dear; it is you that is welcome, dear; the devil will have you soon, dear; now you shall pay for the death of my brother, of my father, of my husband."

"Let me at her," roared one, "until I murder her in style."

"No," said another, "we must share and share alike in the job."

"Let's think how we can worry her most," shouted all together, and they devised many horrid plans that made the poor girl's heart cease to beat, and were going to seize her when Jones interposed.

"Softly, ladies—fair and softly is the word—is Mother Beldrum here?"

"No, no, noble captain, she isn't; but what of that," bawled the rest.

"Then hands off," hands off every one of you, on by —, here he swore an oath that made even the female fiends draw back. "You must stop proceedings," returned Jones in his usual mild manner, "till the old girl comes; she must not be humiliated of her revenge."

"Aye, aye, that is but fair, for Judy lost her only son by the first blow this dearie struck."

"But," said another, "Mother Beldrum can't return till past midnight at soonest, and must we wait till then, noble captain?"

"Why, I say you must," said Jones, authoritatively; for Judy is not to be vexed nor cheated at no rate—a mother's claim is always first on the list—you know the rules."

Sally wept, begged, entreated Jones for mercy—reminded him of the love he had professed to lure her from her home, &c.

"Love! love!" said Jones sneeringly—"talk to me of love, indeed—do you know who I am?—pretty love mine is, you fool."

She hung on him, renewing her supplications for mercy. He scolded at her like a demon, and flung her from him, saying she must have as much mercy as she showed to others.

"Take her into your charge," he said to the women; "I have done my part—I have performed my promise—do you do the rest; but, mind, not a hair of her head shall be touched till Mother Beldrum's return; and now get me my supper, for the night air has made me in proper tune for it."

One of the women approached Sally, saying, "Come along, dearie."

The poor girl followed her in silent agony. They passed through a similar passage as in the entry, and, after some windings, the woman stopped, laid down a lamp, and unlocked a door, then opening it, pushed in Sally, saying, "make the best of your time, dear—none ever left this room but to die—we'll soon be coming for you." She left the lamp, then locked the door, and departed.

What had passed at first seemed to Sally as a frightful dream; but, by degrees, her fortitude returned, and she resolved to try for some chance of escape. In this faint hope she examined every part of her prison, and perceived a tremulous motion in some of the stones that seemed to compose the wall. "Surely," thought Sally "if there be any passage hence, it cannot be known to the present inhabitants or I should not be left here. I cannot be worse off, so come what may of it, I will try the chance for my life." Again she felt the wall—a stone fell: she removed more with as little noise as possible, and after much labour succeeded in enlarging the aperture sufficiently to admit her, she pushed through, and guided by the rays from the lamp she carried, proceeded along a winding passage of considerable extent, and reached the end; here she was impeded by another door-way, built up as the former; she laboured hard, and had just removed sufficient to permit her to get through it, when a horrid shout resounded through the windings of the cave; urged by despair, she forced through and found herself in the open air. It was now nearly dark, and she ran at hazard, stumbling against the rocks and over the underwood; at last she was stunned by striking against the trunk of a large tree—hardly recovered from the blow, she looked back, and fancied she saw light gleaming at some distance. This roused her completely—she doubted not that it was from the gang in pursuit. She climbed the tree, and placed herself amongst the highest branches; she had hardly effected this when the light approached more rapidly, and she discerned the party in pursuit carrying lanterns and carefully exploring the underwood. As

* In part of the North dear is used in anger—the de'el fly away with you, dear, is usual.

they came sufficiently near to hear what was said, curses and execrations were liberally bestowed both on herself and those who had confined her in that apartment. She distinguished the voice of Jones, exclaiming, as they paused in consultation under the tree—

"I wash my hands of it, Mother Beldrum. I knabbed her—I brought her here, and gave her to those cursed jades that could not keep the bird in the hand—so Judy don't be bothering me—we may catch her yet, woman—she can't be gone far."

Judy broke into furious reproaches against the other women, who returned her abuse, by saying she deserved it all for being so close, and not letting them into all the ins and outs of the cave. The vocal storm raged more and more fiercely, and from words they proceeded to "deeds of arms." Jones now interposed his authority, and commanded peace, reminding the fair combatants that they were losing time, and that they had better disperse and continue their search, that Sally must be near at hand.

"But what good is in that," said Mother Beldrum, in her sharp, shrill tones, "if she were even under our feet: there are twenty holes she could hide in, and we never the wiser—so we lost pretty Peggy."

"Aye," said another, "but if we did, she could run like a deer, and had light to run too."

"Beware," said Jones, in an elevated tone, "how you provoke me by referring to by-gones. Search away, for as the dawn comes on we have no business here. To-morrow is the fair of A——, and the cattle will soon pass. Hush! I hear a noise—could they be coming already?"

"What is worse," said Judy, "the sky is getting some-ways reddish—look here, and there, and everywhere for her."

"Shall we blow out the lights?" asked one of the party—"the light shows far."

"Tush! you fool," said Jones, "are we not near the fairy mount—they will think the fairies are dancing if they see the lights, and won't like to interrupt them. I only fear the cattle—they will push on right a head, and the drovers must follow."

Shortly afterwards Sally heard a distant bellowing—it soon afterwards struck Jones."

"Aye," said the robber, "it is as I said—here are the drovers. Quick, quick—search those bushes and this dry dyke, and then back with us, and there's an end to it."

The search continued till the noise of the cattle became so distinct that the gang feared detection, and, cursing their bad luck, they went off.

Sally still remained in the tree, in violent agitation, dreading their return; but these painful moments were soon ended. The dawn rapidly advanced, so as to enable Sally to distinguish objects, and, to her great comfort, she recognised amongst the foremost drovers a cousin, to whom she imparted her situation, and placed herself under his care. He restored her to Mr. Stewart that evening, who rewarded her by marriage for her sufferings in his cause. The gang of freebooters quitted their retreat, and, though it was explored, they left no clue by which they could be traced.

In childhood I have often wandered over the scene of the above tale, and was shown the wreck of the fine tree that had sheltered Sally Mac Donald.

HIBERNICUS.

AN ANECDOTE.

The celebrated Bentley, when in France, went to visit the Countess of Ferrers, then on a party of pleasure at Paris. He found with her so large a party that he was quite embarrassed how to behave, what to say, or what countenance to show. Soon tired of this painful situation, which he much felt, he retired as awkwardly as he entered. So soon as he was gone, Lady Ferrers was asked, who that man was they all thought so ridiculous, and on whom every one had something to say and to remark. "He is so learned a man," replied Lady Ferrers, "that he can tell you in Greek and Hebrew what a chair is, but does not know how to sit on one."

SECRET CORRESPONDENCE.

A young lady, newly married, being obliged to show her husband all the letters she wrote, sent the following to an intimate friend:

"I cannot be satisfied, my Dearest Friend! blest as I am in the matrimonial state, unless I pour into your friendly bosom which has ever beat in unison with mine, the various sentiments which swell with the liveliest emotions of pleasure, my almost bursting heart. I tell you my dear husband is the most amiable of men. I have now been married seven weeks, and have never found the least reason to repent the day that joined us. My husband is both in person and manners far from resembling ugly, cross, old, disagreeable, and jealous monsters, who think by confining to secure; a wife it is his maxim to treat as a bosom friend, - - - - - and not as a play-thing, or menial slave, the woman of his choice - - - - - Neither party, he says, should always obey implicitly, but each yield to the other by turns. An ancient maiden aunt, near seventy, a cheerful, venerable, and pleasant old lady lives in the house with us—she is the delight of both young and old; she is civil to all the neighbourhood round, generous and charitable to the poor. I am convinced my husband likes nothing more than he does me; he flatters me more than the glass, and his intoxication, (for so I must call the excess of his love), often makes me blush for the unworthiness of its object, and wish I could be more deserving of the man whose name I bear. To say all in one word - - - - - and to crown the whole, - - - - - my former lover is now my indulgent husband, my fondness is returned, and I might have had a Prince without the felicity I find in him. Adieu! may you be as blest as I am unable to wish that I could be more happy!"

N. B.—The key to the above letter (in ciphers) is to read the first, and then every alternate line only.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF BENEFICENCE.

An inhabitant of a burgh of the circle of Ertysburgh, a mountainous country, more liable to a scarcity of provisions than other cantons of the electorate of Saxony, found himself, after supporting his family on a small provision of oats, reduced to the utmost misery, by a baker's refusing to supply him with bread, unless he was paid nine crowns that he owed him. The wretch, thus brought to a state of despair, repaired to a neighbouring wood, where he stopt a pedlar, who, without defending him off, delivered his purse that contained twenty-one crowns; the robber would not keep more than his necessities required, and returned the remainder, beseeching the traveller to come with him to his habitation, to be a witness of the cause that urged him to robbery, which night, perhaps, plead his pardon. The pedlar complied, entered the hut, and found there the peasant's wife and children in a deplorable situation; struck with compassion, he insisted on giving them all his money, and only regretted that he had not sufficient to leave them to prevent future want.

DUBLIN :

Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 3, Cecilia Street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.

Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Paternoster-row; in Liverpool, by Willmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Ambury & Co; in Birmingham, by Drake; in Glasgow, by W. A. McPhun, and in Edinburgh by N. Bowack.

THE
DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 101. Vol. II.

CONDUCTED BY P. DIXON HARDY, M.R.I.A.

JUNE 7, 1834.



BIRTH PLACE OF ROBERT BURNS, THE AYRSHIRE POET.

The above sketch of the birth place of Burns, as well as the portrait which appears in a succeeding page, we have copied from the first volume of the Life and Works of the poet, just published by his companion and friend, Allan Cunningham.

Were the spirit of Burns permitted once more to revisit this nether world—the house of his fathers—the “banks and braes o’ bonnie Doon,” and to read all that has been written of him by his former companions and present biographers, we feel not the slightest hesitation in asserting that he would, with all the energy of his nature, exclaim, “save me from my friends, and most of all from Allan Cunningham.” Formerly “The Ayrshire Poet” was known to many, simply as a man of talent and of genius—as the poet of nature—a poet of the first order in his particular line: at present, whoever studies his character in the light thrown upon it by Allan Cunningham, and some others of his friends must not only consider him to have been a poet and a genius, but a man of the most dissipated habits, whom no advice could reach, and no efforts reclaim; as a character that should be held up as a kind of beacon

or warning to others; a man who, having received a religious education, and possessing many advantages in youth, burst every bound of propriety and moral feeling, and wasted the short space of his existence in excess, riot, and dissipation of every description. We cannot but say, it appears to us a most extraordinary procedure, that while apparently endeavouring to combat the idea of the poet being either a drunkard, a debauchee, or an infidel, his biographer should have furnished the most convincing proofs against his own arguments, not only by giving some of the very worst and most licentious pieces Burns ever wrote, but in raking up the memory of errors and evil doings which should have been allowed to rest quietly with him for ever in the grave. Indeed the more we read of his private life and private character, the more are we disposed to think that his biographers, like the biographers of Byron, have one and all been his bitterest enemies.—How many things concerning him have they related, and thus brought before the gaze of a censorious world, over which it would have been much better to have thrown the veil or mantle of charity and forgetfulness. In truth, we

very much question the sincerity of those professed friends of departed genius, who, in order either to render their biography more palatable to the depraved taste of the public, or to prove their intimacy, would drag from their secret places those imperfections of private character—errors of life—to many of which, perhaps, as *professed friends*, they were alone privy. The vain boast in Mr. Cunningham's brief preface, that in the present edition there are more than one hundred pieces which have not been given in Currie's octavo edition, together with the hint that he had availed himself of the poet's *private* letters, savours very much of the unworthy feeling which would sacrifice the memory of a friend at the shrine of editorial popularity. Well would it have been for Burns, and even for the credit of his biographer, had as many pieces as those mentioned with exultation been omitted from the volume altogether. For a man like Robert Burns, rendered giddy by a sudden elevation into a sphere or region to which he was a perfect stranger, and for which he was evidently unfitted—dragged from the peaceful pursuits of husbandry into the dangerous vortex of fashionable dissipation, we can make every allowance, but for his *friendly* biographers, none whatever. After all, perhaps, it is well that those darker shadings in the picture of Burns's life have been faithfully given. They may furnish a lesson to others, that no talent however exalted—no mere powers of mind or thought, however much beyond the ordinary standard of mortals, can ever really exalt an individual, the general tenor of whose conduct is such as to earn for him the disapproving voice of the good and the virtuous. Receiving the education which he did from kind and affectionate relatives and friends, there can certainly be little excuse for the part he afterwards acted in the drama of life. On such a subject, however, our space, and a remembrance of the adage 'de mortuis nil nisi bonum,' forbid us to amplify. There is no doubt the work before us must be interesting to every one who takes an interest in the life and writings of a man of genius such as Burns was. As a regular analysis of the six volumes would fill half a dozen of our Journals from end to end, we shall endeavour simply to select such extracts taken without any reference to connection, as may furnish some general idea of the Life of this 'Bard of Nature.'

BIRTH PLACE OF BURNS.

"Robert Burns, eldest son of William Burness and Agnes Brown his wife, was born 25th January, 1759, in a clay-built cottage, raised by his father's own hands, on the banks of the Doon, in the district of Kyle, and county of Ayr. The season was ungentle and rough, the walls weak and new:—some days after his birth a wind arose which crushed the frail structure, and the unconscious Poet was carried unharmed to the shelter of a neighbouring house. He loved to allude, when he grew up, to this circumstance; and ironically claim some commiseration for the stormy passions of one ushered into the world by a tempest. This rude edifice is now an alehouse and belongs to the shoemakers of Ayr: the recess in the wall, where the bed stood in which he was born, is pointed out to inquiring guests; the sagacious landlord remembers, too, as he brings in the ale, that he has seen and conversed with Burns, and ventures to relate traits of his person and manners. There is nothing very picturesque about the cottage or its surrounding grounds: the admirers of the Muses' haunts will see little to call romantic in low meadows, flat enclosures, and long lines of public road. Yet the district, now emphatically called "The Land of Burns," has many attractions. There are fair streams, beautiful glens, rich pastures, picturesque patches of old natural wood; and, if we may trust proverbial rhyme, "Kyle for a man" is a boast of old standing. The birth of the illustrious Poet has caused the vaunt to be renewed in our own days."

BURNS'S PARENTS.

"The mother of Burns was a native of the county of Ayr; her birth was humble, and her personal attractions moderate; yet, in all other respects, she was a remarkable woman. She was blessed with singular equanimity of temper; her religious feeling was deep and constant; she

loved a well-regulated household; and it was frequently her pleasure to give wings to the weary hours of a chequered life by chaunting old songs and ballads, of which she had a large store. In her looks she resembled her eldest son; her eyes were bright and intelligent; her perception of character, quick and keen. She lived to a great age, rejoiced in the fame of the Poet, and partook of the fruits of his genius.

"His father was from another district. He was the son of a farmer in Kincardineshire, and born on the lands of the noble family of Keith Marischall. The retainer, like his chief, fell into misfortunes; his household was scattered, and William Burness, with a small knowledge of farming, and a large stock of speculative theology, was obliged to leave his native place, in search of better fortune, at the age of nineteen. He has been heard to relate with what bitter feelings he bade farewell to his younger brother on the top of a lonely hill, and turned his face toward the border. His first resting-place was Edinburgh, where he obtained a slight knowledge of gardening; thence he went into Ayrshire, and procured employment, in the double capacity of steward and gardener, from Ferguson of Doonside. Imagining now that he had established a resting-place, he took a wife, leased a small patch of land for a nursery, and raised that frail shealing, the catastrophe of which has already been related.

"Amid all these toils and trials, William Burness remembered the worth of religious instruction, and the usefulness of education in the rearing of his children.—He set, too, the example which he taught. He abstained from all profane swearing and vain discourse, and shunned all approach to levity of conversation or behaviour. A week-day in his house wore the sobriety of a Sunday; nor did he fail in performing family worship in a way which enabled his son to give the world that fine picture of domestic devotion, the "Cottar's Saturday Night." The depressing cares of the world, and a consciousness, perhaps, that he was fighting a losing battle, brought an almost habitual gloom to his brow. He had nothing to cheer him but a sense of having done his duty. The education of his sons he confided to other hands. At first he sent Robert to a small school at Alloway Mill, within a mile of the place of his birth; but the master was removed to a better situation, and his place was supplied by John Murdoch, a candidate for the honours of the church, who undertook, at a moderate salary, to teach the boys of Lochlea, and the children of five other neighbouring farmers, reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, and Latin. He was a young man, a good scholar, and an enthusiastic instructor, with a moderate knowledge of human nature, and a competent share of pedantry. He made himself acceptable to the elder Burness by engaging in conversations on speculative theology, and in lending his learning to aid the other's sagacity and penetration; and he rendered himself welcome to Robert by bringing him knowledge of any kind—by giving him books—telling him about eminent men—and teaching him the art—which he was not slow in learning—of opening up fresh sources of information for himself.

"Of the progress which Robert made in knowledge, his teacher has given us a very clear account. In reading, writing, and arithmetic, he excelled all boys of his own age, and took rank above several who were his seniors.—The New Testament, the Bible, the English Grammar, and Mason's collection of verse and prose, laid the foundation of devotion and knowledge.

"Of these early and interesting days, during which the future man was seen, like fruit shaping amid the unfolded bloom, we have a picture drawn by the poet's own hand, and touched off in his own vivid manner.—'At seven years of age I was by no means a favourite with any body. I was a good deal noted for a retentive memory, a stubborn sturdy something in my disposition, and an enthusiastic idiot piety—I say, idiot piety, because I was then but a child. Though it cost the schoolmaster some thrashings, I made an excellent English scholar; and, by the time I was ten or eleven years of age, I was a critic in substantives, verbs, and particles. The earliest composition

tion that I recollect taking pleasure in, was the Vision of Mirza, and a hymn of Addison's beginning,

"How are thy servants blest, O Lord!"

I particularly remember one half stanza, which was music to my ear—

"For though on dreadful whirls we hung,
High on the broken wave."

"I met with these in Mason's English collection, one of my school-books. 'The two first books I ever read in private, and which gave me more pleasure than any two I have read since, were the Life of Hannibal, and the History of the Acts and Deeds of Sir William Wallace. Hannibal gave my young ideas such a turn, that I used to strut in raptures up and down after the recruiting drum and baggage, and wish myself tall enough to be a soldier; while the story of Wallace poured a Scottish prejudice into my veins, which will boil along there till the floodgates of life shut in eternal rest.'

"The education of Burns was not over when the school doors were shut. The peasantry of Scotland turn their cottages into schools; and when a father takes his arm-chair by the evening fire, he seldom neglects to communicate to his children whatever knowledge he possesses himself. Nor is this knowledge very limited: it extends, generally, to the history of Europe, and to the literature of the island; but more particularly to the divinity, the poetry, and what may be called the traditionary history of Scotland. An intelligent peasant is intimate with all those skirmishes, sieges, combats, and quarrels, domestic or national, of which public writers take no account.—Genealogies of the chief families are quite familiar to him. He has by heart, too, whole volumes of songs and ballads; nay, long poems sometimes abide in his recollection; nor will he think his knowledge much, unless he knows a little about the lives and actions of the men who have done most honour to Scotland. In addition to what he has on his memory, we may mention what he has on the shelf. A common husbandman is frequently master of a little library: history, divinity, and poetry, but most so the latter, compose his collection. Milton and Young are favourites; the flowery Meditations of Hervey, the religious romance of the Pilgrim's Progress, are seldom absent; while of Scottish books, Ramsay, Thompson, Fergusson, and now Burns, together with songs and ballad-books innumerable, are all huddled together, soiled with smoke, and frail, and tattered by frequent use. The household of William Burness was an example of what I have described; and there is some truth in the assertion, that in true knowledge the poet was, at nineteen, a better scholar than nine-tenths of our young gentlemen when they leave school for the college.

"Let us look into this a little more closely; nor can we see with a clearer light than what Burns himself has afforded us.—'What I knew of ancient story,' he observes, 'was gathered from Salmon and Guthrie's Geographical Grammars; and the ideas I had formed of modern manners, of literature and criticism, I got from the Spectator. These, with Pope's works, some plays of Shakespeare, Tull and Dickson on Agriculture, the Heathen Pantheon, Locke on the Human Understanding, Stackhouse's History of the Bible, Justice's British Gardener's Dictionary, Bayle's Lectures, Allan Ramsay's Works, Taylor's Scripture Doctrine of Original Sin, A Select Collection of English Songs, and Hervey's Meditations, had formed the whole of my reading.' But when to these we add Young's Night Thoughts, which his own poems prove him to have admired, we cannot see that we have advanced far on the way in which he walked, when he disciplined himself for the service of the Scottish muse. In truth, none of the works we have enumerated, save the poems of Allan Ramsay, could be of farther use to him than to fill his mind with information, and shew him what others had done. The "Address to the Deil," "Highland Mary," and "Tam o' Shanter" are the fruit of far different studies.

"Burns had, in truth, a secret school of study, in which he set up—her models for imitation than Pope or Hervey.—'In my infant and boyish days,' he observes to Doctor Moore, 'I owed much to an old woman who resided in the family Jenny Wilson by name, remarkable

for her ignorance, credulity, and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantraps, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of poesie; but had so strong an effect upon my imagination that to this hour in my nocturnal rambles, I sometimes keep a look-out in suspicious places.' Here we have the poet taking lessons in the classic lore of his native land and profiting largely: yet, to please a scholar like his correspondent, he calls his instructress an ignorant old woman, and her stories idle trumpery. Let the name of Jenny Wilson be revered by all lovers of the northern muse; her tales gave colour and character to many fine effusions. The supernatural in these legends was corrected and modified by the natural which his growing sense saw in human life, and found in the songs of his native land. 'The collection of songs,' he says, 'was my *vade-mecum*. I pored over them, driving my cart or walking to labour, song by song, verse by verse, carefully noting the true tender or sublime from affectation and fustian. I am convinced I owe to this practice much of my critic craft, such as it is.' The songs of Scotland had, in no remote day, the advantages of the schooling which in these early hours he gave his fancy and understanding.

"A student in art first studies the works of earlier masters; as he advances, living figures are placed before him, that he may see nature with his own eyes. Burns, who knew nothing of academic rules, pursued a similar course in poetry. He had become acquainted with limb and lineament of the muse, as she had been seen by others: he could learn no more from the dead, and now had recourse to the living: he had hitherto looked on in silence; it was now time to speak. Beauty first gave utterance to his crowding thoughts; with him love and poetry were co-evals.

"While the boy was thus rising into the man, and the mind was expanding with the body, both were in danger of being crushed, as the daisy was, in the poet's own immortal strains, beneath the weight of the furrow. The whole life of his father was a continued contest with fortune. He was, however, fertile in expedients: when he found that his farm was unproductive in corn, he thought the soil suitable for flax, and resolved himself to raise the commodity, while to the poet he allotted the task of manufacturing it for the market. To accomplish this, it was necessary that he should be instructed in flax-dressing: accordingly, at Midsummer, 1781, Robert went to Irvine, where he wrought under the eye of one Peacock, kinsman to his mother. His mode of life was frugal enough. 'He possessed,' says Currie, 'a single room for his lodging, rented, perhaps, at the rate of a shilling a week. He passed his days in constant labour as a flax-dresser, and his food consisted chiefly of oatmeal sent to him from his father's family.' A picture of his situation and feelings is luckily preserved of his own drawing: the simplicity of the expression, and pure English of the style, are not its highest qualities. He thus wrote to his father:—'Honoured Sir—I have purposely delayed writing, in the hope that I should have the pleasure of seeing you on New-year's day: but work comes so hard upon us that I do not choose to be absent on that account. My health is nearly the same as when you were here, only my sleep is a little sounder, and on the whole I am rather better than otherwise, though I mend by very slow degrees. The weakness of my nerves has so debilitated my mind that I dare neither review past wants, nor look forward into futurity: for the least anxiety or perturbation in my breast produces most unhappy effects on my whole frame. Sometimes, indeed, when for an hour or two my spirits are a little lightened, I glimmer a little into futurity; but my principal, and indeed my only pleasurable employment is looking backwards and forwards in a moral and religious way. I am quite transported at the thought that ere long, perhaps very soon, I shall bid an eternal adieu to all the pains, and uneasinesses, and dissatisfactions of this ~~earthly~~ life; for I assure you I am heartily tired of it; and, if I do

not very much deceive myself, I could contentedly and gladly resign it.

"As for this world," he continues, "I despair of ever making a figure in it. I am not formed for the bustle of the busy, nor the flutter of the gay. I shall never again be capable of entering into such scenes. Indeed, I am altogether unconcerned at the thoughts of this life. I foresee that poverty and obscurity probably await me, and I am in some measure prepared, and daily preparing, to meet them. I have but just time and paper to return you my grateful thanks for the lessons of virtue and piety you have given me, which were too much neglected at the time of giving them, but which I hope have been remembered ere it is yet too late." This letter is dated December 27, 1781.

So much for the opening scenes in the poet's existence, which bring us up to the year 1784:

"We are now about to enter into the regions of romance. 'I began,' says Burns, 'to be known in the neighbourhood as a maker of rhymes.' The course of his life hitherto has shewn that his true vocation was neither the plough nor the hackle.

"Poetry had now become with him a darling pursuit: he had no settled plan of study, for he composed at the plough, at the harrow, and with the reaping-hook in his hand, and usually had half a dozen or more poems in progress, taking them up as the momentary tone of his mind suited the sentiment of the verse, and laying them down as he grew careless or became fatigued.

"Burns, in all respects, arose from the people: he worked his way out of the darkness, drudgery and vulgarities of rustic life, and, in spite of poverty, pain, and disappointment, emerged into the light of heaven. He was surrounded by coarse and boisterous companions, who were fit for admiring the ruder sallies of his wit, but incapable of understanding those touches of moral pathos and exquisite sensibility with which his sharpest things are accompanied. They perceived but the thorns of the rose—they felt not its fine odour. The spirit of poesie led him, in much peril, through the prosaic wilderness around, and prepared him for asserting his right to one of the highest places in the land of song.

"This study of song, love of reading, wanderings in woods, nocturnal excursions in matters of love and choice of companions, who had seen much and had much to tell, was, unconsciously to himself, forcing Burns upon the regions of poesie. To these may be added the establishment of a club, in which subjects of a moral or domestic nature were discussed. The Tarbolton club consisted of some half-dozen young lads, sons of farmers; the poet, who planned it, was the ruling star; the place of meeting was a small public-house in the village; the sum expended by each was not to exceed three-pence, and, with the humble cheer which this could bring, they were, when the debate was concluded, to toast their lasses and the continuance of friendship. Here he found a vent for his own notions, and as the club met regularly and continued for years, he disciplined himself into something of a debater, and acquired a readiness and fluency of language; he was never at a loss for thoughts.

"That Burns talked and thought too freely and indiscreetly in his early years, we have evidence in verse. In his memorandum-book there are entries which, amid all their spirit and graphic beauty, contain levities of expression which may be tolerated when the wine is flowing and the table in a roar, but which look not so becoming on the sober page which reflection has sanctioned.

"The consequences of keeping company with the free and the joyous were now to be manifested. Soon after his father's death one of his mother's maids, in person not at all attractive, produced his,

"Sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess," and furnished him with the opportunity of standing as a sinner on the stool of repentance, and commemorating the event in rhymes, licentious as well as humorous.

"It is painful to touch, even with a gentle hand, on the moral sores of so fine a genius, but his character cannot be understood otherwise; almost any other erring

youth would have resigned himself, without resistance, to the discipline of the kirk, and bowed to its rebuke. Burns was not to be so tamed—stricken, he struck again, and, instead of courting silence and seclusion, sung a new song, and walked out into the open sunshine of remark and observation. I cannot set this regardlessness down to growing hardness within, or to petrified feeling: it arose from a want of taste in seeking distinction. 'The mair they talk, I'm kenn'd the better,' he had already adopted as a motto; he knew that folly such as his was not uncommon, and he hoped for one person who censured, there would be two who thought him a clever fellow, with wit at will—a little of a sinner, but a great deal of a poet.

"This desire of distinction was strong in Burns. In those days he would not let a five pound-note pass through his hands without bearing away a witty endorsement in rhyme: a drinking-glass always afforded space for a verse: the blank leaf of a book was a favourite place for a *stanza*; and the windows of inns, and even dwelling-houses which he frequented, exhibit to this day lively sallies from his hand. Yet, perhaps, a love of fame was not stronger in him than in others. In his time magazines were few, and newspapers not numerous; into the daily, weekly, or monthly papers, aspirants in verse can now pour their effusions: but Burns had no such facilities when he started, and was obliged to take the nearest way to notice. He began, likewise, to talk of his exploits over the pint-stoup. He gave to himself, in one of his rhymes, the name of 'drunken ranter,' and with ordinary powers, and but a moderate inclination, desired to be numbered with five-bottle debauchees, who saw three horns on the moon, and had,

"A voice like a sea, and a drought like a whale." He went farther: he asserted, with Meston, good rhyme to be the product of good drink, and sung—

'I've seen me daiz't upon a time
I scarce could wink, or see a styme,
Just ae half-mutchkin does me prime,
Ought less is little:
Then back I rattle on the rhyme
As gleg's a whittle.

'This vaunted insobriety in verse must not be taken literally. We have seen Burns passionately in love in rhyme—we know that he was not less so with his living goddess of the hour; but it was otherwise with him in the matter of strong drink. He was no practised toper, but thought it necessary to look a gay fellow in poetry."

Really we can scarcely think Mr. Cunningham serious in what he says in this passage, and we fear few of his readers will agree with him. Having written verses on half the lasses in his neighbourhood, he made himself numerous enemies as well as many friends by the publication of his "HolyFair," and some others of a similar genus; we find him in 1786, about two years from the period of his first setting out as a regular poet, writing to his friends, Hamilton and Aiken, saying "he was afraid that his follies would prevent him from enjoying a situation in the Excise, even if it could be procured; he was pining in secret wretchedness; disappointment, pride, and remorse were settling on his vitals like vultures, and in an hour of social mirth his gaiety was the madness of an intoxicated criminal under the hands of the executioner. 'All these reasons,' he says, 'urge me to go abroad,' and to all these reasons I have only one answer—the feelings of a father. This, in the present mood I am in, overbalances every thing that can be laid in the scale against it.' He wrote in the same strain to others. This was on the 19th of November; on the 20th he enclosed a copy of 'Holy Willie's Prayer' to his comrades, Chalmers and M'Adam, desiring it might be burnt, as a thing abominable and wicked, at the Cross of Ayr; and on the twenty-second, he wrote, as he imagined, the last song he was to measure in Caledonia:

'The gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast,
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain;
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,

Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

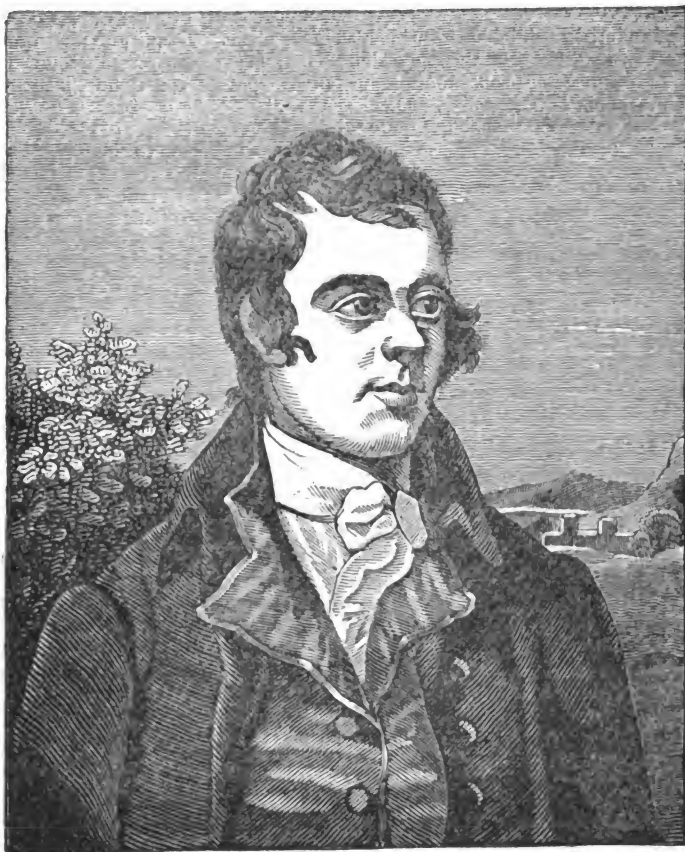
"It was well for the world, and, perhaps, unfortunate for Burns, that when he had bid farewell to his friends, put his chest on the way to Greenock, and was about to follow, a letter from Dr. Blacklock overthrew all his schemes.

The purport of this was a pressing solicitation to publish a volume of his poems. Having shortly after been introduced to James Earl of Glencairn, he took him by the hand, and with small persuasion prevailed on Creech to become the publisher of the contemplated edition on terms favourable to Burns. The poet stipulated to receive one hundred pounds for the copy-right of one edition, with the profits of the subscription copies. A prospectus was drawn out, a vast number printed and circulated over the island, and subscriptions came pouring in with a rapidity unknown in the history of Scottish genius.

"It is honourable to the patricians of the north that they welcomed the poet with much cordiality, and sub-

scribed largely; it is honourable to the stately literati of Edinburgh that they not only received their rustic brother gladly into their ranks, but spoke every where of his fine genius with undissembled rapture, and introduced him wherever introductions were beneficial: but it is still more honourable to the husbandmen, the shepherds, and the mechanics of Scotland, that though wages were small, and money scarce, they subscribed for copies, in fifties and in hundreds, and thus extended the patronage, always the most welcome since it implies admiration. All men distinguished in the world of letters, lent their still more effectual aid; nay, some of them carried the subscription-lists in their pockets, and obtained names through all their wide range of acquaintance.

"Burns arrived in Edinburgh at the close of November 1786; and before, as he poetically said, the cry of the cuckoo was heard, no less than two thousand eight hundred and odd copies were subscribed for by fifteen hundred and odd subscribers.



ROBERT BURNS.

Burns, in his youth, was tall and sinewy, with coarse swarthy features, and a ready word of wit or of kindness for all. The man differed little from the lad; his form was vigorous, his limbs shapely, his knees firmly knit, his arms muscular and round, his hands large, his fingers long, and he stood five feet ten inches high. All his movements were unconstrained and free:—he had a slight stoop of the neck, betokening a holder of the plough; and a lock or so of his dark waving hair was tied carelessly behind with two casts of narrow black ribbon. His looks beamed with genius and intelligence; his forehead was broad and clear, shaded by raven locks inclining to curl; his cheeks were furrowed more with anxiety than time; his nose was short rather than long; his mouth, firm and manly; his teeth, white and regular; and there was a dimple, a small one, on his chin. His eyes were large, dark, and lustrous; I have heard them likened to coach-lamps approaching in a dark night, because they were first seen of any part of the poet. 'I never saw,' said Scott, 'such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished

men of my time.' In his ordinary moods, Burns looked a man of a hundred; but when animated in company, he was a man of a million; his swarthy features glowed; his eyes kindled up till they all but lightened; his ploughman stoop vanished: and his voice—deep, manly, and musical—added its sorcery of pathos or of wit, till the dullest owned the enchantments of genius.

"His personal strength was united to great activity; he could move a twenty stone sack of meal without much apparent effort, and load a cart with bags of corn in the time, one of his neighbours said, that other men were talking about it. A mason was hewing him a stone for a cheese-press, and Burns took pleasure as a side was squared to turn over the huge mass unaided. A large pebble is still pointed out at Ellisland, as his putting-stone: and though no living man in Nithsdale perhaps can poise it in the air, the tradition proves the popular belief in his great strength.

"Burns desired as much to excel in conversation as he did in these fits and starts of husbandry; but he was more

disposed to contend for victory than to seek for knowledge. The debating club of Tarbolton was ever strong within him; a force lampoon or a rough epigram was often the reward of those who ventured to contradict him.—His conversation partook of the nature of controversy, and he urged his opinions with a vehemence amounting to fierceness. All this was natural enough when he was involved in argument with the bores around him; but he was disposed, when pressed in debate, to be equally discourteous and unsparing to the polite and the titled.

The poet's intrigue and private marriage with Jean Armour, and their separation, are already before the public. In 1788 they were re-married, and he commenced the profession of a farmer in Nithsdale, having also been appointed to a situation in the excise. His feelings a short time previous to this event are worth recording: they should serve as a lesson to persons anxious to give up quiet occupations, or a station in which Providence may have placed them, in the vain hope of scaling the heights of fame, or being pushed forward in the world by the noble or the great.

"What he had seen and endured in Edinburgh during his second visit, admonished him regarding the reed on which he leant, when he hoped for a place of profit and honour from the aristocracy on account of his genius. On his first appearance the doors of the nobility opened spontaneously, 'on golden hinges turning,' and he eat spiced meats and drank rare wines, interchanging nods and smiles with 'high dukes and mighty earls.' A colder reception awaited his second coming; the doors of lords and ladies opened with a tardy courtesy; he was received with a cold and measured stateliness, was seldom requested to stop, seldomer to repeat his visit; and one of his companions used to relate with what indignant feeling the poet recounted his fruitless calls and his uncordial receptions in the good town of Edinburgh. That he had high hopes is well known; there were not wanting friends to whisper that lordly, nay, royal patronage was certain: nor were such expectations at all unreasonable—but genius is not the passport to patronage. He went to Edinburgh, strong in the belief that genius such as his would raise him in society; but he came not back without a sourness of spirit and a bitterness of feeling.

"In one of his desponding moods he had lately said to a correspondent, 'there are just two creatures that I would envy—a horse in his wild state traversing the forests of Asia, or an oyster on some of the desert shores of Europe; the one has not a wish without enjoyment, the other has neither wish nor fear.' In the same mingled spirit of despair and pleasure he complains—'I lie so miserably open to the inroads and incursions of a mischievous, light-armed, well-mounted banditti, under the banners of imagination, whim, caprice and passion; and the heavy armed veteran regulars of wisdom, prudence, and forethought, move so very, very slow, that I am almost in a state of perpetual warfare, and, alas! frequent defeat.'"

We now come to the closing scene of his mortal existence: it is one well calculated to induce thought—as portraying a melancholy realization of the truth, that "man at his best estate is only vanity."

"Though Burns now knew he was dying, his good humour was unruffled, and his wit never forsook him. When he looked up and saw Dr. Maxwell at his bed-side;—'Alas!' he said, 'what has brought you here? I am but a poor crow, and not worth plucking.' He pointed to his pistols, took them in his hand, and gave them to Maxwell, saying they could not be in worthier keeping, and he should never more have need of them. This relieved his proud heart from a sense of obligation. Soon afterwards he saw Gibson, one of his brother-volunteers, by the bed-side with tears in his eyes. He smiled and said—'John, don't let the awkward squad fire over me.'

"His little household presented a melancholy spectacle: the poet dying; his wife in hourly expectation of being confined; four helpless children wandering from room to room, gazing on their miserable parents, and little of food or cordial kind to pacify the whole or soothe the sick.—To Jessie Lewars, all who are charmed with the poet's works are much indebted; she acted with the prudence

of a sister and the tenderness of a daughter, and kept desolation away, though she could not keep disease.—'A tremor,' says Maxwell, 'pervaded his frame; his tongue, though often refreshed, became parched; and his mind, when not roused by conversation, sunk into delirium. On the second and third day after his return from The Brow, the fever increased and his strength diminished. On the fourth day, when his attendant held a cordial to his lips, he swallowed it eagerly—rose almost wholly up—spread out his hands—sprang forward nigh the whole length of the bed—fell on his face and expired. He was thirty-seven years and seven months old, and of a form and strength which promised long life; but the great and inspired are often cut down in youth, while

'Villains ripen gray with time.'

"His interment took place on the 25th of July; nor should it be forgotten, in relating the poet's melancholy story, that, while his body was borne along the street, his widow was taken in labour and delivered of a son, who survived his birth but a short while.

"The body of Burns was not, however, to remain long in its place. To suit the plan of a rather showy mausoleum, his remains were removed into a more commodious spot of the same kirk-yard, on the 5th of June, 1815."

As a winding up to the foregoing, we may be allowed to mention that to those interested in the science of phrenology, some interesting observations have recently been made on the skull of Burns by Mr. Coombe, who gives the dimensions and cerebral development as follows:

"The organs of Philoprogenitiveness, Adhesiveness, Combativeness, Love of Approbation, and Benevolence, are 'very large;' Destructiveness, Secretiveness, Self-esteem, Cautiousness, Veneration, Wonder, Ideality, Imitation, Individuality, Eventuality, and Casuality, 'large;' Amativeness, 'rather large;' and Firmness, Conscientiousness, and Hope, only 'full;' Acquisitiveness is 'rather large.' The length of the skull is eight inches, the breadth very nearly six, and the greatest circumference twenty-two and a quarter. "No Phrenologist," says Mr. Coombe, "can look upon this head, and consider the circumstances in which Burns was placed, without vivid feelings of regret. Burns must have walked the earth with a consciousness of great superiority over his associates in the station in which he was placed; of powers calculated for a far higher sphere than that which he was able to reach, and of passions which he could with difficulty restrain, and which it was fatal to indulge. If he had been placed from infancy in the higher ranks of life, liberally educated, and employed in pursuits corresponding to his powers, the inferior portion of his nature would have lost part of its energy, while his better qualities would have assumed a decided and permanent superiority."

Mrs. Burns from the period of her husband's death occupied exactly the same house in Dumfries which she inhabited before that event. It was customary for strangers who passed through that town to pay their respects to her, precisely as they do to the church-yard, the bridge, the harbour, or any object of public curiosity about the place. A gay young English gentleman one day visited Mrs. Burns, and after he had seen the bed-room in which the poet died, his original portrait by Nasmyth, his family-bible, with the names and birth-days of himself, his wife and children, written on the blank leaf by his own hand, and some trifles of a like nature, he proceeded to entreat that she would have the kindness to give him some relic of the poet, which he might carry with him as a wonder, to show in his native land. 'Indeed, Sir,' said Mrs. Burns, 'I have given away so many relics of Mr. Burns, that, to tell you the truth, I have not one left.'—'Oh, you must surely have something,' said the persevering Saxon—'any thing will do—any little scrap of his hand-writing—the least thing you please—all I want is just a relic of the poet; any thing, you know, will do for a relic.' Some further altercation ensued, the lady reasserting that she had no relic to give, and he as repeatedly renewing his request. At length, fairly tired out with the man's importunities, Mrs. Burns said to him, with a smile—'Deed, Ma'

unless ye tak *myself*, then, I dinna see how you are to get what you want, for really *I'm* the only *relic* o' him that I ken o'." The petitioner at once withdrew his request.

About two months since Mrs. Burns paid the debt of nature: while living she was highly respected by all who knew her; and latterly had been rendered independent by her sons, one of whom had, at a very early age, been appointed to a situation in India. At the sale of the household furniture, &c., which took place after her decease, the greatest anxiety was evinced to procure any articles which had belonged to the poet; prices being given for many articles amounting to more than ten times their real value.

"THE PIANO THIRTY."

In a former number we gave a story from a small work recently published, entitled "Popular Tales and Legends of the Irish peasantry." We should gladly have copied, as a much better specimen of the work, a story by the author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," entitled "Alley Sheridan," but it is much too long for the Penny Journal.—The following laughable occurrence is introduced by way of episode:

"Arrah, Paul," said one of the party "will you tell us the story about the time you went to buy the forty-piana for Colonel Edmonson's daughter, long ago?"

"God be wid' them times," said Paul, "they warn't like now; the ould sort o' gentlemen for me. I tuk to the car-man-business thin," he continued, "and carrid it an for some time well enough; but I remember what I'm spakin' of was the first journey I made to Dublin afther bein' ill. It was the very year that Dr. Cooper—but he was only a horse-doctor—quack'd me to death with his calumny pills; he insisted, right or wrong, that I was subject to the fallin' sickness—which, betune ourselves, was no lie, at laste three or four times a week—when I happened to get a sup in, you see—ha, ha, ha! Well, he was a dhroll man, fond of his jokes, sure enough. But for all that, sorra a thing ailed me, only a slight touch o' pretension in the intellects—a complaint, he said, very hard to cure all-out; so that I only wanted to be kept clear wid' somethin' gentle. My curse upon all quacks, any way; the thief o' the world bein' accustomed to dale wid horses, dosed me upon too large a scale entirely; an' only for Doctor Mansel, he'd have got ould Nol Cooper to make me a suit of Narrowway fustian* for the winther, when I wouldn't be complainin' of a misfit, even if it was tacked wid thread that you'd hardly know from sixpenny nails."

"But, Paul, about the purchase?"

"Throth I wasn't to be blemp't for the same purchase, but Masther Frank Edmonson, that put me up to it out o' downright wickedness. Awouh! it's there the money was as plinty as sklate stones, or this young fellow wouldn't be at such a loss to spend it in one divarison or another; for he ped dacent for his figaries. I had, ye see, an order for a piana-forty, to a Misher —, och, I disremember his name; but he lived in Wishtmoreland-street, in the town o' Dublin. 'Paul,' says Masther Frank, 'will you have many things to bring for my father from Dublin?' 'Yes, Sir,' says I, 'I'll have a piana-forty, please your honour, an' a lot of carpetin' and two tables; only, Masther Frank, I'm afear'd o' losin my way in that big place, or bein' cheated, or maybe gettin' myself into gaol.' 'Well,' said he, 'I could sarve you, if you'd keep a secret.' 'Thry me wid it first,' says I. 'My father's throwin' away money upon a piana-forty, an' he knows no more whether one is good or bad than a cow does of a holiday—neither does my shister; an' he winked knowinly at me. 'It's well,' said he, 'that it wasn't a piana-fifty or a piana-sixty that he ordered; he's too lavish entirely of his money,' says the cute young shaver—'an' it's a shame for a man of his years to be buyin' a musical coffin, when it's one of oak he ought to be thinkin' of;—an' he winked so wisely at me agin, that sorra one o' me ever suspected he was only makin' a hare o' me. 'Thry for your honour,' says I, 'it's makin his sowl he ought to be, sure enough.' 'Ay, an' all of us,' says he, very so-

lemnly; 'but, Paul, in regard of what I'm spakin' about—I believe you're to pay forty pounds for this instrumment,' says he, 'it's from that it's named; but if you take my advice, you'll buy a piana-thirty,' says he, 'an' put the odd ten pounds in your pocket for the benefit of your wife an' childher. I've been very wild myself, Paul,' says he, 'an' lavished a great deal o' money, an' its full time for me to begin to be charitable—hem, hem!'

"Accordingly we made it up betwixt us, that I should buy a piana-thirty, and pocket the differ; but I got a writin' from under his hand, that he should pay the money for me, if we'd be found out. 'Now,' says he, as he finished it, 'you may as well save twenty pounds as ten; for if you shew this to the musical-coffin-man, he'll take it in place of ten pounds; an' besides, it gives you a good correcthur, an' that's a very useful thing in this world, Paul—hem, hem.' Accordin'ly, when I came to Dublin, I went into a house where they sowld them, an' inquired to see a piana-thirty. The man looked at me. 'Who is it for,' says he. 'You won't tell to-morrow, nabour,' says I, 'barrin I change my mind. Have you a musical coffin—a good, stout, beneficial piana-thirty, that a man will get the worth of his money of wear out of it?' He screwed his mouth to one side of his face, and winked at a man that stood in the shop, who it seems was a fiddler; but, by dad, if Micky McGorry had seen him!—why, I tuck him for a gentleman! Are you a musician?' says the other. 'I do a thrifle that way,' says I, 'afther the Murph—hem—I mane afther atin' my dinner,' says myself, puttin' an' the bodagh, because nobody knew me; 'but I never resave payment for it—I discern that.' 'How long are you out?' says he. 'Since last Winsday,' says I, 'I'm from home.' 'An' where is that, pray?' 'Behind Tullymulescrag, in the parish of Teernamuckfaughalum-kishla-beg.' 'I suppose,' says my customer, 'your last waistcoat was a great dale too strait for you?' 'Not so strait as your own is at present,' says I, (he was a small, screw'd-up crathur, like a whitthrill.) 'Will you show me the article I want?' 'Do you see that shop over the way,' said he, 'at the corner. You'll get the article you want there.' I accordin'ly went over, and inquired of the man behind the counter, if he could sell me a piana-thirty? 'We sell nothin' here but ropes,' says he—'thry over the way.' I thin went back to the fellow; 'you thievin' sconce,' says I, 'did you mane to make a fool o' me?' 'I never carry coals to Newcastle,' says the vagabone: 'Go home to your frinds, my honest fellow, an' you'll see them of a great deal of trouble on your account; they miss your music afther dinner, very much,' says he. 'Oh,' said the fiddler, 'tis better to direct the man properly; he's a stranger,—writin' down at the same time a direction for me. 'Go to this house, and inquire for the owner of it; say you're from the country, an' have perrecklar business that you can tell to no one but himself—an' depind upon it you'll get what you want.'

"Off I set; an' at long last found a great house, an' gave three or four thunderin' cracks at the door. 'I want to see the masther, very bad entirely,' says I. 'What's wrong?' said a fellow, all powder, wid a tail growin' from his head down his back. 'I have news from the country for him,' says I, 'that I can only tell to himself.' The fellow looked frightened, an' runnin' up the stairs, brought down a gentleman wid a wigan black apron upon him. 'Are you the music-man,' says I, 'that has the piana-thirty for sale? I want a musical coffin to buy.' 'Kick this scoundrel out,' says the ould chap; 'how durst you let him in at all at all? Out wid him into the channel.' In three minutes we were in one another's wools; but, faix, in regard of a way I had, I soon sowed the hall wid them; and was attackin' the ould fellow himself in a corner, whin a lot of gentlemen an' ladies came to his assistance, hearin' the militia murthers he ris at the first dig in the ribs I hot him. 'You ould dust,' says I, layin' on him, 'is this any thratement for a dacent man, that wants to give you the preference in dalin' wid you, an' to have you good value for what I get, you murderin' ould rap!'

"At last I was seized, hand an' fitt, till the officers would be sint for to take me to gaol. But, thinkin' of the correcthur that Masther Frank gav'd me, I pulled it out, an' put it into the hands of one o' the gentlemen: 'Here,' says I, 'ye ill-conditioned vagrants, read that, an'

* Norway deal—a coffin.

ye'll find that I'm no bird for the crib—it'll show yees what I am.' 'Sure enough,' says he, lookin' at it, 'it describes you to a hair, you villain;' an' he read it out: 'This is to satisfy, that the bearer, Paul Kelly, is a big rascal; an' any person securin' him will resave a reward of thirty pounds, as he has broke out of gaol, where he was confined for sheep-stalin'. He is a man that squints wid one eye, an' wears a long nose, turned with a sharp look-out towards his left ear.' 'May all kinds of hard fortune settle down upon him that wrote that,' says I; 'but he has fairly desaved me, the limb o' the mischief that he is. Gentlemen,' says I, 'it's all but a mistake. Let me go,' says I, 'an' I'll never heed the music for this day, any how—that I may never be a bishop, but it was all a mistake.' 'Howsomediver, you'll find it a bad mistake to bate a bishop,' said one o' them. 'Oh, man o' Moses,' says I, 'was the black gentleman a bishop? Paul, you're done for now! Oh, murther, gentlemen dear, it's all of our own roguery, or it wouldn't happen me. Oh, have consolation on me, bishop jewel, an' forgive me; sure, if I knew it, when I was peggin' you up agin the corner in the ribs, I'd suffer all kinds of visitation before I'd give you a whack at all at all, please your Reverence.'

"It was all useless: I was lugged off to the crib: an' twaan't till the second day that Masther Frank, who was in Dublin afore me, though I didn't know it, readin' his own correcthur of me in the papers, along with the account o' the whole ruction, came, an' by giving an explanation to the bishop, got me out; but he gave me five pounds for the joke, any how—for the cash was flush with him; so that I was very well ped for it: an' 'Paul,' says he, as he put the money into my hand, 'the thrick I played on you was because you consented to be a chate agin my father, that often befriended you.'

VAN DIEMAN'S LAND.

As many individuals from this country have lately emigrated to this settlement, and as many more have it at present in contemplation to proceed there, the following brief description will not, we should think, be deemed uninteresting:

Van Dieman's Land is an island nearly as large as Ireland, to the south of the colony of New South Wales, better known by the name of Botany Bay, from which it is separated by a strait of sixty miles in width, called Bass's Straits. Many fine tracts of land are found on the very borders of the sea, and the interior is almost invariably possessed of a soil admirably adapted to all the purposes of civilized man. This island is mountainous, and consequently abounds in streams. On the summit of many of the mountains there are large lakes, some of which are the sources of considerable rivers. Of these the Derwent, Huor, and Tamar, rank in the first class. There is, perhaps, no island in the world, of the same size, which can boast of so many fine harbours; the best of these are the Derwent, Port Davy, Macquarie Harbour, Port Dalrymple, and Oyster Bay. The first of these is on its southern side; the second and third on the western, the fourth on the northern, and the fifth on the eastern side; so that it has harbours in every direction—a circumstance which must materially assist the future progress of civilization.

The climate of this island is healthy, and much more congenial to the European constitution than Port Jackson. The north-west winds, which are there productive of such violent variations of temperature, are here unknown, and neither the winters nor summers are subject to any great extremes of cold or heat.

Hobart's Town, the capital, was founded in 1804, and is situated about nine miles up the Derwent—it is rapidly improving in size and comfort. The settlement called Launceston has been founded about thirty miles from the mouth of Port Dalrymple, and one hundred and thirty miles in a straight line from Hobart's Town.

Of the various descriptions of emigrants, the following are much wanted, and if sober and industrious, may calculate upon obtaining full employment and good wages:—Brickmakers and masons, plasterers, carpenters and cabinet makers; coopers, wheelrights, blacksmiths, ship carpenters, painters and glaziers, and unmarried females of good character, who, if industrious and deserving, may be sure of getting well married in a very short time.

The islanders resemble the African Negro in physiognomy much more than the natives of the continent; and the hair of the former is woolly, whereas that of the latter is coarse and straight. Both races are equally free from any tradition of origin, or acquaintance with each other, although their barbarism seems at the extreme pitch. Their languages are entirely different, and it is probable that they never had any connexion with each other.

The barbarism of the few inhabitants of this island is said to be equal to that of the New Hollanders; and the following passages from Symes's Embassy to Ava, might have been written of the natives of Van Dieman's Land.

"Their sole occupation is to rove along the margin of the sea in quest of a precarious meal of fish. In stature they seldom exceed five feet. Their limbs are disproportionately slender; their bellies protuberant, with high shoulders and large heads; and strange to find in this part of the world, they are a degenerate race of Negroes, with woolly hair, flat noses, and thick lips. They go quite naked, and are insensible of any shame from exposure. Hunger may, (but these instances are rare), induce them to put themselves in the power of strangers; but the moment that want is satisfied, nothing short of coercion can prevent them from returning to a way of life more congenial to their savage nature. Their habitations display little more ingenuity than the dens of wild beasts; four sticks stuck in the ground are bound together at the top, and fastened transversely by others, to which branches of trees are suspended; an opening is left on one side, just large enough to admit of entrance—leaves compose their bed."

We shall conclude this notice with a brief account of Michael Howe, the last and worst of the Bush Rangers, who by his depredations became the terror of Van Dieman's Land.

He was born at Pontefract, in 1787, and was apprenticed to a merchant vessel at Hull; but "he showed his indentures a pair of heels," (as Prince Henry says) and entered on board a man of war, from which he got away as he could. He was tried at York in 1811, for a high-way robbery, and sentenced to seven years' transportation. He arrived in Van Dieman's Land in 1812, and was assigned by Government as a servant to a settler; from this service he absconded into the woods and joined a party of twenty-eight bush-rangers as they are called. In this profession he lived six years of plunder and cruelty, during which he appears to have surrendered himself twice to justice, under proclamations of pardon, but was both times unaccountably suffered again to escape to the woods. It was after the second of these flights from justice, or at least from confinement, that he committed the murder of two men who had as they thought secured him. By this means he again escaped, to be shot at last by a private soldier of the 48th regiment, and another man; for so desperate was this villain, that he was only to be taken dead, and by stratagem.

Howe was without a spark of even the honour of an outlaw; he betrayed his colleagues upon surrendering himself to government, and he fired upon a native girl, his companion, when she became an impediment to his flight. He was reduced at last to abandonment, even by his own gang; and one hundred guineas, and (if a convict should take him) a free pardon and a passage to England, were set upon his head. He was now a wretched, conscience-haunted solitary, hiding in dingles, and only tracked by the sagacity of the native girl, to whom he had behaved so ungratefully, and who was now employed by the police to revenge his cruelty to her. His arms, ammunition, dogs, and sack were first taken from him; and in the last was found a little memorandum-book of kangaroo skin written by himself in kangaroo blood. In one instance only, humanity asserts itself even in the breast of Michael Howe, for we find him recording that he dreamt of his sister. It also appears from this little book that he had once an idea of settling in the woods, for it contained long lists of such seeds as he wished to have—vegetables, fruits, and even flowers.

DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by P. D. HARVEY, 3, Cecilia Street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.

THE
DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 102. Vol. II

CONDUCTED BY P. DIXON HARDY, M.R.I.A.

JUNE 14, 1834.



THE ABBEY OF SLANE.

At what period the abbey of Slane was at first founded is unknown. We are informed by Archdall, that an abbey of Canons Regular, was founded at a very early age, on a hill, adjoining the town of Slane, and was remarkable for being many years the residence of Dagobert, King of Austrasia, who in 653, at the age of seven years, was taken by Grimoald, mayor of the palace, and, by his direction, shorn a monk, rendered unfit to hold the reins of government, and banished into Ireland. He was received into this abbey, where he obtained an education proper for the enjoyment of a throne, and continued here during the space of twenty years, when he was recalled into France, and replaced in his government. The ruins of the abbey at present consist of a large chapel and a lofty tower at the west end; in the latter there is a hand-

some ramified window. It was frequently pillaged during the prevalence of the Ostman power in the island; but in the year 946 the Ostmen received a signal defeat in this town, in which their chieftain, Blacar, and sixteen hundred of his best troops, fell. The English, with Mac Morogh, King of Leinster, burnt and sacked the town, A. D. 1170. In the time of Hugh de Lacy, first Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, Slane was a considerable town, being one of the boroughs in his palatinate of Meath.

Under the protection of the baronial family of Fleming, this ancient abbey experienced a renovation of prosperity. By Sir Christopher Fleming, Lord of Slane, and Elizabeth Stuckle, his wife, it was refounded, in 1512, for friars of the third order of St. Francis. The buildings were then restored, on an extensive scale, and some fresh endow-

ments made. After the dissolution, this friary was granted to James, Lord Slane, at the annual rent of one penny, Irish money. The remains of the buildings add an interesting feature to the picturesque charms of this neighbourhood.

GRANGE CASTLE, COUNTY OF TIPPERARY.

Though the furious and Goth-like Cromwell gave an irreparable blow to the fume of our ancient architecture, yet, owing to the massive and well cemented walls which he had to encounter, all that remained in his power was to disfigure what he could not altogether destroy. Even of those strong holds against which he had turned his utmost fury, enough remained after him to show the style in which they had been erected. But of late years such destruction has been committed on the castles of Ireland, as nothing but the hand of man itself could accomplish. No more than nine or ten years have elapsed since the remains of four castles might be counted along the road side, between the bridges of Nenagh and Portumna, all of which, (with the exception of one), are now demolished; even a single foundation-stone does not remain. Unfortunately, the castle of Grange (my present subject,) is numbered with those destroyed, which occasions this article to be unaccompanied by a view of it. Though seeing it more than once, I now almost forget its form; but, as well as I can recollect, it was square and lofty. It was situated about two miles to the north of Nenagh, on a hill which rises to a considerable height, and from which an extensive prospect may be had. Not on account of its being an eye-sore, nor yet for sake of the ground which it occupied, but for the materials alone with which it was constructed, was the proud castle of Grange demolished; though the same might have been had in a neighbouring quarry at little expense. A bounds being wanting to the road, (from which the castle was distant about forty perches), nothing was to be done but barely to dislodge the stones, and they immediately rolled down to their destined place.

I notice the castle of Grange on account of a story which I have from tradition, relating partly to its modern affairs. Owing to its authenticity and connexion with the castle, I will make no excuse for presenting the story to the public.

King William's troops, under the command of General Ginkel, on their way to Limerick, after the capture of Athlone, and preparatory to their besieging the castle of Nenagh, encamped on the hill of Grange, which is little more than two miles from the last named town, and at which time a castle, in pretty good repair, stood on its summit. The owner of the castle, who lived hard by, (it seems the castle was unoccupied at the time), felt no dread, though some families left their houses on the approach of the army, until he saw the soldiers halt, and commence levelling the bounds of the road. To his great astonishment and terror he soon beheld them ascending the hill, the top of which no sooner had they gained than cannon was seen pointing to all directions; even on the top of the castle more than one was planted. Himself and family retired to a short distance, expecting every moment to hear the "cannon's dreadful roar," and almost sure of losing his life before another day should pass; "for," said he to himself, (not to his family, for he strove to afford them all the comfort that was in his power,) "a battle is immediately to be fought." Tents were now to be seen on every part of the hill.

"Oh! look at thousands of them running down towards us," said the wife; "we'll be instantly murdered."

They immediately ran away as quick as their situation would permit, except one son, a stout young man, who remained in a thicket to watch the movements of the soldiers, who were changing their route towards the forsaken habitation. He noticed a few of them breaking open the door and entering the house, and numbers of them crowding towards the turf-clamp. Looking towards his relations, he saw a single soldier, armed, and running in the direction of the bank, behind which they lay when they saw the soldiers turning towards the house. The son thought, or rather hoped, the soldier was only sent

after his parents to invite them back to their home; but he was soon convinced to the contrary, for he saw the father strip off his coat, and deliver it up to the soldier. Knowing, that what on earth they held most dear, (their lives excepted), which was fifteen guineas in gold, lay in the pocket of the coat, he instantly resolved what to do; "I'll die," said he, "or regain the money, which we dearly earned, and were so long putting together." Meeting the soldier, as he was returning with his booty, he took the gun from him, (whether by strength or stratagem is not recorded, but is not probable to have been by the latter,) shot him on the spot, and recovered his father's property, along with fifty guineas more which he found in the soldier's pocket.

In a few days they returned to their home, and found all that they had left behind on their departure, except the turf-clamp, which was totally taken away. T. A.

A PASTORAL.

Beneath the Thames let art-made caverns lie,
And boats of pleasure float upon the Wye;
Let dismal Douro move without controul,
And Nile down rocks of vast dimensions roll.
Most gentle SHANNON on thy banks I'll feed
My fleecy flocks, and sound my tuneful reed;
For tho' I followed Dwina's winding course,
And traced the straggling Ganges to its source,
More peaceful plains than now beneath my feet
I tread, 'tis only chance if I should meet.
True, I might sweet luxuriant lands explore,
Where foot of swain had never trod before—
Where full-grown fruit should tempt my wandering
eyes,

And birds send music to the lofty skies;
But on such plains as these my mind can see—
Could feed my flocks, from ev'ry danger free.
No wolfs and bears, and other beasts of prey
Would nightly come and take my lambs away;
While I myself, tho' closely coop'd on high,
Like to my lambs, could not securely lie.
Oh thou, blessed Erin! is thy equal near,
Or far away, or 'neath the burning sphere;
Are other isles from poisonous serpents free,
And furious bears, and ravening wolves, like thee?
Oh, nature kind! 'twas thou that did'st bestow
Those blessings, which no other isle may know:
'Twas thou that bade the sun disclose his head,
And kiss old Erin ere he goes to bed.
What joy excessive fills my bounding breast,
Bless'd with content, and with possessions blest!
Glide on sweet Shannon, ocean shall thee meet;
And when she greets thee, the green ocean greet.
Ocean shall say, "what gave thee such a fright,
And from what dost thou take this headlong flight?
Thou shalt reply, "I, Erin fertilized,
For which, and more, I was by Erin prized;
She often hugged me to her verdant breast,
And said, 'sweet waters on my bosom rest.'
But when her traits and courting wiles were vain,
She made one furious strive, me to detain,
From which I'm free to mingle with thee, main."
And when she asks thee whence these notes proceed
Say, "I convey them from the shepherd's reed."
How blest am I most other swains above,
Loved by Glovina, whom I dearly love,
Glovina, fair, who gives me constant joy,
While I, to please her, all my means employ.
What sweet delight it gave her yesterday
To see my lambskin frik about and play;
And when she said, "to hail yon southern skies
How verdant hills o'er verdant hills arise;
What shady groves and flowery fields are there,
We must some evening to the south repair;
More soul-felt joy was ne'er before display'd
Than her blue eye and smiling mouth betrayed.
But stay, my shadow goes beyond the mark,
There's thirty steps, and more than thirty dark:
I must be off, too long I have delayed,
By this Glovina waits me in the shade."

SOMNAMBULISM.

We have many striking instances that the mental faculties are by no means torpid during the time of sleep; but in the following circumstances, fully authenticated, there is ample proof that the powers of the mind may, at that period, sustain greater labour than during our waking moments. The subject is one well deserving of attention, both in a medical and a philosophical point of view. Some time since, John Buckridge, the son of a wealthy and respectable farmer, residing near Leeds, in Yorkshire, was placed at a grammar-school, within a few miles of that town, kept by the Rev. Mr. Dunne. Young Buckridge, who was entered as a boarder, displayed very little inclination for learning during the first month of his probation; he talked incessantly of the plough and harrow, the dairy and the farm-yard, the hogs and horses, and wished often and heartily that he was amongst them, and free from the tedious and disagreeable task of poring over books, the contents of which he neither knew nor seemed to wish to know—he thought

“Where ignorance is bliss

’Tis folly to be wise.”

However, the principal of the establishment neglected no means to endeavour to call forth whatever share of intellect the boy might have: still he evinced no thirst for improvement, and his retentive faculties being extremely defective, he seldom remembered in the morning any part of the lesson committed to keeping on the preceding evening. In this manner the boy continued to plod on wearily with his studies, until the expiration of another month, when a visible change was remarked in the manner that he performed the various school business allotted to him; he that before was only remarkable for dullness and stupidity, became the most correct and generally perfect student in the entire academy; but the cause of this most singular change still remained a mystery. During the usual hours for business he was, as before, listless and inattentive—neither did he relax in his accustomed amusements, so that he did not seem to devote one hour more to study. It happened, however, that one of the ushers, who occupied an apartment contiguous to the school-room, hearing a noise in the passage betwixt the hours of twelve and one, when the family had all retired to rest, was induced to watch, on the supposition that thieves might have broken into the house. On partly opening his door all was dark and silent: but in a few minutes after, young Buckridge ascended from the kitchen with a lamp a-light in his hand, which he had brought from thence.—The usher’s fears now gave way to curiosity, and he determined to watch the movements of the boy, who was evidently enjoying a profound sleep. Buckridge passed on with a rapid, though cautious step to the door of the school-room, which he unlocked, and proceeded directly to the place that he generally occupied, opened a desk in which his books were deposited, took them out, and arranged them in due order before him, and instantly fell to study. The extremely astonished usher, imagining that it might have been a trick of the boy’s, shook and pinched him repeatedly, but to no purpose; he seemed insensible to every thing save only the pursuit of learning, and after having successfully perused the different lessons marked for his business on the following morning, he arose from the seat, and repeated them at the principal’s desk, as if he had been there for examination, in the most perfect and satisfactory manner. The usher having faithfully reported this singular discovery, Mr. D. resolved to watch the following night, and be enabled to question the lad; he accordingly did so, and about the same hour as on the preceding night, young Buckridge arose from his bed and went through the same ceremony, with the addition of writing his English exercises, which were not included in the business of the former day. Having completed this important affair, he proceeded as before to Mr. Dunne’s desk, where that gentleman now really stood, together with the usher, and here he repeated in regular succession his various lessons, replied to many questions put to him by Mr. D., and finally, having delivered in his exercises for examination, returned to the kitchen with the lamp, which

he carefully extinguished, and went back to bed. Being closely questioned in the morning, as to how he had become so perfect in his school business, he could not assign any reason whatever for his being so, and declared that it surprised himself. One thing is certain, that the sleep was by no means counterfeit; the lad knew nothing of it, but almost invariably quitted his bed at the same hour and went through his school business with the same unremitting regularity.

On this subject a writer in the ‘Medical Adviser’ gives it as his opinion, that although the brain, during sleep, performs no functions of reason or instinct, yet the pressure occasioned by the passing of the blood through it, while in that state, produces sensations that agitate in a confused manner, the shadows of those realities which it has been accustomed to bear. It is a recurrence of the sensorium to those actions of thought to which it has been familiar; unmixed with, and unregulated by any impressions from the external senses. It is common to see people move their lips, tongue, and limbs during sleep.—The same cause moves the sleep-walker to the various actions which he performs; and somnambulation is only a dream of more extended power than others. There has been no effectual remedy against this unpleasant and dangerous affection. In many instances terror, properly regulated during the action of sleep walking, might be tried with benefit on persons who are not very nervous or delicate. The following cases may serve to strengthen this opinion:

Edward Harding, a student of Trinity College, Dublin, who inhabited an attic in the left wing of the University, was in the habit of walking upon the roof in his sleep. One night, having taken a relation, who was locked out, to sleep with him, they had not been in bed more than two hours, when the latter saw him deliberately get up, put on his clothes, strike a light, and sit down, apparently to study. This, however, did not surprise him, as he thought his friend was preparing for the approaching examinations. In a few moments he observed him opening the window, and immediately proceeding to walk out of it upon the roof. Recollecting that his friend had the habit of sleep-walking, he pursued him cautiously. The day was just dawning, and he could see him distinctly walking along the parapet with destruction within an inch of him. Actuated with strong fear for his friend’s safety, he proceeded in the gutter of the roof, until he came behind Mr. Harding, who now stood at the extreme end of the building, and seemed to look down upon the distant earth with the greatest *sang froid*, and, seizing him suddenly by the arm, pulled him upon him into the gutter, there holding him by force, notwithstanding his violent exertions to disengage himself, until at length he became quite awake, and sensible of his perilous situation. He never afterwards walked in his sleep, although he used to get out of bed at night, and mope about for a moment or two: but he would awake in the greatest terror, which, however, soon dissipated, and he rested well the remainder of the night.

A lady in Scotland is said to have been cured by a similar effect. She was the daughter of a gentleman who inhabited an old romantic house in Dumfriesshire; and sundry strange noises, music, &c., having been heard by himself and his domestics about midnight, in a certain room, it was considered to be haunted. A friend having been on a visit at the house, the conversation turned upon the circumstance of the haunted apartment, when the guest, who was a young man not to be frightened by a ghost, proposed to sleep in it. This was acceded to, and he retired to the “abode of horrors,” amidst the prayers and pity of the wondering domestics. About one o’clock, while he was yet sitting at the table reading, the door was opened, and a female, in a long white robe, entered. The figure proceeded to different parts of the room, and at length sat down to an old spinnet, and played some pretty airs. The young man now perceived it was no ghost, but *bona fide* his host’s daughter. He approached her to applaud her performance, and the lady having stood up, took her hand to conduct her to the door, when she awakened, and perceiving her situation, retired almost overcome with terror. This adventure completely cured her. We would

recommend, in cases of sleep-walking, to seize the arms suddenly, and halloo in the ears until the sleeper awake; or the application of a jug of cold water, by pouring it suddenly upon the head. In this latter case, however, care should be taken to have the body well rubbed with dry towels after the operation.

ANECDOTE OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

One day as Cromwell was walking with Lord Broghill in one of the galleries of Whitehall, a man very meanly clad presented himself; Cromwell immediately quitted Lord Broghill, and, taking the stranger by the hand, showed him into his closet. Here Cromwell learned from him that the Spaniards were sending a considerable sum to pay their army in Flanders; that this sum was aboard a Dutch vessel, and the Jew described the very part of the vessel where the money was stowed. Cromwell immediately despatched advice of this to Sir Jeremy Smith, who was cruising in the channel, with orders not to fail in seizing the Spanish treasure as soon as the Dutch ship should enter the straits. When it appeared, Smith sent a message demanding to visit it; but the Dutch captain answering that he would suffer none but his masters to come aboard his ship, Smith threatened to sink him.—The Dutchman, too weak for defending himself, at length submitted. The money was found and sent to London: Cromwell received it, and soon after seeing Lord Broghill, told him, that were it not for the poor Jew they had seen a few days before, that good fortune would have slipped out of his hands.

OPINIONS OF LORD BYRON AND DR. JOHNSON ON THE SUBJECT OF LOVE.

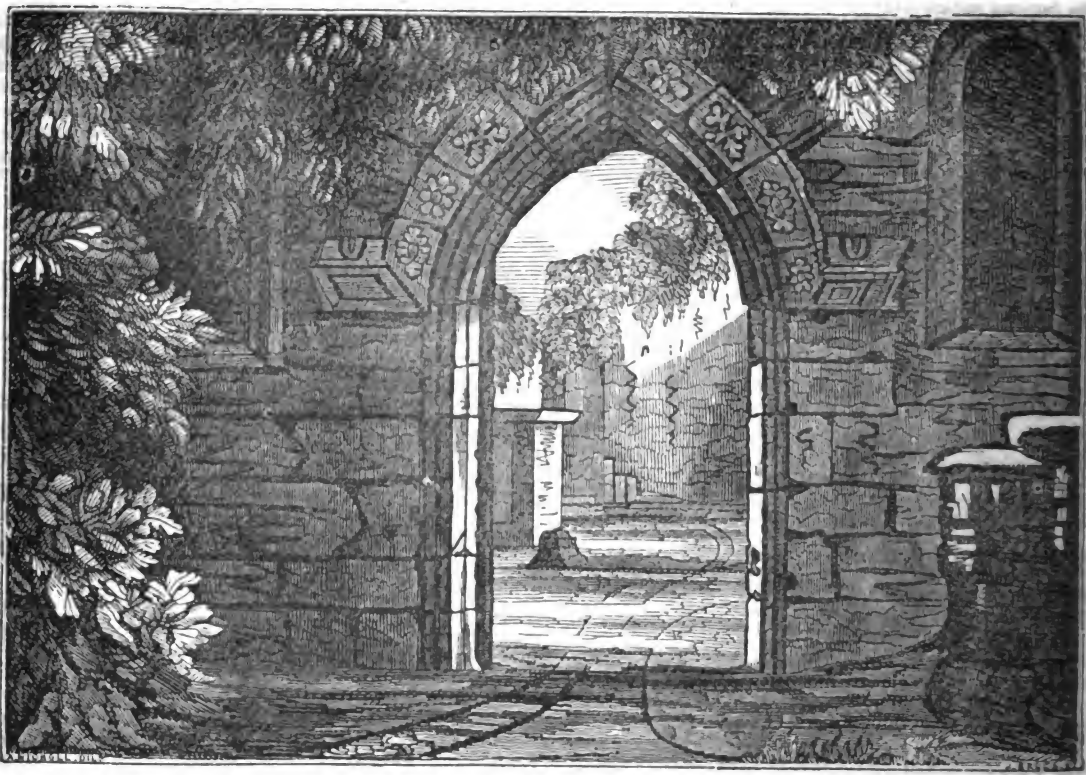
It is curious to compare the ideas entertained on this subject by two men the most opposite in nature—the one a poet and a sensualist, the other a stern moralist and philosopher.

Lord Byron thus finely pictures the *beau ideal* of love.

“Oh, Love, no inhabitant of earth thou art!
An unseen seraph, we believe in thee;
A faith, whose martyrs are the broken heart;
But never eye hath seen, nor e'er shall see
Thy unimagined form as it should be.
The mind hath made thee, as it peoples heaven,
Even with its own desiring phantasy;
And to a thought such shape and substance given,
As haunts the unquench'd soul, wearied, wrung, and
riven.”

Doctor Johnson, more intelligibly and practically, thus speaks on the subject:

Those that have loved longest love best. A sudden blaze of kindness may, by a single blast of coldness, be extinguished; but that fondness, which length of time has connected with many circumstances and occasions, though it may for awhile be suppressed by disgust or resentment, with or without a cause, is hourly revived by accidental recollection. To those that have lived long together, every thing heard, and every thing seen, recalls some pleasure communicated, or some benefit conferred—some petty quarrel, or some friendly endearment.”



HERMITAGE OF ST. EIRC.

To the south of the handsome little village of Slane, which lies about twenty-four Irish miles to the north of the metropolis, on the margin of the river Boyne, are the ruins of the Hermitage of St. Eirc, who is said to have resided in the abbey of Slane, and to have died in the year 844. In 1512, the period at which the ancient abbey of Slane was renovated and refounded by Christopher Fleming, the then Lord of Slane, there were still two friars of the order of St. Francis dwelling in a recess of

the Hermitage. They were of course removed to the abbey, on which fresh endowments had been made. Several members of the Slane family lie interred within the walls of the Hermitage.

EPITAPH ON A MISER.

Here lies old father Gripe, who never cried ‘*Jam satis*.
Twould wake him did he know you read his tombstone
gratia.

THE ATTACK ON THE MAIL-COACH.

"Innocent blood,
E'en like the blood of Abel,
Cries from the tongueless caverns of the earth
For justice and rough chastisement."—*Shakespeare.*

It was a cold but clear and starry December night, not a single flake of snow covered the hard congealed earth, and save the white frost that sparkled amid the leafless branches of the trees, there was no sign of the wintry season. The cold was rather bracing than intense, and the air appeared rarified and pure, as we read of the atmosphere of the higher regions, where frost and snow hold perpetual dominion. A few light and feathery white clouds floated now and then over the heavens, with a slow and spirit-like motion; and they were so thin, that even when crossing the moon's disk, they flung no shadow upon the earth.

Upon a dark part of one of the southern mail-coach-roads, a number of men were busily and silently at work. They seemed all under the direction of one individual, whose extreme youth, conjoined with the reckless, desperate appearance of the men he was overseeing, indicated very early habits of depravity. His eyes were large and black, but now all their expression had seemingly vanished, save a stealthy, fearful cunning, which perpetually distinguished them. His cheek was sunken and pale, and half covered by a pair of dark whiskers, which grew with untrimmed negligence: his lips were set firmly together, and his arms tightly folded; and as he stood, with his black neck-tie floating loosely in the air, a brace of pistols stuck in a leathern belt that encircled his waist, and his fur cap pulled over his brows, he was no bad personification of a desperate and reckless youth driven on, either by circumstances, (which too often rule us,) or else by natural inherent depravity, to the courses he was now pursuing. There was *that* in his features, that might be detected at a glance, which told of his not being always the abandoned one he now was; and a sneer, that seemed perpetually playing on his white lip, told of the bitterness of heart within, that laughed, or forced itself to laugh, even in the midst of its own ruin. The instant he spoke, his commands were implicitly obeyed; for, fallen as he was, he yet retained enough of the master spirit to awe the hardened beings into subjection, even if their admiration of his daring, and that love and respect which proceeds from being often successful under any one man's domination, did not urge them to watch his every beck.

They had, with some labour, drawn a string of cars and carts completely across the road, so as to form a perfect blockade, and then were in silence awaiting his further orders. Two of them, who were closer to his person than the rest, were eagerly watching his moveless statue-like stand, and occasionally hazarding a remark to each other. One of those was Barney O'Grady, and he was the only one amongst them who seemed to know any thing of Murrow's former life (for so the leader was called); they had both joined the gang together, and the latter, in consequence of his desperate daring, and his wonderful successes, was soon unanimously elected as their leader, since which he had been even more haughty and distant than heretofore; and yet the wild beings under him could not lose their respect, for they felt that in his every look and action there was the restlessness of a superior and lordly nature.

"Musha, Tim," said Barney, after observing him with a long glance, "bud I dunna what to think ov the masher to-night at all; fur though I've often seen him in his black humours, I never knew him so bad afore."

"He nevir was so long athout movin' or stirrin' wid restlessness like," answered Tim; "bud, Barney, don't you remimber one evenin' that he was out last summer, wid only you and I attendin' him, in th'other side ov this country entirely, whin we wor walkin' quietly up the boren* to the big house—(what brought uz there is more nor I could gather from that day to this)—bud, no mather: don't you recollect how whin we hard two la-

dies laughin', he started, an' grew as white as a windin' sheet, an' leaned on us for support; an' thin, whin they cum suddintly plop on us, how they ran scramin' an' screechin' away. Barney, his look at this was tin times blacker nor it is now."

"I'll nevir forget *that*, Tim, fur a rason I have ov my own; an' I'd tell you that iv I thought you wor as silent as a dead man; fur iv the masher knew I brathed a word iv id to human bein', my life wouldn't be worth a *du dhogue*."*

Tim seeing that Barney was evidently bursting with the long wished for secret, took off his caubeen, smoothed down his hair, pulled up his small clothes, and casting a fearful glance at Murrow, to see if he was observing them, perceiving that he still was wrapped up in his own dark thoughts, answered in a whisper—

"In throth, an' its Tim Delany, an' all belongin' to them wor the famous people all out at the keepin' their mouths shut: waggin' the tongue was never a failin' ov my family, Barney; bud as your sacret appears so great a one, I think you'd better tell it to me, whin you can thrust me, nor to another that maybe you don't know; besides I was present at the furst start ov the masher that time; an', though I don't appear cute, (Tim looked as innocent as a country attorney), I think I can see as far as my nose." Here Tim, who really thought he was doing the keen one, pulled the pimple from its horizontal position, and thrust his tongue waggishly in his cheek.

"Well thin, Tim," said Barney, laying his hand confidentially on the other's shoulder, "one ov them ladies that screamed so sweetly, was the masher's only sisher."

"His sisher!" ejaculated Tim, with open jaws and distended eyes—"goodness protect us!"

"An' thother," continued Barney, elated at the astounding effect his first communication produced—"the beautiful crature that walked as stately as a paycock, an' never—bud I forget—you didn't know *her*: howsomede-ver, no matther; fur *that other* was Miss Eleanor Trevor, the grate heiress, that was to be the masher's bride."

"The grate heiress, Barney, asthore!—the masher's bride—whillelu! Wonderful! Quare intirely! The Virgin anoint uz!" exclaimed Timothy Delany, as the astonishing secret gradually began to penetrate his obtuse faculties.

"Och, but she was as butyful as the sun, an' her pair of shinin' eyes dazzled a body to look on thim; her little feet, no bigger nor ash leaves, didn't bind the daises as she thripped across the lawn! Oh, wirresthru! that cunnin' an' desate should belong to one so fair, an' sweet, an' innocent to look at!"

"It's not the purtiest apple that's agreeablest to the taste, Barney;" observed Tim, interrupting him, "an' thin, Father John observed in his last sermon, spakin' ov the bad heart, an' the smilin' face; Father John," sis he, 'even as the apples that grows on the borders ov the Dead Say,' sis he, 'lovely to luk at,' sis he, 'but havin' ashes within,' sis he. A wondherful quare apple that must be intirely; an' I'm shure a lot of thim wud bura beautuous wid the turf."

"Barney, come hither," suddenly and sharply exclaimed the hitherto silent Murrow, upon which both men started, and the one he called shuffled towards him with an uneasy shambling gait.

"It wants full an hour of the mail's arrival," he continued, "andas I see that every thing is prepared, you may get some drink for the men; but don't suffer them to use it immoderately, as you value their lives. I will retire for a little to the shrubbery—you may remain with *them*, and let all keep a little off the road for the present."

So saying, with folded arms, Murrow retired to a thick plantation of young trees which overhung the spot where the ambush was laid; and Barney returned to the other men, who gladly hailed the coming of the liquor.

When Murrow reached a thick part of the shrubbery where he was certain of being unobserved, a crowd of thick coming and agonizing thoughts, that had for the last half hour been rushing to his brain, could no longer be

pant up, and he muttered, as he smote his forehead heavily with his hand,

"Fool, detested, cursed fool that I am—linked in close brotherhood with wretches bearing but the forms of human beings to entitle them to the name: having hearts as hard, and cold, and feelingless as steel: but what am I, that I should rail thus? I am worse than they are?—They never knew the pride of birth, the advantages of education;—they are as nature formed them—while I—I—oh, wretch! wretch! have no excuse to plead—have no shadow to grasp at when my heart questions me of my infamy:—but away with such thoughts; was I not driven to it?—was not my father cruel—and, my adored one false. Eleanor—oh, beloved Eleanor! could you now see Henry—the Henry you once blessed with your smile—you would pity, pardon, and forgive him.

Here the unhappy man covered his face with his hands, and tears, tears of agony burst forth from between his fingers.

"Well, Barney," said Tim when, after having sent the drop round, he drew him a little apart from the rest, "you wor spakin' ov, Miss Eleanor I think you called her an' her cruelty, wasn't it?"

"Yis, inthroth, Tim, and its not like 'the hard-hearted one she looked, fur a sweeter or a more engagin' lookin' brathur the blessed sun never smiled down on, barrin' a sartain little darlin' iv my own below in the ghin, bud no matter; she was the mather's own cousin, an' lived up in the grand big house afther her mother died; an' she was left an orphan like, athout a prothector, wid ould Squire Murrow, an' a proud an' a haughty ould thief that same squire was, or his son wouldn't be as he is at this presint spakin'. Mather Henery was at college when she first cum from England all the ways, to spind the rest ov her life wid her uncle, he rason ov all her other relations bein' dead an' doin' well; bud his eldher brother, the young squire, as we called him, was at home shootin', an' huntin', an' spendin' his money like shot; bud passin' all that by, it was done more fur grandure like, an' Henery was the favourite; fur wid him the heart was in the ra'al right place. Well, she was so beautiful that be coorse the young squire fell in love wid her, an' she wid him, although he wasn't half so good lookin' as his brother, who, changed an' all as he is, id bate two of him out fur the aigle eye an' the proud walk this minit: bud I forgot, he was away, an' she hadn't seen him yet. In the mane time there cum down flyin' reports—(my curse on thim same flyin' reports, they're neither good for man nor baste)—that he was playin' the devil wid wildness an' dissipashun, an' not mindin' his larnin' at all at all; which, as the sequel turned out, was thure enuff; but who can blame a youth whose sperits are as lively as the dhrop in the bottle—you're keepin' id all to yourself, Tim. Well, I mind the evenin' he cum home as if it wor this one. Miss Eleanor an' the young squire wor walkin' on the lawn near the grand entrance, an' his sister was playin' like a child wid a purty pet lamb behind thim, while I was lookin' on, though they thought I was only cuttin' the withered branches of some young trees. Suddenly we all hard the gallopin' ov a horse, an', in a minute afther, up comes me bould Mather Henery, an' dashes himself off his smokin' animal, an' runs to his brother, an' graspin' his hand, while a tear of joy stud in his fine eye, shuck id warmly, as if he wor not able to spake: upon this his sister lets one scranne out ov her, an' runs an' throws herself on his neck, an' burst into tears; an' called him 'her dear brother,' an' 'her darlin' Henery; an' he hugged her, an' dashed the back ov his hand over his eyes, an' pushed her hair off her rosy cheek, an' patted it, an' laughed, an' couldn't help sometimes sobbin' fur joy—I could sob myself while thinkin' ov id—Tim, give me another dhrop ov whiskey)—thin he gives one look at Miss Eleanor, who all the time was starin' at him, as if she'd devour him wid her two round full eyes, an' his proud cheek grew like the inside ov a rose; an' he took off his hat, an' bowed wid the grace an' the granduer ov a ra'al born prence. While they wor walkin' to the house, his cousin couldn't take her eyes off him, as wid his arm round his sister's waist, he walked so nobly, an' lookin' ten thousand times handsomer nor his brother. Well, Tim, from that day out

he took great delight in walkin' wid Miss Eleanor, an' she wid him; bud though every one thought she'd fling up the brother an' his fortin' fur Mather Henery, all ov a sudden, when he went back to college, he hard ov her bein' married to the young squire. I was wid him the night he received the news, (as bein' his foster brother, I axed lave to attend him,) an' I'll never forgit id. He foamed at the mouth, dashed the letter unthor his feet, tore a lock ov hair from his bussom, an' flung id in the fire—(that butyful shinin' thress could belong but to one,) an' thin dashed back the doore, an' rushed out, ordherin' me in a voice ov thundher not to folly him. He cum home mad wid dhrank, an' did so the next night, an' the next, an' the next; an' thin when his father wrote to ordher him peremptorily home, an' refused to send him any money, he gained an' lost, an' grew mad wid desperashun, an' met wid, and joined you's, an' as I was his foster brother I follyed him, an' will while the breath o' life's in his body."

Just as Barney had concluded, the blast of a horn was heard borne on the night air, and evidently proceeding from some distance, upon which Murrow, now all life and energy, bounded to the centre of the road, and rapidly gave his orders to the men, who immediately clustered around him. He desired them on no account to fire unless resistance were offered, and then only at the guard, but to be careful of hurting the passengers. There was a light in his eye, and a flush of excitement in his pale cheek as he issued these commands, that left little traces of the mental agony, none but the all-seeing one had been witness to, and yet the deep lines beneath his eyes, and the occasional restless twitching of his lips betrayed that all was not within as appearances would denote.

A few minutes after the men had taken their stations behind the carts, the tramping of the advancing horses was heard, and the lights in the front of the coach plainly discerned. Then the blood in the hearts of the band grew thick, and the pulses of the brave became quickened, for in that lawless body some cowards were to be met with.

"Your arms, guards—we are attacked," shouted the driver, as the foremost horses stumbled against the barricade: and upon this a number of dark forms bounded across the ditch at the road side, while others came from behind the barrier, and the deep voice of their leader cried—

"Surrender peaceably, or you all perish."

This summons was answered by a volley from the two guards, who sat behind, and scarcely was the report heard, till two of the figures at the horses heads, with a loud cry fell, and were trampled under their feet. But louder than their death-cry was the fearful scream that proceeded from the carriage, as on beholding the fall of their comrades, the attackers with a wild shout returned the fire.

"Down with your pistols, men—don't dare to fire, spring up and drag them from the box," roared their infuriate leader, as he heard the agonizing female scream—"there are ladies in the carriage—don't hurt them on your lives."

His orders were implicitly obeyed—a number of active men soon scrambled to the roof, and dashed down the few passengers, besides after one shot which told fearfully on the foremost assailant, as his brains actually were dashed in the faces of the rest, securing the two guards, who being sworn never to surrender, kept well their oath, as they struggled to the last.

When all were secured, and the men eagerly employed in examining the packages and luggage, Murrow advanced, followed closely by Barney, and opened the coach door: a trembling female voice instantly begged for mercy; and when he heard its sweet low tones, a convulsion passed suddenly through his mind, that paled his flushed cheek, and glazed his blazing eyes. He was obliged to hold the door for support, and was scarcely able to gasp out.

"For the love of Heaven, say who are you?—whence do you come?"

"Merciful Providence, that voice!" screamed the female, stretching eagerly forward to gaze at him, and then with a low thrilling shriek, "'tis him—'tis him. Oh, God! to find him thus—Henry don't you know me?"

"My sister—my dear sister," exclaimed he, folding his

arms round her, but she shrank and recoiled with horror from his embrace, and in a hollow, death-like tone muttered,

"Henry—there is another here; another you once loved, and, and, whom you now—*have murdered?*"

A thrill of icy and terrible agony ran like lightning through his veins, stopping the blood in its head-long course as he stretched forward, and put forth his hand to touch what he could not see; the very fingers cramped up and deadened as they felt the cold lineaments of a human face, and passed through the long tresses of hair matted and clotted with some clammy substance—he drew his hand suddenly forth, and it was dripping with gore.

"Julia! sister!" he screamed with the madness of desperation, "whose blood is this?"

"Eleanor Trevor!" came inarticulately from her lips as she fell back insensible and scarcely breathing. He did not utter a single word, not even a groan. His eyes first closed tightly, as though he would shut out the terrible vision from his mind, and then opened slowly to their fullest extent: his teeth became clenched together, his hands dropped listlessly at his side, and he stood as one suddenly turned to stone; not a heave of his chest, not a respiration of his breath giving evidence of life.

"Julia, dear Julia," bubbled a low, broken voice inside—give me your hand—I am dying. I feel my life is ebbing fast away. Tell him I never changed: tell Henry I yet loved him though he left me—tell—here the faint tones gave place to a low, husky muttering, which could scarcely be heard.

"*Cras na Christa*, Masther Henry, jews! what's the matter?" said Barney; who now, for the first time, got a full view of his distorted features—"don't you see the boys are all off, an' widout the booty, seein' as how the poliss 'ill be soon after comin', as one o' thim guards has escaped, an' got clane away, while we thought he was fast bound."

"Horror, horror," slowly burst from the quivering lips that now for the first time were parted, and then the giant and iron mind starting at betraying itself, as it were into a confession of feeling, bore back again to its depths the load of misery that had forced forth these expressions, and he calmly asked—

"Barney, what man has escaped?"

The unnatural calmness—the dreadful tone of forced indifference with which this was spoken, and the marble coldness of his manner, made the listener start; and on his repeating—

"Barney, what man has escaped," in the same hollow accents, he exclaimed,

"Lord in heaven bless us, Sur, what's cum over you at all at all: your cheeks are blew agin with paleness, an' your eyes look sick—lane on me, masther, darlin', an' I'll lade you away," and then the distant rattling of hoofs being heard; "whoa, mille murders, iv they're not on the thrack; we'll be taken iv you don't stir yerself;" and then perceiving that he was faint, and so feeble as to be obliged to lean against the coach for support, he wound his two powerful arms about him, and without the slightest offer at resistance, carried him as he would a child into the thickest part of the shrubbery. A few minutes afterwards and a number of mounted police, whom the self-liberated guard had luckily encountered, surrounded the carriage, and removed the barrier which blocked up the road. The ladies were both lifted out, and Eleanor was discovered quite dead from a bullet wound in her left breast. Poor Julia was nearly insensible with horror, and could not utter a word, but clung to the cold body of her friend, as if unwilling that they should be parted: in this manner they were both slowly conveyed to the nearest town, a number of the police remaining behind to watch the scattered luggage.

These events need but little explanation. On 'the young squire's' pressing his suit with Eleanor with too much eagerness, he found that his brother was the one her young heart had fixed on, and in the madness of passion had written a letter in his father's hand, telling him that the nuptials she had decidedly refused were about to be celebrated; as he well knew that his intemperate nature would scorn and try to hate the being

of whose deceit he would receive such a proof. Henry's receipt of the letter is best given by Barney, and a short time after, on his father's hearing of his wild extravagance, he wrote the peremptory order for his return, which, along with the agonizing thoughts of his being deceived, drove him from guilt to guilt, till at length he became as we have seen, the leader of a gang of ruthless villains—villains, that though he consorted with, he at heart despised.

His sister and his cousin had been for some time in Dublin, and were on that night returning in the greatest haste, as they had received news of the old squire's illness, and so did not remain to look for a more comfortable conveyance, but took the first that offered; and between sorrow for her uncle, and concern for the fate of him she so truly loved, Eleanor was suffering the most acute agony, when just as Julia was trying to comfort her, the coach was suddenly stopped; and on the robbers returning the fire of the guards, the wild shriek we have recorded escaped Eleanor's lips, and she sank bleeding into the arms of her friend.

Her body was laid in the family vault, and the poor bereaved sister, after a severe fever, remained like a living shadow, thin and worn, and wasted away. She never dared to trust herself with the name of her absent brother; and when the large rewards which were offered on every side for the capture of any of the attackers of the coach were mentioned, she would cover with her hands her feverish brow, and inwardly pray that he might not be taken, but live for repentance. Oh, how little did she know the horror that scared his very brain on that terrible night, as if a bar of red hot iron was thrust through his very temples.

Years flew by, and her father and elder brother died, the latter tortured with the thoughts of his injustice and guilt, and she also, bearing her maiden name of 'Julia Murrow,' was carried to the grave, accompanied with the wailings and regrets of the poor, to whom the gentle and sorrow-touched being had ever proved a true friend.

Strange to say, not one connected with the mail-coach attack ever was taken; and notwithstanding the rewards and promises of pardon to those who would turn informers, not a single clue connected with that gang ever was elicited.

Two years after the death of Julia, an old man, in a soldier's worn uniform was seen speaking to 'ould Tim Delany' at the gate leading into his grazing ground, but the passers by did not note it, as they supposed he was merely indulging in a bit of gossip, of which Tim had latterly grown somewhat fond. But when that stranger became a regular inmate of Tim's comfortable cabin, and "took to the childher an' the ould 'oman as if he knew thim all his life," conjecture was very busy as to whom he could be, but Tim was as close as the jail lock, and *his wife didn't know*: the reader shall only hear the concluding sentences that passed between them ere the old soldier retired to bed.

"An so Barney, a *hagur*, you tell me he escaped wid yerself, an' lived on so long although mad and wild at times, and at last was *skelped* afore yer eyes be the bloody Ingines."

"Throth Tim, ids too thure to put in a ballad."

"Well, Barney, acushla, he was a wild boy, an' yet a good hearted; an' fur the sake ov ould times an' all that, as long as Tim Delaney has a loaf you shan't want fur half ov id."

"God's blessin' be about you, Tim; I see the heart's not changed in yer body yet, an' that id never may I pray to the vargin—good night" and with a warm shake hands the old men parted.

DENIS O'DONORO.

EPITAPH.

A literary gentleman, lately deceased, ordered the following short but emphatic epitaph to be engraved on his tomb-stone:—

"FINIS."

IRISH SNAKES.

There is something bordering on the ridiculous in the very title of our essay, St. Patrick having not only extirpated "*the verment*" from *ould Ireland*, but also prohibited under severe pains and penalties, any again coming hither. Their expulsion has been handed down by tradition, and faithfully recorded in our annals in both verse and prose.

From this period, Ireland remained free from snakes, toads, and all other venomous creatures, a fact acknowledged by all authors, whether natives or strangers. Donat, bishop of Fesulæ, says, when noticing Ireland,

"No poison there infects, no scaly snakes"

Joceline, of Furnes, in his *Life of St. Patrick*, confirms this statement, and Sir James Ware says, "This island does not nourish any venomous creature," nor will they breed in it, though they were imported.

Even old Fynes Moryson, who cannot be accused of any partiality to the country, bears witness to its truth;—he says, "I may not omit the opinion commonly received, that the earth of Ireland will not suffer a snake or venomous beast to live." Modern authorities also furnish us with additional information on this subject. About 1797, a gentleman is said to have imported from England into Wexford, a number of vipers; but mark the result of his patriotic labours;—no sooner were they loose among our shamrocks and shining daisies, than they were as dead as a herring, before you could have said *Jack Robinson*.

We are sorry to record that the virtues of the good old times have passed away, as snakes are at this moment free denizens of the county of Down, and gamboling in its shrubberies and plantings,—aye, and within a few miles too of the place where the ashes of our saint are said to repose. The particulars regarding the introduction of these serpents, are as follows:—

In the summer of 1831, a gentleman by way of experiment, to ascertain whether snakes would survive in Ireland, brought from Scotland a few pair of what are usually called the Common Snake, (*coluber natrix*.) These he put into a plantation at Milecross, near Newtownards, where they soon from their number, gave evidence of becoming as fruitful as if they had been placed in South Carolina. About July 1832, some of these snakes were observed basking about the bottoms of the hedges where they had been placed, and one of them having crawled into an adjoining field, was killed by a blow of a stick. It was a female, full of eggs, and measured three feet three inches in length.

Up to this time the introduction of the snakes at Milecross had been only known to a few, who concluded that they had perished long since, but the news of the astounding fact, that they were not only alive, but had also propagated their kind, becoming known, it excited the utmost alarm. It was immediately reported that they were *Rattle-snakes*, and that their number were increased to several thousands; some old women even declared that they had heard the noise of their *Rattles*, above a mile from where the defunct snake had been slain; and to complete the alarm, their powers of fascination were said to be such, that birds were seen dropping into their mouths, as they attempted to fly over the trees where these monsters lay.

In the mean time the report of an enormous *Rattle-snake* having been killed near Newtownards reached Belfast, and presently all the *virtuosi* of that town, from the puny naturalist, to the executioner of butterflies and moths, were seen hastening in the direction of Milecross, anxiously inquiring for the great serpent, which rumour had now enlarged to the length of ten feet and a half. To the great joy of these humble disciples of Linnæus, the dead snake was at length discovered, but shrivelled like a dried eel-skin. It was, however, considered a very valuable prize, and was conveyed with all possible care and despatch to Belfast, and deposited in its Museum. We have only to add that the alarm soon subsided in the county of Down, and that the remaining snakes still peacefully repose among the shrubberies and mosses of Milecross.

Belfast.

W. W.

CROMWELL OUTWITTED.

Castlemagner, in the county of Cork, belonged to Richard Magner; he was agent for the Irish inhabitants of Orrery and Kilmore. When Cromwell was at Clonmel, he went to see him; but being represented as a troublesome person, who had been active in the rebellion, Cromwell sent him with a letter to Colonel Phare, the governor of Cork, in which was an order to execute the bearer. Magner, who suspected foul play, had scarce left Clonmel when he opened the letter, read it, and sealing it, instead of proceeding to Cork, turned off to Mallow, and delivered it to the officer who commanded there, with directions as from Cromwell, for him to deliver it to Colonel Phare. This officer had often preyed upon Magner's lands, for which he was resolved to be revenged. The officer suspecting no deceit, went with the letter, which greatly amazed the governor, who knew him; and immediately sent an express to Cromwell for further directions, who, being much chagrined to be so treated, sent orders to have the officer released, and to apprehend Magner, but he had taken care to get out of his reach.

ABSENTEES.

The following statement occurs in Whelshaw and Walshe's History of Dublin:—"The absentees have been from the earliest times a constant theme of complaint, as the prime cause of the unprosperous state of the country. So early as the year 1368, an ordinance of the 42d of Edward the Third states, "*Les dix mals* (the conduct of the absentees) *avenex en perdition la dite terre*. In 1601, a writer of "*Remarks on the Affairs of England and Ireland*," avers, that the amount of drainage of wealth by absentees in various ways, was £136,018 per annum. In 1729, a work ascribed to Thomas Prior contains a list of the then absentees, and the money they drew from the kingdom in various ways, amounted annually to £637,799. Arthur Young, in 1779, affirms it to have been £752,300; but an alphabetical list of names and particulars published in 1782, makes it amount to the enormously increased sum of £2,223,212! To these non-residents from choice, are now to be added those who are necessarily so, in attending parliamentary duties, and the whole sum now abstracted from Ireland and spent elsewhere is fairly estimated at £5,000,000."

TO A PRIMROSE IN THE SCALP, COUNTY OF DUBLIN.

Thou darling gem of this dear isle,
Who, from the grey rock's sunny cove,
Shed'st on my path thy dewy smile,
As through the rifted Scalp I rove.
Upon the tearful, tender green,
Of matchless hue, in matchless hour,
Far slanting through the deep ravine
The early sun-beams kiss thy bower.
Sweet star of hope! whose glow-worm ray,
Thro' emerald moss and weeping fern,
Tells to my anxious heart a day
Of spring and joy will yet return.
I bless thee for thy lovely light—
I hail thee for thy glad surprise—
I pray, so pure, serene, and bright,
The star of Erin's peace may rise.
Oh! be thou herald of the dawn,
When generous hearts no longer bleed,
And gallant, gilded spirits scorn
The vengeance well their country's need.
I'll love thee ever, darling flower,
And deep within my soul shall rest
The rugged pass, the dewy hour,
When I beheld thee, and was blest.

F. M.

DUBLIN:

Printed and published by P. D. Hardy, 3, Cecilia-street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.
Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Finsbury-alley, Paternoster-Row; in Liverpool, by Wilmer and Smith; in Manchester, by A. Smith; in Birmingham, by Drake; in Glasgow, by W. R. M'Pherson; and in Edinburgh, by N. Bowack.

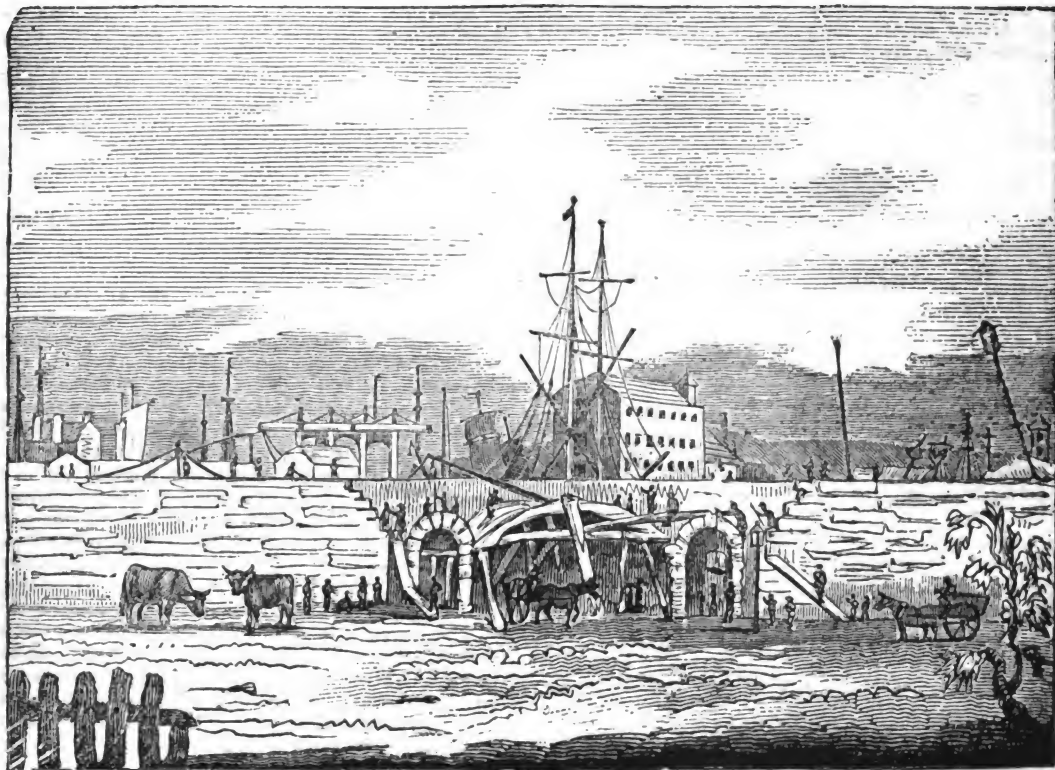
THE
DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 103. Vol. II.

CONDUCTED BY P. DIXON HARDY, M.R.I.A.

JUNE 21, 1834.



THE KINGSTOWN RAIL-ROAD.

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF RAILWAYS IN IRELAND.

The above engraving, as our readers in the Metropolis will at once perceive, is a sketch of the buildings at present in progress on the line of Railway from Dublin to Kingstown, where it crosses a street near the docks at the draw-bridge at Ringsend. The other sketches in our fourth and fifth pages, are from drawings of the intended line in the Railway Company's office; the one giving a side view, and the other a view more in perspective, of the entrance to the tunnel in the front of Lord Cloncurry's grounds, a short way beyond the Black Rock.

As the importance of establishing Railways in different parts of this country, is every day becoming more and more obvious, we shall in our present number lay before our readers some general remarks on the principle of this mode of conveyance, and its peculiar adaptation to Ireland, as compared with the other modes now in use—reserving to an early number of our third Volume, a regular article on the Railway at present in progress to Kingstown, which we shall illustrate with three or four engravings of the most interesting views along that line.—In reference to this, however, we may passingly remark, that it appears to us there are many circumstances very favourable to the ultimate success of the plan in progress. Starting from Dublin at an elevation of nearly twenty feet above the level of the surrounding country, the bird's eye view thus obtained, will be peculiar and interesting; a gradual change takes place as we approach the higher lands

which will be passed nearly on the level, and the views from which will be unobstructed either by high walls or decaying tenements. The sea embankment at Merriou will be nearly a mile and half in length.

This striking feature of the undertaking, will possess peculiar interest and attraction, and it is not easy to imagine what will be the effect of thus, as it were, flying along the surface of the sea at such a distance from the shore as to admit its being seen to great advantage. Beyond this point, the road increases in interest and beauty, and the ride from Blackrock to Kingstown by the railway will be (for its length) probably unequalled.

That railways have been used for the conveyance of waggons drawn by horses for the period of nearly 150 years, perhaps few of our readers are aware. Such ways are said to have been first employed at the Newcastle collieries, about the year 1680, for the transporting of coals to the ships on the Tyne, and were made of beech. By means of these, a single horse could easily draw three tons; and, consequently, their use was attended with much advantage, though, from the nature of the wood, they were subject to frequent and expensive repairs. On account of this latter circumstance, flat bars of iron were afterwards fastened on the top of the wooden rails; and a still farther and most important improvement was the use of iron alone. Railways of this description, of various lengths, from a mile or less to nearly thirty, have been used, for a considerable period, in all the mining districts of Britain. They are also employed, in some places, as auxiliaries to

canals, instead of locks, to enable lighters to pass on any inclined plane, from one level to another; and they are sometimes used in preference to canals. Neither is the idea of employing steam as the moving power on such roads a novel one; the late Mr. Edgeworth, of Edgeworthstown, having suggested it so early as the year 1802. Whether a like suggestion had been made before, we cannot state with certainty; but we are inclined to think it had not. Two years after, a successful trial of the use of a high pressure locomotive steam-engine was made on the Cardiff and Merthyr railway, where ten tons of iron, (long weight) loaded on tram waggons, with the additional weight of about seventy persons, for a great part of the way, were drawn for nine miles, at the rate of nearly five miles per hour, by the use of one of these steam-engines, fixed on its own waggon, no supply of water for the boiler being found necessary for this distance.

The Liverpool and Manchester railway was opened after many difficulties had been surmounted, and an enormous expense incurred, arising from the opposition of interested individuals, on the 30th of September 1830, by what was intended to have been a grand fête, but which was overshadowed by a fatal calamity that befell Mr. Huskisson. Since the 5th October following, at which time it was opened to the public, more than a thousand persons have travelled on it each day. The distance is thirty-one miles, and the average time occupied by the journey one hour and thirty minutes. Two classes of carriages start from each place five times a day, and convey one hundred and twenty passengers in each set. The Steam Engines lead the way, and the carriages are attached to them and to each other. The only stoppage is about half-way for water; and the fare is 3s. 6d. in the open, and 5s. 6d. in the covered carriages.—The town of Liverpool is traversed by means of a subway or tunnel, communicating with the rail-road at Edge Hill; and four miles from it, the solid rock has been excavated to a great depth. The valley of Sankey is crossed by a vast bridge, or viaduct, of nine arches of fifty feet span. It is seventy feet high, and twenty-five broad, and cost £45,000. Near the village of Newton is another viaduct, through one arch of which passes the turnpike-road, and through another a river. The road across Chat Moss is a triumph of skill, and was effected at immense cost. The original estimate for the whole was five hundred thousand, but the actual expense has been upwards of eight hundred and twenty thousand pounds.

For the information of those who may not have had an opportunity of examining their construction, we may observe that railways are of two kinds—one the *flat or tram road*, consists of flat pieces of iron, connected with each other at their extremities, and having one edge turned up, to keep the wheel which moves on it, in its proper place. The other—which is called the *edge railway*, has its upper surface of a convex or wedge form; and the wheel, which is to move on it, is furnished with a flange to keep it on the rail. In either construction, two of these rails are placed parallel to each other, at the distance of three, four or five feet, to support the wheels of the vehicles; and there must be at least two pair of rails, to admit the passage of vehicles moving in contrary directions.

In the collieries of the north of England the flat has been almost entirely superseded by the edge rail, and the latter has proved to be decidedly superior in case of draught, the edge of the bar presenting less friction, and being less liable to clog.

The distance between the opposite rails of a road varies generally from three feet to four and a half feet, according as a long and narrow, or a broad short waggon is preferred. A breadth of from twelve to fifteen feet therefore will be sufficient for a single road, and from twenty to thirty for a double one. The *sleepers* consist of solid blocks of stone, of two to six hundred weight; the base must be broad, and the upper surface present an even basis for the rail. They are to be placed along each side of the road, and about three feet distant from each other from centre to centre: the opposite ones being separated by the width between the opposite rails; the ground under them being rammed or beaten down to

form a firm foundation; sometimes it is first laid with a coat of gravel or refuse metal. The space between them is also rammed or filled with hard materials.

The rails are set in a cast iron socket or chair, attached firmly to the sleeper. This socket embraces the extremities of the adjacent rails, which are here made to overlap, and a pin is driven at once through the rails and through the socket, so as to bind the whole together. Malleable iron has of late been used in the construction of these rails.

It is supposed that on a railway well constructed, and laid with a declivity of fifteen feet in a mile, one horse will readily take down waggons containing from twelve to fifteen tons, and bring back the same waggons with four tons in them. This declivity, therefore, suits well, when the imports are only one-fourth part of what was to be exported. If the empty waggons only are to be brought back, the declivity may be made greater; or an additional horse applied on the returning journey will balance the increase of declivity. If the length of the railway were to be considered, it may, it is supposed, without much inconvenience, be varied from being level to a declivity of one inch in 6 yards, and by dividing the whole distance into separate stages, and providing the number of horses suitable for each portion of railway according to the distance and degree of declivity, the whole operation may be carried on with regularity and despatch. It is, upon the whole, believed that this useful contrivance may be varied so as to suit the surface of many difficult countries, at a comparatively moderate expense. It may be constructed in a much more expeditious manner than navigable canals; it may be introduced into many districts where canals are wholly inapplicable; and in case of any change in the working of mines, pits, or manufactories, the rails may be taken up and laid down again in new situations at no very great expense or trouble.

In laying out a line of railway, no further general rule can be laid down than that regard should in the first place be had to such a direction and such a declivity as may best suit the nature of the ground through which it passes, and the trade to be carried on upon it. If the trade be all or chiefly in one direction, the road should of course decline that way, so that the waggons, with their contents, may descend on this inclined plane as much as possible by their own weight. If the exports and imports are equal, the road should be on a level; and, where the ground will not permit that declivity or level best suited to the trade, the line should be varied, and the inequalities made up, so as to bring it as near as possible to the proper standard. If the inequalities are such as to render this impracticable, the only resource lies in inclined planes; for instance, where the difference of level between the two extremities of the road is such as would render an equal declivity too steep, they must then be carried either on a level or with the due degree of slope, as far as practicable, and then lowered by an inclined plane; on which the waggons are let gently down by means of a brake, are dragged up by means of an additional power to that which draws them along the road, or at once let down and drawn up by means of a roller or pulley.

With respect to the first expense of rail-roads, it is obvious that it must be governed, in a great degree, by the nature of the country through which they pass, and by the purposes for which they are intended. We find accordingly, that while a railway—whether single or double, we are not informed—extending from the Hurlet coal and lime works to the Paisley canal, and employed for horses, costs £660 per mile; while the Liverpool and Manchester railway, constructed on a great scale, and fourfold, for locomotive engines, is estimated to have cost £30,000 a mile. Dr. Anderson mentions £1000 per mile as the cost of a double railway for horses, in the most favourable situations; and for very stout ways, in the vicinity of London, where labour is dear, he supposes £5000 per mile to be requisite; and Mr. Buchanan says that, “where there are considerable embankments to form, bridges to build, and deep cuttings, the expense may rise to £4000 and £5000 per mile.” In a series of ingenious papers in the *Scotsman*, it is estimated that a railway, destined to serve the purposes of great national thoroughfare for vehicles of all kinds, quick

and slow, would cost at least from £6000 to £10,000 per mile, including the price of the ground. We should observe however, that this does not include the cost of the carriages, engines, the various buildings which are required, independent of the railway itself, and numerous incidental expenses, which, in the case of the Liverpool railway, appears to have amounted to upwards of two hundred thousand pounds.

THE SUPERIORITY OF RAILWAYS OVER OTHER MODES OF CONVEYANCE.

Having given some general idea of the construction and estimated expense of the different kinds of railways, we shall say something of their superiority as a mode of conveyance over the other methods now in use.

While goods are conveyed on canals at the rate of only three or four miles an hour, railways afford a velocity of ten or fifteen miles, or even more, when thought necessary. Unlike canals, they are not obstructed by frost in winter, or droug in summer, or by frequent repairs; nothing, indeed, except a heavy fall of snow suspending their usefulness. By them, also, articles may be conveyed that are too bulky to pass through the locks of canals; and goods on them are not liable to the injuries to which they are exposed from storms, and other causes, on canals, particularly at their junctions with rivers. Railways, besides, are constructed generally speaking at much less expense than ordinary canals. They also occupy less ground, and can often be carried in a more direct line, in consequence of their not requiring the same precision in point of level.

Over the present system of land carriage, by carts and waggons, they present the immense advantages of far greater despatch, and far superior power; a locomotive steam engine, of eight horse power, being capable of propelling a load off from thirty to fifty tons, at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour: while, for the conveyance of mails and passengers, they present a degree of celerity never before contemplated. Another advantage, of extreme importance, is the *cheapness* of carriage and fares.

Such are some of the advantages that may be expected to result, in any civilized country, from the use of rail-roads. In Ireland, however, from its peculiar circumstances, they seem likely to be valuable in an eminent degree. The soil is rich and fertile; and the country possesses numerous sources of wealth and prosperity: yet poverty and distress prevail extensively; and the horrors of famine are frequently felt in districts rarely equalled in fertility and natural resources. To what predisposing causes, political or moral, these melancholy effects are to be attributed, it is not our present business to inquire; but certain it is, that the immediate occasion is the want of industry, properly directed, among the numerous population. Manufactures and commerce are either wanting, or are too sparingly established; and agriculture languishes. To remove these evils, nothing perhaps would contribute more effectually than the establishment of easy, cheap, and rapid means of internal communication. Let the country be intersected with railways, passing through the most important districts, and terminating in the principal seaports; and from these leading lines, let branches be extended to neighbouring towns, mines, and other places of importance; and a new impulse will be communicated to the energies of the nation. At proper stations, stores and warehouses may be erected; and markets may be established, for the purchase of the articles produced in the neighbourhood, and the sale of others in return. The grazier and the farmer will then find a ready sale for their cattle, their butter, and their corn; and will thus have the most powerful motive for increased activity and exertion in raising articles, which can thus be disposed of to advantage. They will also be supplied, on moderate terms, with whatever may be necessary for the culture of their grounds, or the erection of buildings, or for the comfort of themselves and their families; and, having the means of procuring these articles more abundantly than before, they will gradually acquire what is unfortunately too little felt in Ireland—a wish to have houses, food, and clothing, of a comfortable kind.

In many respects, Ireland presents great advantages for manufactures. The population is numerous, and labour

cheap; and the fertility of the soil, if properly cultivated, is such as to supply ample provisions for a large manufacturing population. Now, the promoting of internal communication would materially facilitate the establishment of manufactures of almost every kind. Coals and other necessary articles would thus be procured on moderate terms; and the manufactured articles could be transported cheaply and rapidly to the proper market, so as to give the manufacturer an early return for his capital. Such facilities seem likely, indeed, to present the strongest inducements to British capitalists to form establishments in Ireland; and it is almost certain, that they could here manufacture their goods, by means of proper machinery, on terms considerably more moderate than they can do in England.

We have thus far confined our views to the effects which might be expected to result from the establishment of rail-roads in Ireland itself. There are other circumstances, however, which add greatly to the advantages already pointed out. By means of steam vessels, plying between the principal sea-ports in Britain and Ireland, and by the railways on both sides, the manufactures and produce of Ireland could be poured over Britain with despatch and certainty, and to the mutual advantage of both countries. The excellence of Irish provisions, of different kinds, is well known; and by the proposed means, they might be conveyed to England, in the best condition. Epping butter sells, in London, at 1s. and 6d. per pound; while in Ireland, butter of equal quality, which could be conveyed to any part of England fresh and good, can be had at half the price. It is perfectly possible, indeed, that butter might be churned in the centre of Ireland one day, and be the next, on the tables of the rich or poor, in Manchester or Birmingham; and eggs, poultry, and flesh-meat, might be conveyed with equal despatch.

The Commercial History of Great Britain amply demonstrates that its present pre-eminence is mainly attributable to the facilities which the steam-engine has afforded to our manufactures, that, by reducing the cost of production, the population at large have become consumers, to an extent which the most sanguine political economist never could have anticipated; and, although the application of the steam-engine is comparatively recent in affording increased facilities to our internal locomotion by railways, the result is sufficiently striking to excite the most serious attention. On the Liverpool and Manchester railway the previous existing intercourse has been increased *three fold*; and the Edinburgh and Dalkèith railway, though constructed solely for the conveyance of coals and without reference to any passenger traffic, yet in the first year not less than 150,000 persons were conveyed along it almost solely for pleasure, and to a district not possessing any thing like the attractions of Kingstown and its neighbourhood.

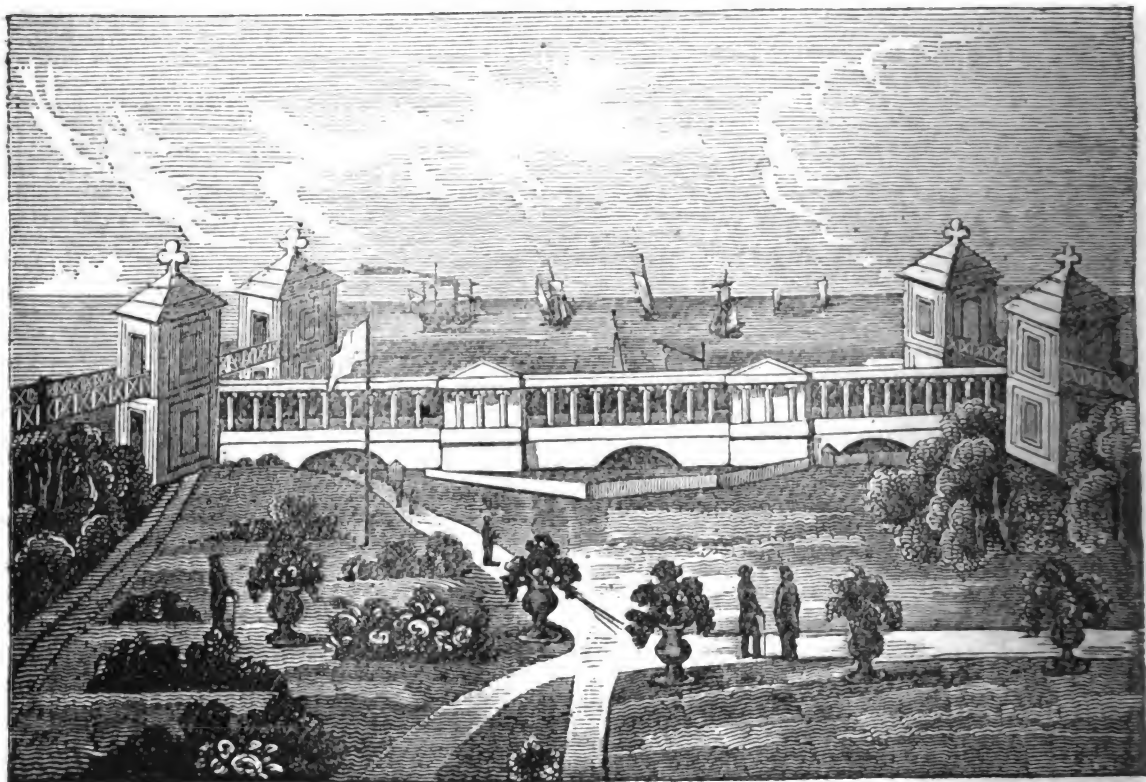
It may be supposed that, from the state of the country, railways would not *pay* in many parts of Ireland. The mere paying of a certain per centage, however, on the original shares, should be a very minor consideration, either with landholders or merchants in this country, particularly the former. Should a landed proprietor expend £1000 on such an object, without receiving directly even a shilling in return, he might be repaid, in a manifold degree, by the increased value of his lands; and merchants and traders may be much benefited by the greater export and import of various articles, and by the increased consumption of others. By railways, also, both travelling and the transmission of goods would be increased to a very great extent; in the same manner as the intercourse between Dublin and Liverpool is many times greater since steam-vessels began, a few years ago, to afford new facilities, and new comforts for travelling. By this means, the profits of railways would, in most cases, be much greater than present appearances would at first lead us to suppose; and there is, perhaps, no country where this would be the case in a greater degree than in Ireland, which presents such a harvest of great natural advantages unrequited, and such a numerous population, whose energies, now comparatively dormant, if successfully awakened into useful and profitable action, could soon elevate their country to that rank to which it is entitled among the nations, by its natural resources.

Let landlords and tenants consider with what safety and despatch, and at how small expense the grain, butter, pork, live cattle, and other productions of the interior, could be conveyed to seaports; while building materials, manure, and other articles for the improvement of the country, could be had with equal ease in return. Let merchants and shopkeepers, bleachers and manufacturers, reflect on the facility and despatch with which the various articles that are constantly passing through their hands, may be transmitted from one place to another, as circumstances may require. Let the philanthropist consider what means of improvement would thus be afforded to our country. Give to its population the means of disposing of the productions of their farms to advantage, and of getting in return the articles of convenience and comfort which they would thus be enabled to purchase, and they will be industrious: give them timber and other materials for building, at moderate expense, and they will gradually form the desire of having better dwellings than the miserable hovels in which, to the disgrace of our country, they now generally

reside: afford the means of procuring fuel, and other articles necessary for manufactures, and of transporting the manufactured article to its proper destination on moderate terms, and machinery will spring up through the land, and give other employment to the youth of our country, than to lounge in idleness through the day, and to prow for blood, like the beasts of the forest, in the night.

From these considerations, therefore, we trust that landed proprietors, merchants, and all others in this country, who have it in their power to forward such an object, will bestow on the subject a due degree of attention. By this means, a large portion of our fine country would be opened up; the value of land would be increased: and the establishment of manufactures, in districts which are ripe for their introduction, would be rendered practicable and easy.*

As we have already hinted, it is our intention to devote a portion of an early number of our third Volume to a particular account of the line of road at present in progress between this city and Kingstown, for which we have several sketches at present in a state of preparation. In the



TUNNEL THROUGH LORD CLONCURRY'S GROUNDS.—SIDE VIEW.

mean time we may mention, that in the report presented by the managers to the Company on the 27th March last, it is stated that "more than two-thirds of the entire works have already been done; and that there are now about 2000 men receiving daily employment on the line."—Surely, if the only good to be effected by the introduction of public works into various parts of the country, were the employment of such a number of individuals, who otherwise would be walking about in idleness and starvation, the benefit to the country must be immense. But we have already shown that this is not the only good to be expected—many advantages of still greater importance may fairly be calculated upon. From the report it appears that a sum of not less than £118,186, 12s. 3d. has already been expended. Double this sum we should suppose will be required to complete the entire, and to pay for the carriages, engines, &c. That the works are being executed in a very superior manner, must be evident to every individual at all conversant with such matters, who may have walked along the line, which, by the way, we may remark, even in its present unfinished state, wears a very interesting appearance. Considerable progress has been made in

the tunnel and other works in the rear of Lord Cloncurry's house; and the cutting through the demesne of Sir Harcourt Lees, is nearly completed.

While we are sorry to find that Ireland could not produce an individual or an establishment sufficiently extensive to undertake the manufacture of the steam-engines, we are very much gratified to know that the manufacture of the carriages, which are of three kinds, has been undertaken by an Irishman, Mr. Dawson of this city, who we are informed has already completed several of them of the different classes much to the satisfaction of the managers.—We have seen some of them; the first class carriages appear to be not only very well constructed but very handsome, they have been much admired by all who have seen them. There can be no question that our country is progressing in the arts and manufactures—a little more public spirit and a little more capital, and the people of Ireland would soon show themselves not inferior to any others on the face of the globe.

* For several of the foregoing particulars we are indebted to an article in a Belfast magazine, published some time since.

It may be amusing to our readers to know the number of persons and vehicles which pass to and from Kingstown in the course of a year; the items are extracted from a document in the possession of the Rail road Company, and upon which we believe they have founded a calculation of the probable profits to be derived from the road itself.

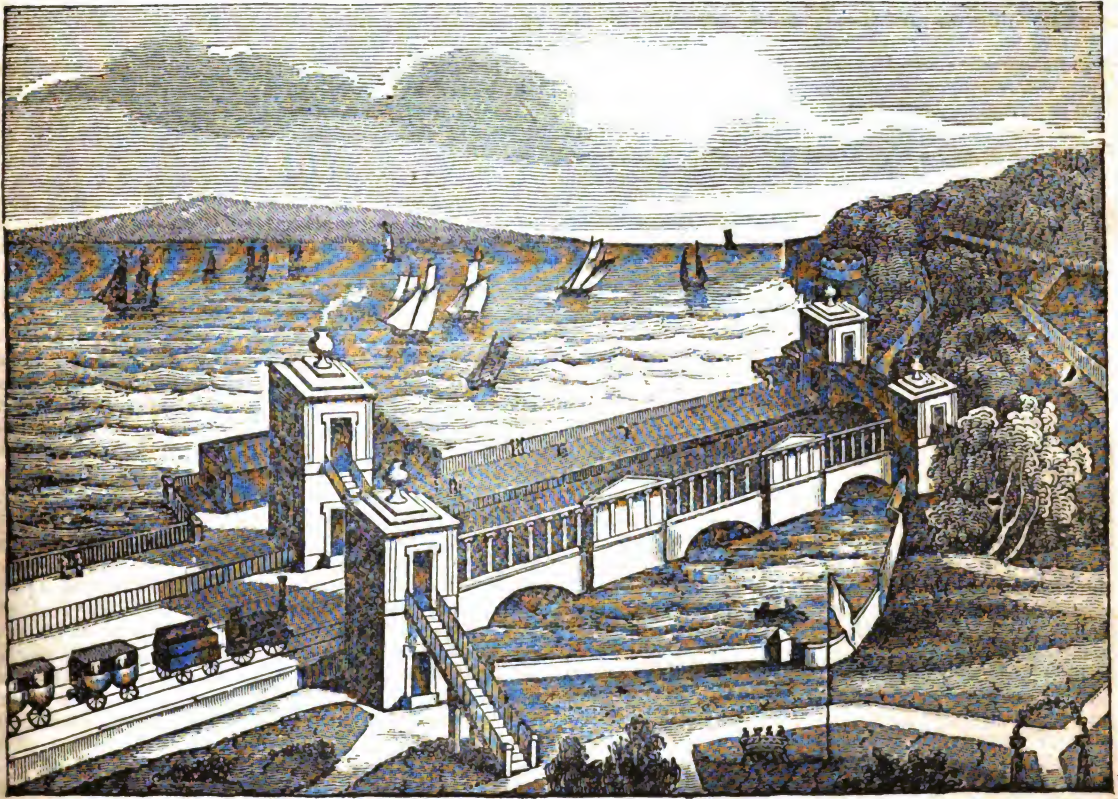
Number of cars, carriages, &c., passing to and from the Rock, from the 12th February 1831, to the 13th February 1832 between six o'clock in the morning and nine at night:—

Private Carriages ..	36,287	Gigs	24,175
Hackney Coaches ..	7,272	Saddle Horses	46,164
Private Cars	133,537	Carts	69,133
Public Cars	186,108		

Be the cause or causes what they may, no one who is well acquainted with the Kingstown road, will hesitate to admit that the intercourse between Dublin and Kingstown, has been progressively increasing. During the last summer

it was so obvious that it was a subject of almost universal remark.

As a fear exists in the minds of some that in consequence of the Railways, the number of persons now employed as drivers of cars, gingles, coaches, &c., will be thrown out of employment, and thereby become sufferers, we may passingly remark, that in Liverpool the same fear was entertained by the coach owners when the railway to Manchester was at first contemplated. It has since been ascertained that in consequence of the increased numbers on the road more employment is given, and more money made by the transmission of persons to and from the Railway, than was formerly by the entire run to Manchester. In reference to this and some other matters which we have incidentally noticed, we shall have occasion to speak more at length in the article on the Railway which we purpose giving in an early number of our third volume.



TUNNEL THROUGH LORD CLONCURRY'S GROUNDS.—IN PERSPECTIVE.

REVENGE—AN IRISH TALE.

"Should man,
Poor frail man, attempt to judge his fellow,
Kill in haste, and heat, and call it justice,
Oh! forbid it heaven!"

Autumn! oh, what a delightful season! how pure and soothing are its breezes; how calm and peaceful are its hours. After the heat and the eternal sun of summer, it may be said to resemble the evening of a life that has been spent in the turmoil and bustle of the world. The rivulets glide so quietly along, as we do when age has cooled the fever in our veins, and the flowers of the field fade so gradually, as we day after day feel our spirits sinking beneath the slow and withering hand of time. There is a languor—a sadness, as it were, in the autumn evening, that makes it very dear to the human heart; and we watch the gentle decline of nature with the wonder and admiration, but not the heart-touching solicitude that we watch the wasting away of some beloved object whom the grave has marked out for its own.

It was in the commencement of this delicious season, now some years ago, that we were entering the little town of W——, which is situated in the south-west of Ire-

land. There is a fair held there annually, and it happened that it was on the very fair day we were passing through it. On our approach we noticed numbers of men standing in groups in the principal street, conversing together with many fierce and angry gesticulations, and not having the slightest appearance of that enjoyment which Irish peasants always take in any considerable assemblage.—Numbers of women bearing small stands and baskets were hurrying rapidly to and fro; and nearly opposite the fair green there was a greater crowd than elsewhere, all standing close round some object, which, on our nearer approach, we found to be the mangled body of a policeman. There were many clots of blood on the road, which was covered with large loose stones and broken sticks; and in fact, every thing denoted a recent and desperate conflict. Some of the men had their heads tied up in a handkerchief, from beneath which could sometimes be seen the black dried blood that had trickled from their wounds; others had their hands wrapped closely in different bandages, as if they were cut in an attempt to seize on some sharp instrument; and all had gloomy, lowering frowns on their dark brows, as if they were meditating some desperate revenge. A dull, unnatural air of calm was observable

through all this, that was infinitely more appalling than the loudest execrations; and the silence of all, unbroken save by quick, harsh whispers, or deeply muttered threats, told of some violent breach having been made on what they considered their privileges; and that the attempt had roused them to resistance; and that they now had tasted blood, and, tiger-like, longed for more. In the front of the principal inn of which the town then could boast, a group of women were collected, and loud wails of grief, for some slain friend or relative, occasionally rose up from amongst them, and died away in a long and melancholy cadence: some of them were continually going in and out through the door, as if communicating with persons inside; and others crossed a low stile that led to some outhouses or barns, situated at the back of the inn, and towards which the gaze of all was anxiously directed.

We entered the principal barn, which appeared thronged with persons, and at the end of it beheld three bodies laid low on the hard cold ground. Two of them were males, and the third an aged female, whose face was the only one left uncovered; as the others were so frightfully disfigured as to be actually blood-freezing to look at: her grey hairs straggled from beneath her clean white cap; and there was no disfiguring mark on her person, save a small blue spot in the centre of her forehead, where a bullet had entered, and from which a single drop of blood issued, and was now congealed and stationary; the frigidity and stiffness of their limbs, and the colourless hue of their features told that they had been for some time dead; and a couple of aged *keeners* were already kneeling beside them, and commencing the loud and melancholy wail with which the Irish deplore the loss of friends or relatives. In the countenances of all the persons standing round, grief and consternation held alternate sway: and uneasy glances were occasionally cast towards the door, as if they feared an interruption even to this indulgence.

At the other end of the barn, where a low seat ran parallel to the wall, a fine looking youth was sitting: his face was hidden in both his hands, but the tremulous workings of his athletic frame could be easily seen; low, heart-gushing groans occasionally burst from him, and a shudder would then pass over him, as if his soul within shrank back appalled from the extent and reality of his grief. Before him stood, or rather knelt, a pale, anxious looking girl, with long dishevelled black hair, and soft dark eyes, now filled with tears, and at every shuddering of his frame, her pale lips parted, as though it were in uttering words of comfort.

"James!" said she, "James, *agra!* don't give up to id now so bitterly: you're not the only one that has lost on this dreadful day; an' you should strive to conquer such violent grief."

He suddenly took both his hands from before his agonized features, and looking on her with much tenderness, feebly uttered—

"Lucy—me darlin' Lucy—God may bless you for your kindness to me, an' he will too; bud don't strive to change my sorrow into resignation, fur I'm too deeply afflicted fur that."

"It'll do no good to be givin' way to such phrenzies," said she again; "it'll not alther things a bit, an' 'ill only make thim worse. James, do be more calm, an' don't shudder so fearfully as you do whin I spake: pluck up heart now, an' be thankful its no worse."

"No worse, Lucy," he bitterly repeated. "No worse! how could id be worse?—me mother, me poor ould mother! that nursed me on her lap, an' raised, an' brought me up with love an' affection, to be struck down afore my eyes—murdered—slain! a quiet crature, wid a heart so warm an' tindher, to be shot like a dog before her only son. Gracious Father! I can't bear id—I can't bear id."

"James, dear James," hastily exclaimed Lucy, her eyes filling with tears; "now id brakes my very heart to listen to you. Oh, don't stare so wildly—don't look so despairin'. What can you do?—you know id's too late fur grievin'."

"Bud id's not too late fur revenge!" interrupted he, starting up; "an' revenged I will be, iv I was to die for id:" then perceiving the gush of tears from her eyes, with which his last furious action was accompanied, he stooped,

passed his hand round her waist, and gently raising her up, continued—

"Oh, Lucy! my own young wife, you cannot, will not, ever know how she loved her son—how she watched me every turn—how she studied to please me—how she made id the business of her life to make me happy: an' now, in her ould age, whin she was livin' undher my roof, an' atin' my male, to have her killed before my face—her! the poor ould crathur, that loved every thing she looked on. Oh, Lucy! iv you knew her as I do, you might imagine the misery I feel, an' the deep revenge I am determined to have!"

"Fur heaven's sake, James," eagerly exclaimed she, "fur the sake ov yer infant child—don't spake of revenge! Oh, gracious Creator! hasn't there been enough ov blood spilt to-day? Isn't there one ov thim lying mangled outside, an' do you think ov more?"

"It was not *him* that killed my mother!" said he, in a low, hollow tone: "he fired too—bud I marked *his* eye that killed her; an' iv I was to meet him in a thousand years I'd never forget him."

He then slowly moved towards the group surrounding the bodies, leading his young wife with him, and stood amongst them, without a single tear bedewing his cheek, while she wept plentifully; but there was a nervous restlessness about him, and a moving of the muscles of the mouth, that he could not repress, and which spoke silently his deep and heartfelt emotion. As he stood there, we gazed long and watchfully on him; and his features became indelibly fixed on our memory: there was a something within us that seemed to say, 'twill not be our last time of meeting; and we know not how it was, we *felt* it would not, and studied him therefore with attention.

Candles were soon after brought, and laid beside the bodies on the floor; and their sickly light cast an unearthly paleness on the already fixed and livid features; and the *keeners* then prolonged their wailings, which were mingled with execrations against the "murderers;" at every one of which James would start, and knit his brow with fury, while his gentle wife would thrill with very different feelings.

During the fair that day, as we were afterwards informed, a fight had arisen between two factions, which would, perhaps, if not interfered in, have merely ended with a broken head or two; but as it was, there was a party of police returning from duty in the neighbourhood, and they should go in between the combatants to preserve peace. The consequence of this was the joining together of both parties against the "bloody peelers;" and then they being hard pressed and pelted with stones, were at last obliged to fire in their own defence. The crowd was mixed, and the melancholy result was the death of three persons, besides several being wounded. On seeing this, their companions became maddened, and rushed with the fury of demons on the small party, who after much dangers, at length got away, leaving one unfortunate comrade, who was early struck down with a stone, to glut the rage of the victors—his mangled remains too truly told his fate. When we entered the town, the fight had long before concluded, but the crowd yet remained, expecting, perhaps, that a reinforcement would come, and wishing to have more blood shed, as if it could be effectual in appeasing the *manes* of the slaughtered. However, for that night, all was quiet; and the following day, when cooler reason asserted her sway, they separated, and departed quietly to their homes; so that when a large party of military arrived, there was not the slightest appearance of that pretty little town having been but a few hours ago the scene of such a desperate affray. The body of the murdered policeman was buried, and his funeral was attended only by his own comrades, and a few children who were glad to get the graveyard open, in order to divert themselves gambolling over the graves! But when, on the following day, the procession that bore the three coffins appeared coming from the town, groups of men and women, all clad in their holiday garbs, were seen approaching from every direction, and soon swelled the assemblage to a considerable amount. Close behind the last coffin walked James Leary, and beside him, bearing an infant in her arms, was his young wife, Lucy. He did not utter a word, but moved

on like an automaton, with one hand thrust into his bosom, and the other swinging listlessly at his side. His head was leaning on his breast, and his face consequently was in such deep shade that it could be but imperfectly discerned; and yet a frown could be noticed to bend the dark brow, and a fearful indefinable expression to convulse the corners of his lips. Lucy's eyes were fixed on her husband with a deep and ineffable look of tenderness and pity, and it was totally unmixed with any of the alarm she had previously shown when he had spoken of revenge.—With her infant pressed close to her bosom, and her cloak pulled tightly round her, she moved along in the melancholy procession, a pale, thoughtful, and beautiful being, bowed down with misery not entirely her own.

We waited until we saw the bodies all lowered into the earth; and the wails of the bereaved relatives rose with a melancholy cadence on the air; and then having seen Lucy and her husband return together to their cottage, we departed and proceeded on our journey.

Years flew by, and the events that we have now narrated had passed away almost entirely from our mind, or at least were but very imperfectly remembered, when happening to pass through Ennis at the time the assizes were going on, curiosity led us to enter the court house. It was crowded to suffocation almost, and we had some trouble in procuring a place. When we did, we were suddenly struck with the appearance of a female standing near the dock, holding a little boy by the hand, who, from his likeness, evidently was her son: her eyes were surrounded with that dark greenish hue which long sickness or suffering almost always leaves, and were glazed, and full of deep woe.—Her features were thin and fallow, and her mouth pinched and drawn in, as if, in the very extremity of misery, she were striving to preserve her firmness. In the dock stood a tall man, whose head was averted, as if he dared not look on her face: and whose figure was still and motionless as if he breathed not, nor was possessed of life. His trial was for the cold-blooded and deliberate murder of a policeman. The facts were distinctly stated by many witnesses, so as to leave not a doubt of his guilt, and every fresh evidence that appeared, seemed to rend a newly awakened hope from the very heart of the female, which sprang up but to be crushed, and to leave behind a deeper pang than she had known but for its short lived birth. The jury brought in a verdict of GUILTY, at which she gave a half shriek, and appeared about to sink to the ground, but by a wonderful effort, recovered, and stood leaning, partly on the child, (who stared round with wonder,) and shuddering through every joint and fibre.

"Prisoner at the bar, what have you to allege why sentence of death should not be pronounced against you?" said the deep toned voice of the aged judge.

"He murdered the mother that reared me!" answered the man, in a hollow voice, which we instantly knew; and then, on his looking round, we beheld the features (changed, but still bearing the same expression) of James Leary, whose vows of vengeance we had heard some years before, and who now was about to die for the execution of those vows.

The sentence was pronounced, and there was no commendation to mercy; for it appeared that he had induced his victim to enter his house as he was passing through the town on his way to his quarters; and when the late transaction was supposed to have been forgotten by all—there—in his own house—on his own hearth—he had murdered him—coldly and deliberately murdered him—and was seized shortly after the perpetration of the deed. That policeman was the one his distempered fancy led him to believe was his mother's murderer!

We saw him executed; he was the only one we ever did, and the only one we trust we ever shall; and he displayed no remorse, no compunctious visitings of conscience—but died hardened and cold to the repeated good offices of the clergyman, who constantly, from the time of his sentence, attended him. It is very strange how the human heart will entirely change: for James Leary was once a gentle and a quiet youth, who won the heart of the sweet Lucy above all his peers; but from the day of his mother's death, the serpent that lay coiled up within him, opened forth, and he gave way to fierce

and angry bursts of passion, and brooded over his dreams of vengeance, and finally brought himself to a miserable and shameful death.

His poor widow lived for some years afterwards, but lived in such a way that death would have been a blessing. She had no retrospect to look to for comfort; all there brought nought to her but woe and sorrow, and joy or happiness never again visited the desolate chambers of her heart.

The sod beneath which she sleeps is hallowed by the tears of a son, who still survives to mourn the early death of one parent, and to blush for the disgraceful one of the other.

ROMANCE OF IRISH HISTORY—RAGALLAH'S DAUGHTER.

Christianity was just beginning to shed its benign influence over our island at the time that the sceptre of Connaught was swayed by Ragallah, a pagan of the ancient line of kings. His only child, an interesting female infant, owing to the prediction of a Druid, had been deserted in a wood, and there left to perish—as by the augury it was predicted that she should one day cause his destruction.

On one of those balmy evenings that follow a close sultry day in July, when the excessive heat of the sun has given place to the freshness of even, and all nature gladdens beneath the cooling influence of the descending dews, an individual of majestic mien was seen to wander alone along the banks of a little mountain stream that wound its peaceful way through the "kingdom of Connaught."—His aspect was noble, and his bearing proud and martial: he appeared about the middle age, though the snows of so many winters had taken but little, if any, from his manly beauty, and the splendid symmetry of his form. He appeared to be admiring the beauties of the surrounding scenery, when the tones of a female voice fell upon his ear: they were exquisitely soft and thrilling, and added to every thing around—the time, the place—it seemed like fairy music floating o'er some enchanted stream. He pushed forward in hopes of gaining a sight of the fair minstrel, but ere he had advanced many paces, his further progress was stopped by a deep precipice; the top of it was quite green, and a solitary ash, which overhung the depth, spread its branches around. The stranger gasped a bough, and looking over the brink, beheld the object of his pursuit. She was standing beside a little creek formed by the stream winding round the base of the rock, and filling its crystal waters into a wooden vessel. She was attired in the plainest dress of the peasantry, but her beauty was beyond any thing he had before witnessed; the poorness of her garb only heightened her loveliness. The stranger gazed with admiration for some moments on the fair being below, and then rapidly descending the dangerous steep, in an instant stood beside her.

After some introductory conversation, he prevailed on her to seat herself beside him on a moss-covered fragment of a rock, and there they remained till the shades of twilight warned them to separate.

As he rose to depart he pressed her hand gently, and whispered in her ear, "Dearest Eileen, you will not fail—at dusk tomorrow even," as she bowed assent, he disappeared.

To a modern "young lady" the conduct of Eileen does not seem altogether "prudent," as she would say, but she must remember that the time in which Eileen lived was the era of chivalry and love.

To be brief, she met the stranger at the time appointed, and each succeeding evening brought them so the same spot. Eileen's heart was young and susceptible, and the stranger spoke in the language of poetry; it was the witchery that chained her to his side.

"The heart, like a tendril, accustomed to cling,
Let it go where it will cannot flourish alone;

* I don't believe Eileen was her name: History does not mention it. I have only taken a kind of literary licence.

But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing

It can twine with itself, and make closely its own."

'Twas thus that Eileen clung to the stranger. She loved him, yet knew not why: he was much her senior in years, and of a grave deportment, while she was young and lively; bounding o'er the heath-bell and the violet, as the graceful antelope; but "human love is not the growth of human will."

Time rolled on, the stranger had for some time endeavoured to persuade her to elope with him. One evening he pressed her in the most moving manner to flee with him—to be the wife of his bosom—the loved of his soul. She hesitated a long time, but was at length overcome by his solicitations, and sinking on his bosom, she faintly whispered her assent. Throwing himself on his knees to her he cried—

"Dearest Eileen, receive the thanks of thy king, for it is Ragallah that thus lowly bends to the fairest being of creation. Nay, start not, my beloved, (for Eileen, with an involuntary awe, at being in the presence of royalty, had started back a few paces,) the dearest pleasure of his life shall be to make you happy; he lives but in your smiles."

Ragallah arose, and taking one of her hands in his, led her from the spot. She cast a long and lingering look on the scenes of her childhood, and burst into tears.

At this moment an aged hermit appeared. He carried a long staff, and his few silvery hairs were floating in the evening breeze: he boldly advanced to the king, and "little reverence made."

Ragallah thought to pass him, but the old man raising his voice, exclaimed, "Hold, impious man! heap not crime upon crime. For the sake of Him whose name thou despisest, have nought to say to that young woman," and he laid his hand on the dress of the girl.

"Back, old dotard, back," said Ragallah; "darest thou presume thus to insult me. Once more, I say, back! and unloose thy hold on the maiden's dress."

"Never—oh, king, never!" said the old man, in a determined tone; "while the Lord gives me strength I shall hold."

"Then dearly shalt thou rue thy temerity. This to thy heart, villain," and the next instant the monarch's sword was dyed with his blood.

"'Tis but another murder added to thy list," said the old man as he fell; "but again I warn thee, as thou would'st escape the vengeance of the Most High, have nothing to say to that woman—she is thy daughter!"

Gladly would I here finish, but history obliges me to follow up this story. Ragallah, in the fearless enjoyment of his power, ordered his wretched daughter to be dragged from her virtuous seclusion to his palace. The crime which followed must not be detailed, but the vengeance of Heaven soon overtook him: he was killed in a quarrel with some peasants, while hunting a stag.

T. A. G—M—N.

. We have to apologise to our kind Correspondent, T. A. G—M—N, for the omission of his initials to some other Romances of Irish History, which have already appeared in our pages, with which he furnished us. We feel that he and others would excuse the liberties we occasionally take in condensing their communications, were they aware how difficult it is to please the varied class of readers who patronize the Penny Journal.—Ed.

A MAN WITHOUT MONEY.

A man without money is a body without a soul—a walking death—a spectre that frightens every one. His countenance is sorrowful, and his conversation languishing and tedious. If he calls upon an acquaintance he never finds him at home, and if he opens his mouth to speak, he is interrupted every moment, so that he may not have a chance to finish his discourse, which, it is feared, will end with his asking for money. He is avoided like a person infected with disease, and is regarded as an incumbrance to the earth. Want wakes him up in the morning, and misery accompanies him to his bed at night. The ladies discover that he is an awkward booby—landlords believe that he lives upon air, and if he wants any thing from a tradesman, he is asked for cash before delivery.

FAREWELL TO ERIN.

Farewell, lovely Erin! from thee I must wander

Across the deep ocean in sorrow away;
No more where the *Braid's* crystal currents meander,
I'll listen the linnet sing sweet from the spray:
Nor stray forth at gloaming among the broom-bowers,
Collecting the young sunny delicate flowers;
Lamenting I stray, when I think on the hours
Enraptur'd I spent 'neath the sun's setting ray.

Still sweet is the spot where in childhood I sported,
Unknown to the troubles that life bears along;
And sweet is the cot where my brother oft courted
The young artless bard, for as artless a song.
Oh! my heart's like to break when I think on the danger

He long had to bear in the land of the stranger;
Where soon I may wander, a poor hapless ranger,
Far, far from the hills the *Braid* wanders among.

I'll seek out the place where in silence he's sleeping,
I'll weep o'er his ashes alone by the sea;
And kiss the cold wave, while around me it's creeping,
That tore my loved brother from Erin and me!
Columbia shall learn, as his bleach'd bones I gather,
How dearly I loved my young loving brother,
Who died unlamented, afar from his mother—
Afar from his native vale, Erin, in thee.

I'll place o'er his grave there, the pale weeping willow,
And rest 'neath its shade while the bitter blasts blow;
I'll heave the deep sigh o'er the wind-beaten billow,
And teach fam'd Columbia to weep for my woe.
No more on thy green hills I'll wander, dear Erin,
Columbia's bleak hills now before me's appearing;
While round me each emigrant loudly is cheering,
Heart-broken I look where my brother lies low.

Near *Ballymunt*.

D. H.

CAOINE, OR THE IRISH DEATH SONG.

Oh! silent and cold is thy lonely repose,
Though chilly and damp falls the mist of the night;
Yet the sun shall bring joys with the morn, and the dews
Shall vanish before his keen arrows of light;
But the pulses of life in thy bosom no more
Shall vibrate, nor morning awaken thine eye;
No more shalt thou wander thy native hills o'er,
The green hills of Erin, that bloom to the sky;
And childhood's gay scenes, when thy soul unfolded
First felt the dear blossoms of friendship unclose,
Where infancy's features in playfulness smiled;
But ah! cold and silent is now thy repose!

Thou wert dearer to me than the sun in the west,
When he tinges with crimson the skirts of the sea;
But memory weeps, and my soul is distress'd:
When I look on his beauty, I think upon thee!
In youth thou wert like him, all blooming and gay;
And soft was the down on thy cheek, as the rose;
In the splendour of manhood, like him at mid-day;
But thy fate was untimely, and early thy close.
He rises again when his journey is o'er,
But thy life has been dimm'd by misfortune and woes;
Thou hast sunk to thy rest to return no more,
For ah! cold and silent is now thy repose!

Oh! thou who now sleepest in earth's narrow bed,
"As the nerve of my throbbing heart" thou wert to me;
And with thee all the charms of the world are fled,
For though it was dear, it was dear but for thee.
Thou wert generous and good—thou wert noble and just,
In the morning of life thou wert beauteous and brave;
But why look on virtue and worth that are past?
For he who possessed them is gone to the grave!
Or why call to memory the scenes that are o'er?
The flowret is hid in dark evening's close;
From the night of the tomb shall it blossom no more,
For ah! cold and silent is now thy repose!

DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 3, Cecilia Street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.

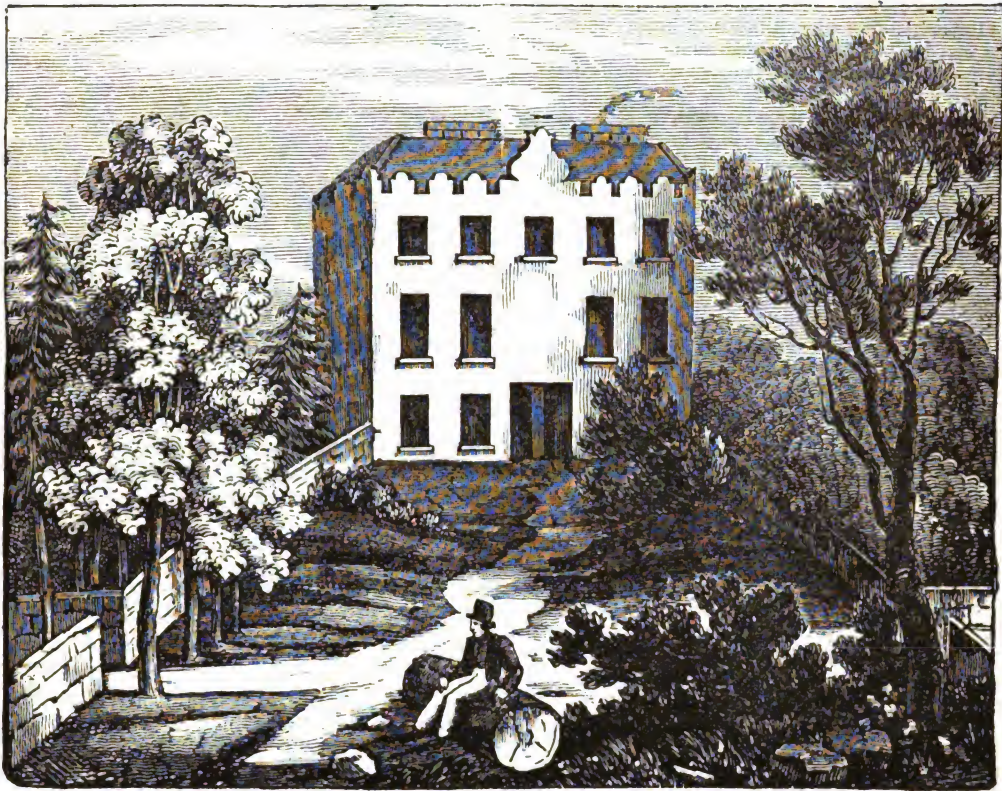
THE
DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 104. Vol. II.

CONDUCTED BY P. DIXON HARDY, M.R.I.A.

JUNE 28, 1834.



GALGORM CASTLE.

THE DEVIL OUTWITTED.

The site of this venerable remnant of antiquity is about one and a half miles from Ballymena, in the county of Antrim, and about half a mile by the highway from the beautiful Moravian settlement of Gracehill, while across the river Main, which runs about midway between, it is not more than half the distance mentioned from the latter place. The building may be about eighty feet square; the walls of extraordinary strength and thickness; the roof and all the other wood material was entirely of Irish oak, even to the very joists, floors, and wainscoting. At present it is under a thorough repair by the noble proprietor the Earl of Mountcashell. It is worthy of notice, that the good taste of the peer is evinced, by having, in the alterations, no change of appearance made, in any way consistent with the ideas of comfort at the present period, and but for the windows, which are not now of small diamond-shaped panes, set in lead and strongly staunched with iron, the antique and commanding appearance of the place has outwardly undergone no alteration. It has a low, double roof, the gables of which are formed as represented in the above engraving; it is accessible from the interior, with an outside castellated parapet all around. It seems to be of the architecture of the age of Queen Elizabeth, or of James I. of England, but this is only conjecture, as there is no record to fix the date of its foundation. Of the founder, however, there is a greater certainty, the history of whom is as familiar to every school-boy in the neighbourhood as that of Tom Thumb, or Jack the Giant-killer,

and to the aged, as are those of Robin Hood and Napoleon Buonaparte. Of Doctor Colvill it would be idle to relate the tradition to any one who has ever seen the edifice which he erected. It may not, nevertheless, be unacceptable to many readers of the Penny Journal, who have never travelled in the country where it is situated.

Well, then, Doctor Colvill, as it is said, was a native of Scotland, and settled in the village of Galgorm as a physician. It could not be supposed, from the mean and unnoted place of his residence, that his practice was extensive or his means affluent. He was able, however, to keep an aged female servant, and a cow which grazed with those of the other villagers on the common, whereon he afterwards built the castle, and felt his pride daily hurt by the cry of the herdsman at his door, to take in or turn out "the Doctor's cow," while to others around, his inferiors in all things save the number of their horned holdings, the exulting vociferation was to attend to their cattle. While thus waggishly annoyed, he used sometimes to saunter contemplatively by the river side, until, in one of his rambles, who did he meet, one fine summer's evening, in the habit of a gentleman, but his infernal majesty, who, with all the courtesy and high breeding which his seemliness sanctioned, entered into conversation with him, and wondered how it was possible that one of the Doctor's appearance and attainments could seclude himself from a society to which he might give lustre and be an ornament, and bury himself thus among a paltry peasantry who could never appreciate his worth. This was no flattery, for, as far as the "outward man" went, which, if judged of

from a portrait which yet hangs in a room of the castle, the doctor was not of an every-day cast of countenance or figure, but had as much of the attractive about him as would cause one to take a second look at him, and enquire of the next he met who he might be?

The doctor candidly replied to all the enquiries of the stranger gentleman, being himself too refined to put any interrogatories to one of so apparently an exalted station—mentioned his poverty, with a hundred other minutiae of his affairs, and even how he was twitted concerning the cow, all of which, it is possible, was before known to his wily companion; when lo! a black servant, in a flame-coloured livery, riding a beautiful black horse and leading another, appeared. The gentleman announced him as his servant in waiting, forced a purse of gold into the doctor's hand which he shook most cordially, promised to call on his return in a few weeks, bade farewell, mounted the led Bucephalus, and was out of sight in a moment!

The doctor, no doubt, often thought of the strange adventure, bought another cow, and began to be thought by his neighbours as marvellously mending in the world. At the promised time the devil returned, revealed himself, and made offer of a boot full of current gold, if the doctor at a far-distant term of years would surrender himself, soul and body, into his hands for ever. There were, however, not, as might be now-a-days, "two words to the bargain." At length, after chaffering for some time, the agreement was entered upon, and on the next night the money was to be paid. True to the appointment, the tempter arrived, and found the doctor waiting in an upper chamber with the boot on the floor, and after the usual ceremonies, began to empty a bag into it. The physician was too artful for the fiend. The leathern receptacle continued lank as at first, and no wonder, the heel had been cut off, and the coin fell into a room below. The old one poured in until all he had brought was exhausted; hurried away to order a legion of other demons to sweep the seat for the requisite treasure, and, after toiling for the night, they succeeded at length, having filled the parlour beneath and the boot to boot. It might be supposed that the doctor was now wealthy, one would imagine, to the utmost extent of his wishes; but, like many others yet in the world, he would husband the hoard, and continued to appear poor, until he contrived to outwit the proprietor of the estate—(the O'Neill or the McQuillan, antiquaries may determine which); but there remain contiguous some vestiges of a baronial residence, said to have been inhabited by the latter family, and it may have been one of those he choused in the following manner:—He applied for the purchase of timber, and ground whereon to build a cabin, and what he would enclose with a wall of a certain height for a garden. According to his supposed means, an inconsiderable sum was demanded; the bargain was struck—the deeds drawn, and the money down—when, lo! all the hammer and hod-men far and near were employed, at the then high wages of a penny each per day! The castle was erected, and a wall built, which partly remains to this day, of seven miles in length, enclosing what of the country it could compass, still bearing the designation of the Galgorm park, wherein and whereon the doctor settled for the remainder of his days. The dreaded day, the last life-lease day, arrived, when another trick was to be played, and the doctor was to prove himself, a second time, too subtle for Satan! The devil, as the old adage has it, kept his day, and came to demand the doctor. He was sitting in an arm chair reading the Bible, when the deceiver, unsuspecting of superior deceit, made his *entrée*, and Shylock-like, "standing upon the bond," required not only "the pound of flesh," but the entire material and immaterial of the doctor. He acknowledged the expiring of the term agreed upon, and only humbly solicited that the candle might be burned out, which was then more than half down in the socket, before they should start together to the "regions of sorrow." This was granted; the candle was instantly extinguished, and as quickly placed between the leaves of the Bible; and as it appears the devil is not permitted to open the word of God, it continued there during the remainder of the doctor's life, and by his will was carefully deposited in the lead coffin with his body, at his death, where, I suppose, it will remain till the resurrection—

who will ~~then~~ have the title to the body, theologians must determine. The devil was so much ashamed of being so humbugged, that he quitted the castle very quietly, and never has set his foot in Galgorm since.

The iron chest, where the Bible and the money were formerly deposited, was seen by the writer of this sketch about three years ago, in one of the upper rooms of the castle.

A more probable account of the doctor's rapid increase in riches is also told, which is, that one day, while fishing along the *Main*, he discovered in the side of a bank, a large pot, which he secretly removed, and found it full of money. But the most probable account of all is, that the doctor, while studying medicine at college, became acquainted with a Scotch nobleman, a descendant, it is said, of Lord Colville of Culross, and some years afterwards this nobleman was charged with having committed an act of treason, or some other high crime, for which he had to leave Scotland, and flying to Ireland, he found shelter with his old friend the doctor, whom he empowered to lift the rents of his estate in Scotland, and at his death bequeathed him by will his entire property, which the doctor soon turned into money, and thus suddenly became amazingly rich. At that time one of the McQuillans—a branch of the Dunluce family—lived at Galgorm; and the ruins of an old castle, where he resided, is still visible on the side of the *Main* water. He possessed, according to tradition, the lands of Galgorm, with others adjoining; and being a simple, innocent man, and always in want of money, he applied to the doctor, who, if the story be true, completely circumvented him, and obtained possession of all the lands, or nearly all, that McQuillan had in that part. But if the doctor was able to humbug old Nick, it is not a matter of much wonder that he was too able for poor McQuillan.

MCCOWAN.

PETHER BRIERLY'S INN ADVENTURE.

AN IRISH SKETCH.

"Pether Brierly," as he was universally called by all who knew him, was most indubitably a great—an exceeding great man in his own estimation. His ancestors for ages before him had kept up the respectability of the noble house he sprung from, by being hard fighters, hard drinkers, close dealers, and great story tellers; and now those accomplishments, one and all, were centered in the somewhat insignificant but portly person of Pether. He cultivated the small portion of land he held with care, was up early and down late, and so, by his industry and perseverance, was enabled to hold up his head amongst the wealthier and more respectable portion of the neighbours, who looked on him as their equal, in consequence of his seeming independence. Now, Pether had one propensity more violent than any other—the pleasure of hearing himself speaking. He would talk for an hour together; and, if he could procure a quiet listener, with a full *chuddeen* and a lighted turf to ignite it, he would sit under a hedge for the length of a day, and neglect everything for the indulgence; but this was to be pardoned, as for nothing else in the world wide would he suffer his mind to be led away from business. Pether had travelled—actually travelled; and amongst the persons round him who were never perhaps out of their own county, this fact gave his marvellous relations an air of interest that perhaps if they were merely local, they would not possess. Amongst the boys and girls Pether's society was anxiously sought, and a merry-making or a wrestling match could not go forward unless he were present. Above all others there was one gentle, dove-eyed village girl, named Patty Healy, that he particularly liked to see present on such occasions, as she never laughed, but always credited what he said. Report said, that he was seen so often at her father's, it would be a match, and, strange to say, report in this instance told the truth. Patty loved him for the dangers he had passed, and he loved her that she believed them. Having thus introduced the characters, we shall now take the liberty of introducing you in propria persona to the cabin of Pether Healy, Patty's fond and industrious father.

The largest apartment where "the chimbley" was, and

the white dresser stood against the wall, had been well swept over, and as it was September, a bright fire blazed at the upper end, the light of which gave a bright red tint to everything round about, and shed a gentle and pleasing warmth all through the cabin. Round this fire were seated five or six individuals engaged in that species of *crusheenini* or gossiping which the Irish peasants of both sexes take equal delight in, and refreshing themselves by a quiet whiff of the pipe or a glass of the native, both of which were liberally provided. The owner of the cabin sat on the right hand side, and opposite him was Patty, engaged in knitting, while, with his eyes now and then resting admiringly on her bonny cheek, and full though graceful form, Pether Brierly sat, within a few feet of her on the same side. Next him was another female, who was Patty's aunt, and acted in fact as mother to her, as hers had died while she was very young. A couple of young men and, *oo coorse*, colleens, made up the group, who were apparently as contented and happy as possible, and were all chatting quite agreeably together. A quiet scene like this always makes us feel that it is not in worldly, ambitious pursuits and strugglings that true and unalloyed pleasure is found.

"Cum, Pether," said one of the young men who sat near him, "give over yer smokin' fur a bit, an' tell some ov yer own adventhurs. I dunna whin I seen you so long remainin' silent afore."

"Don't you remember the last I tould you," answered he, in a reproachful tone, "an' how you an' a bunch of yez set up a laugh at me, because Dan the pedlar said there was no sich thing as a black *loch* in the counthirey, bud had fishes livin' in id, an' other things besides?"

"Pwhat! no, Pether, jewel! id wasn't at you we laughed that time at all; id was at Dan's attimptin' to doubt yer word," gravely remarked Patty's father, evidently for the purpose of drawing him out.

"An' besides," added Pether, "haven't I already tould yez more wonderfule things than ever happened to any livin' man bud myself, not lavin' out the grate books that some ov them have written; bud shure iv I had the edhication, wasn't there the curiousest thing occurred me, not seven years ago, at Cullen, that id make the people stare iv they only knew id."

"Tell uz that, Pether, do now," interrupted one of the colleens in a tone of entreaty; but Pether, "fur a reason he had, gave her the bothered ear."

"Do, Misthur Brierly, iv you plase?" asked the gentle voice of Patty, and his ears immediately became open, and he laid down his pipe, and with a gracious smile directed to her, pulled up his breeches, glanced round with an air of triumph, and commenced.

"It was about this month seven years ago, as well as I can now recollect, whin I was afther bein' in Dublin all the ways, sellin' some cattle, an' had me bran new shute ov clothes on me back, an' me bag ov goold in my pocket, as stiff as the furst lord in the land, an' stiffer. Well becum's me, Miss Patty, bud like all persons whin prosperin', I didn't know well what to do wid myself wid pride an' all that, an' so whin I bought *ould black Bess*, an' got fairly mounted on a second-hand saddle into the bargain, sorra pursue the bit, bud like a foolish boy as I was, I thought meself as grate a man as any in Ireland. Id was about five or six in the evenin', as I was joggin' aisily on, not wishin' to tire the boor baste, whin I began thinkin' ov all I had hard ov the beauty of Cullen, an' so as I was athin a few miles or so ov id, sis I to meself, 'bedad, Pether, now's yer time or never,' sis I, 'there's no use in havin' a horse iv a man doesn't work him, an' so, what do you think iv you turn his head round that-a-way, an' spind a night there; it'll only cost a couple ov shillin's, and better monee might be worse spint.' Well, sorra taste ov a lie in id, bud *black Bess*, as iv she knew the words I was spakin' at that minnit, turned round and faced the indentical road I was thinkin' of follin'; bud as iv to show me she didn't know my manin', she begins aitin' some lay off a cart that was goin' the same way. 'Whoo! Bess darlin', sis I, 'we'll both go together,' an' so I just gev her the rein an' let her go an. Think o' the cuteness ov the dumb crathur, never to lave the back ov the cart at all at all, an' whin it stopped at a *shubeen* house on the road she

stopped too. Well, thin, as the boy belongin' to id was a civil boy an' a well spoken, an' had a sowl above noticin' the taste ov hay she eat, I axes him in to take a dhrop, an' be coorse he didn't attimpt refusin'. I thin began discoorsin' him about the place I wor goin' to, an' axed him how I'd be able to spind the night chapely, an' he tould me that the best inn the town had was near the middle ov id, wid a grate sign painted over the doore, an' a power of hotties in the windy; an', sis he, the louder you call about, an' the more you seem us't to id the less you'll be axed, fur they'll be afeard ov attimptin' to impose an you; well, afther that we parted, an' I throtted an one way an' he another."

"I dare say the *cute* baste wasn't over an' above plazed at lavin' the hay," gravely remarked one of his auditors, on whose face an incredulous smile had begun to appear.

"Now, Phelim, I wondher you wouldn't have better manners nor to interrupt Misthur Brierly," said the gentle Patty in a tone of displeasure, "an' he becomin' so entertainin'."

This last remark effectually mollified the anger that was beginning to rise up within Pether, and smiling "tindherly" on her, he continued:—

"Whin I enthered the beginnin' ov the town (an' as purty an' clane a lookin' town it is as any in the world, an' that's a big word) I was struck all in a hape wid the nateness of the houses, an' the purty little gardens afore them, an' the woodbine an' all that growin' into the little windys—'Och, Pether,' sis I to meself, quite in a longin' way, 'bud id's you might be as happy as the days long here iv you had a *sartin* person along wid you.' As Pether, when passing this last remark, had thrown an air of tenderness into his manner, and glanced slyly towards Patty, it of course became her to blush, and that slight pink effusion, delicate as the last tints of even, spoke volumes to the observing narrator, and his eye lightened and his face grew bright with exultation as he continued.

"Well, howsomever, as the sayin' is, *now* that's neither here nor there, only somehow a body can't help havin' thim kind ov feelin's at times, an' shure iv we hadn't we'd be no better nor the dumb bastes, poor crathurs! I was jist quietly lookin' out for the place the boy tould me ov, an' blessin's on my cute eyes, at once I seen id—a large white house, wid a plot of butyful flowers growin' be the side ov id, an' right over the door a grand sign, not stuck out, an' in a swingin' posthure like all tothers I had seen, bud agin the wall, close between the windys.

"'Hollo, my lad!' sis I to a customer I sees comin' up, to make all shure, 'is that the tip top inn?'"

"Well, my darlin', he eyed me for a long time afore he gev an answer, and thin he grinned like a young divil as he answered,

"'Inn? ay thure it is, doesn't any *gommooh* know that?' an' thin, still grinnin', off he wint, an' up I goes to the doore, an' id was closely shut, an' though I looked close, deuce a bottle was in the windy good or bad, except a couple havin' tall flowers growin' out o' them; bud thinkin' that maybe they shut up early *there*, I ups wid the handle ov me whip, an' I gives three loud whacks that id rise the dead in a manner, an' thin, all in a suddint, bang opens the doore, an' out runs a floury-headed fellow wid a dhress as grand as a prence, an' silk stockin's, an' goold buckles.

"'What's wantin', sur?' sis he, quite angry and vexed at bein' called out; an' I was fur a time in a quandary as to what I'd say; fur to see sich a dressed fellow as that as sarvent to an inn baste Banagher to a complete stand still, —'What's wantin', sur?' sis he agin—'do you look fur me masther?'"

"'To be shure I do,' sis I, quite bould, an' gettin' off *black Bess*; 'bud here, take the poor baste to the stable.'"

"Well, to be shure, he stared at me thin in arnest, an' I wondherin' all the time at how murderin' grand I was doin' id (bud id must have been the whiskey prompted me, —slings the bridle over her neck, an' pushin' by him, goes into the house. Well, the grandeur ov everything inside hangs belief. There was carpets everywhere, that a body id be a-lamed to stan' on fur fear ov crushin' the purty flowers all over thim, an' wats to wipe the feet in,

as purty little articles as ever wor seen, an' no more fit fur *that use*, nor Miss Patty here is (blessin's on her soft eyes an' rosy cheeks!) to become the wife ov an ould cripple or *boccoch*!

"As I was standin' inside, and me powdhered customer standin' outside lookin' one time at me, an' another at the baste, whoo! a side door that was all gilt an' painted opens, an' out steps a tall an' grand-lookin' ould gintleman, wid white hair an' a good-humoured face. 'Be me sowl,' sis I to meself, 'here's the masther himself, an' a main rich one he must be,' an' thin turnin' round, I bows to him and smirks, fur politeness costs no money, an' sis I, 'God save you, sur,' sis I.

"Oh! I thank you,' sis he, bowing quite stiffly, an' not addin' kindly, as one might suppose he would from his looks, but divil a bit ov that daunted me, fur what did I care whin I could pay for what I'd orderd?

"I suppose,' sis I, 'you're the landlord ov the head inn?' sis I.

"Oh, no—that is—yes! I am the landlord,' sis he, hesitatin' at first, an' then quite quick, givin' a wink at the same time to the sarvint.

"Faix thin,' sis I, 'an' iv you are, you're the stiffest ould codger ov a landlord I ever met; an' there's your sarvint, iv he is one, standin' there laughin', instead of bringin' the baste to where she'd get a mouthful ov hay; an' here you are yerself keepin' me in yer hall, an' a purty hall it is I must acknowledge, bud, atween ourselves, I'd rather, iv id plases you, see the inside ov the tap-room an' the outside ov the loaf.'

"Nothin' in the world like spakin' up!—whoosh!—the altheration this speech made.

"Beg a thousand pardons, sur,' sis he, bowin' to the ground: 'walk this-a-way,' an' he opens another doore, an' thin turnin' to the sarvint, 'Tom,' sis he, 'bring the gentleman's mare round an' see her fed!'

"Step in, sur, an' take a sate,' sis he, seein' me hesitate, an' no wondher I shud, 'an' I'll get the bill ov fare in a minnit.' An' wid that in I goes, an' he bows an' sis he'll be back in no time, an' laves me be meself.

"Miss Patty! ov all the wondherful grandeur ever I heerd ov that room contained; on the flure was a carpet, the most beautil thing in the way that could be, an' long blue silk (raal silk) curtains hung to every windy, wid raal goold edges; the chairs wor all blue silk, an' the so-fecs the same, an' there wor ornaments ov china an' ivory, an' different darlin' little boxes, on all the tables; bud I didn't like to stir fur fear ov the carpet, an' didn't like to sit down, be rason ov me breeches (Miss Patty, I beg pardon!) not bein' the natest in the world.

"Jist as I was thinkin' what a pity it id be to dhrink ale or porter off one ov thim shinin' tables, in steps me bould powdhered sarvint, bowin' an' scrapin', wid a long slip ov paper in his hand, an' not wishin' an ignoramus like him to see me bothered down, I sits quite unconcerned, while he begins readin' out a lot ov out-o'-the-way names ov Frinch mates an' vittals, so I stops him at once, and sis I—'Come,' sis I, 'I'm an Irishman, born an' bred, an' I don't like any ov yer *makes up* or yer *squashes*, bud,' sis I, 'bring me a beefsteak done rare,' sis I, jist to show him the differ—'an' a mug ov beer, an' fur heaven's sake lay somethin' on the table afore you do so, fur it id be a burnin' sin to destroy the poliah!'

"That same sarvint was an impudent chap, fur whin he left the room I hard him, as plain as a pike-staff, laughin' either at me or some one else, bud that didn't disconcert me. 'What's yer masther's name?' sis I whin he cum in agin, afther a while, an' began layin' out the cloth, which was as fine as silk, an' the knife an' fork, an' a couple ov candlesticks which, iv they wor raal silver, wor worth a power ov money.

"It's—it's,' sis he—

"Jack Foster,' sis the masther himself, comin' in at the same time, wid a white apron afore him, an' a jug in his hand; thin indeed he looked like what he was.

"Divil such beer as was in that jug ever I tasted afore or sence, an' the stake that was brought up thin on lovely shina dishes beat all fur tinderness and sweetness.—'Musha, thin,' sis I, seein' the masther eyein' the mate as iv he'd like to taste id, 'bud maybe, Mithur Foster,

you'd sit down an' take a bite wid me—you'll be heartily welcum I can tell you.'

"Wid the gratest pleasure in life, sur,' sis he, 'and mooch obleeged to you fur axin.'

"Well, we eat an' we chatted, an' a good ould talker he was, an' we finished our dinner or rather supper, fur worn't there two tall candles lightin' all the time, an' thin in the twinklin' ov an eye, the things wor removed, an' a couple ov glasses laid, an' tumblers, but sorra dhrop ov drink barrin' the hot wather.

"Tell Emily to bring in the wine,' sis ould Foster to the sarvint, an' thin a young lady cum through the doore, wid a cut decanthur in aich hand, an' laid thim an the table afore us. I had been lookin' at the tumbler, an' had it still in me hand, an' she walked so like a fairy, I never seen her till she laid the things on the table, an' thin I looked up, an' smash wint the tumbler on the flure, fur I dhropped id wid the fare surprize. Och, Patty, *ashore machree*! ov all the butyful crathurs ever I laid an eye on she banged!—her hair was yellow, and glistened like silk, an' curled all round her rosy cheeks, while her eyes that smiled at my surprize wor as blue as the violet whin the mornin' jew is yet on its laves. She was dhressed as grand as any queen, an' well she becum the clothes she wore, fur she looked a princess every inch ov her.

"Och, Miss,' sis I, '*miliah* murderers, Miss, darlin'! bud the luck ov you dhruv the tumbler clane out ov me hand, fur ov all the lovely crathurs ever wor born—'

"Oh, no matter—no matter,' sis ould Foster quite kindly—'my daughter 'ill forgive the loss whin id was caused be her beauty.'

"Allow me fur forty minnits,' sis I, slappin' me pocket—'I'll pay fur what's bruk, an' no one shall ever say that Pether Brierly ever shirked off from settlin' the damage done.' Wid that she smiled sweeter nor afore, and curtseyin'—Oh, Patty, iv you could 'ave seen her curtey!—glided like a butyful sperit from the room.

"Well, thin, ould Foster an' I set to, an' we dhrank an' talked, and talked and dhrank, till he and I both began to be very good frinds, an' id was over the raal whiskey, too; fur I didn't relish any ov thim things he called be sich out-o'-the-way names in the way ov wine an' sich like, an' tould him so, an' got the *native*; an' maybe I didn't open his eye wid all I contained.

"Shortly afther I began to grow sleepy, an' ould Foster tuk the light an' brought me up stairs, an' every step I wint I seen some new grandeur or other; bud the room he called bed-chamber beat out all, an' made me tell him that he must be as rich as a Jew to have everything in sich style; the curtains ov id wor white as milk, an' the bed had curtains too, aiqually white, an' id was so high, that I was a long time afore I could go to sleep fur fear ov fallin' out; bud at last, wondherin' at everything, an' gettin' half afeard ov all I might have to pay, I did sleep, an' never woke till broad day.

"I got up an' wint out, an' looked about me, an' peeped into some of th'other houses, but not a sign of the same grandeur ov the inn was about any ov thim; an' what made me wondher most was, that there was no sign ov any one in id gettin' up to look out fur the customers a body id suppose the mornin' might bring. Well, whin I goes back agin, an' had my breakfast, which was ov illigant tay, I calls fur the lundlord an' the bill, as he wasn't yet out ov bed, the lazy thief! bud think ov the gratest wondher ov all to cum yet—the sarvint cum back wid Jack Foster's compliments, that there was nothin' to pay—all me pressin' was no use, sorra *stiver* he'd take, not even a shillin' fur himself; an' so biddin' him give me thanks to his masther, an' to tell him that iv ever he cum near this village, to call on Pether Brierly, an' he'd give him *cead millia failtha*, an' whiskey galore, I mounted the baste, who looked sleek an' well-fed, an' rode off on me journey.

"Now, Miss Patty, only think ov who I found out me landlord to be afther?—bad luck to the young thief that misled me!"

"Indeed, Pether, I have no idaya."

"Faix no other bud Jack Foster, *Earl of Ferrard*! exclaimed he, with exultation at their gestures of astonishment, "an' it was *his* arms over the doore I tuk fur a sign

an' his grand house I tuk fur an inn!—did you ever hear the like ov that?"

"Yis I did," said the same sneering young man whom Patty had to correct for interruption before, "fur iv I don't mistake I heerd the very identical same thing tould be Bartle the pedlar, as happenin' to a travellin' jintleman—an' now that I think ov id, you, Pether, wor present."

Pether hemmed and hawed, and grew red and fidgetty, while a grin went round at his usual detection, whenever he related one of his own adventures, and the seat he occupied was becoming very uneasy to him, when Patty put all to rights, by smiling, and exclaiming—

"Well, well! shure id's no matter fur that; happen to who id may id's a quare adventure, an' Pether has tould id very well."

Pether looked gratefully at her for this extrication, and re-lit his pipe with renewed self confidence.

Gentle reader! *She* now exults in the appellation of Mrs. Brierly, and listens to Pether's stories, and nurses her infant with equal seeming pleasure; while he is prouder of his pretty little wife than any man or boy in the village.

The foregoing sketch is founded on a *fact*, which actually did occur, as described, to this nobleman, who had his arms over the door of his residence in Cullen, till very lately, which gave it greatly the appearance of an inn; his name is John Foster, Earl of Ferrard, and he contributed much to the beauty and prosperity of this sweet little town by long continued residence.

DENIS O'DONOHU.

ANCIENT CROSS IN KILCLISPEEN CHURCHYARD.

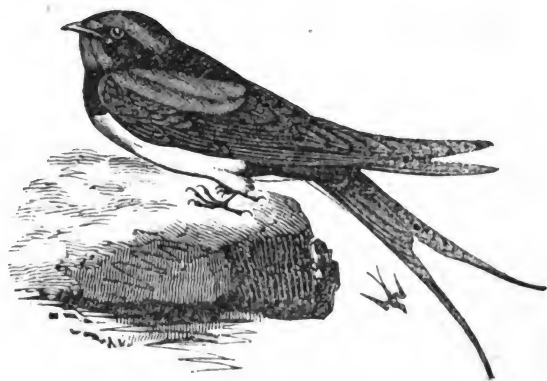


Kilclispeen churchyard is situated near the high road, in the parish of Carrick-on-Suir, barony of Iffa and Offa, and county of Tipperary. It exhibits traces of great antiquity, and is remarkable for having two large stone crosses of the above form. There was a third, which has been destroyed; however, a section of the base is still visible. They are, with the exception of the base, each composed of a single block of white free-stone, and exhibit traces of elegant and curious carving. The base stone is about four feet and a half high, the same in width in front, and about four feet in depth. There is a good deal of it sunk in the earth included in the above measurement. It has a square hole cut through, into which the cross is sunk, and which fits with great exactness. The whole cross, including the base and cap, is about fifteen feet from the ground.

There is an ancient tradition in the country respecting these three crosses. It is said that they were brought

there by supernatural agency, and erected all in one night, on account of the murder of seven bishops, brothers, who were ordained at Rome; and on returning to their own country, in passing a place near Lisnateigue, were overtaken by a party of men, dispatched after them by the lady of Grany Castle, in the county of Kilkenny, a notorious virago in those days, who thought they were rich merchants returning from foreign parts, by whom they were barbarously massacred. Their bodies were buried in separate churches, but were all found overground in the morning, when they were brought to this churchyard. For a long time after they were murdered a voice was heard crying out at the dead midnight the following words in the Irish tongue, '*Dhealfur, Dhealfur, Dhealfur!*' or 'it will be paid, it will be paid, it will be paid.' The lady of Grany Castle on being told of the circumstance, was greatly troubled, and sent men to ask the voice what would be paid. They performed their devotions, invoking the protection of a certain saint, and proceeded to the spot where the fearful voice was crying out its prophetic threat. They asked who would be paid, and were answered, 'if not the murderers, their children's children to the third and fourth generation.'

This land was granted by King William the Third to one of the Hayden family, and near it is the hill of *Carrick a duoul*, or the Devil's rock, from which you have a view of the beautiful valley of Werk, with the Suir running on to Waterford for nearly twenty-five miles, and on the other side for about twenty-six miles down to Clonmel and Clogheen.



ORNITHOLOGY.

ON THE SWALLOW AND ITS HABITS, &C.

The swallow belongs to the genus, *hirundo*, and order *passeres*, according to the system of Linnæus, and comprehends a variety of species, dispersed through different countries; but there are only four species which visit our island, viz.—the *hirundo apus*, or swift; *hirundo rustica*, or common country swallow; *hirundo riparia*, or bank martin; and the *hirundo urbica*, or town martin—all of which have the general habits of migration, and, being soft-billed birds, feed on insects which they take on the wing. The arrival of the swallow (*hirundo rustica*) usually precedes that of the martin by a few days; they arrive about the middle of April, or between that and the first of May, though now and then a straggler may be seen much earlier. It is probable that many of them perish in crossing the sea, or in distant regions, as their migration is now scarcely disputed by any naturalist of common penetration, although the ingenious White, in his Natural History of Selborne, seems to have been of a different opinion. It is probable that they migrate to some warmer country—in all likelihood, Africa—as they have been known to perch on fishing boats at a distance from land, so much exhausted, as to be incapable of proceeding farther until recruited.

Soon after their arrival, these birds proceed to prepare a nest for the accommodation of their offspring. The swallow builds in Ireland generally in barns, stables, and cow-houses; and in Sweden she is called (*ladu swala*) the barn swallow, and it appears she did the same in Virgil's time—

"Ante
Garrula quam tignis nidos suspendat hirundo."

In England, however, and some other countries, she breeds in chimneys, and seems to prefer those stacks where there is a constant fire, not that she can subsist in the immediate shaft where there is a constant fire, but prefers one adjoining to that of the kitchen, and disregards the perpetual smoke of that funnel. She chooses this situation, probably to secure her brood from hawks, owls, and other birds of prey, constructing her nest five or six feet down the chimney.

The martin constructs its habitation beneath the eaves of houses, chiefly in towns and villages, trusting, as it were, to man for safety and protection. The swift, in the same manner; but being in its habits much shyer, it prefers more remote situations, such as churches and old castles; and the sand or bank martin builds in the banks of rivers and such places as seem most convenient for incubation.

It has been supposed that the martin takes care to build its nest only in the fore part of the day, and that the labour is intermitted in the afternoon, in order that it may acquire solidity. They have, however, been known to begin their labour in the afternoon, from no other apparent reason, than that they preferred taking the materials from the sea-shore, which was convenient, but covered with the tide in the morning, to fetching it from double the distance, where it might have been had at all hours.

The following anecdote of the town martin is interesting:—A pair of these birds had just finished their nest, when it was taken possession of by a sparrow, which being firmly intrenched, bid defiance to the united force of the two martins to dislodge her. After various unsuccessful attempts, they flew away, and the spectators imagined that they had given up the possession; but in a short time they returned, accompanied with the whole phalanx of their companions in the village; but even this strong body was unable to force the citadel, for the sparrow being completely covered, and presenting her strong bill to the assailants, every effort to dislodge her proved ineffectual. The scene now became highly interesting, when, after numberless efforts and trials of skill on the part of the martins, they all, as if by general orders, flew away: the spectators thought that they were completely foiled; but in a short time they returned, and in an instant closed the sparrow up in the nest with clay, which they brought in their bills, and left her to perish.

The usefulness of these birds to human comfort is seldom or never estimated as it deserves. Birds in general devour more food than other animals, in proportion to their size, and those which use the greatest exertions require the greatest portion. It is almost astonishing to consider what thousands of insects the swallow tribe destroy for us during the summer season, but chiefly the common black fly, which so often incommodes our houses, and if suffered to live and multiply, would, in a great measure, destroy our comfort and enjoyments, so that it is the bounden duty of every one to cherish and protect, as far as possible, every species of the swallow tribe, instead, as is too often done, of wantonly destroying them. But as the opinion, or advice of an obscure writer like me may perhaps have little effect on the majority of the readers of the Penny Journal, take the following from the pen of one of the first philosophers of the age—Sir Humphry Davy:—

"I delight in this living landscape! The swallow is one of my favourite birds, and a rival of the nightingale; for he glads my sense of hearing. He is the joyous prophet of the year, the harbinger of the best season; he has a life of enjoyment amongst the loveliest forms of nature; winter is unknown to him, and he leaves the green meadows of England in autumn, for the myrtle and orange groves of Italy, and for the palms of Africa; he has always objects of pursuit, and his success is secure. Even the beings selected for his prey are poetical, beautiful, and transient. The ephemeral are saved by his means from a slow and lingering death in the evening, and killed in a moment when they have known nothing of life but pleasure. He is the constant destroyer of insects, the friend of man; and with the stork and the ibis, may be regarded as a sacred bird. This instinct, which gives him his appointed persons, and which teaches him always when and where

to move, may be regarded as flowing from a divine source; and he belongs to the oracles of nature, which speak the awful and intelligible language of a present Deity."

The whole species is formed for rapid and almost continual flight; the swift, in particular, seldom alights, but performs almost all its functions, with the exception of incubation, on the wing; and in the evening, when serenading their sitting mates, though their notes, considered apart from associations, are by no means pleasing, yet, when taken in connexion with what they are about, the rapid and graceful motions of their flight, and the fine summer evenings in which it is performed, they are then truly pleasing to the lovers of rural prospects and rural scenery.

Ballymena, May 1, 1834.

J. G.

* * The writer of this article had, in 1829, an excellent opportunity of ascertaining the great quantity of flies daily destroyed by the common swallow; in a nest, immediately under constant inspection, while feeding the young ones, they sometimes dropped what they brought, perhaps through the awkwardness of the nestlings, and which consisted of different sorts of flies, chiefly of the common house fly; they were entangled in a sort of saliva, and some of them alive; on being counted, they generally amounted to twelve or fourteen; and between the hours of ten in the morning and six in the evening, twenty visits were made to the nest by the parent birds; but taking the average number of flies at ten, two hundred flies were killed daily, to support the brood during the above mentioned hours, besides what supported the old ones: how many more were destroyed in the mornings and evenings could not conveniently be ascertained. The story is well known of a thin plate of brass having been fixed on a swallow, with this inscription, "Prithee, swallow, whither goest thou in winter?" The bird returned next spring, with the answer subjoined, "To Anthony, of Athens. Why dost thou enquire?" See White's Nat. History of Seaborn, with notes by Captain Brown, F. L. S. &c., page 150.

OUR LETTER BOX.

As the sweepings of an editor's study have before now afforded subject matter for a volume, it will not, perhaps, be considered very surprising that in the course of our editorial duties we should have realized as many articles on different subjects, as would fill half a dozen volumes. We think we promised occasionally to treat our readers with a few original rhymes from our Poetical Letter Box; and as our volume has now come to a close, in order to redeem our pledge, we select the following, as no bad specimen of the articles furnished us. We have certainly seen much worse "in splendid quartos finely gilt."

THE DUBLIN STEAM-BOAT.

I once came from Dublin aboard a steam-packet,
That swam in the Liffey, alongside the quay;
And sure such a sight, such a powerful racket,
Never before left Dublin bay.
Such hauling and driving,
And shoving and striving,
With some making money, some making away:
Going and coming, embarking and landing,
Dozens of four-leggers driven aboard;
Fruit-women moving about, notwithstanding,
And steam in a boiler, good jewel, how it roared!

Soon on the height of the deep we were gathered,
Looking so fresh in the beams of the moon;
Brian Malone, and big Freney from Fethard,
Biddy Molloy, and Pat Muldoon;
A weaver from Derry,
A piper from Kerry,
A brisk Merry-Andrew that winked us a tune:
Three score Connaught-rangers, a bluff cattle-jobber,
With forty fat vethers to come at his call;
A Mullingar biggler, and pedlar from Nobber,
A child that soon began to bawl.

There was O'Flynn, from the wide bog of Allen,
Smoking his pipe, with a spade in his hand;
Teddy Sughrue, and the sweet Nelly Fallon,
Myself, and the friends I left on land;
A foreigner's monkey,
A fish-bawker's donkey,
And three cockle-pickers from Irish town and strand:

All in one boat, and all bound for one haven,
 That wonderful town, which they call Liverpool;
 "Where a black cloud, like a seven-winged raven,
 Hangs overhead," says Murtagh Toole.
 Many a hand held a sprig of shillela,
 And many another held nothing at all,
 While some sat on hampers, and boxes quite gaily,
 Some lay at full length, and looked so tall;
 More bundled together,
 To keep out the weather,
 Like turf in a kitchen or gentleman's hall:
 Thus did we sail towards rocky Dunleary,
 And turning at last round the black head of Howth;
 I sat down beside my old friend, Farmer Carey,
 And seated the child between us both.
 We sat with our backs to the captain's big smoker,
 Posted on deck like a soldier on guard;
 While at its side stood another small joker,
 That roared like a bull, and kept spitting so hard.
 "Musha, won't you be easy?"
 Says old Mrs. Casey,
 "And let us alone you young saucy blackguard."
 "But is it any advantage, my darlings,
 Upon the bleak ocean to fret or to frown;
 Here, sing up together, like so many sturlings,
 And then with a drop wash all grief down."
 Every boy gave a whack with his wattle,
 And quickly the joke and the ballad went round;
 With shake of the hand and a shake of the bottle,
 Kindly the lazy night was crowned:
 Thus children of Erin
 To Britain's isle steer in,
 As light and as noisy as cocks in a pound.
 Och! doesn't it do any heart good to see them
 Carrying sweetly wherever they go,
 A drop, and a twig, and a bit of fun with them,
 To cheer any friend, or thwart a foe.
Liverpool. HUGH C.—

THE PIPER AND MERMAID.

Bold Conor Camack, from Mullinahack,
 Played the best planxy in Leinster;
 At wedding and fair, and everywhere,
 Conor would make every shin stir.
 One dark night in May, as old people say,
 Conor took shipping at Skerries;
 A town in Fingal, a little too small,
 Harboured boats and wherries.
 When morning did dawn, o'er ocean's green lawn,
 All grew bewitchingly merry;
 And Conor, at last, sat down by the mast,
 Playing his lilt in the wherry:
 It spread like sweet oil from Swords to Baldoyle,
 Made Howth look a something less gloomy;
 Made rugged Lambay look pretty and gay,
 And Port Saint Marnock roomy.
 The stones on the ground, at hearing the sound,
 Hardly could keep themselves easy;
 And fine stacks of wheat, not baving the feet,
 Shook till their heads grew dizzy.
 Then old Donabate first put out its pate,
 And there to this day it keeps listening;
 The old cow and calf were going to laugh,
 And Ireland's eye all glistening.
 And fair Malahide smiled into the tide,
 The ling about Rush were delighted;
 Air, ocean, and strand, became fairy land,
 Wherever that music lighted.
 Conor stopped for to drink—but what do you think—
 One of the sea-woman's daughters,
 Without more ado, or stocking or shoe,
 Appeared above the waters.
 Her eyes were like pearls, her head like a girl's,
 Her cheeks of a hue rather mealy;
 Her curls a sea-green, and her beautiful skin
 As brown as a dry shillela.
 Says she, with a look as sharp as a hook,
 And soft as fresh butter or gruel;
 "Oh! Conor," says she, "come under the sea,
 And sup with me, my jewel."

"Acushla macree, light never saw me
 Drinking the common salt water;"
 Says Conot Camac, and shewed her his back;
 He might as well have shot her.
 "Aroon," says the fish, "if drink be your wish,
 Brandy, or Hollands, or Sherry,
 Or whiskey, quite raw, or fine musquebaugh,
 To make your poor heart merry;
 "Enough of each kind with me shall you find,
 I keep in a bottle of leather;
 Whatever, achree, is lost in the sea,
 Or sent me by my father.
 "Oh, Conor, astore! a shipful or more
 Could fit in that wonderful bottle;
 You might foot a jig, or drive a fat pig
 Readily down its throttle."
 "In troth will I go to see you below,"
 Says Conor, now feeling soft-hearted;
 And whack! with his pipes, like sea-larks or snipes,
 Over the waters darted.
 When Conor Camac bounced out of the smack,
 The mermaid lovingly caught him;
 And with a deep dive, all fresh and alive,
 Both galloped off to the bottom.
 And there Conor dwells with jewels and shells,
 In a cool grotto quite shady;
 With brandy galore, he plays evermore
 For the cold fish and their lady.
 Now boys of our land, join all heart and hand,
 From Conor's example take warning;
 'Tis very bad play to throw life away,
 For sake of a drop in the morning.

H. C.

STANZAS.

I wandered at morn thro' the spangled parterre,
 The flower-shed o' hours were flung in the air;
 The breeze kissed the blossoms, and bent their sweet heads,
 And the pearly dew shone as it sprinkled their beds;
 The sun stepped in pride from the east nodding hills,
 And shook his bright locks o'er the silver-waved rills;
 The minstrels of nature sung sweet in the vale,
 And the music and odours were borne on the gale.
 So sweet is the morning of life's changeful day,
 When the blossoms of joy, love, and friendship look gay;
 When hope sports delusive—when fortune seems kind—
 And fairy-formed visions float bright o'er the mind;
 Every scene of enchantment is friendship and love,
 Like flowers of the garden and strains of the grove;
 How dear and how sweet is delusion like this,
 In anticipation an Eden of bliss.
 I wandered again, but these odours were fled;
 The spirit of Autumn had slept on each bed:
 Where dew-drops had sparkled, the dry withered leaves
 Lay tossed in confusion. The blast that hercaves
 All nature of sweetness, had cast o'er the day
 The dark clouds of tempest. The sun shrank away
 To the chambers of peace, where the weary find rest,
 And the last gleam of light disappeared in the west.

* * We had originally intended that the present Number, with the usual Title and Index, should have completed our present Volume. Anxious, however, to render the No. with the Index really worth the price charged for it, we have determined on giving, next Saturday, a Double Number, price 2d., which shall contain, besides a very handsome Vignette Title Page, a Guide to the Giants' Canseway, illustrated with six as well executed engravings of the Antrim Coast, (five of them designs by Nichol,) as have ever appeared in our Journal. They are intended to be placed at the commencement of the volume, as a kind of frontispiece. In these Designs and Engravings we have spared no expence, being anxious to close the volume in a way which might afford satisfaction to our readers, and give some idea of the manner in which the work shall be printed in future.

It now only remains for us to thank our numerous Correspondents for their valuable contributions; many of which still remain over, but shall appear in early numbers of our next volume—some of them in the first number.

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DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 3, Cecilia-street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.
Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland. In London, by Richard Groombridge, No. 6, Fanny-alley, Paternoster-row.

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